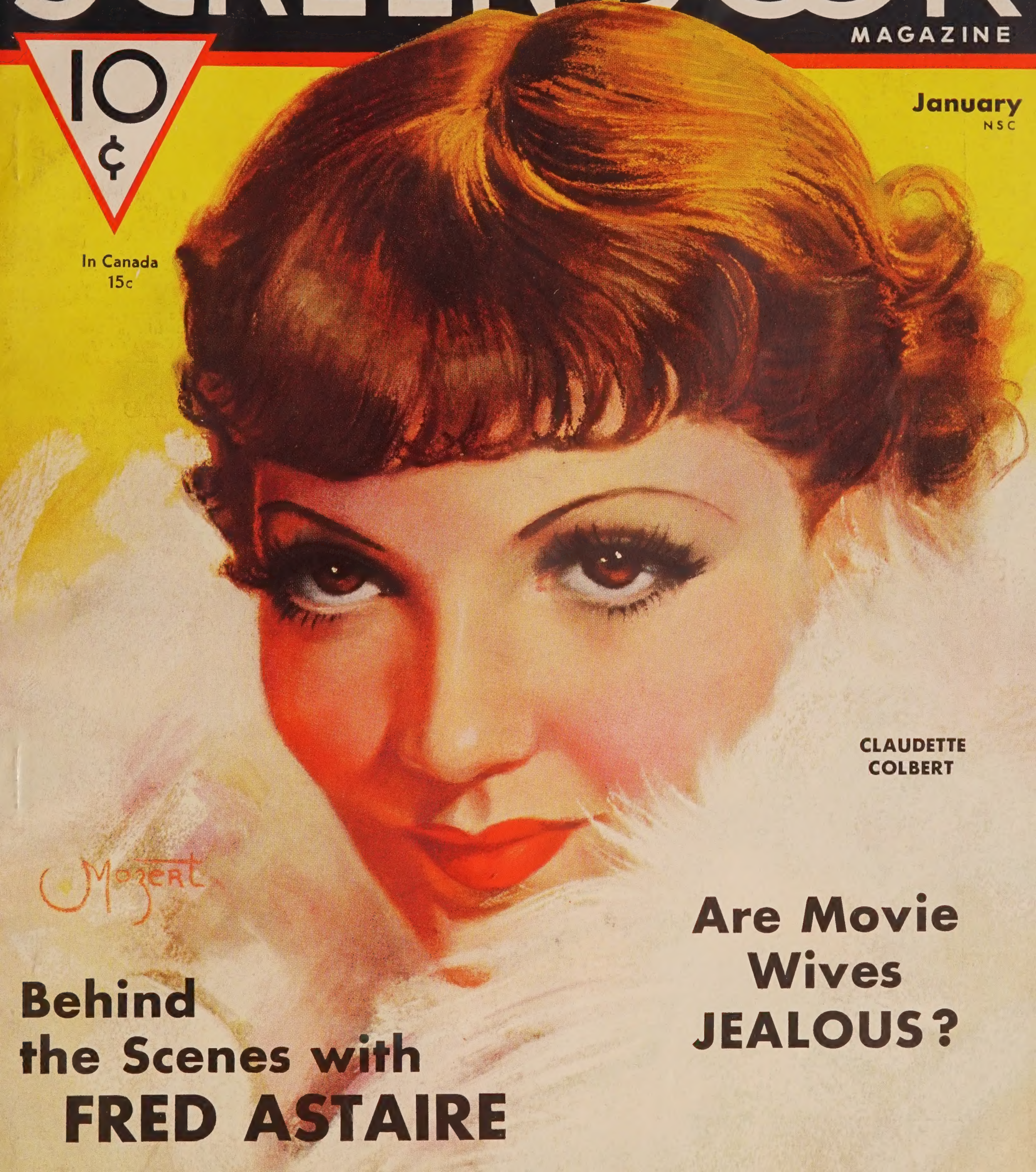
SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

10¢

In Canada
15c

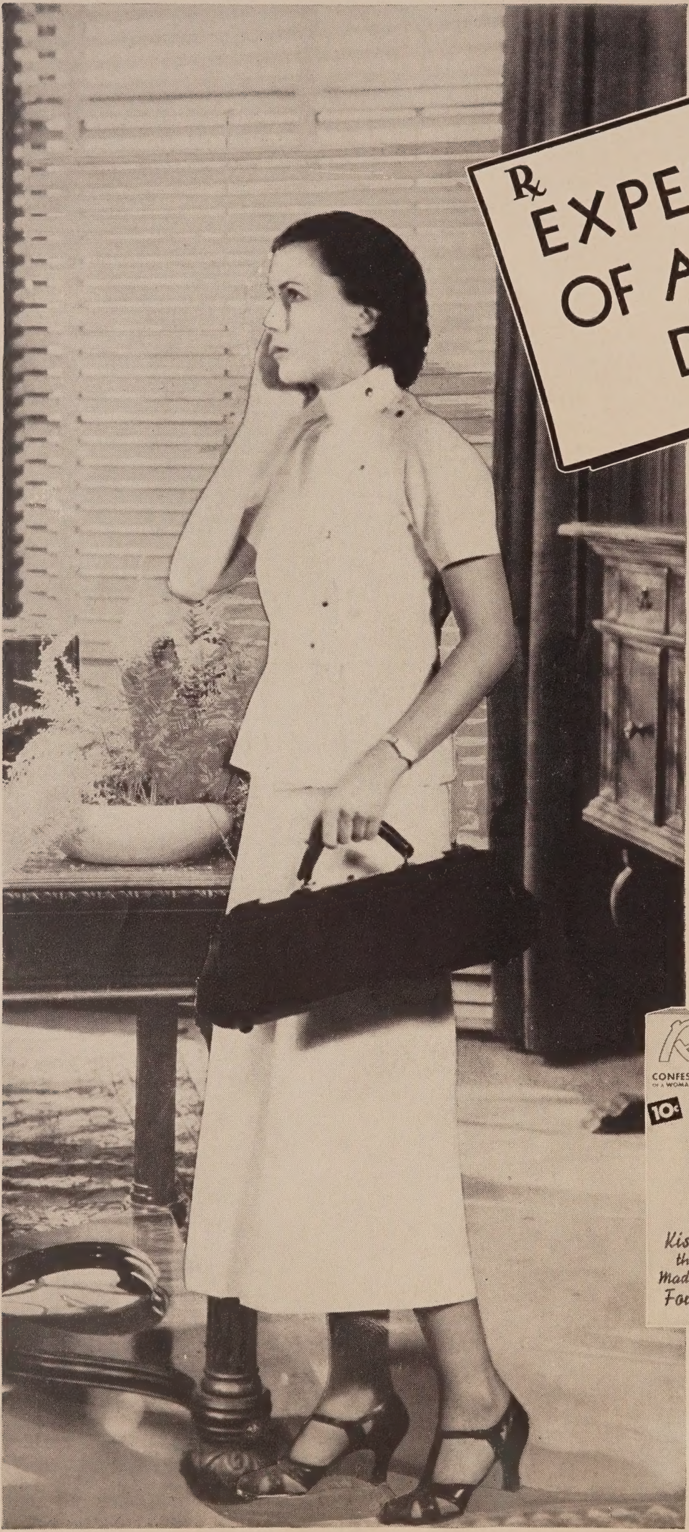
January
NSC



CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

Are Movie Wives JEALOUS?

Behind the Scenes with FRED ASTAIRE



℞ EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN DOCTOR

SHE had taken the doctor's oath to guard the secrets of her patients, this girl who knew and sympathized with suffering, sinning humanity, but her own secret—that shadow cast by a carefree past—was the one secret that she could not keep. Don't miss this revelation of a doctor's experiences, as only a woman can tell it, in the January

Romantic Stories

Is Thrilling and Different!

All of its many stories are taken from real life loves and problems. There are no artificial "Cinderella" love stories, but gripping revelations of modern men and women.

●

Romantic
JAN.
CONFESSIONS OF A WOMAN DOCTOR
STORIES
10c
Kisses that Made Me Forget
BARBARA STANWYCK

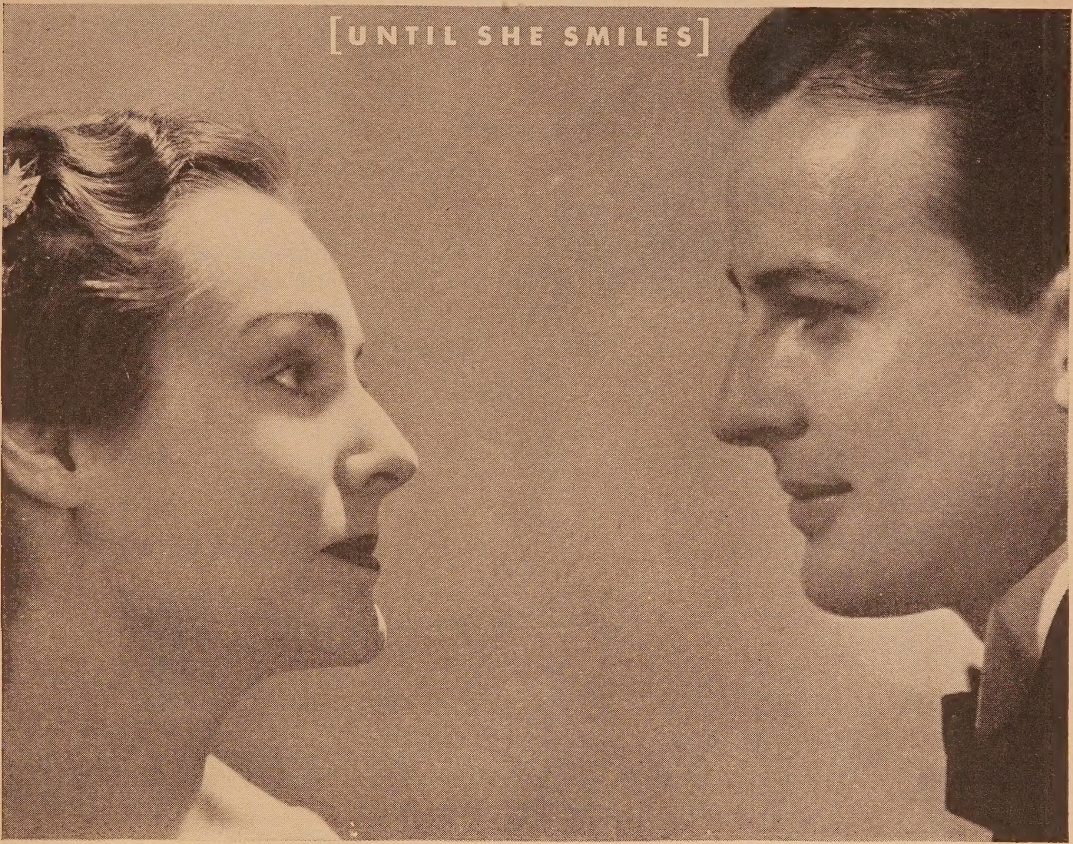
ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS

10c

Romantic
STORIES

Enchanted Moment

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

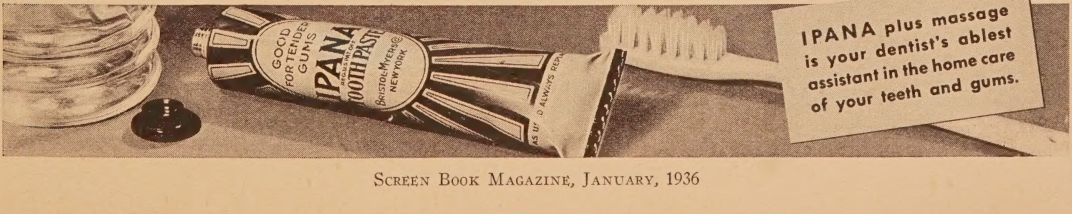
For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thoroughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly. And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . .
Was way back yonder!

* * *

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

* * *

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

* * *

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

* * *

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

* * *

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

JANUARY,
1936

SCREEN BOOK

Vol. XV
No. 6

The News Magazine of the Movies

CARL A. SCHROEDER, Editor

DOUGLAS LURTON,
Supervising Editor

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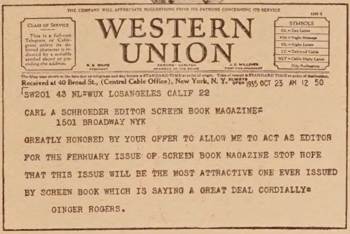

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CARL A SCHROEDER EDITOR SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE=
1501 BROADWAY NYK

GREATLY HONORED BY YOUR OFFER TO ALLOW ME TO ACT AS EDITOR FOR THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE STOP HOPE THAT THIS ISSUE WILL BE THE MOST ATTRACTIVE ONE EVER ISSUED BY SCREEN BOOK WHICH IS SAYING A GREAT DEAL CORDIALLY=

GINGER ROGERS.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE from Ginger Rogers!

NOW comes the most exciting magazine surprise of the New Year! Ginger Rogers has accepted the editorship of SCREEN BOOK'S next issue—and she is really going to work at it, introducing all the new ideas she would like to see in a screen magazine. In addition to writing stories and editorials, she will contribute beautiful portraits from her own private collection and select features from Hollywood's finest writers. If you have any suggestions that will help Ginger with this big job, write to her at 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Tell her what you would like to see in February SCREEN BOOK—she will appreciate your letter!

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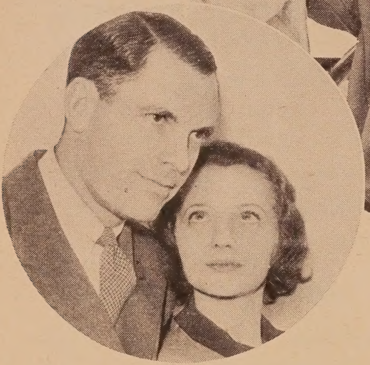
TODAY'S GOSSIP

—Acme

Anita Louise and Nino Martini, stars of *Here's to Romance*, are being seen everywhere together

Isabel Jewell and Ronald Colman in a pensive mood on the set of *A Tale of Two Cities*

Katharine Hepburn adjusts her pierrot's cap before facing the camera in *Sylvia Scarlett*



Sylvia Sidney weds at last—to Bennett Cerf, prominent book publisher. Following the ceremony in Phoenix, Arizona, they returned to Hollywood

By the Star Reporter

MORE than one movie-goer will be surprised when he sees *Transatlantic Tunnel* to note George Arliss and Walter Huston in comparatively minor rôles as the Prime Minister of England and the President of the United States, respectively. Not that such rôles are insignificant—it's just that there are a good many actors who could have taken the parts. The fact is, however, that both Arliss and Huston were so interested in the picture that they offered to do their bits for nothing.

On the other hand, Arliss balks at returning to Hollywood. He'd rather accept a smaller salary in England than be subjected to heavy taxes in this country.

DURING the Myrna Loy controversy over her salary, stories were printed to the effect that Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire were battling their studio bosses along the same lines. While it may be true of Ginger, it certainly is not of Astaire.

RKO-Radio has Astaire under contract at less than $2,000 per week, but they have added a clause that gives him a percentage on his pictures from now on. After *Follow the Fleet* hits the theaters, Fred is certain to be rolling in wealth.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S latest achievement is the mastery of French. She has been taking a lesson a day for more than eight months, and already has a vocabulary quite ample for the needs of everyday conversation. Starting with her new picture, *The Littlest Rebel,* the plan is to star her in French versions of all her pictures, as Shirley is very popular in France.

BING CROSBY, when in college, had as his closest pal a chap by the name of Freddie Steele. After college, Bing chose singing for a career. His friend turned toward the prize ring. The turn of Life's wheel now finds Bing "King of the Crooners" and Freddie making a bid to become "King of Middleweights." Their friendship has never lapsed. In fact, it is so strong that Bing recently bought half interest in Steele's fight career.

MAE WEST is not a Catholic, but she has an abiding faith in that religion. Since she came to Hollywood and pictures, she has had a mass said in a little church close by her home before she starts each picture.

EVERYONE is now aware that *Top Hat* is such a smash hit that it should bring a grand total of more than $3,000,000 into the box office. Another interesting note is that Irving Berlin received a flat $75,000 for the songs used in the picture. Berlin wrote his first published song in 1907. It was *Marie from Sunny Italy*—and it wasn't so good. But, in 1911, Berlin turned out *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* which was the first tune written with a jazz rhythm. He has been going strong ever since.

PLENTY of film money is invested these days in side enterprises. Wallace Beery and Charles Bickford operate prosperous

[*Continued on page 8*]

Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers. After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill. What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn*, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland* who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

TODAY'S GOSSIP

[*Continued from page* 6]

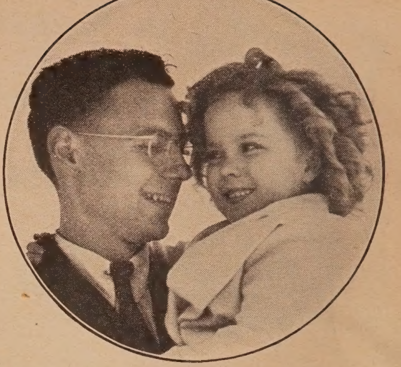
service stations. Bebe Daniels owns a gown factory and two dress shops, where she spends her spare time with great profit. Mae West owns a chowmein factory and Gary Cooper has a dude ranch.

INVARIABLY a divorce in the film colony is followed by statements from both parties to the effect that they will remain good friends. Not so, however, in the case of Joan Blondell. After she divorced her cameraman husband, George Barnes, she was asked if she and George would continue to be good friends.

"Not," snapped Joan in her usual frank manner, "if I remain in my right mind." She has been seen with him in public, however.

CECIL B. DeMILLE is readying his next super-collosal picture for Paramount. It will be a screen version of *Samson and Delilah.* C. B. has even decided whom he wants to play Delilah. You'd never guess, but we'll let you try. She is blonde, handsome and has what it takes. Her initials are M. W.

BILLY BEVAN, whose next screen appearance is in *A Tale of Two Cities,* is the only actor in Hollywood who lives more than two hundred miles from the movie capitol. Bevan headquarters on his orange and avocado ranch at Ensenada and commutes to Hollywood by plane.



Jack Temple, one of Shirley's big brothers, in a camera testimonial, showing that he is as fond of his sister as the rest of the world

Alice Faye smiles at the camera from the edge of her swimming pool. Her new picture is *King of Burlesque,* with Warner Baxter

—*Rhodes*

Cary Grant sips lemonade while attending the tennis matches with camera shy Margaret Sullavan. They didn't know their pictures were being taken

LAWRENCE TIBBETT is the prince of good fellows according to every man who ever worked on one of his sets, and many are the stories told to prove his total lack of temperament. One of the most recent concerns the production of *Metropolitan.* It seems that Larry is woefully weak on memorizing lines and frequently "blows up." By compact with Boleslawski, the director, whenever he muffed his lines in any scene twice in succession, the company declared a recess and Tibbett took the entire crew across the street to a beer parlor and bought the drinks.

GRACE MOORE, prima donna, concert star, musical comedy star and screen star, has now added another achievement to her remarkable list. She has turned author and has sold to one of the leading general magazines a series of articles. Report has it that she received one of the largest prices ever paid by the publisher.

JEANETTE MacDONALD, in spite of the many rumors linking her name with Gene Raymond, is still deeply in love with her fiancé, Bob Ritchie. No one, watching their devotion to one another when he visited her on location at Lake Tahoe, where she was working in *Rose Marie,* could possibly credit the gossip which has insisted that she and Gene would be married in the near future. Ritchie, by the way, will go to England sometime this winter to head a newly organized production company.

MIRIAM HOPKINS, commonly reputed to be one of the most haughty young ladies of the screen, rates this month's orchid award for as considerate an act as Hollywood has ever witnessed.

Her picture, *Splendor,* was over schedule. Another production had to be started immediately and that meant that Goldwyn would have to hire a second production crew. And *that* meant that his regular crew, on finishing *Splendor,* would find themselves out of work until such time as a third picture could be launched. Goldwyn makes only a few pictures each year, and their prospects were dismal. Dismal, that is, until Miriam came to the rescue, and announced that if they were willing to work overtime, so was she.

She brought her cook and her maid to the studio, moved into a suite of dressing rooms and lived on the job,

Unusual Facts About *Mutiny on the Bounty*

THIS picture, starring Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone, cost almost $2,000,000 to make, requiring three location trips—to Tahiti, Pitcairn's Island and Catalina.

Much of the scenery in the picture is from Pitcairn, while the action takes place in Catalina. You will see only one ship, Bounty, *on the screen, but there were actually two, built identically the same. One was used during filming in Tahiti and the other at Catalina. The ship's crew is made up mainly from young athletes of colleges around Los Angeles—all of them trained for days to act like sailors.*

Although Charles Laughton looks and acts the part of a sailor perfectly, he was sea-sick during the more stormy scenes. For a complete review of this great picture, see page 45.

shooting night and day. Thanks to her sacrifice, the picture was finished one day before production started on the other and the thirty-odd members of the production crew never lost a day's pay.

JACK OAKIE likes to tell about a yes-man who works on his set. He says the chap is so terrified of the big boss that whenever he has to disagree, he talks sign language and keeps his hands in his pocket!"

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone were married within a week of the date which she set in talking to an interviewer in October, 1933. At that time, she was asked whether or not she would ever marry Franchot, and replied:

"My first marriage caused me so much heart-ache that I want to be very, very sure before marrying again. I will not marry Franchot for two years. If, by that time, we have had no quarrels or unhappiness, we will be married."

TOBY WING, it seems, objected to so much publicity about her reputed romance with Jackie Coogan, and, result, the two have pfft. At the moment, Toby is going places with Tom Brown and Jackie is escorting Betty Grable.

NORMA SHEARER was rated the best gowned woman at the lavish première of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Beverly Hills. Norma electrified the crowd when she stepped from her car, displaying a brown mink fur

[*Continued on page* 10]

Q-1 • PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN PARKINSON, LONDON

Double Mint Gum
just naturally helps
make a beautiful mouth
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
MADE IN U.S.A.
FIVE STICKS
IT'S THE CHEWING EXERCISE THAT DOES IT!

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald enjoy a quick noon day snack in front of their cabin at Lake Tahoe while on location for *Rose Marie*

Eddie Cantor signals for a fair catch as one of the chorus beauties from his new picture, *Shoot the Chutes,* takes a big leap. The terrified chorine hasn't much confidence in Eddie's adagio ability—and neither has Eddie

TODAY'S GOSSIP

hood. "Ear muffs" was the classification of the crowd on the sidelines. "Imagine, ear muffs in California!"

BING CROSBY sold his home at Toluca Lake because he said his family was growing too large for the place. Al Jolson bought it, and Bing is now living in the palatial Beverly Hills home of Marion Davies. It's big enough for the Crosby twins to get lost in—and just Bing's idea of a little home in the west.

JOAN BLONDELL and Adrienne Ames attracted more attention at the première of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* than any other of the beautiful women present on that gala occasion. Six months ago, neither of the girls would have occupied the spotlight, but it just happens that both decided to step out with their ex-husbands.

FRANCES LANGFORD, the little cutie of radio fame, has achieved her one great ambition. She is going to play opposite Bing Crosby in a forthcoming film, and is about the happiest girl in the whole film colony.

CAROLE LOMBARD has introduced something novel in Hollywood. She has a red lacquer preparation which she uses on the toe nails of her pet dachshund. There's no copyright on the idea. You are welcome to use it on your own pup—if he'll stand for it!

WHEN the smoke of the big fire had gone away at Malibu, it was discovered that the homes of Lionel Atwill, Charles Farrell and Director Mel Brown had been destroyed. Had it not been for the valiant efforts of C. C. C. workers, the whole beach colony might have burned to the ground. In addition, the fire delayed shooting on the *Rose of the Rancho* set for a full day. Smoke and drifting ashes made it impossible to use the cameras.

DICK POWELL is going to lose Ruby Keeler as a leading lady, at least temporarily. Her next picture will be *Stage Struck,* in which she appears opposite two-fisted Jimmy Cagney.

MAE WEST has a horror of moving. Since she arrived in Hollywood she has occupied the same dressing room at Paramount and the same apartment in the fashionable Ravenswood. Recently, she learned that the Ravenswood was on the market and thought perhaps the change in ownership might cause her to move. She got around that by buying the apartment house herself.

WHEN Jackie Coogan became of age recently, he did not get $250,000 as the first installment on his million dollar trust fund as was generally believed. He continues to survive on the $200 weekly check, and not until the death of his mother will he come into cash and property valued at $1,500,000.

THE sympathy of studio workers is with Fred Astaire these days. Just as he was beginning work on *Follow the Fleet,* he received word that twins born to his sister, Adele, in London had died at birth. He was deeply grieved, but had no choice but to carry on with his work.

AS MUCH as Ruth Chatterton likes to fly, her plane hasn't been off the ground since she began work at Columbia studio in *No More Yesterdays.*

BECAUSE she needed a rest to avoid serious illness, Ann Dvorak has been replaced by Patricia Ellis in *Backfire.* Overwork has caused an unusual number of hospital jaunts among members of the film colony in the past month.

NEWS NOTES

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are a new twosome. Is Joan replacing Mary Brian?

Travel: After letting her public see her on the stage of many a theater in many a South American country, Lupe Velez returned recently to Hollywood. . . . After vacationing in Europe, Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, were Hollywood bound. . . . Finishing work in RKO's coming film, *Sylvia Scarlett* (which stars Katharine Hepburn), Cary Grant left immediately for England to appear in *The Curious Quest*.

On Broadway: *Crime Marches On* is the title of a New York play in which Mary Rogers, daughter of the late Will Rogers, is appearing.

Anniversary: The Carl Brissons have achieved some sort of a record. They have celebrated their twentieth marriage anniversary. Carl's recent film is *Ship Café*.

Odds and Ends: Ross Alexander lost a tooth in a losing battle with a tough steak. . . . Dick Powell is at Palm Springs, resting. It's his doctor's orders. . . . Betty Furness is spending a month's vacation at Milbrook, N. Y. . . . Ted Healy left Hollywood for Texas. When he returned, he was twenty pounds lighter than when he left. . . . Brian Aherne took a plane to New York, starting a six weeks vacation. . . . A sprained ankle just put Freddie Bartholomew to bed for a short while. . . . Marion Davies is a chairman now. She was appointed to head artists' division of the Community Chest in Hollywood.

New Romeo: According to latest information, Leslie Howard will play the part of *Romeo* opposite Norma Shearer in the coming screen production of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Pickford Produces: *The Four Star Kiss* is scheduled as the first film to be produced by the new company which is headed by Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky.

Fighting Flynn: Assigned to the lead in *Charge of the Light Brigade*, coming Warner film, is Errol Flynn.

The Roving Reporter

discovers the sure, safe way to reduce . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?" "I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I have no pep left for any fun."

"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?" "It took off the weight, but chiefly from neck and face. I look like a scarecrow and I'm so irritable."

"DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?" "Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time and look haggard."

Reduce
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 inches in 10 days . . *or no cost!*

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will *appear* smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches *actually* disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly
■ The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet . . No Drugs . . No Exercises
■ All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool
■ The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!
See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, *safe*, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!

"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"
"I lost 9 ins. from my hips and 20 lbs. in weight. I feel so much better and I eat everything."

DON'T WAIT! Mail this coupon now. You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 71, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Your Letter Page

Address all letters to The Editor, SCREEN
BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City

$15.00 Letter

Ten Years Hence

NONE of us can prophesy how Shirley Temple will look ten years from now, but we do know that the quality which sets Shirley apart will still be there. That quality is not prettiness; it is not youth. It is a much greater thing called genius. Genius is not a thing that lives for an hour, a day, or a year. At sixteen, at thirty-six, at eighty, Shirley will still carry inside her that God-given spark which makes her different from anyone else. Shirley will never be a "type." Is anyone like Elisabeth Bergner? Is there another Charles Laughton in the world? Has anyone ever been able to fill the place of the beloved Marie Dressler? No—and that is why ten years from now our Shirley will be—Shirley! The essential personality of her will be the personality we love now, grown a little older. For genius unfolds, develops, but its central, essential being doesn't change.—*Bliss Buchan, 723 Exposition Blvd., New Orleans, La.*

Shirley Temple

$10.00 Letter

Zanuck Tribute

SINCE I am only a fan and not a film worker, I do not know exactly what Darryl Zanuck has to do with making pictures, but I do know that a movie labeled a "Darryl Zanuck Production" always satisfies. These pictures have finesse, wit, charm, and polish. A poor actor seems to become a good actor under Mr. Zanuck's tutelage. He eliminates the weak spots in a play and builds it into a complete and pleasing whole. After having seen *The Affairs of Cellini, Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Les Miserables,* I decided not to miss any more Darryl Zanuck pictures.—*Isabell Johnston, Mindenmines, Mo.*

$5.00 Letter

What Hepburn Needs

ALTHOUGH frankly Katharine Hepburn cannot be accused of being a beauty, there is a soft, elusive charm about her thin, angular face that is unforgettable. A certain mobility of expression is one of her chief screen powers. An effective, easy transition from one emotion to another lends a dynamic quality to her portrayal of any rôle. Katharine Hepburn should always have a strong, dynamic character to present in her pictures. The girl or woman whose part she assumes should be vital, splendid and full of the courage of her convictions. No namby-pamby rôle becomes her. Give Hepburn a strong, dynamic part, and she will never be weighed in the balance and found wanting.—*Mrs. William V. Albough, 774 Grantely St., Baltimore, Md.*

Katharine Hepburn

$1.00 Letter

This Fellow Powell

THERE are stars who entertain certain types of women. Big he-men have their appeal. Sophisticated males intrigue others. Rough, tough lovers captivate some. But Dick Powell holds them all. He has the whole of feminine America listening to him on the air, no matter if they are sixteen or sixty. It is said that Dick is forbidden to marry by his studio contract. Why? For the obvious reason that Dick Powell, single, is America's greatest heart-throb. Married, it might be a different matter. May his screen work continue for many years to come.—*Martha Phelka, 12505 Gallagher Ave., Detroit, Mich.*

Dick Powell

$1.00 Letter

One Girl's Ideas

IF I had my way, I would—look like Kay Francis, dress like Norma Shearer. I'd want to possess Jean Harlow's figure, Gladys Swarthout's singing voice, Claudette Colbert's speaking voice, Mae West's intelligence, Pola Negri's charm, Joan Crawford's ambition, Mary Pickford's courage, Una Merkel's sense of humor, Joan Blondell's good-fellowship, Ruth Chatterton's dramatic ability, Bette Davis' nonchalance and Carole Lombard's personality.—*Irene A. Geiges, 1448 N. Normandie Ave., Hollywood, Calif.*

$1.00 Letter

Bouquets for Mrs. Clark

I HAVE long enjoyed the stories in SCREEN BOOK, but to my mind the article, "The Man I Married," by Mrs. Clark Gable, was one of the most interesting in many issues. Writers have pictured Clark as a super-hero, but in that story Mrs. Clark showed us a truly human, likeable man—the real Gable minus the usual adjectives.—*Schuyler C. Hill, P. O. Box 756, Centralia, Wash.*

$1.00 Letter

Don't Forget Rogers

IN REPLY to the question, "Should we see Will Rogers' pictures now that he has gone?" I would answer most emphatically yes. We could not offer a greater tribute to this great humanitarian than to attend the theaters where his pictures are shown. I feel sure that he would appreciate this far more than any praise we could offer. Unless I am mistaken, it was Robert G. Ingersoll who said of his brother: "If every one for whom the deceased has performed a kind deed would cast a rose on his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of roses." If everyone for whom Will Rogers performed a kind deed would go to see one of his pictures, there would be the greatest assemblage of people ever recorded. —*K. M. Smith, Vinton, Virginia.*

Will Rogers

$1.00 Letter

Frank Observations

PLEASE accept these few observations. World's Worst Picture: *Werewolf of London* (instead of being stiff with fright, I'm afraid I dozed). England overwhelms the United States with the personage of one Robert Donat. Joan Crawford must do something about her locks, and it may just as well be now as later. Janet Gaynor cannot act, but for all that she has one of the sweetest smiles in Hollywood. Score one for that delightful young man, Henry Fonda, in *The Farmer Takes a Wife.* Handclaps to the producers of *Dante's Inferno.* It was an unforgettable event.—*D. M. Hutchinson, 560 Udell, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

$1.00 Letter

Best Musical Comedy

THIS is my first fan letter, but I must get it off my chest. Metro's *Broadway Melody of 1936* is the best musical comedy yet. It has a good love story, excellent singing, dancing and comedy. It all has sense to it. For instance, Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell were not fighting all through the picture and then suddenly finding themselves in love with each other in the end, just in time to kiss. Eleanor Powell's tap dancing is grand—and what a smile! June Knight and Nick Long, Jr., make a wonderful dance team. Una Merkel is her own, sweet and witty self. Frances Langford can really sing, and even when her mouth is too wide open, she is pretty. Robert Taylor doesn't appear to be "acting," everything he does seems natural.—*Mrs. Doyle Terrell, Norphlet, Arkansas.*

$1.00 Letter

A Brilliant Barrymore

IN LIONEL BARRYMORE one witnesses an actor of the old school who is equally adept in the portrayal of any rôle—a real actor in every sense of the word. Praise is useless; his achievements speak for themselves. I was one of the many who recently saw Lionel Barrymore portray the character of Peter Grimm, and it is with thoughts of this performance that I decided to write this letter. Barrymore is one star who satisfies youth and age. The niche that he has carved is a deserving and brilliant one.—*Louise Choppin, 812 Maqueda Place, New Orleans, La.*

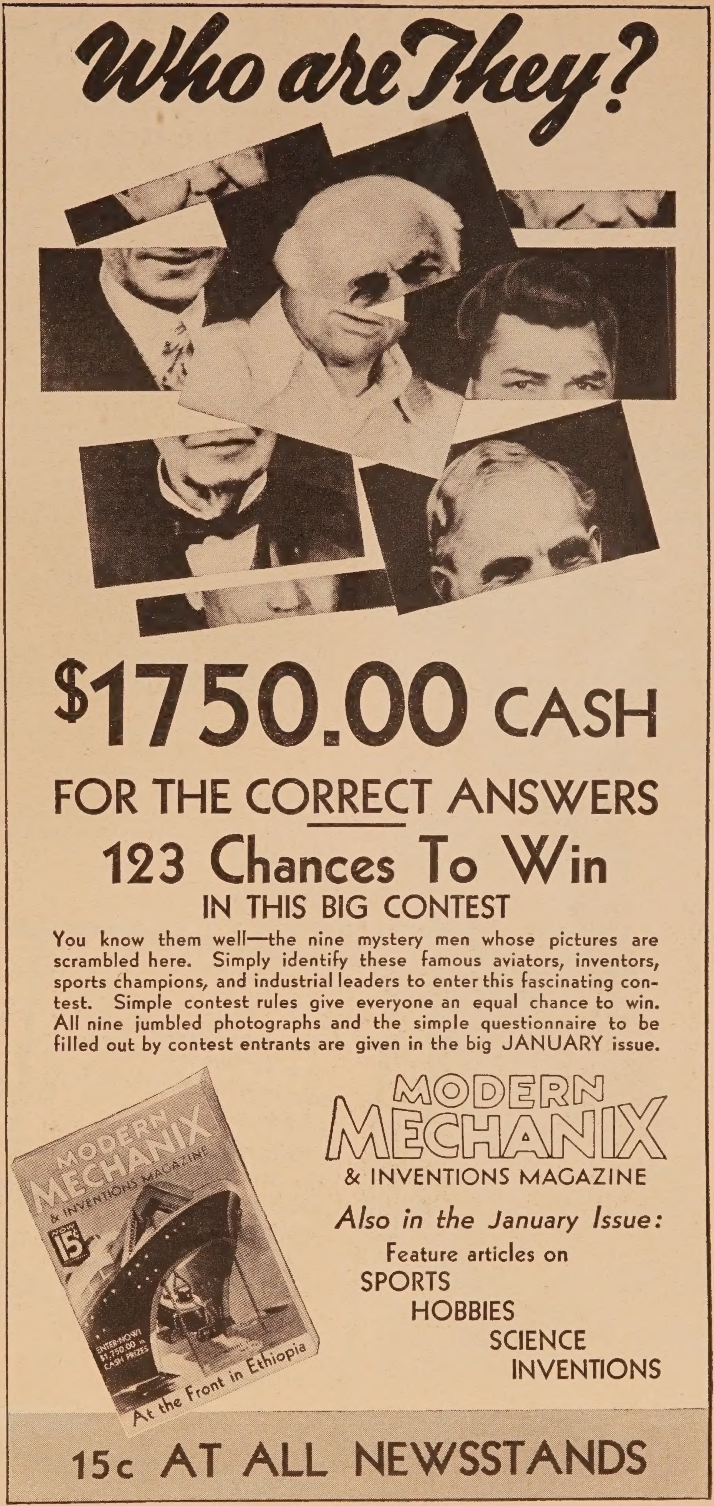
$1.00 Letter

Give Us More!

I'D LIKE to see more light comedies—female gender. Life is dull and dreary enough for office-working girls like me without adding to its sorry wail by seeing sob-rendering screen stuff. Why was it that *It Happened One Night* was such a tremendous success? Because it made us laugh. We don't want an overdose of slapstick or emotional pictures. We want to see cute Colberts and handsome Harlows cutting up—like we'd like to ourselves sometimes. It's a great "outlet" for the audience. *She Married Her Boss*—there's another good one, but, dear me, they are so few and far between. Will you speak to someone about it, please?—*Sarah L. Sollars, Sebastopol, Calif.*

Representative of many letters received is this plea for light screen comedies. Movie-goers know what they want.

Aha! Monkey business! One of Mr. Darwin's boys talks things over with Johnny Weissmuller on the set of *Tarzan Escapes*, Hollywood's newest jungle thriller



Who are They?

$1750.00 CASH

FOR THE CORRECT ANSWERS

123 Chances To Win

IN THIS BIG CONTEST

You know them well—the nine mystery men whose pictures are scrambled here. Simply identify these famous aviators, inventors, sports champions, and industrial leaders to enter this fascinating contest. Simple contest rules give everyone an equal chance to win. All nine jumbled photographs and the simple questionnaire to be filled out by contest entrants are given in the big JANUARY issue.

MODERN MECHANIX

& INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

Also in the January Issue:

Feature articles on

SPORTS

HOBBIES

SCIENCE

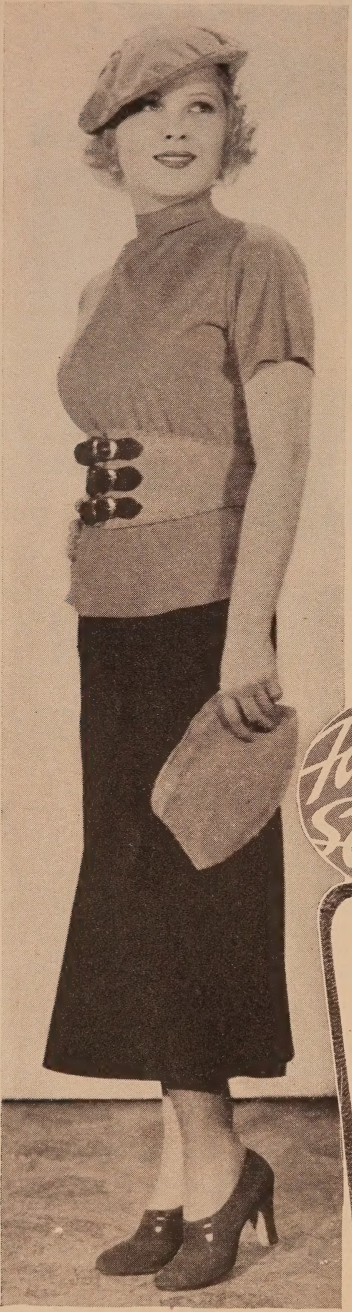
INVENTIONS

15c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

HOLLYWOOD SHOP TALK

Notes on zippy new styles for the younger generation in a style preview from one of Movieland's foremost fashion experts

By GRACE MACK



Mary Carlisle wearing her tricky new sports outfit, with its blouse of Vorelda. Notice the new polo belt which is a smart new contribution to the world of fashion

BEFORE we ring up the curtain on this month's fashion show I want to take time out to thank you girls for all those grand letters you've been writing to me. And just to show you that I appreciate them and really have your wardrobe interests at heart, each month, in addition to my regular fashion chatter, I'm going to tell you about various things I've discovered in the Hollywood shops . . . the sort of things the stars buy for their personal wardrobes and which I think you might like to add to yours.

As a starter, I'm chalking up the clever little sports outfit which I saw Mary Carlisle buying the other day. I'm choosing it for three reasons: It's smart. It's different. The price is low, and it has a definite Hollywood flavor.

The blouse is of Vorelda, a material which looks and feels enough like chamois really to *be* chamois. It can be had in almost any color your heart desires. Mary chose a mustard shade which is grand with her blond hair and fair skin. The blouse is tailored to resemble a turtle neck sweater and it can be worn as a tuck-in or an overblouse. Mary wears hers as an overblouse because she wanted an excuse to wear one of those new polo-type belts. The tailored skirt is of hunter's green suede. When it came to choosing a beret to go with this outfit she couldn't decide whether to get one of the chamois-like material to match the blouse or a crazy little cap with a vizor to match the skirt. I saw her peeking at the price tags and when she discovered that they were only $3.50 she took both of them. Personally, I think the visored cap is the really cute trick and I have a hunch that a lot of you girls with young ideas will be wanting one. Not only would it be fun to wear, but tilted over one eye, the way Mary wears hers, I think it could be practically guaranteed to give the object of your affections a brand new slant on you.

Incidentally this outfit can be ordered as an ensemble or you can order the cap or the belt or the blouse separately. The

Fashion Service

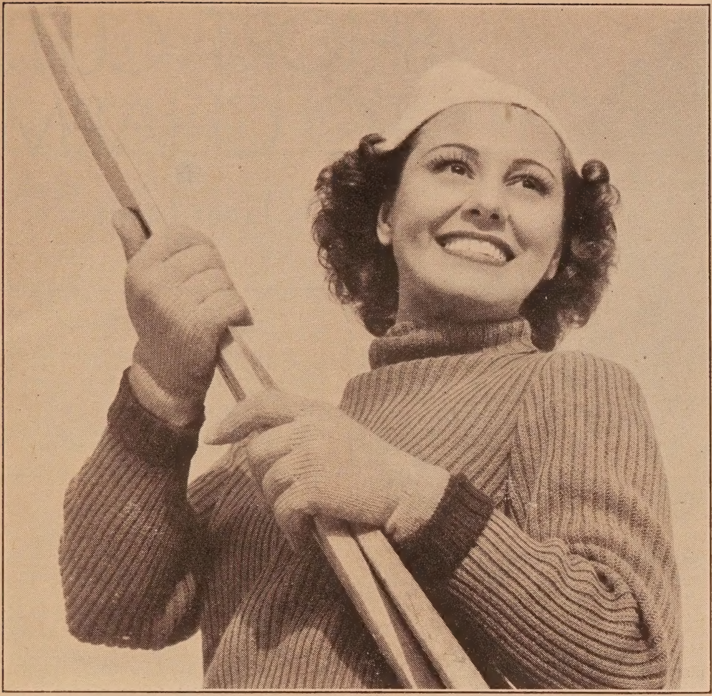
Maureen O'Sullivan's new hunch for evening wear is cellophane hair ribbons in a color to suit her frock.

Belts are important. Try the new polo belt or one which features your initials in a huge wooden buckle.

You ought to have at least one hooded coat for winter wear.

See page 73 for free letter service offer.

Like it? Mary Carlisle's snappy green suede cap has real dash



Gladys Swarthout steps out for winter sports in bright green turtle neck sweater with green knitted gloves to match. The cap is of white angora

blouse would be smart with any kind of a tailored suit or with a tweed skirt. And I might add that when it's soiled it doesn't ask to be sent to the cleaner. All it asks is that you get a little rubber sponge from the ten cent store and sponge it off now and then.

But the thing which really sent my enthusiasm zooming was the little call-of-the-wild coat which Mary bought. The real name for it is "Parka" but it looks so much like the hooded coat which Clark Gable wore in *The Call of the Wild* that I tacked that name on to it. Mary says the coat is just the thing for chilly winter evenings in the open. It has a zippered-up front and two little slantwise pockets to slip your hands through. The furred hood can be worn up or down. While this coat is essentially for sports, if you ordered it in any of the pastel shades it would be festive enough to pinch hit for an evening wrap. And in an open car, with a dash of moonlight added, a coat like this ought to do wonders for you.

If you're one of those girls who go in for winter sports you'll be interested in the ski-ing oufit which Gladys Swarthout bought for herself. It consists of a closely woven turtle neck sweater in a bright Kelly green with green knitted gloves to match. The trousers are a heavy brown wool with the cuffs tucked into regulation snow shoes. The cap is of white angora. If you want to know where an outfit like this can be purchased, drop me a note and I'll send you the lowdown.

By the way, I think you are going to hear a lot about Gladys Swarthout as a fashion personality. She wears clothes with decided authority and her personal wardrobe is really something to rave about. I saw her the other day wearing a nutria swagger coat which was lined with a bright tomato-colored kasha. With this coat she wore a black street frock of very nubby crêpe. The bodice was plain and rather tight fitting and the skirt had a lot of front fullness. A tiny fez-like hat of black felt was perched atop her dark curls and a homespun scarf with fringed ends of the same shade as the lining of the coat added the right splash of color.

AND now for some clothes news from the studios. Adrian has been having the time of his life doing the clothes for *The Great Ziegfeld*. One costume has fifty-five dozen pheasant tails! Another has 2,000 yards of pleated chiffon! And he's indulged in some ultra-fancy costumes for *Rose Marie;* so much so that when the company went on location it took twenty-five trucks to carry seventy-five costumes—three costumes to a truck. Since these are costume pictures this extravagance was of course legitimate.

But—and this is news—with regard to clothes for coming pictures, clothes which are to express present day trends, Adrian is sitting with his fingers crossed.

"If the war continues," says Adrian, "it will have a definite effect upon feminine clothes. They will be more simple and less material will be used. This undoubtedly will result in shorter skirts—much shorter than we now anticipate."

[*Continued on page* 73]

Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC

"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."

"I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."

"In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."

IMPORTANT to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets.

Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! *Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.*

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.

F. G. 1-36

*Name*______________________________

*Address*____________________________

*City*__________________*State*__________

SHORT CUTS TO CHARM

By Janet Lynn

Beauty Service

Intimate Beauty Secrets

If you want to learn of intimate beauty secrets which will solve your own problems, write to Janet Lynn. She will also be happy to supply you with facts about beauty products she mentions in the accompanying article. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage only) and write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Bette Davis demonstrates a quick make-up that is also complete and lasting

Removing the cream quickly

Now use tonic or astringent

IF YOU are an Idle Ida, please skip this beauty article. Its strictly for women who are too busy! It's aim is to tell them how to be beautiful with a minimum expenditure of time.

I have a feeling that I become so enthusiastic about involved beauty treatments that I forget most of my readers are in a hurry ninety per cent of the time. So I feel sure that nearly all of you will appreciate some hints on saving minutes without sacrificing beauty.

When I say that I am going to give you some beauty time-savers, please don't think that I'm being inconsistent. Don't think that I am repudiating all the columns and columns of advice I have written to the effect that the more time you spend on your appearance, the more beautiful you will be!

That still stands.

But the rule can be modified slightly to suit the hectic lives we lead. You *must* not neglect to tend to any one beauty task—such as brushing your hair or plucking your brows or renewing nail polish—but you *can* devise methods of performing these duties quickly yet thoroughly.

One of the commonest crimes against good grooming is the habit of allowing your hair to go without a shampoo when it needs one ever so badly. I'll admit that the prospect of shampooing your own hair, rinsing it thoroughly and then re-setting the wave is no joyful one, when you are tired and faced with only a brief period of freedom.

But here's where an oil shampoo comes in handy, with its lightning ways. Some of you may not be familiar with the double-quick action of these hair cleansers. They are especially processed oils, soluble in water and they require only two minutes to make your hair and scalp perfectly clean. The hair is left glossy, pliable and easy to manage and it dries in a *very* short time.

To expedite matters, apply a quick-drying wave-set while your hair is still damp, insert your waves and fasten these swiftly with bob pins. Then put up your ends on the new type perforated curlers that hasten drying time by several minutes. These particular curlers are easy to handle, so that you can roll up your ends in no time, as ably as a hairdresser! If you want the [*Continued on page 62*]

Apply liquid powder base

Apply powder with cotton

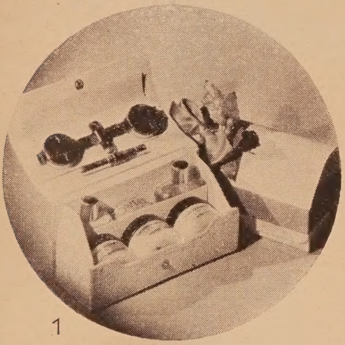
Next comes lipstick

Tissues remove surplus

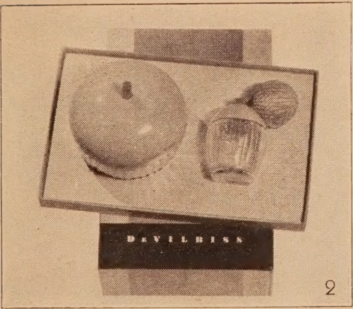
Christmas Hints from HOLLYWOOD

Janet Lynn's Last Minute Suggestions

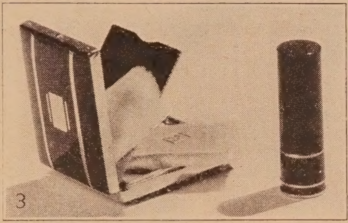
IF YOU haven't yet finished your Christmas shopping, you'll find some suggestions on this page that will quite solve your problems. . . . For example, there's that grand Daggett & Ramsdell "Traveler Kit" (1). It contains all the essential beauty aids, tucked compactly in a washable white leather case that takes up no room at all. A bargain for $3.00.


1

Every woman who receives perfume for Christmas (and what woman doesn't?) should also receive an atomizer, for spraying is without question the most satisfactory method of applying scents. . . . The DeVilbiss people specialize in very efficient and beautifully designed atomizers and this season are offering one with a powder box to match (2). The set costs only $1.50.

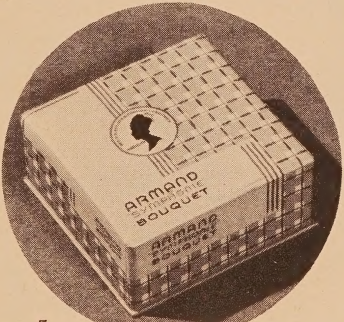

2

The perfect gift—this new swivel lipstick and loose powder and rouge compact by Harriet Hubbard Ayer (3). Both come in delectable costume colors for day and evening—green, rust, brown, black, ivory, black with ivory and pale blue . . . and there's space on the compact for a monogram! The lipstick sells for $1.00 and the compact for $2.00.


3

Lentheric has the answer to "What shall I give 'him'?" in a travel kit of genuine black cowhide (4), containing a regular size sprinkler flacon of After-Shave Lotion, a tube of Lather Shaving Cream and After-Shave Powder. The stunningly simple ivory plastic powder container is the sort to make "him" realize that this *is* a man's world. Only $2.75.

4


5

Within a very moderate price range, what could be nicer as a gift than a box of Armand's justly famous "Symphonie" Bouquet Face Powder (5)? Its staying qualities and lovely scent will make a Symphonie fan out of the lucky recipient.

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

Oust it Promptly with This Fourfold Treatment!

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and *any* cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
EACH TABLET CONTAINS 1 GRAIN ACETANILIDE
For Colds & Simple Headaches
THE FIRST ORIGINAL COLD TABLET
PRICE 35 CENTS
The Grove Laboratories, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889
BQ

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Joan Blondell starts a new Hollywood outdoor sport—sailing miniature boats. Fashion note: Joan's white shorts buttoning down the front, are a new style rage

An exclusive performance of *This Little Pig Went to Market,* starring Michael McHugh and his dad, Frank

Photo News!

Carole Lombard relaxes on the set, taking time out to comb her hair

Winifred Shaw, dusky and lovely songstress who appears in *Broadway Hostess,* poses with a handsome canine gentleman known as "Laddie." His intelligence rating in the dog world is extremely high, he being one of the world's best educated Collies

Alice Faye entertains a celebrity in the studio cafe. Meet Buck, *The Call of the Wild* Newfoundland, who will appear soon in a new film, *The Country Beyond*

SCREEN BOOK
JANUARY, 1936

Will Marriage Help JOAN CRAWFORD?

By Jay Brien Chapman

IT ISN'T that marriage as an institution is essential in Joan Crawford's life; a protective charm against the danger she faces today.

Rather, it is specifically her marriage to Franchot Tone, at this particular period of her life, which should help Joan safely past a crisis graver than most people, even those closest to the star, realize.

Joan has never explained herself more revealingly than in these words: "The fullest, richest experience for a woman is a career. You hear about sacrifices for fame. You hear about giving up the things that belong to a woman. But it's all nonsense; old-fashioned. There is nothing greater than having each day filled to the brim; nothing more stimulating."

Hearing those words, or reading them, you feel that the most dangerous thing which could threaten Joan would be a threat to her career; the greatest disaster which could befall her, a termination of her day in the busy, happy, all-absorbing limelight. Her fear of losing it all rings out in this remark: "I have watched women in other walks of life. . . . They take on weight, grow lethargic. Lines creep into their faces, and their cheeks become flabby."

Yet there *is* something more vital to Joan's continued happiness, to her very existence. Self-improvement! The aspiration to become better than she is at the moment. The need to set a goal ahead, *a goal that is not necessarily advancement of career.*

I learned this secret some years ago, when Joan was going to marry my friend, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Learned that to Joan, even when she was a little scullery maid working her way through boarding school—or when she was clerking in a department store, or hoofing in a chorus—aspiration was her life's whole *motif.* When it temporarily failed her, at various stages of her progress (that is, when she had reached some goal and had not as yet seen her next, or realized that any lay beyond) she would despair even to the point of contemplating suicide!

[*Continued on page 67*]

Joan Secretly Wed to Tone

Knot Tied in Jersey Last Friday

HE CONFIRMS IT

Englewood Cliffs Mayor Officiated

Joan Crawford and Franchot
married secretly

Astaire tickles the ivories for the benefit of two cronies, Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes, whose supporting rôles have done much to make his pictures successful

"I couldn't write a more intimate, accurate story myself," Fred Astaire told the author of this article. Read it!

Behind the Scenes with FRED ASTAIRE

By Grace Mack

IT WAS one of those mornings that Californians refer to as "unusual." In other words, it was raining. Traffic on Melrose Avenue was moving slowly and as a line of cars drew up at a stop signal, wind-shield wipers moved in unison. Just one wind-shield wiper was out of step. Instead of clicking back and forth with monotonous precision it was doing strange, staccato things. Its unorthodox behavior attracted the attention of the man who was driving the sedan that was next in line.

"What the devil's wrong with that guy's wind-shield wiper," he remarked to the girl who was with him. "Look at it. The crazy thing acts like it's doing a tap dance."

"Maybe it's trying to imitate Fred Astaire," said the girl.

"Yes, you *would* think of that."

The green light flashed on and the line of cars moved forward. Suddenly the girl in the sedan grabbed her companion's arm.

"Say—that *was* Fred Astaire!" she exclaimed excitedly. "He was driving that roadster."

The girl was right. And had she but known it she had glimpsed Astaire in the throes of creating a new dance step. For while driving to the studio in the rain he had discovered that he could make the wind-shield wiper do tricky things to the music of the motor and while watching it he got an idea for a new step.

A FEW moments later the telephone on Mark Sandrich's desk was ringing violently. Sandrich, you know, is that clever young director who did *The Gay Divorcée* and *Top Hat* and who will direct the new Astaire picture, *Follow the Fleet*.

"Hello, Mark. This is Fred. Have you got a minute to spare? I want to show you Fransten."

"Okay, Freddie. Come on over."

Had Sandrich been less acquainted with Astaire he might have expected him to arrive at his office with a little blonde in tow. But knowing Freddie he suspected that "Fransten" was merely the name for some new step for Astaire always gives names to the various steps

It took Fred hours to work out his clever "machine gun" number

—*Wide World*

Astaire bangs away at his typewriter, tapping the keys for the first rhythmic chapter of a book he is writing

Meet the Fred Astaire you will see in *Follow the Fleet.* He's a hardboiled gob, mates, and shifty on his feet

he works out. Sometimes it's "Enchillada!" Sometimes it's "Old Dutch Hop." Or it might even be a strange moniker like "Crovnee."

In less time than it takes to write it Sandrich was giving "Fransten" the once-over.

"How do you like it?" Astaire asked when he had finished the dance.

"I think it's great, Freddie," said Sandrich enthusiastically.

"It's sort of funny the way it came to me," Astaire explained in that half-embarrassed manner which so characterizes his work on the screen. "I was driving down to the studio in the rain and I got to fooling with the windshield wiper, making it do 'brakes,' and suddenly I had an idea—"

Sandrich smiled knowingly, for he was well aware that Freddie's inspirations for dance steps are often the result of some perfectly incongruous happening. And they are jotted down wherever he happens to be. The tablecloths at the RKO commissary are frequently littered with strange hieroglyphics which, when translated, spell a new dance by Astaire. There is never any telling how long it may take to create a dance. Sometimes the steps come quickly, born on the wings of inspiration. Again, he may worry for days before he finds the right step to fit a certain bar in music. You see his system is first to plot out the general pattern for the dance. He then maps out diagrams of the intricate path his feet are to travel. These diagrams are split up into "sequences" and fitted in, piece by piece. Sometimes the steps and the music refuse to synchronize. During the making of *Top Hat,* the finish routine for the *Piccolino* number proved very elusive.

"Don't worry, Mark," Astaire assured the director. "I'll get it." And he did. Some perfectly incongruous thing gave him the inspiration.

Consequently, Sandrich was not at all surprised to learn that a wind-shield wiper had been [*Continued on page* 50]

Introducing a star who is destined to become one of Hollywood's greatest

MARTINI In Person

By Woody Sutton

IN OLD Italy, at the legendary tomb of Romeo and Juliet, guarded by his father, whose job was that of custodian, Nino Martini discovered that he had a voice. As a young lad, smarting under a verdict from his elders that he didn't have a voice and would never be able to sing, Nino practiced secretly in the quiet garden surrounding the final resting place of fiction's greatest lovers.

Perhaps it was here, too, in some mysterious, supernatural way, that he absorbed the romantic nature that is so much a part of his personality, for not in recent years has there been an actor who so completely dominated the hearts of his audience. The huge stack of fan mail Nino Martini receives daily consists largely of passionate notes and proposals from women, old and young.

In person, this amazing young man from Verona, in the north of Italy, is even more imposing than on the screen. He has the build of an athlete, a profile and classic features that stamp him unmistakably as a descendant of the Romans. For a man so blessed with talent and perfection of face and figure, he is astonishingly lacking in conceit.

"I am surprised," Nino admits, "that the people give me such a wonderful reception in *Here's to Romance.* When I came first to Hollywood in 1931, I appeared only in small parts. The people weren't ready for songs in the movies, but now it is wonderful!"

Martini has never done anything but sing, yet at twenty-nine he looks like a college football hero. It is singing, he claims, that has given him a splendid physique.

Nino Martini with Anita Louise in *Here's to Romance,* his first starring picture

"You see," he explains, choosing unfamiliar English words carefully, "when I sing I use almost every muscle in my body, from my legs to the tips of my fingers. Singing is very strenuous—don't laugh—it is. But I like to swim, too, and riding is my favorite sport."

DESPITE Martini's love for sports and social life, he is forced to discipline himself strictly. No late hours, no cigarettes, no liquor. "In Hollywood," Nino confesses sadly, "I have to turn down parties—and work!—imagine, getting to the studio at seven-thirty every morning. And to sing in the morning—it is the first time I do that!"

It is odd that, despite little experience in pictures, Nino experienced no difficulty with his lines, and in fact had but a single re-take in *Here's to Romance.*

He tells an interesting, touching anecdote about Madame Schumann-Heink, of whom he is very fond. This seventy-four-year-old mother of a million soldier boys, trained for years in stage technique, had a great deal of difficulty with her scenes during the early part of the picture. In one sequence, she was to pull her hat down over one eye and scold Nino affectionately. But the grand old lady couldn't quite master her lines. On the fifteenth try, she broke down.

"I'll never do it," she sighed, tears rolling down her handsome face. "Send me away—tear up my contract." Nino and his manager rushed to her side with encouragement. They pointed out that this was almost the same as her début as a young girl. She was nervous then; she was now. But she could do it—Schumann-Heink never quit. With that, she pulled herself together and made one last try. The scene was perfect, and, if you will remember, one of the best in the picture.

Nino Martini has a host of friends in Hollywood, but none better than Regis Toomey. When Nino made his first rather inconspicuous stab at pictures back [*Continued on page* 58]

ZaSu Pitts

Janet Gaynor

Hollywood's *THREE* AMAZING WOMEN

"Ginger Rogers became the sensation of New York while still only in her 'teens," says Jim Tully of Ginger's stage experience, "just as she is now the sensation of the screen"

By JIM TULLY

TO SELECT the three most interesting women in Hollywood when there are so many is difficult. Likewise, it is an engaging task.

One could hardly leave Ginger Rogers out of the number. The daughter of a gifted mother, the story of her life might have been invented by a master weaver of tales; and it is likely that even as a work of fiction, there would be those in the world who would say that "it just couldn't happen." The only answer is—it did happen—in real life.

Ginger, in *Top Hat* with Fred Astaire, is one of the most sensational successes of the year. She learned to dance in a Texas barn, and was first taught by an old vaudeville trouper, long retired from the road. But that is miles ahead of the story. Ginger is gay and nonchalant on the surface—but she knows what it is to have lived—and such people are never without interest.

GINGER'S mother was alone in the world. Ginger would be born in six months. Mrs. Rogers, young and beautiful, went to a town in Missouri, secured work on a newspaper, and began the building of her life over again. She found friends everywhere in Independence.

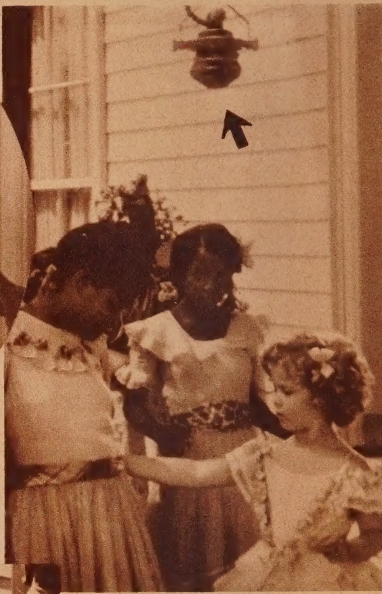
Ginger was born. Her mother was becoming known as a newspaper woman in her vicinity, when the threat of kidnaping crossed her path. To avoid the possible giving up of her beloved child, Mrs. Rogers burned all her bridges, and went to Dallas, Texas. She had plenty of initiative and ingenuity. Well able and willing to help herself, she found others willing to help her. She secured work in a hotel as a public stenographer. The young mother often worked while little Ginger played in the lobby.

To Mrs. Rogers' consternation one day, she could not find the child. The indomitable young mother hired an automobile and went in search of Ginger. After unbelievable hardships, she found the youngster with its father several hundred miles away. Watching until her husband left for work, one morning, she went to the house, took the child from the giant colored woman in charge by calmly showing a small revolver, and then went into hiding with her baby. Later, when the danger had blown over, she returned to Dallas. Her hotel position was still open. She remained there several months until given a position as reporter on a newspaper. In time she became the dramatic critic,

[*Continued on page 72*]

Shooting *The Littlest*

2. Above: Shirley is all set. When *will* the scene begin?



1. Shooting Shirley Temple (above) in *The Littlest Rebel* is under way! She steps into chalk marks, drawn for her

3. Above: Arrow points to microphone. Shirley inspects her dusky friend's ribbon

7. Above: Hold everything! "I'm going to sneeze, Mummy," she says

8. Left: Action! "Miss Vergie, we all done make you a doll for yo' birthday," says the Negro girl to Shirley

Shirley—
Rebel

4. Below: Last minute memory test. What *could* that second line be? Yes, she has it now!

5. Above: She is all ready now. Let the cameras roll!

6. Above: Scene is identified for camera as Shirley is looking on. Then cameras begin to turn. They're shooting Shirley

10. Above: "Thank you *ever* so much," adds Shirley to her Negro friend. "I'll save you some cake!" says Shirley in parting

9. Above: "Ain't dat wunnaful," answers Shirley, then stops. "It's so very nice!"

11. Right: Karen Morley puts a cape on Shirley after scene

—Photos by Carolla Hutchinson

Mrs. Donald Woods: "I want him to notice attractive girls. If Donald should find some girl who appeals to him more than I do, I wouldn't start looking up time-tables on the trains to Reno"

Mrs. Pat O'Brien: "Pat is one of those men who loves everybody. He calls all the girls 'honey' and 'sweetheart,' but it doesn't mean a thing"

Mrs. Warren William: "I believe that wives should be just as clever at being wives as mistresses are at being mistresses"

Are MOVIE WIVES

What would you think if your husband spent hours making love to such famous beauties as Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow? Read what Hollywood's movie wives have to say

THE toughest job in Hollywood is that of being a movie star's wife.

Elinor Glyn once authored the theory that all actors should be single men. Producers would doubtless be glad if this could be made a rule, for they are canny enough to realize that the success of a leading man or male star depends to a large extent upon his appeal to women. When a star has that magic something which causes women in the audience to think of him as a potential lover he is sure to be tops at the box office. And while this may be very ducky from the producer's point of view, how about the woman who is the star's wife? How does she feel about it?

Well, how would YOU feel? How would you like to have thousands of women writing ardent love letters to your husband, giving intimate descriptions of their charms, even sending locks of their hair. How would you like to have some girl try night after night to get your husband on the telephone and upon discovering she is talking to his wife, slam the receiver?

And how would you feel when you went to parties or to night clubs to have the eyes of numerous women focused on him; eyes which hold promises to be fulfilled for the asking; eyes which look you—the wife—over curiously and then say as plainly as though the thought were put into words: "Well, I don't know what he sees in you!" And you wives who worry just a little bit about your husband's attractive secretary or the girls he meets in his office, how would you feel if you knew that many of his working hours were spent making torrid love to such glamorous and fascinating women as Jean Harlow or Joan Crawford or Marlene Dietrich? Would YOU be able to keep the green-eyed monster at bay?

THE wives of the men whose pictures you see on these pages can. And what they have to say on the subject, their attitude toward the "competition" business, should be of interest to every woman who reads this story.

"Mutual trust is an essential ingredient for a happy mar-

A beautiful love scene from *Mutiny on the Bounty*, with Mamo, the Tahitian maiden, and Clark Gable

JEALOUS?

By Joan Woodard

Mrs. Clark Gable: "I do not believe that love can ever be held by putting a chain around it"

riage," says Mrs. Warren William. "And the woman who is married to a movie star needs to have just a little more faith and confidence in her man than does the average wife, for there's no denying that a movie star, particularly if he happens to be attractive, encounters more opportunities for amorous detours in a week or a month than would come to the average husband in a life-time.

"Every woman knows that some men are more susceptible to women's charms than others. The wise one, I believe, is the woman who takes the trouble to learn something of her man's character before she marries him. If he's the sort of person she is afraid to trust out of her sight, then her marriage is doomed to disaster from the start.

"I knew Warren for several years before I married him. He had been very successful on the stage and naturally had plenty of opportunities to meet glamorous and fascinating women. The fact that he asked me to be his wife naturally convinced me that he preferred me to the others. And that is the attitude I have taken throughout our marriage. I believe that is the attitude that every woman should take. When a man asks a woman to marry him, it is usually because she is the answer to an ideal that he has in his heart. So long as she continues to measure up to that ideal, so long will she hold his love. Many girls put their best foot forward during the days of courtship and then forget to keep on doing it, once the ceremony is over. One day they wake up to the fact that their husbands have become interested in somebody else. It never occurs to them that perhaps it is their own fault. I believe that wives should be just as clever at being wives as mistresses are at being mistresses."

WOMEN from all over the world write letters to Mrs. Clark Gable, expressing their envy of her. "It must be heaven to be married to a man like Clark," they write. And yet I wonder how many of these women would have her understanding, her poise, her gallant attitude? [*Continued on page* 65]

A GIRL YOU KNOW

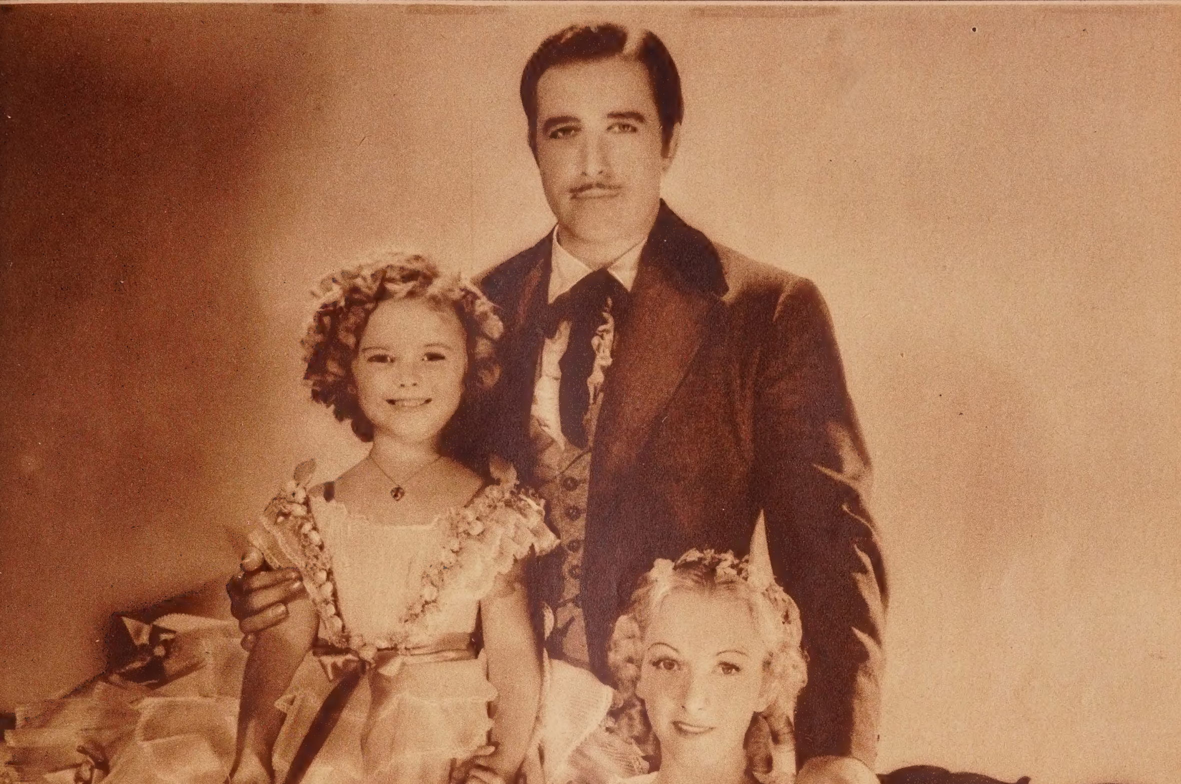
might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!
Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes . . . for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know . . . THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

SHOW THEM NO MERCY!

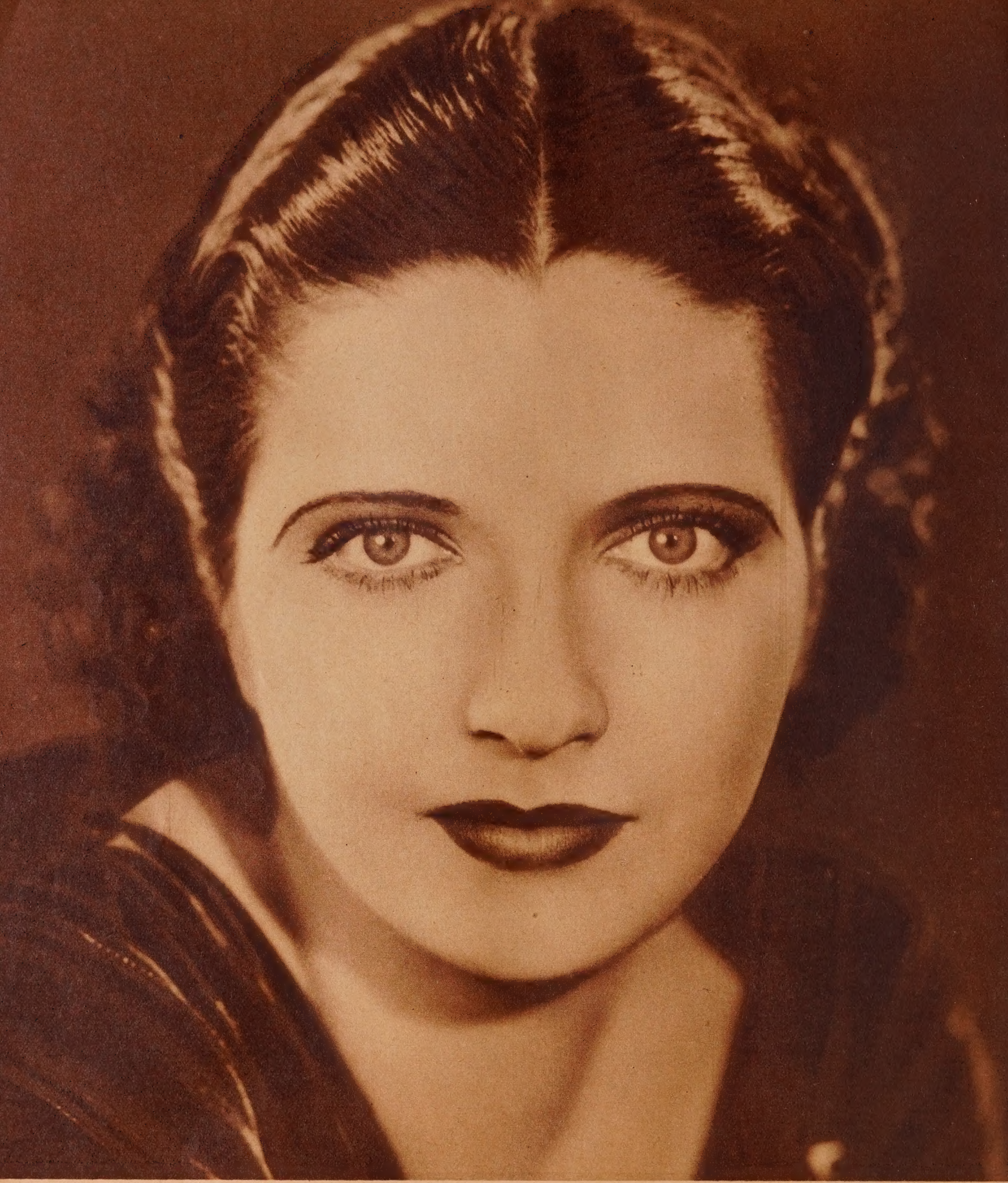
A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS

20th CENTURY FOX



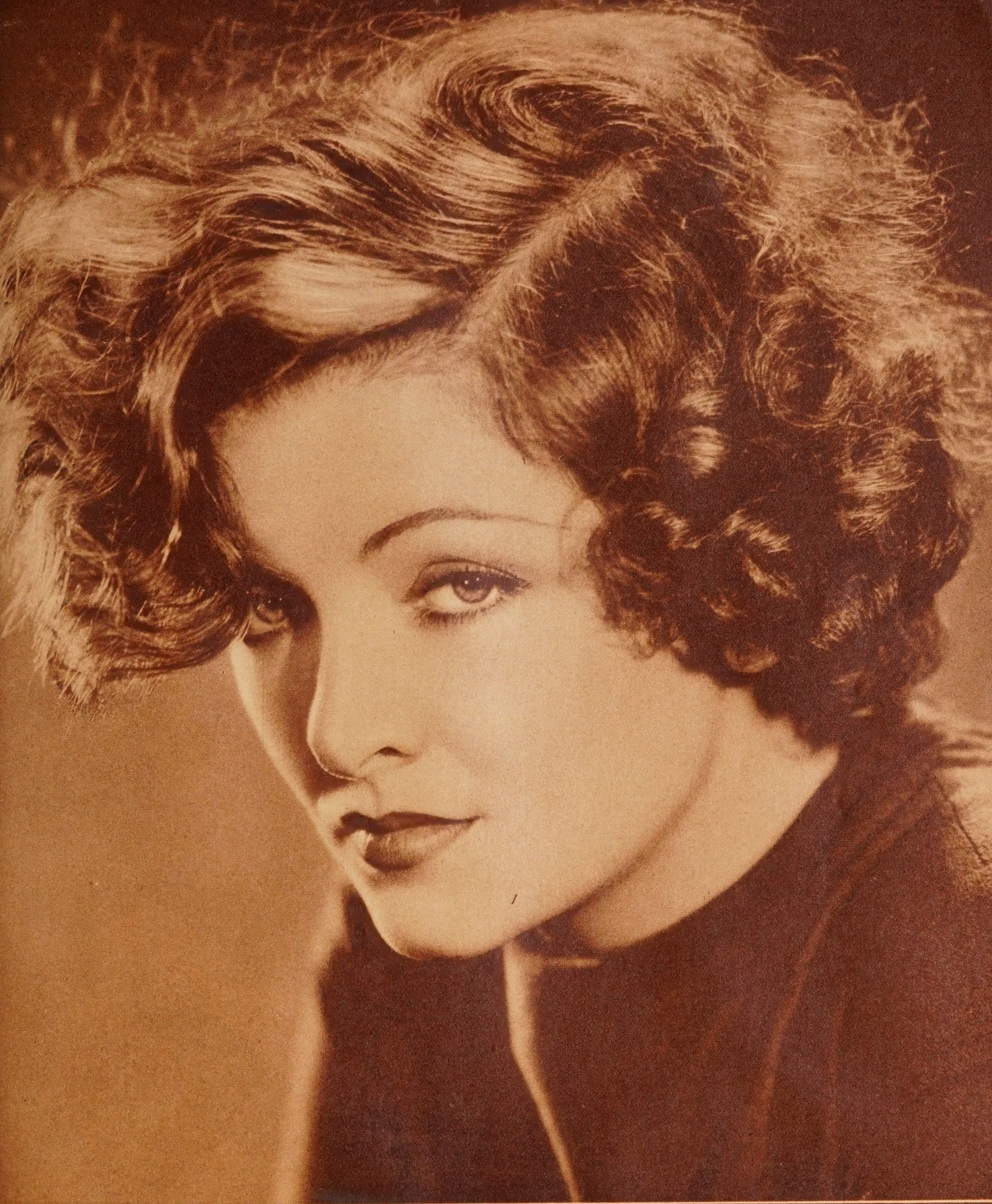
MISS TEMPLE'S NEW FAMILY

Shirley may be an Idaho Colonel, but her heart is with the old South, suh. Here we see her with her dad and mother, John Boles and Karen Morley, with whom she is seen in *The Littlest Rebel.* Shirley says her screen parents are fine, but she wouldn't trade Mr. and Mrs. George Temple for the lot of them



KAY FRANCIS—MEN'S IDEAL

Born on Friday the thirteenth, Kay Francis is not superstitious. She believes that acting is a business and works at it just as she did her career as a stenographer. She is nearly the tallest star in pictures, standing five feet, seven inches without her shoes on. *I Found Stella Parish* is her most recent film



MYRNA LOY 1936 VERSION

Her tiff with the studio over, Myrna is busy making herself a bright spot in one of the new year's most important pictures, *The Great Ziegfeld,* in which she appears with William Powell and Luise Rainer. You'll see a new Myrna in this picture, but one none the less interesting. Note her unusual new hair style

GINGER JOINS THE NAVY

If every first mate could be a Ginger Rogers, Uncle Sam wouldn't have to worry about an under-manned Navy. Feeling pretty good because her salary has been raised by the studio, Ginger is right now dancing her feet off with Fred Astaire in *Follow the Fleet*. Turn to page five for an important message from Ginger

The *Girl* the Movies WANT

An exclusive interview with Adolph Zukor, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

By Carol Craig

THAT new girl you saw on the screen last night—how much older (or younger) than you was she? Did she have any more to start a career with than you have—if you only knew what to do about your potentialities? How did she get her screen chance? How did she attract a talent scout's attention?

If you have ever been dazzled by the glamor of the dramatic world, if you have ever burned with the slightest spark of acting fever, you have asked yourself questions like these countless times. But *what* are the answers? Today's answers?

I took your questions, my questions, our questions to one of the most important men in the entire movie industry . . . a man whose answers would not be guesses, but the gleanings of years of star-building . . . a man who has been producing pictures for almost a quarter of a century and who today is a leader of one of filmdom's largest companies, with the whole world for an audience. Namely, Adolph Zukor, founder of Paramount Pictures.

Short, gray-haired, with a quick step and keen, alert eyes, Mr. Zukor is a busy man—too busy, you might think, to answer a hundred and one questions about the movies' sources of talent today. But he took the time to answer every question, to let you in on the secrets of how to go about winning a screen chance.

Too many girls spoil possible screen chances by heading in wrong directions; too many girls who have nothing to offer the screen discover the tragic truth too late; too many girls who have great possibilities are never discovered, because they do not sense those possibilities themselves. To help them all, to clear the air of false illusions about this search for fame, to tell all that any girl needs to know about discovering her own potentialities, Mr. Zukor answered every question.

HOW many candidates for fame are considered in a year by a large studio like Paramount?

"Sometimes we look for a year without finding any who have the stuff of stardom," said Mr. Zukor. "Then, again, picking them is as easy as picking peaches. I'd say that, in a period of a year, we sign about thirty new players, who become members of our studio stock company and are given chances to prove themselves. Thirty altogether—both men and women. They are not always star material, but that does not always make us hang our heads. The person who may not be a sensation, but is a good, dependable player, capable of a variety of rôles, can be a godsend to casting directors.

"Twenty of the thirty are women," he adds significantly. "Why? We are not looking for women more than for men. But men have countless other fields to interest them. Women don't.

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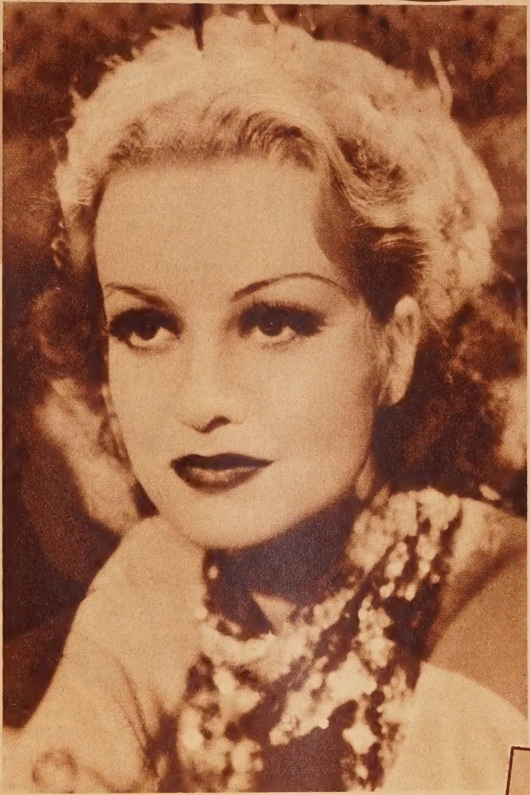


Have you seen this girl anywhere? If you resemble her, and have talent, studios may some day pay you thousands of dollars a week, for she is a composite of four famous actresses. Turn to page 60 and learn what stars' pictures were used in making this unique composite photograph

WHAT TO DO TO GET A MOVIE JOB

Improve your physical attractiveness . . . try for a stage career . . . secure a good, all around education . . . cultivate a sense of drama . . . cultivate good diction . . . keep in good health . . . don't dissipate . . . try always to make yourself interesting to other people . . . don't go to Hollywood on the chance that you may be discovered . . . finish both your high school and college education if possible . . . follow the good, sound advice of Adolph Zukor, famed producer, who talks straight from the shoulder in this interview.

WHY Loretta Young *is* FORCED *to* RETIRE!

By
Sonia Lee

The first true story of strange circumstances that have driven Loretta Young from the screen for a long rest

LORETTA YOUNG has paid the greatest price for Fame of any star in Hollywood!

At twenty-two she is temporarily exiled from the screen because her sensitive body could no longer endure the gruelling strain she imposed on it in her climb to stardom!

Since last June she has sought health in travel and in changing scenes. But her return to Hollywood saw her in nowise improved, and physicians now declare that she must not go before the cameras again for months. At the moment she is wisely heeding their advice to avoid a serious operation which would result in long months of inactivity.

Her scheduled start in *Ramona,* the 20th Century-Fox production, has been postponed until spring. She is making no future plans, no effort of any sort, until she is completely recovered. She was not even permitted to attend the marriage of her sister, Sally Blane, to Norman Foster.

Loretta has been ill for many months! But she steadfastly refused to admit to herself the imperative need of rest until she had finished *The Crusades.* And then, sitting on the terrace of her Westwood home—in the brief interlude of leisure before her Wanger picture *Shanghai* began, she said:

"I have never been so desperately tired in all my life. It's been a difficult year because I felt the time for slow growth was past. In these last months I wanted to achieve something important. I've been in pictures since I was thirteen. I've built slowly. There was no overnight fame for me. I've had nine hard-working years in front of a camera. And now was the time for satisfying achievement—for important achievement—if my dreams for myself were to be fulfilled. So I've worked—constantly.

In 1935, Loretta Young hit a high point in her career. Above photos show her with Clark Gable in *Call of the Wild* and with Henry Wilcoxon in *The Crusades.* On the eve of great triumphs in 1936, she has been forced to quit!

"I wish I could put on some weight. I'd feel better I know. But I can't gain an ounce—even though I eat loads—and go promptly to bed the moment I get home from the studio.

"I've never really recovered from my appendicitis operation. I started work too soon—and worked too hard—and I am just now realizing it!"

In the past year Loretta's dominating impulse has been to progress in her career.

After *White Parade* there was *Clive of India,* with Ronald Colman. *Call of the Wild,* with Clark Gable, followed. And this picture taxed her energies to the extreme. She suffered exposure and discomfort: bitter winds and stinging snows veritably flayed her body. By the

[*Continued on page 71*]

GENE RAYMOND —*a Baffling Personality*

Discovering a host of facts about the star who refuses to talk about himself

By Harry Lang

NOW, let's get Gene Raymond *straight.* It seems that every time you pick up a newspaper movie gossip column, you read about Gene being out at this late-spot or that night club with some new Hollywood charmer. And so you're naturally likely to get the idea, superficially, that Gene Raymond is but a high stepping Hollywoodsman on the prowl for new femmes. *But there's nothing further from the truth than that!*

I'm going to prove it to you by telling you, here, a lot of things about Gene that I'll bet most of you never knew before—what he is, what he thinks, what he does, what he likes—and also what he does *not* do, think, like! I had to do some digging to find these things out—because I could never have obtained them from Gene Raymond himself. You might as well expect the Sphinx to start babbling about the price of eggs as to expect Gene Raymond to talk about Gene Raymond!

AND so, to get a real picture of the man, I went *not* to Gene himself, but to his friends, his intimates, people who've known him for years. "Tell me," I begged them, "what sort of fellow Gene Raymond really is." They did.

In the first place, let's dispose of this talk about Gene as Hollywood's No. 1 Ladies' Man. The fact is that Gene Raymond goes out with girls less than most other eligible Hollywood bachelors. He goes out only between pictures. While on a production, Gene is almost a recluse. Night clubs don't see him; Hollywood's charmers have to get along without him. He's home—working, studying.

And here's an inside tip as to the sort of man he is when he *does* go out with a girl. A woman who knows him well (and has a grown daughter) says:

"GENE is one of the very few men in Hollywood with whom I'd like my daughter to go to the theaters, the night clubs, the cafés. He is one of the very few men I know, of his age, who has the rare capacity for sincere *friendship* with girls."

However, let's get to the man himself. First of all, we discover that he's one of the best all-around athletes in Hollywood. Between pictures, believe it or not, he spends about half his waking time developing his physique.

I'd noticed that Gene always seemed to pep up a party when he appeared. It remained for a friend to explain to me:

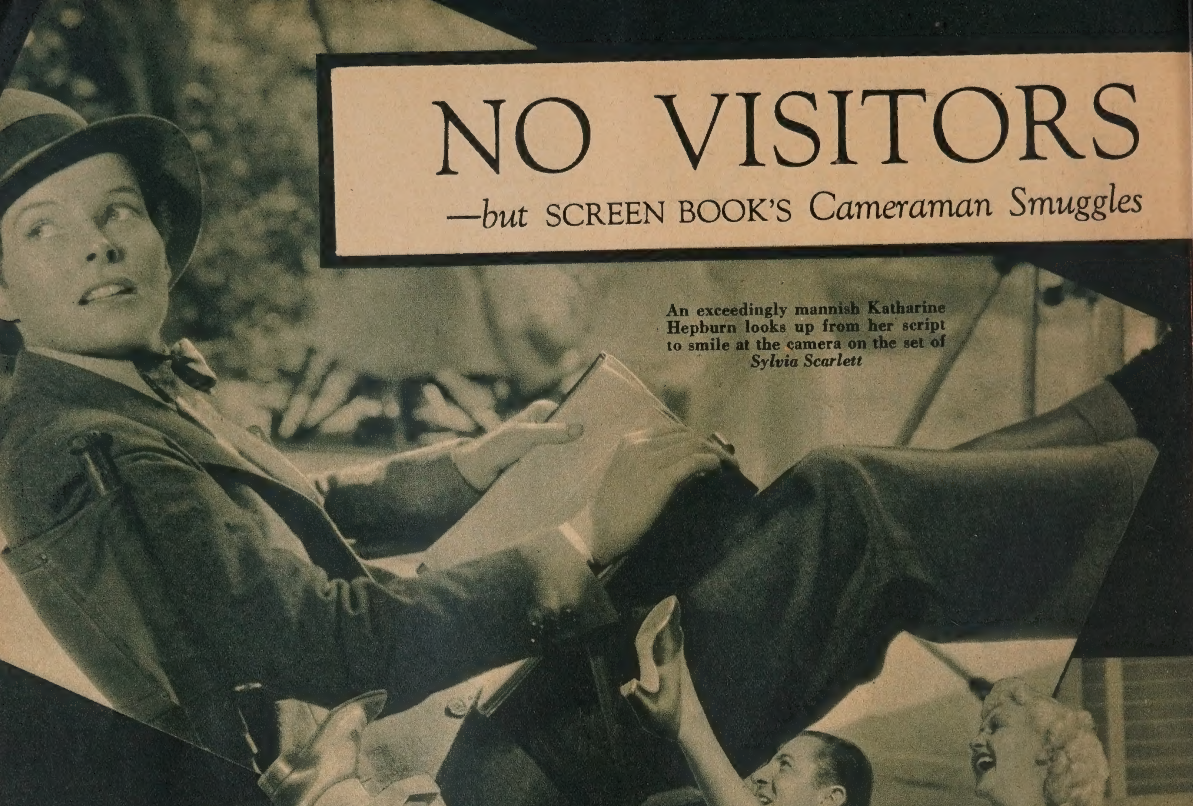
"When Gene comes into a group of people he radiates a sense of utter fitness, of mental and physical cleanliness and well-being. He gives a lift to any party merely by the sheer force of his splendid example."

And here's Gene's amazing sports lineup! He rides like a centaur! Yes, yes; I know a centaur is half horse, half man. But that's just about what it's like

[*Continued on page* 59]

NO VISITORS

—*but* SCREEN BOOK'S *Cameraman Smuggles*



An exceedingly mannish Katharine Hepburn looks up from her script to smile at the camera on the set of *Sylvia Scarlett*

"Look pretty, Eddie!" Rito Rio, enticing Broadway dancer, teases Eddie Cantor in this scene from Samuel Goldwyn's *Shoot the Chutes.* Director Norman Taurog, back to the camera, coaches them in their "business"

Joe Penner ar Betty Grable fi something to ki about as th practice the snappy dan routine f *Collegiate*

ALLOWED!

His Pictures Past the Studio Gates

Amelia Earhart, America's greatest feminine flyer, instructs June Travis in the art of climbing into a parachute. In her first picture, *Ceiling Zero*, June has the leading feminine rôle

One of the loveliest chorines from *The Great Ziegfeld*, wearing a costume so fragile that she must relax in this "standing chair." The picture stars Myrna Loy and William Powell

When the "Goldwyn Girls" perform in the annual Eddie Cantor picture, Hollywood's big stars always want to watch. The camera finds Norma Shearer chatting with Producer Sam Goldwyn on the set of *Shoot the Chutes*

Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney

Eddie Cantor and Ida

George Burns and Gracie

Shall We Marry

Young lovers nowadays are faced by this important question. Read how the wealthiest stars in Hollywood today were wed while they were broke, and of the struggles that brought money without the loss of romance

HOW much should a young fellow have, in cold cash, in order to marry the girl he loves?

"Just how little do we dare start on?" is being asked by millions of young couples who stand on the brink of matrimony, mortally afraid to plunge.

"It's when prosperity pulls up an easy chair that you have to worry about love being crowded out into the cold," warn Jimmy Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Warner Baxter, Buck Jones, John Boles, George Burns, Joe E. Brown and a half dozen other film luminaries who have managed to pilot their marital skiffs safely over the great barrier reefs of Hollywood—and who give full credit to the fact that they married without a dime.

Every one of them has started from scratch, and when they mention tightening the old belt instead of eating, sitting up all their wedding eve in a railroad station because they could not afford hotel rooms, maintaining a family in one room and honeymooning in a stable—they're talking from experience.

"Why fear the wolf?" demands Warner Baxter. "It takes a common enemy to strengthen the ties between man and wife, and I don't know of any better threat than the much abused wolf. Because it's remarkable how precious your loved ones become when you hear him sniffing at your door.

"The more a married couple struggle through together, the closer they hold to each other. I think the strongest ties man and wife can have are the memories of the battles they fought side by side, and that a tough start is the best insurance for a happy future."

But can a motion picture star of the earning capacity of Warner Baxter know anything about such matters? Perhaps, for he was living in an attic room, and hadn't eaten for two days, when he first met the girl he married.

DOES Jimmy Cagney know what he is talking about when he suggests doing your marrying first and your worrying afterwards? Well, Jimmy was sharing a breakfast of *one* doughnut and *one* cup of coffee with Allen Jenkins when he pointed out the girl he was going to marry.

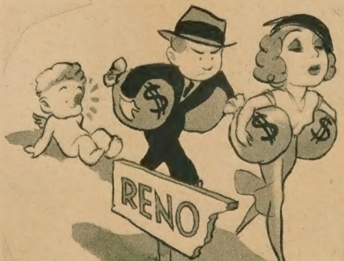
Apparently Jimmy was trying to prove two could eat as lightly as one—and in the lean days that followed his marriage he and his game little wife divided more than one skimpy meal.

And yet, when asked how much money a young fellow should have to risk marriage, Cagney replied: "It isn't money he needs, it's nerve. A real love for the girl, spunk and the determination to go the limit to make her happy—those are the assets he really needs.

"The happiest days I've ever known are those when Bill (that's what he calls his wife) and I were struggling along together in Greenwich Village, trying to scare up a snack for the gang that would drop in on us after the show."

(Cagney and his wife were in the chorus together—and later were "hoofers" in vaudeville.)

Another star who claims starting from scratch is the only sensible start is Eddie Cantor. Eddie says that being up against it and realizing a wonderful woman was absolutely dependent upon him was the thing that made him, and to what he owes his later amazing success.



Cupid usually gets a black eye when actors and actresses marry with the handicap of too much money

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones

Joe E. Brown and Wife

without MONEY?

By William F. French

But what does Cantor, who's worth a million, know about being really hard up? Suppose he was making a miserable wage, had a wife to support and no friends to help him—could he take it?

It took Eddie six years to scrape up enough money to throw the party which convinced the unenthusiastic "Papa" Tobias that spindle-shanked Izzy Iskowitz (that was Eddie's name then) could support his daughter, Ida.

Eddie told the family he was managing a swanky restaurant, while, instead, he had a job as a singing waiter in the Coney Island cafe where Jimmy Durante banged the piano.

After the marriage, he took his wife to live in a room in his sister-in-law's apartment in the Bronx, where two children were born to them.

During the three years they spent in that single room, while Eddie was struggling to convince someone he was an entertainer, he took it *plenty*.

"Then came success," explains this great comedian—"a success I wouldn't ever have known if it hadn't been for my marriage—and the responsibilities it brought. And how glad I am I didn't wait for that success before marrying."

The only time Gracie Allen and George Burns seem really serious is when they are talking about their marriage, and urging someone else to go and do likewise.

Like everything else, it was a last minute affair, with no one, not even the principals, having the slightest suspicion it was going to happen a week before the auspicious event.

Coming into Cleveland from a little burgh in the sticks where they were breaking in a new act, they had to sit up all the eve of their wedding day, because they hadn't money enough to get two rooms in a hotel.

"We could afford one room, after we were married, but we couldn't afford two, and as friends were coming in to see us married the next day we had to spend the night in the railroad station waiting room."

That's the way George Burns explains it, between gathering in salary and royalty checks and urging young couples to take the bit in their teeth.

This is another successful marriage that is defying the breakers of Hollywood, because, Gracie explains, it was built on the good old rocky foundation of tough sledding.

MARRIAGES that have started from scratch have out-lived all others in the picture colony.

"That," according to Joe E. Brown, "is because when a man and wife start in life with their immediate financial problem solved, they usually manage to develop individual problems and notions to take its place, and these often have a tendency to split their interests and force them apart.

"Tramping the streets for work and then turning to a game little wife for encouragement and sympathy does something to a man he never forgets. More character is built and greater love is developed in a one room apartment than in a penthouse or movie estate. Because the more you share and struggle together, the closer you hold to each other."

Of course Joe E. Brown was more or less of a plutocrat when he got married, twenty years ago. After sending the girl he was to marry railroad fare to New York, Joe had almost ten dollars left. Enough for the wedding, and a nice subway honeymoon back to the theater where he was working.

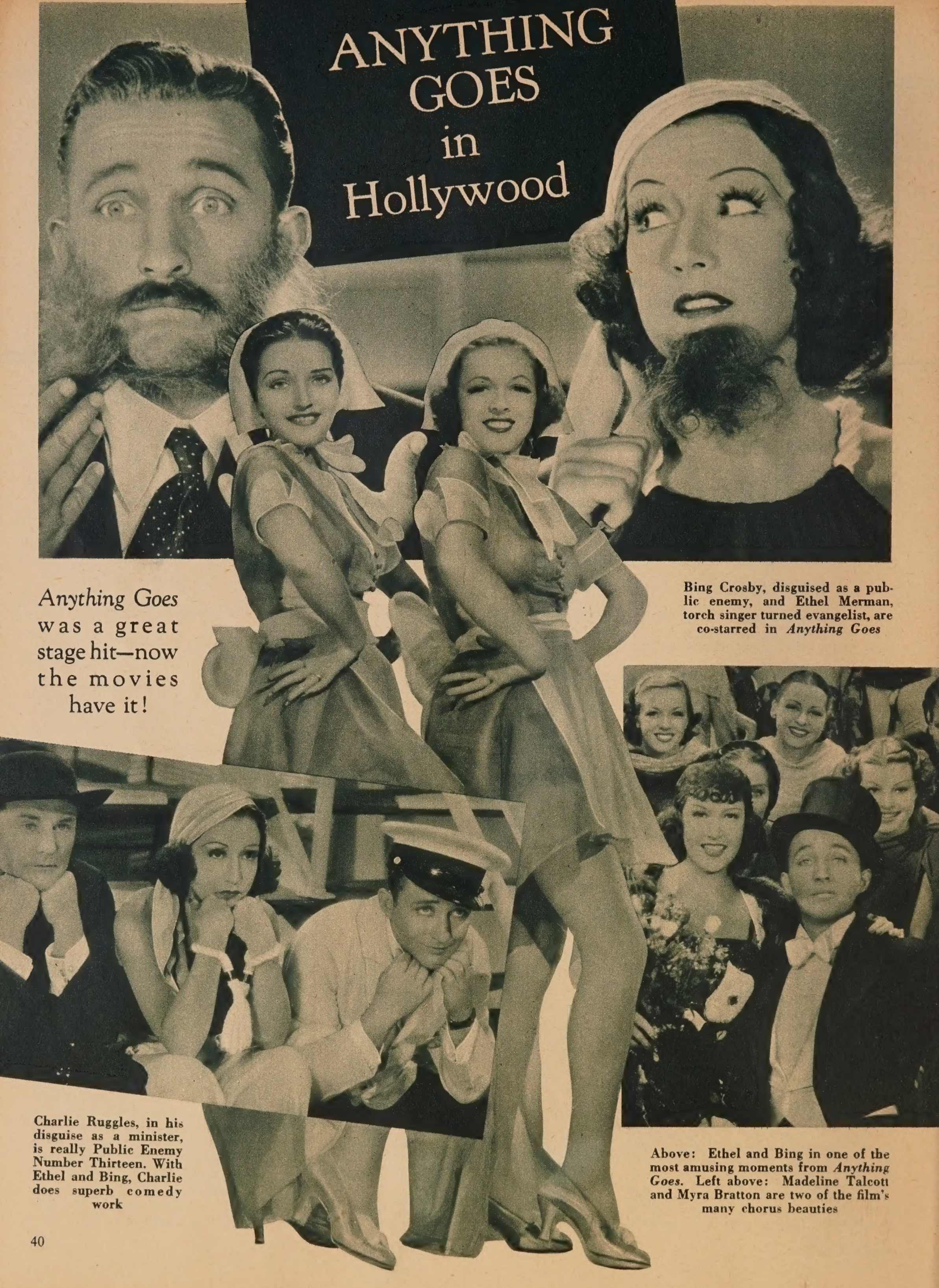
Of course Joe lost his job immediately after his marriage, and has vivid recollections of the days when he shared a five-cent dish of applesauce with his wife in a little bakery on Eighth Avenue, while she encouraged him in his hunt for vaudeville bookings.

Buck Jones owns a motion picture producing company now—and one of the finest ranch [*Continued on page* 64]

WEALTH and HAPPINESS

But when romance blooms amid poverty, the road to riches and eternal romance doesn't lead past Reno

ANYTHING GOES in Hollywood



Anything Goes was a great stage hit—now the movies have it!

Bing Crosby, disguised as a public enemy, and Ethel Merman, torch singer turned evangelist, are co-starred in *Anything Goes*

Charlie Ruggles, in his disguise as a minister, is really Public Enemy Number Thirteen. With Ethel and Bing, Charlie does superb comedy work

Above: Ethel and Bing in one of the most amusing moments from *Anything Goes*. Left above: Madeline Talcott and Myra Bratton are two of the film's many chorus beauties

The MAN Who Tames MAE WEST

Mae West has never had a leading man like Vic McLaglen. He never pulls his punches in a fight scene, and his dramatic moments with Mae are the talk of the town

Amazing lowdown about the mighty Vic McLaglen, the man who does Mae wrong in *Klondike Lou*

By Lew Garvey

VICTOR McLAGLEN, the towering Titan of the films, is Public Candidate No. 1 for the Motion Picture Academy award for the best performance of 1935.

His astounding portrayal of Gypo Nolan, the pathetic Dublin rogue in *The Informer,* lifted Vic from the status of good actor to great actor in one dramatic sweep.

You will see him soon opposite Mae West in *Klondike Lou.* He is the perfect leading man for Mae, for, besides taming her in the picture, he will do his share of dominating the plot. Most of Mae's films have been all West and little of anything else, which hasn't helped. With Vic around, Mae will have just the competition she needs to make her picture a wow.

Now his screen services are eagerly sought at tremendously increased prices. 20th Century-Fox is paying him $100,000 a picture. A few months ago his top price was one-fourth this amount. And as Vic soars to a greater glory that leaves him a bit bewildered, Edmund Lowe, his debonair pal of many a boisterous comedy, remains behind and strictly on his own. The team of McLaglen and Lowe has dissolved. Captain Flagg marches on at the head of the big cinema parade. Sergeant Quirt is much farther back in the ranks.

Vic is modest about his new honors. But he can't resist a playful dig at his smart-alec pal of *What Price Glory, Cock-Eyed World* and other McLaglen-Lowe classics. "I carried that mug, Lowe, along for years," says Vic, with a sly wink. "I was the real actor. All he had was a lot of crust."

When informed of this crack, the dapper Mr. Lowe retorted: "I'm glad to see Vic get a break. He was good in *The Informer* because I wasn't there to take the picture away from him."

Deep in his heart, Vic regrets the skyrocketing that has cracked up the old McLaglen-Lowe combination. Despite their natural tendency to rib each other, Vic and Eddie are loyal friends. Nothing would delight Vic more than to see Eddie come through with one of the hit pictures of the year. And he feels that Eddie will if he gets the opportunity.

Few actors have worked harder to achieve success than Vic McLaglen. One of the handicaps he has fought against is the difficulty in remembering lines. He has a vivid memory for faces, dates and events. But memorizing script lines has always been a torture. John Ford, who directed *The Informer,* capitalized on this weakness in an odd manner. The rôle of Gypo Nolan was that of a huge hulk of an Irishman, a slow thinker, and halting in speech. So Ford refrained from giving Vic his lines until just before the camera and sound picked him up. The result was a stammering, uncertain delivery of speeches which made the characterization a screen triumph in realism.

Hollywood knows comparatively

[*Continued on page* 68]

DICK POWELL SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

IF EVER your Inquiring Reporter doubted the popularity of Dick Powell, banished is that doubt forever. Your queries have poured in on my desk during this past month like flakes of snow in an Alaskan blizzard.

Dick took one look at the imposing stacks of question blanks and suggested that we adjourn the inquisition to the back yard of his new home. And there, with a glass of ice-cold lemonade (?) to fortify him, he clambored upon our monthly witness stand and pronounced himself ready. And here are his answers:

What are your plans for the future? Are you studying for an operatic career?

No, I am not studying specifically for opera. I study constantly, but merely in the hope of improving my voice.

Do you prefer pictures to radio and stage?

I don't think so. It would be ideal if one could combine all three.

Have you any pet aversion?

Yes—a drunken woman.

What are your favorite songs—popular and classical?

My favorite popular songs are *I'll String Along With You* and *I Only Have Eyes For You.* My favorite semi-classical song is *Danny Boy*, and my favorite classic is *The Dream*, from *Manon.*

Are you in love?

I'm thirty years old—and human—you figure it out!

How can I obtain an autographed picture of you?

By addressing your request to me in care of Warner Bros.-First National Studio, Burbank, Calif.

What is your middle name?

Ewing.

What is your birthdate?

I was born November 14, 1905.

Do you plan a personal appearance tour in the near future, and if so do you plan to visit Boston?

At the moment I have no plans for a personal appearance tour. I tried to arrange one about a month ago but the studio would not permit my absence. Whenever I do go on tour, I shall certainly visit Boston.

Dick Powell's favorite pet is a police dog called Ranger. He also owns a greyhound and a cat, oddly named G-String. He says he has to have a lot of company to keep from being lonesome in his new twelve-room house

What is the ring you always wear? Is it a gift—from whom?

It is a small diamond, given to me by an old friend.

Is it true that you have been married and are now divorced? Who was your wife—when were you married?

Yes, I married Mildred Maund in May, 1925, and we were divorced several years ago.

From whom did you receive your musical training?

I took voice lessons from the choir masters in Little Rock, (Ark.) when I was singing there in church choirs.

Are you related to Eleanor Powell—to Bill Powell?

No, although there have been reports that Eleanor is my wife and that Bill is my son!

I have decided on a singing career. How would you suggest I get a start?

The only advice I can give you is to sing—sing at every possible opportunity.

Who is your leading lady in real life?

The girl with whom I happen to have a date.

Have you any picture assignments after Thanks a Million?

Tentative plans indicate that I will be cast opposite Marion Davies in a picture titled, *Glorious.*

Do you like dancing?

Yes—but Ruby Keeler says I should stick to singing!

Can I get your autograph if I send a page from my album?

Most certainly.

What type of girl do you prefer?

The normal American girl with a fair amount of every feminine quality.

Who are your favorite radio stars? What is your favorite radio program?

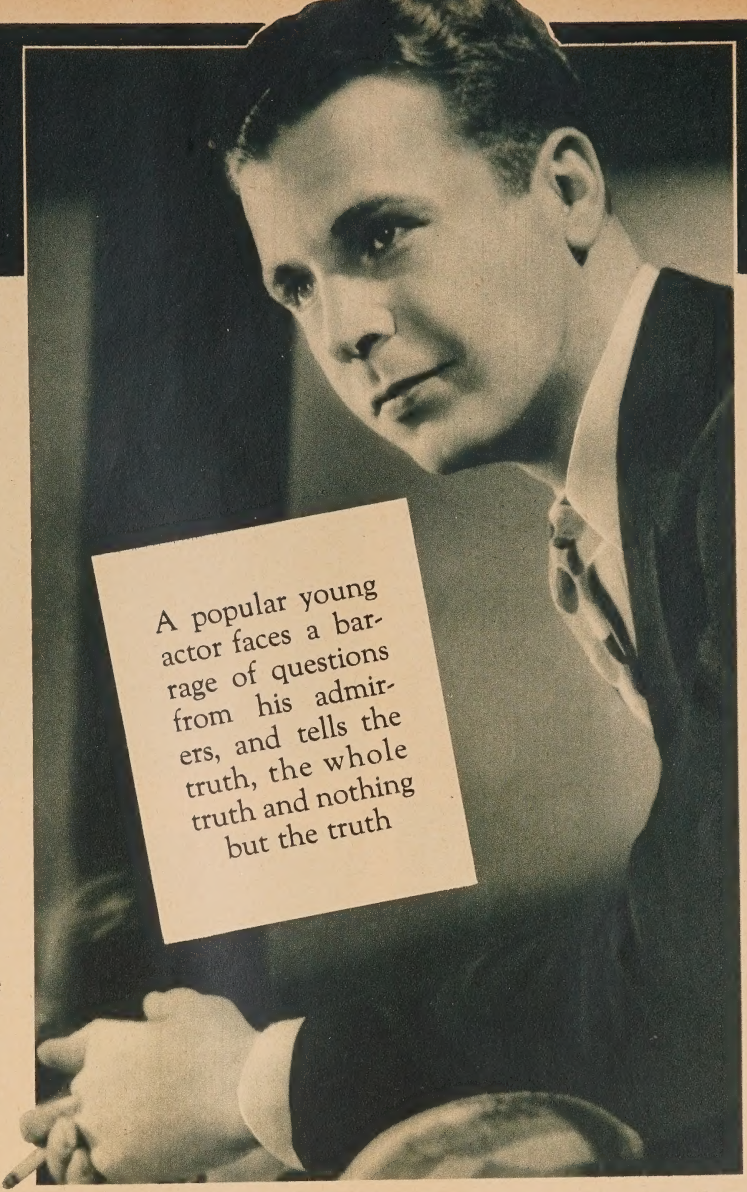
Fred Allen, Bing Crosby and Jack Benny are my favorite radio stars, and my favorite program is "Hollywood Hotel." (I also like three square meals a day!)

What nationalities were your ancestors?

English.

Is it true that you are not to work with Ruby Keeler any more?

By
The Inquiring Reporter



A popular young actor faces a barrage of questions from his admirers, and tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth

Not to my knowledge, although, of course, the casting of pictures is decided by the studio's executives.

How did you get your start in the movies and in what year?

I was working in a Warner Brothers theater as master of ceremonies in 1932. The studio offered me a chance in *Blessed Event*.

What is your height and weight?

I am six feet tall and weigh 172 pounds.

Do you intend to marry?

Certainly, I intend to marry and raise a family like any other normal man.

Have you any sisters and brothers? How old are they?

I have two brothers, one thirty-five and the other, twenty-eight.

What was your mother's maiden name?

Sally Thompson.

Which of the songs you have introduced from the screen do you consider the best?

***I'll String Along With You* from *20 Million Sweethearts*, and *Shadow Waltz* from *Gold Diggers of 1933*.**

I think Mary Brian is grand. Don't you?

I certainly do—but are you asking me or telling me?

Do you prefer musical, or dramatic rôles?

A little of each, please. I hope some day to have a chance in a picture in which I will not sing a single song.

What make of car do you drive?

A Packard roadster.

What is your hobby?

Candid camera photography with a Leica camera.

Where can I write to you?

In care of Warner Bros.—First National Studio, Burbank, Calif.

Do you really appreciate your fans and fan mail?

You can believe that I do. Fan mail is my only contact with the people who see my pictures and on whose approval or disapproval my whole career rests. Their friendship is of tremendous importance to me, and so are their criticisms.

Where, if possible, can I get a picture of your new home or a photograph of you in a Naval Academy uniform?

You can obtain such photographs from the nearest Warner Bros. film exchange.

Have you made any phonograph records?

Yes, I have made several for Brunswick.

Have your parents ever visited you in California?

Yes.

I have a scrapbook of your pictures and stories. All I need is an autograph. Will you send it to me?

Yes, if you will send me a page from your album, I'll autograph it and return it to you.

In what film do you feel you did your best work?

In *Thanks a Million*.

Did you ever work in Indianapolis?

Yes, I worked there in 1927, '28 and '29, and played in most of the big theaters, first with the Charlie Davis orchestra and later as master of ceremonies. [*Continued on page* 71]

Lawrence Tibbett returns to movies at his mightiest, thrilling best

METROPOLITAN

★★★★

EVERY movie-goer who sees Lawrence Tibbett in *Metropolitan* will feel that he has been cheated during the great singer's two year absence from the screen. Tibbett is superb and he sings both classical and popular numbers, among them being *On the Road to Mandalay, De Glory Road* and the *Toreador* song from *Carmen.* The plot has Alice Brady as an ambitious operatic misfit who finances her own opera company with Tibbett as the star. At the last minute, she leaves Tibbett to carry on alone, which he does in triumph. Virginia Bruce, as the wealthy girl who has ambitions to become a singer, is particularly outstanding in love scenes with Tibbett, and sings beautifully. Cesar Romero is a happy choice as the rich, unsuccessful suitor. Unlike most musical productions, *Metropolitan* offers a story that can stand alone. Adding the voice of Tibbett, which has no equal, the sum total is perfect entertainment.—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

John Boles in a love scene with Gladys Swarthout, sensational new star, in *Rose of the Rancho*

Arthur Hoyt is baffled by the sudden wealth of dapper Roger Pryor

$1,000 A MINUTE

★★★

THIS picture is proof that a highly improbable plot may provide perfect entertainment, providing the action is like lightning and the cast filled with comedians who provide laughs on every foot of film. The story concerns Roger Pryor in the rôle of an out-of-work newspaper man who on the night he loses his girl becomes a pawn in a bet on whether or not a man can spend $1,000 a minute for twelve hours. He is accompanied by a body guard (Ed Brophy), who goes along to see that the money is thrown away according to the rules. There isn't an idle moment in the film. Leila Hyams is particularly appealing as the bewildered sweetheart, with the comedy work in the capable hands of Edgar Kennedy, Purnell Pratt, Sterling Holloway, Herman Bing and Arthur Hoyt.—*Produced by Republic.*

John Halliday in a sentimental, dramatic moment with Ann Harding

PETER IBBETSON

★★★★

GO TO this picture prepared to see something out of the ordinary, for it is exquisite fantasy. There is a spiritual quality to the performances of Ann Harding and Gary Cooper that never before has been equalled on the screen. The story opens with a prologue picturing the childhood love of Peter and Mimsey, capably played by Virginia Weidler and Dickie Moore. Passing over many years, Ann Harding appears as a duchess and Gary Cooper as a grown man, with his love for Mimsey the one great thing in his life, although she has wed another. John Halliday's performance as Ann Harding's unloved husband is fine, and others in the cast are Ida Lupino, Douglas Dumbrille and Christian Rub.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Dick Powell combines love with politics and lovely Ann Dvorak

THANKS A MILLION

★★★★

KEEPING pace with such fine pictures as *Top Hat* and *Broadway Melody,* Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak and Fred Allen emerge as outstanding performers in the latest Darryl Zanuck picture, *Thanks a Million.* The plot concerns Fred Allen's idea for using his stranded dance band to entertain at political rallies for a rum-soaked politician. Because the candidate is too tipsy to accept his nomination, Dick Powell delivers his speech and in the confusion becomes candidate for governor. Besides its interesting theme, the film features Paul Whiteman's band, the singing of Ramona, the fiddling of Rubinoff and the rib-tickling comedy of Patsy Kelly. It's a grand picture.—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

FRANK REVIEWS

ROSE OF THE RANCHO

★ ★ ★ ★

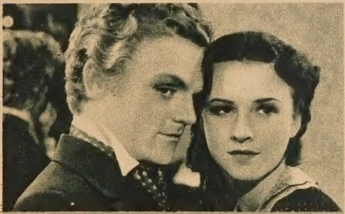
UNLIKE most pictures featuring a famous singer, *Rose of the Rancho* has a fine story to serve as a vehicle for introducing Gladys Swarthout to the screen as John Boles' newest leading lady. The plot concerns a desperate stand made by fine Spanish families when land-grabbers attempt to rob them after California's admission to the Union in 1852. John Boles is the government agent sent to settle land disputes. Fascinating Gladys Swarthout plays the daughter of a wealthy family who disguises herself as a man to head the vigilantes who battle with the villainous Charles Bickford and his desperadoes. A beautifully filmed romantic drama, this picture was a happy choice for so lovely and talented a singer as Swarthout. She will soon be one of Hollywood's great stars.—*Paramount.*

Movita, beautiful native girl, with Franchot Tone in a great film

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

★★★★

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY is one picture which will never die in the memory of those who see it. The story tells of mutiny on board the Tahitian bound ship *The Bounty*. Rebelling against the tyrannical discipline of Captain Bligh, played by Charles Laughton, Fletcher Christian, the chief officer, played by Clark Gable, leads a revolt, forcing Bligh and eighteen men into an open boat to die. The mutineers escape to Tahiti, where under the leadership of Christian some of the crew and a few natives go to Pitcairn Island where the *Bounty* is burned and a colony set up. After desperate adventure, Bligh returns to England, and his report leads to the capture and hanging of all the ringleaders but Christian. A bloody page torn from the annals of naval history, the picture is horrible in its realism and delightful in its romantic sequences. It is one of Hollywood's greatest triumphs.—*Produced by Metro.*



James Cagney has a new leading lady in dark-eyed Josephine Hutchinson

THE FRISCO KID

★★★

JIMMY CAGNEY goes back to his old hardboiled type of rôle with fists flying as a cagey, roughneck sailor with a heart of gold buried deep beneath a calloused epidermis. Cagney becomes the czar of Barbary Coast and has San Francisco's rowdy section under his thumb until he falls in love with the girl who is trying to clean house on the city's shame. Margaret Lindsay is the girl who reforms Cagney. Donald Woods does an excellent job as the newspaper editor who is slain in the conflict, and Ricardo Cortez makes himself hateful as the gambler and murderer. Another bright spot in the picture is the fiery beauty of Lili Damita. For stirring entertainment, this one will be hard to beat.—*Produced by Warner.*

The Marx boys are at it again, and the celluloid begins to quiver

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

★★★★

THE Marx Brothers come back to the screen in a joyous, rollicking comedy that is better than their previous fun-making by virtue of the fact that it has a story. Groucho, out to make himself some easy money, attaches himself to a wealthy angel who is supporting grand opera, becomes a manager and plays cupid for Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle, who find their professional and romantic future menaced by a temperamental opera star. Despite the insane foolishness of Chico and Harpo, interest in the zippy story never lags, and strangely enough the whole picture is made more appealing by the really beautiful music. The laughs come so fast that almost everybody will want to see the picture twice.—*Produced by Metro.*

Joan Bennett makes eyes at Ronald Colman, her newest leading man

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO

★★★★

WHETHER you have had the thrill of seeing the famous gambling casino at Monte Carlo or not, you will enjoy Ronald Colman's new picture immensely, for it is one of his best. The story reveals the inside workings of large scale gambling and reveals Colman "breaking the bank," and then returning when lured by casino operators to make a second big killing. In the end, however, he loses his fortune and is forced to return to his cab-driving job in Paris, where he weds the girl he left behind. The supporting cast includes Joan Bennett, Colin Clive, Nigel Bruce, Montague Love and Ferdinand Gottschalk. You won't be taking a gamble on this picture.—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

WISE GIRLS Who

The startling story of chorus beauties who know what they want—and that does *NOT* include a career in Hollywood

By Clark Warren

ANYONE who has attended the stage premières of the world's most glamorous cinema palace, New York's Radio City Music Hall, knows that the "Rockettes" are dancers from the tip of their graceful fingers to the ends of their carmen hued toes, but "Run over to the Music Hall backstage and find out do they lead love lives—eat spinach—play chess in bed—and don't forget to get the telephone number of that seventh one from the left end!" commands this magazine's cruel Simon Legree, swinging about face in his editorial chair.

And did I run (not walk) to the nearest stage-door entrance of the Radio City Music Hall located on the sixth avenue fringe of that Gargantuan labyrinth of marble known as Rockefeller Center? I did *not!* I took a cab because it got me there even faster. For I am essentially a Stage Door Johnny at heart and to receive an assignment to interview the loveliest row of rhythm tappers that ever graced the stage of a motion picture theater—is one of those few things in life people would gladly pay money to do rather than get paid for doing.

Right: Three lovely Hollywood chorines who appear in *The Case of the Lucky Legs.* They like their jobs, but ladies of the ensemble in the world's largest theater wouldn't change places with them on a bet!

RADIO CITY
FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS
GAY MUSIC HALL REVUE ON STAGE HUGE CAST

Left: Crowds outside the famous Radio City Music Hall. They've come to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat,* but they have come also to admire the "Rockettes," those famous beauty queens of dance

SNUB *the* MOVIES

An impressive sight—the entire stage army of "Rockettes" who spend most of their lives backstage and wouldn't trade their $50-a-week for movie fame

Below: A close-up of the Corps de Ballet during rehearsal. Some of them have appeared in pictures, but they prefer their own fascinating work as a steady diet

A flashing sea of white, lovely long legs informed me that I had reached my destination—Oh heavenly destination! Exotically sculptured goddesses of the dance, tightly wiggled into hip high "knee action" abbreviations. Thirty-six—*count 'em*—thirty-six of the most vivacious "lovely to look ats" with rhythm in their heels, toes, hips and eyes, scurrying this way and that in endless confusion. My eyes begin to assume Eddie Cantor proportions.

A mysteriously concealed loud speaker blares forth with the announcement that there is a full forty-three minutes until the next stage show. This same loud speaker system, I was to learn later, is connected to each one of the countless dressing rooms, cafeterias, rehearsal halls, recreation rooms, inhabited by the Rockettes during the long wait between shows. In this manner, girls backstage are called and assembled instantly, rather than through the antiquated method of personal paging.

WHAT are the intimate thoughts and impressions resting in the minds of this lovely aggregation, this gorgeous group of dancing "incomparables" who intermittently, between the hours of eleven A. M. and eleven P. M. each day, serve as a delicious rhythmatic apertif to the jammed audiences of the world's largest motion picture house? Girls who each week mingle backstage with the reigning celebrities of Hollywood and Broadway, the Fred Astaires, the Clive Brooks, et al, who make personal appearances at the Music Hall.

I was well aware that I was confronted with one of the most intelligently alert group of ladies in show business. Girls who were wise to the ways of life and the big city. No foolish questions or interviews here.

"Where were you born?"

"In a cabbage patch," retorted a pert Rockette to one of those foolish questionnaires tacked on a backstage bulletin board recently. "My greatest fears are men and earthquakes!" answered another, and as an [*Continued on page* 48]

Wise Girls Who Snub the Movies

[*Continued from page* 47]

afterthought added, "I really don't mind earthquakes so much!" And of other backstage legends that prove so clearly the mental maturity of this effervescent group of rhythm charmers.

The most illustrious of the legends carries us back to the period when the Rockettes were holding a bitter anti-pun campaign backstage. Anyone caught extorting the tortuous barbs was apt to find himself set upon by this pulchritudinous bevy, paddled and bodily tossed out the nearest exit way.

Dance director, Russell Markert, had just paced his Rockettes through a brisk workout in the rehearsal hall. He dismissed them—*with a pun*—and abruptly left the room! "Seems to me," said one of them, "That was a pretty awful pun."

"That," said another, "is a coincidence. It seems the same way to me!"

"So what?" said a third.

And they all exchanged what are known as understanding glances.

MINUTE INTERVIEW

LILY PONS

Can any woman who knows she has a good voice become a great singer?

"Oh no! There are so many things to be considered. First, she must have the best—the right teacher. Then there is study and practice, not for days, but years. She must sacrifice her social life—everything—for her voice. Singing must come from the heart, not just from the throat. And one must always be in perfect health to stand the hard work. We worked so hard on *I Dream Too Much*, sometimes getting to the set at seven in the morning and working into the evening. Singing for pictures is even more difficult than operatic work—but do I sound like I am complaining? No, I wouldn't be happy in any other work, but a woman who chooses such a career must be willing to devote her whole life to it if she would be a success."

IN THE time that it would take one of them to click her shapely heel above her head, a whole galaxy of pretty ponies descended in a body to Mr. Markert's office. As many hands as are usually allotted thirty-six beautiful girls, hoist the surprised Mr. Markert overhead and carry him out of his office, down three flights of stairs to the street, and bumpity bump, into one of Radio Center's immaculately vacuumed gutters. So when a group of man-eating, man-tossing, lady tigers like this will actually eject their own boss, imagine what they would do to a lowly news beagle like myself, should he ask too many questions, not enough or the wrong kind.

"Do you girls ever watch the feature pictures you dance in front of?" I queried a Rockette as she swished saucily by.

"Yes," she answered. "Not only do we see the pictures that are played here each week, but countless others that are continually being run off in our backstage projection room. In fact I'm on my way to see a picture now—C'mon and and I'll show you!" Walking through door number 77Bz40 or it might have been 28Bz41, we entered a dimly lit miniature motion picture theater.

Here, within the luxurious depths of leather sofas, reclined a goodly majority of the rompered Rockettes, intently absorbed in a film being projected on a miniature screen. Long dancing legs perched languorously on the back and sides of chairs, reminding one for the moment of the innermost sanctum of a harem.

"The girls," said this charming Rockette, "spend most of their time backstage here in the projection room. All of them are rabid movie fans."

"Who is their favorite screen actor?" I wondered out loud.

"Right now," said sweet she, "Fred Astaire seems to be tops with the Rockettes. You can easily see the reason for this—we Rockettes live, sleep, eat and dream dancing. But for a long time Clive Brook was our secret heartache. I'll never forget the time Clive Brook came backstage here at the Music Hall. When Clive left the theater that night he had to shake Rockettes out of his hair—there was a mob scene that *was a mob scene*!"

"DO ANY of the Rockettes ever get struck with the Hollywood bug?" I asked, wondering whether their close alliance with motion pictures, both on the stage and in back of it, had ever caused any of them to go Hollywood contract seeking.

"On the contrary!" came the answer. "While most of the girls are intense admirers of motion pictures and motion picture people, I doubt if any of them would forego splendid paying jobs to try their luck in Hollywood, regardless of how promising their fate might be. Rockettes as you know, are the West Pointers of all chorus dancers. Nothing on Broadway or in Hollywood can compare with them. Before a girl is even considered for the line of Rockettes, she must be able to do "specialty," or to put this in a musician's vernacular, she must be able to tap out "solos" of the most difficult nature. Any girl skilful and fortunate enough to secure a post in the Rockette lineup usually is too contented and proud to ever want to leave."

"But occasionally," she continued, "Rockettes will take short leaves of absence and do picture work both here in New York and in Hollywood. There was the time Russell Markert, youthful originator of the Rockettes, was called to Hollywood to stage the dance numbers for Twentieth Century's *Moulin Rouge*. Russell took three of the Rockettes along to set the pace for Hollywood chorines. The rest of us went down to the pier just before their boat left and gave them a tricky send off. We lined up on the dock and kicked out the same dance routine we had used that week at the Music Hall. It went over big with Russell and the ship passengers even if some of us did bust a garter or two in the attempt."

Further conversation revealed "tricks of the dancing trade" that are seldom realized by the audience out in front. I wonder if "Believe it or Not"—Bob Ripley knows there is a tapering difference of four or five inches between the height of the middle Rockette and the two girls at each end of the line. The girls in the middle are usually several inches taller than those at either extremity—yet the illusion the audience receives is a perfectly matched line straight across. If all the girls were exactly the same height the illusion would be a definite sag in the middle of the line.

The average age of a Rockette is nineteen—height five feet four inches, and the legs, besides being beautiful and shapely, must be of the lengthy type. Plumpness would spell immediate suicide to the job of a Rockette, yet you'll find them in the Music Hall cafeterias between shows gorging their tummies with every food that strikes their fancy and appetite—because regardless of how much they eat, the strenuous exercise they go through in their daily dance routine is more than enough to keep their figures slim and trim.

Little wonder is it that the Rockettes are so happy and contented with their jobs. Every backstage convenience and comfort are theirs for the short second it takes to walk to them. A recreation roof on the top of the theater where Rockettes enjoy sun baths, deck tennis, quoits and other sundry loafing sports. Miniature motion picture theaters, cafeterias, air conditioned dressing rooms and rehearsal halls, a hospital and an emergency hotel to house the Rockettes during snow blizzards and bad weather spells.

W. G. VAN SCHMUS, president and managing director of Radio City Music Hall, I learned, is the unofficial godfather of the Rockettes. Much of the Rockettes' perennial sparkling good nature is directly due to the untiring solicitousness of Mr. Van Schmus.

Russell Markert and his associate director, Gene Snyder, deserve a big hand for creating and staging the intricate "precision" dances clicked off smartly each week by the Rockettes. And also, one of Winchell's finest orchids to Emilia Sherman, captain of the Rockettes.

And if you happen to be sitting out in the Radio City Music Hall audience and imagine that one of the Rockette beauties is ogling you squarely in the eye—don't rush out and try to gardenia her at the stage door entrance later on. Because what she was really looking at was not your handsome features but at spacing "sights" located at measured intervals in the back of the audience—on which each Rockette keeps an eagle eye and on which she measures her exact stage bearing.

And if you happen to know one of the Rockettes and call her up at the Music Hall backstage for a date, don't be surprised if one of her prankish mates, probably the one that dresses right next to her, answers the phone and ribs you with: "Yes, she's here—would you like to speak with her?"

You admit that you would and the sooner the better.

"All right," says the Rockette, "Bark like a dog!"

"Bow wow!" you say.

"Croak like a frog!" she continues.

You croak like a frog, bray like a donkey, moo like a cow, hoping she will run out of animals and connect you with your Rockette heart throb. But long before that you'll turn around in the phone booth and wilt away with embarrassment when you see the curious crowd that has gathered around to listen to your farmyard imitations.

CAGNEY, the FRISCO KID

First scenes from Jimmy Cagney's new film—a return to the rough-and-tumble era

Jimmy Cagney and Lili Damita being menaced by the arch villain of *The Frisco Kid*

A tense moment with Lili Damita, Ricardo Cortez and the picture's colorful extras

Margaret Lindsay, more beautiful than ever, as the charming heroine of *The Frisco Kid*

Jimmy Cagney and Fred Kohler—a closeup of one of their fierce battles. Cagney has never pulled his punches, and doesn't in this film

Behind the Scenes With Fred Astaire

[*Continued from page* 21]

responsible for a new dance step for *Follow the Fleet.*

"Then you really like Fransten," said Astaire who is always as pleased as Punch when Sandrich expresses approval of a new step.

"I think it's swell," Sandrich assured him.

"Of course you understand the idea is still in the rough. It will need a lot of polishing. In fact, I think I'll get Hal Born and start work on it right away."

Hal Born is Astaire's pianist. Let's go with them over to the sound stage.

THE stage is dark and cavernous and musty. Over in one corner is what is left of a set that was once Katharine Hepburn's bedroom. A small, upright piano is rolled alongside Katie's ex-bed. A dark-haired boy is making the piano talk.

Suddenly the Astaire feet go into action. *Rat-tat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat* . . . on and on . . . hour after hour . . . like the clicking of tireless castanets.

The clock says well past noon. But Astaire has lost all track of time. It is not until he hears heavy thudding sounds on the cat walk above him that he begins to take notice. The carpenters have returned from their lunch.

Klump—Klump—Klump—go their hammers. And the *klumps* do not synchronize with the *rat-a-tat-tats.* Astaire stands this sour harmony as long as he can and then he stops dancing and calls up the carpenters.

"I know you boys have to hammer. But can't you figure out some way to do it in time with the music?"

The cacophony of taps and hammers starts again and this time the carpenters try to keep in rhythm. Irving Berlin comes on the set. Freddie rolls his eyes heavenward and begins to sing "*Remember the time we said goodbye . . . you promised to remember*" in typical Berlin style. And Berlin reciprocates by giving a burlesque imitation of Astaire dancing *Cheek to Cheek.*

"Would you like to have me do a number on my piccolino?" asks Astaire, picking up a baby picolo which is about the size of a lead pencil. But somebody has stuffed the piccolino with cotton and even though Freddie "huffs and puffs" no sound emerges from the instrument.

For a time they clown about the set in what, in studio vernacular, is called a "blow-off." Then Astaire goes to work again.

TO WATCH Fred Astaire work is an experience not soon to be forgotten. His slender body seems veritably to be on wire springs which instantly obey his slightest mental command. You have the feeling that if he suddenly decided to take off for a nearby airport he could easily do it—and probably think up a couple of new landing steps enroute. And he makes it look so darned easy. But that is because his is art that conceals art. Believe you me, it was not learned in a day. He has been dancing since he was six years old when he carried his sister Adele's slippers to dancing school. Like most small boys he took little interest in the dancing. He just went along as an escort for his sister.

When Fred was eight and Adele nine they went into vaudeville, at a salary of $200 per week. Together they danced their way up the ladder of fame. There were times when the ladder was very slippery and it was difficult to get a toehold.

"Occasionally we'd make a hit in some town," says Fred in speaking of those days, "and we'd get very optimistic and think we were on our way to top billing. But the next week we'd find ourselves following the trained seals or a troupe of acrobats."

Sometimes they played the same bill with Joe E. Brown who was doing a juggling act or with Walter Huston who was then a song-and-dance man.

Eventually, the young Astaires managed to shake the dust of vaudeville off their feet and make their Broadway bow in an Ed Wynne show called *Over The Top.*

What's this? Claudette Colbert, usually one of the screen's best-dressed women, turns scrub woman in this scene from *The Bride Comes Home*

Broadway was quick to recognize this dancing pair as a "class" attraction and a show in which they were featured was sure to bring out New York's top hats, white ties and tails. Fred and Adele went from one musical comedy success to another . . . *The Passing Show, For Goodness Sake, Lady Be Good, Funny Face, Smiles* and finally *The Band Wagon,* which was their last appearance on the stage together. Several of their shows had long runs in London as well as on Broadway. And it was during a London run that Adele met and fell in love with Lord Cavendish who persuaded her to give up the stage and become Lady Cavendish.

Fred's first solo show was the *Gay Divorcée,* the play from which his hit picture was made. The Broadway wiseacres, and for that matter picture producers themselves, were skeptical of Fred's picture possibilities. They figured that because he did not follow the Clark Gable pattern that he would have a very limited appeal. Even Fred was decidedly pessimistic.

"I had always taken such funny looking photographs," he once told me, "that I just took it for granted that I didn't have a photographic face."

FOR relaxation he plays tennis and he likes to go on hunting trips. He always drives his own car. I don't suppose that he would confess to being at all absent-minded but one of the most amusing Astaire stories I've heard has to do with an occasion when he took a party of friends to the Beverly Hills Brown Derby for dinner. He parked his car opposite the restaurant and when they had finished dinner he took his friends for a drive and then home.

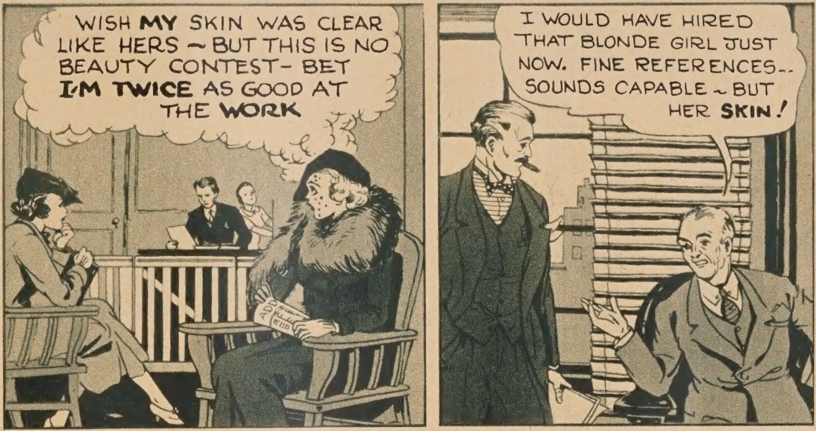
It was not until he drove into his own garage that there was something rather unfamiliar about the car. And then to his amazement he discovered that it was not his own car at all. Apparently he had merely stepped into another car of similar make instead of getting into his own. He was sure that by this time the owner of the car had doubtless notified the Beverly Hills police station that his car had been stolen and certain that if he attempted to drive back to the Derby he would be arrested for being in the possession of stolen property. Finally, however, he decided that all he could do was to take a chance on going back to the Derby. He drove very cautiously, picking out all the darkest streets, in case the law was lurking about and very stealthily he parked the car at the curb opposite the restaurant. Fortunately there were no witnesses in sight and with a sigh of relief Freddie got into his own car. Just as he was driving away he saw some people leaving the Derby, and to his surprise they crossed the street and got into the car he had just returned, quite unaware that a few minutes prévious it had been vacated by Fred Astaire.

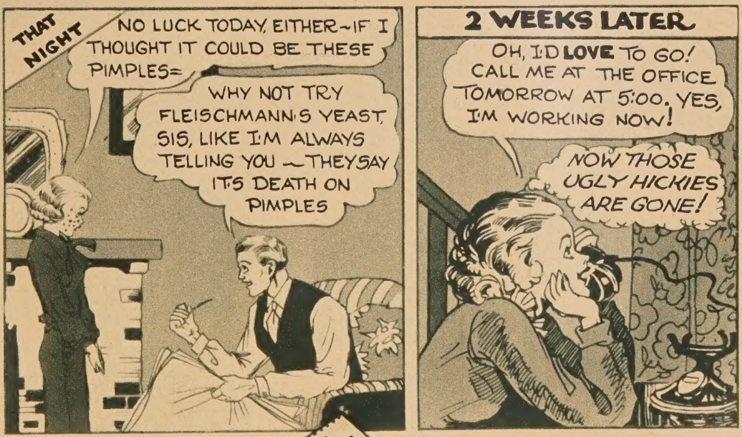
Many people have the mistaken idea that Astaire is English. The truth of the matter is that he was born in Omaha and is as American as ham and eggs. And when you see his next picture, *Follow the Fleet,* you'll be convinced of that for he's going to say a temporary goodbye to his top hat, white tie and tails, and put on the uniform of a gob.

Next month Grace Mack will take you on the *Follow the Fleet* set for another Behind the Scenes with Fred Astaire story.

JUST LIKE A MAN—TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE

Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job


WISH **MY** SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS — BUT THIS IS NO BEAUTY CONTEST— BET **I'M TWICE** AS GOOD AT THE **WORK**
I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES.. SOUNDS CAPABLE — BUT HER **SKIN**!


THAT NIGHT
NO LUCK TODAY, EITHER—IF I THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE PIMPLES=
WHY NOT TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, SIS, LIKE I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU — THEY SAY IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES
2 WEEKS LATER
OH, I'D **LOVE** TO GO! CALL ME AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW AT 5:00. YES, I'M WORKING NOW!
NOW THOSE UGLY HICKIES ARE GONE!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Holiday FEAST!

Binnie Barnes arrives on the scene, accompanied by an appetite teaser for the Christmas season

By
Grace Ellis

Cooking Service

1. "Make it sooo-oo big!" Binnie Barnes begs her cook, Nina Williams

2. Nina puts on the chicken, with salt, bay leaf, onion and celery leaves

3. Now Nina cuts the meat carefully from the bones and lays it in a buttered pan

MORTON'S SALT

4. Over the top goes rich chicken gravy, mellowed with a dash of cream

5. Prepared biscuit flour. "top milk" and an egg makes a fluffy crust

6. Into the oven—only thirty minutes to wait for a perfect chicken pie!

NO! WE couldn't all be guests. Hospitable and charming as Binnie Barnes really is. But we *can* make a perfectly glorious Old Fashioned Chicken Pie of our own.

And there's no dish more tuned to the holiday season. Or easier to prepare. Or less expensive, when one considers the amount of good holiday spirit it can evoke.

Here's how Nina, Binnie Barnes' cook, did it:

OLD FASHIONED
CHICKEN PIE

Chicken
One plump five pound hen
1 bay leaf
1 small onion
Few celery leaves
2 teaspoons salt
Boiling water

Gravy
⅜ cups flour
⅜ cups fat or butter
6 cups broth and milk (or cream)
Seasoning to taste

Topping
2 cups prepared biscuit flour
1 cup rich "top" milk
1 beaten egg

Cut up the chicken and stew until tender in salted water, together with the bay leaf, onion and celery leaves. Cut meat from bones in largest sections possible and lay in bottom of flat greased baking dish. (Here in the SCREEN BOOK testing kitchen, we like to use a large oval heat-proof glass baking dish.) Make a rich gravy by mixing flour and fat, and stirring into broth and milk, (Nina likes to have at least one-half cup of this liquid cream, instead of milk). Cook for several minutes; season to taste, and pour three cups of gravy over chicken. (Reserve remaining gravy to serve over pie).

To make crust, blend beaten egg with rich top milk and mix at once with prepared biscuit flour. Spread lightly over chicken and gravy, using a rubber dish scraper. Brush surface with

7. Binnie Barnes with the finished product and Old-fashioned Sliced Cucumber Pickles for a tasty side dish

8. Binnie cuts into the pie and proudly presents the first helping to our photographer, Charles Rhodes

sweet cream. Slip pie into a moderate oven—375 degrees F. and bake until crust is puffy, and a delicate brown in color—about thirty minutes.

Serve topped with good hot chicken gravy!

Another dish which Binnie's "Nina" makes in tantalizing perfection, at every holiday season, is Pumpkin Pie. She uses cream in that too. The recipe is one which has come down in her family through more than one generation. And it's the easiest pumpkin pie which we've ever tried a hand at.

Write for the free recipe for Nina Williams' Favorite Pumpkin Pie. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. And we'll be ever so glad to rush you a recipe copy, in time for your own Christmas festivities.

THE PERFECT PUMPKIN PIE!

Binnie Barnes may vote for Chicken Pie. But Nina Williams, her capable cook, thinks that *Pumpkin Pie* is every bit as good.

Of course, you already have pumpkin pie recipes. But you'll want Nina's too. It's easy, but oh-so-good! Nina wrote it out in detail for us. You may have a copy FREE.

Write for:—

Nina Williams' Pumpkin Pie Recipe (From Binnie Barnes' personal kitchen)	**Free**
Christmas Cookies From All Over the World	**Free**
Famous Christmas Pudding Sauces	**5 cents**
Christmas Candies Which Never Fail	**5 cents**
Bridge Bites For Winter Months	**5 cents**

Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and write Grace Ellis, SCREEN BOOK, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

NOW-NO BAD BREATH
behind her Sparkling Smile!
AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!
WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!
POOR PEGGY-ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED
HE WAS HORRID TO ME-I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH-YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM-ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!
..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW
COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!
GO 'WAY ..THIS IS MINE!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

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SHIRLEY'S
New Movie

It's great fun, reading the fiction stories of coming films in ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES before the show comes to your theatre.

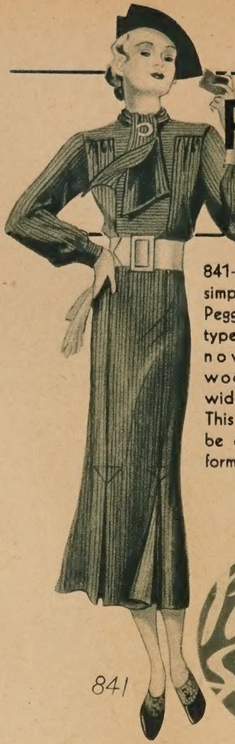
Shirley Temple is featured in *The Littlest Rebel*, in the big January issue. Other movie stories with Jean Harlow, Katharine Hepburn Joan Blondell, Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Roger Pryor and many others.

On Sale Everywhere Dec. 10

Now 10c
Romantic Movie Stories

10c

PEGGY WOOD'S Choice Patterns



841—Perfect as a simple day dress is Peggy Wood's shirt type frock in brown novelty ribbed woolen. It has a wide suede belt. This model may also be carried out in formal fabric, as lamé or velvet

841

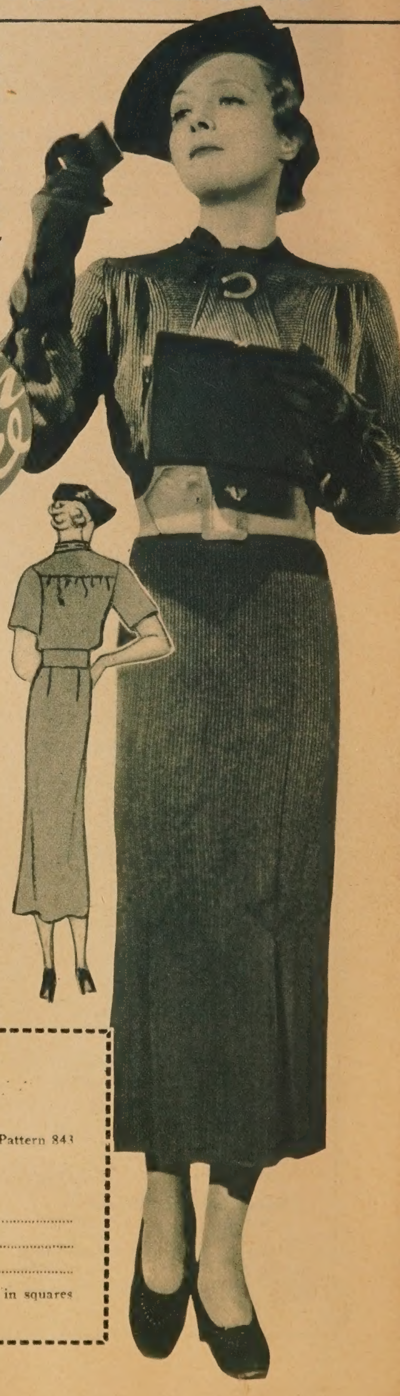
Pattern Service

THIS month, Peggy Wood, who recently scored a personal hit in *Jalna*, has two delightful frocks to offer for the army of women who delight in making their own clothes. Both frocks are the very latest Hollywood has to offer in winter styles.

Style number 843, in oxford gray, is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, with 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust.

Style number 841, the smart shirt type, is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, with 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust.

The patterns are twenty-five cents each. And remember, Screen Star Patterns are also available in department stores everywhere. If you live in Canada, mail the coupon below to SCREEN BOOK, Pattern Department, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto.



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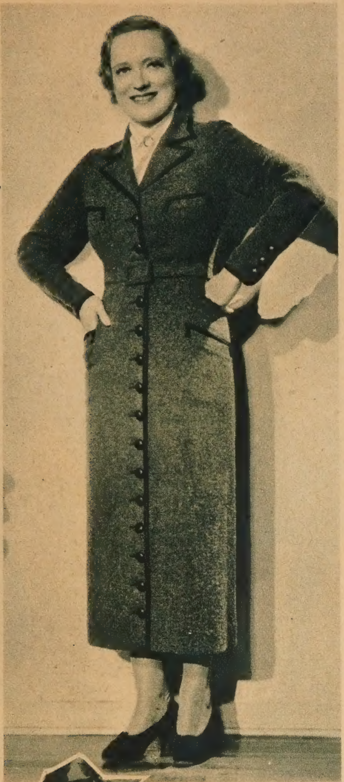
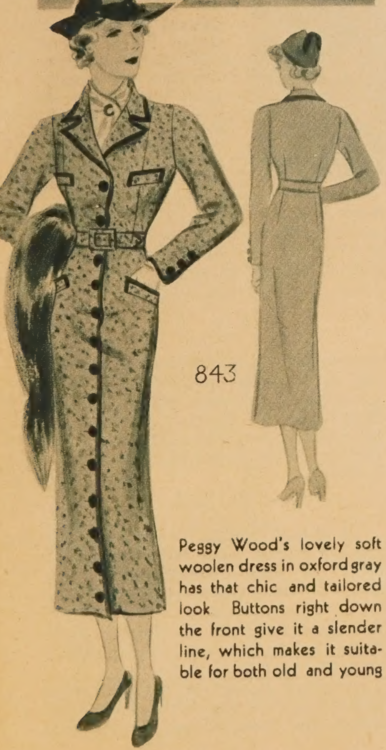
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed.............cents, please send me ☐ Pattern 843
size...............bust...............
☐ Pattern 841 Size...............bust...............
Name ....
Street ....
City ....State ....
All patterns 25 cents each. Place check marks in squares above to indicate your order.





843

Peggy Wood's lovely soft woolen dress in oxford gray has that chic and tailored look. Buttons right down the front give it a slender line, which makes it suitable for both old and young

You Still have a chance
TO GET INTO THE MOVIES!

DOROTHY PAGE
Universal Pictures Star

HOLD-BOBS offer you an opportunity TO GET A FREE SCREEN TEST

Be ready for your big opportunity when the Search for Talent movie truck drives into your locality. Universal Pictures want new screen talent . . . and HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play are conducting the greatest Search for Talent ever made. Your HOLD-BOB dealer has complete details. Don't delay . . . the Search for Talent ends January 1, 1936.

To enter the Search for Talent, just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search for Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs, the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search for Talent movie truck, carrying a crew of cameramen and technicians, comes to your locality, those selected will be given actual movie tests which will be forwarded to Hollywood for final judging by Universal executives. The winners will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for final screen tests and an opportunity for a movie contract.

(In circle) Cesar Romero and Jean Arthur as they appear in "Diamond Jim". A Universal Picture.

Louise Henry and the masked marvel in "King Solomon of Broadway". A Universal Picture.

And remember... movie actresses agree that a beautiful hairdress is one of the most important features of a girl's appearance. HOLD-BOBS are Hollywood's favorite bob pins . . . they insure a neat coiffure. Identify HOLD-BOBS by their Gold and Silver Foil cards. They're the bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible tapered legs, one side crimped. And HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all shades of hair.

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FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN Feen-a-mint THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

THE 3 MINUTE WAY

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

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Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

NEW PICTURE NOTES

Edward Brophy and Roger Pryor fleeing with the Great Dane they have just bought in a scene from *A Thousand Dollars a Minute.* See opposite page for an opportunity to win an unusual gift

Leila Hyams pleads with a policeman not to arrest her sweetheart who spends *A Thousand Dollars a Minute*

THE most outstanding comedy success among the current offerings from Hollywood studios is *A Thousand Dollars a Minute.* Co-starring Leila Hyams and Roger Pryor, the picture is reminiscent of *Brewster's Millions,* but the treatment of the plot which concerns a soft-hearted newspaperman, who because of a bet must spend almost a million dollars in twelve hours, is unique and sparkling. The action of the picture moves like greased lightning, and few pictures have a collection of so many outstanding comedians.

There is Sterling Holloway as the vague, bewildered cab driver; Edward Brophy as Benny, the tough guy; Edgar Kennedy as the hardboiled detective, and several others who have long laugh records.

Roger Pryor, as the man who must spend a thousand dollars a minute buys a yacht, a dog, a $200,000 necklace, an expensive car and numerous other nicknacks with furious speed as the police are hot on his trail, suspecting him of bank robbery. Whether he manages to win the bet or not is something you will find out on seeing the picture. *A Thousand Dollars a Minute* was produced by Nat Levine for Republic Pictures, and from the moment the camera turned on the first scene the studio knew it had a natural.

• • •

Up at Lake Tahoe, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have been on location for weeks with the wild mountain and lake scenery furnishing a perfect background for *Rose Marie.* Advance information on the picture leads to the prediction that it will be every bit as good as *Naughty Marietta.*

Strangely enough, it was discovered that the only building near Cascade Falls, where the company was filming trial

WIN A UNIQUE GIFT!

You can be the first person to own an original movie script, autographed by members of the large cast of *A Thousand Dollars a Minute.* If you were faced with the problem of spending a thousand dollars every sixty seconds, what would your solution be? Write a letter of not more than one hundred words on this subject, and mail it to *New Picture Notes,* SCREEN BOOK, *1501 Broadway, New York City.* The autographed movie script will be given for the best letter received on this subject before January first, 1936. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be presented.

shots, was a ramshackle structure once used as a set for Will Rogers' *Lightnin'.* The building was converted into a cook shack for feeding the company.

• • •

Interesting is the news that Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon will be co-starred in *The Children's Hour.* A lot of things about this play will be changed before it reaches the screen, for the subject is not one considered fit for the movie public, unless handled in a very delicate manner. Among other things, it may emerge under the title of *These Three.*

• • •

Franchot Tone has an interesting comment to make on location trips. Asked if such location jaunts as *Mutiny on the Bounty,* weren't something of a vacation jaunt for the actors, his answer was explosive. "Good night, no! In the studio, we work a number of set hours each day. On location for such pictures as *Mutiny,* everybody is as liable as not to work twelve and fourteen hours as these trips are expensive and every effort is made to cut down the cost by shooting as long as there is enough light for the cameras."

• • •

The country may be neutral, but Hollywood is going to war in a big way. At Republic studio, *The Legion of the Lost* is swinging into action. Originally, this film was to concern the French Foreign Legion, but now it has its setting in Abyssinia.

Victor McLaglen, finishing *Klondike Lou,* with Mae West, dons his uniform for *Professional Soldier.* The same studio is getting ready to film *Under Two Flags* and *Wooden Crosses.* A few other fight pictures under way are *The Charge of the Light Brigade, Boots and Saddle, Millions for Defense,* and a war burlesque with Joe E. Brown called *I'm in the Legion.* Between bombs and opera stars, Hollywood is a noisy place these days.

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(Print name and address plainly)
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Grace Mack's Hollywood Shop Talk and Free Fashion Letter Offer....*14*

Beauty Service and Confidential Advice by Janet Lynn......................*16*

Free Recipe Offer *53*

The Newest Hollywood Patterns....*54*

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Martini in Person

[*Continued from page 22*]

in 1931, he and Toomey, then one of the screen's most popular actors, became fast friends. Now the situation is reversed; Nino is the talk of the town, and Toomey, largely because Hollywood has failed to avail itself to the utmost of his talents, has had a few years of hard sailing.

"But," says Nino, "Regis has a wonderful voice—a musical comedy voice. I have sung with him many times and know that he could become a big favorite almost over night if he could be given a chance to sing."

IT IS typical of Nino that he never forgets a friend. Perhaps that is why he is so amazingly popular with everyone, from prop boys to studio bosses. Among his more intimate friends are Lily Pons and Lawrence Tibbett.

"I know them very well," he exclaimed when their names were mentioned. "I have sung with Tibbett here in America, and in operas with Lily Pons in France. They are glorious!"

Have all his leading ladies been as delightful as Lily Pons and Anita Louise?

"Oh no!" Nino laughed heartily. "Some of those leading ladies I had when I was a young man were so big around, like this, that when I make love I can't get my arms around them. And once I sang love songs to a woman who was a foot taller than myself and weighed two hundred pounds. It is better that opera stars are not so hard to look at now—perhaps the public will enjoy the entertainment when the actors really look like the people they are supposed to be."

At the present moment, Nino is too busy to return to Hollywood immediately for another picture. "I must be in New York to broadcast every Saturday night. Then I catch a train and travel all week, coming back to New York every six days for the broadcast. I would like to do more picture work because travel is so tiresome. For years I have traveled everywhere. Now I would like to settle down for awhile in Hollywood. But with the Metropolitan and the radio, it will not be for some time.

"I liked *Here's to Romance* very much, but in my next picture I would like an unusual story. In this one, I am just a young man starting on his career, and they make me act like a young boy. Next time I would like a stronger rôle—perhaps as an established singer. Something a little more dramatic, so that I might act as well as sing."

Nino confesses that he is a bit disturbed about the threat of war in Europe. As as Italian subject, he could be drafted in the army. "But I don't worry about it too much, for I am in the third category. You see, my father died twenty years ago, and since then I have supported my family. Otherwise, I might be in the army now." The chances are, however, that even if there is a serious conflict overseas, Mussolini will excuse Nino from service. It happens that Il Duce, an enthusiastic patron of the arts, admires Martini immensely, and it is doubtful that he would call on him to sacrifice a career that brings so much enjoyment to the people.

Gene Raymond—a Baffling Personality

[*Continued from page* 35]

when Gene Raymond rides. It seems he's part of the horse. When he takes jumps and hurdles, it's a beautiful thing to see. No easy bridle paths for him. He takes the roughest stretch. And Gene likes to ride alone. Why?—his friends don't exactly know. Some of them believe that it's because he rides so dangerously, because he follows trails seldom used even by equally daring riders—often he rides off any beaten trail at all. So, he rides alone.

Then, too, he's an all-around gymnast. You know what a *Turnverein* is, don't you? It's the German name for those gymnastic clubs where young men and boys are brought, by a daily round of standardized gymnastics, to a peak of physical perfection. Well, since childhood, Gene has done hours of daily work in *Turnvereins,* where he became adept at the parallel bars, the flying rings, the trapeze, that big leather horse thing, whatever it's called. And then, too, the usual calisthenics. He's kept it up. And today, between pictures, he spends much time daily at the Hollywood Athletic Club, going through long, stiff workouts with all the gym machinery.

YOU saw *Zoo in Budapest,* didn't you? Remember how he climbed around in that? Many a Hollywood actor would have had to have an expert tumbler and gymnast double for him. Not Gene—he did it all himself, and with an ease and a grace and a surety that told any observer that here was an accomplished athlete.

When he's done with his gym work, it's the swimming pool for Gene. One of his favorite sports is swimming. I learned that when he was a boy, living on Long Island, he used to swim the Sound just about every day. That's no mean trick. It takes an excellent swimmer to do that! Also, Gene is an expert fencer. When I say "expert," I mean it. In fact, he's a champion of sorts, having won quite a few fencing tourneys in the East.

"Fencing," he told one of his friends, "is one of the best all-around body builders I know. It's just about the only exercise that calls into play the full faculties of the body—all its muscles, and the brain as well. It develops perfect co-ordination and timing."

HE'S a good boxer, too. His daily workout at the Club often includes a session with the gloves. Gene can take it as well as give it. You might imagine that he'd be afraid to wade in and swap punches with a worthy adversary—that he'd be afraid of damaging his looks. His intimates say that he doesn't know fear. That's literally true. And he has a wicked right and a mean left to back up anything he feels like backing up with physical action.

Then there are the net sports—tennis, badminton, table tennis. But Gene's no show-off. That's why, probably, most of this sports-expertness of his may be news to you. Gene plays for the sport, not for the show. And so, although you rarely see snapshots of him on the tennis courts, he can wield a racquet like an ace. And that goes for tennis and badminton and table tennis, all strenuous games. Golf? Of course. He's no wizard at it, but he can hold up his end of a foursome adequately.

So there's Gene, the sportsman.

FOR the first time in his life, Gene is about to indulge in some of his favorite sports on his own grounds. He's going to have a home of his own! You see, having entered the theater at the age of five, Gene has never "taken root" anywhere. He's lived in hotels and apartments and trunks virtually all his life. True, his family has a Long Island home, but even when in New York, Gene had to live in the city to be near his theater. So he took his sports at clubs mostly.

Now, in Beverly Hills, he's just bought a thirteen-room house for his mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling. But it's to be Gene's home—his first real home. He's as excited about it as a kid on Christmas morning. Although it belongs to his mother, Gene's ideas of fittings and furnishings and so on will prevail because Gene will live in it the year 'round. His mother spends a few months a year with him and the rest of the time is in the East.

HAVING told you what he does I'll now add a picture of what he is—a picture compiled from a hint by one friend, a statement by another, a story from another, and so on.

In his private life, Gene is very quiet. His social system is odd. For a few months, he'll carry on in the city. That's the time he's gossiped about and photographed. And then suddenly he vanishes . . . becomes a hermit. He lives an utterly quiet life for months, then. He's sincerely earnest about his work—so earnest, for instance, that during a picture he even quits smoking!

He has no valet. His sole personal servant is a driver, who attends to errands and such matters. Gene Raymond has no valet who lays out his clothes and draws his "bawth" and all that sort of thing. He will have none of that; he's self-sufficient. Mentioning clothes, his wardrobe is hardly what would be expected by a person who didn't know him. He wears quiet, plain-cut, unobtrusive clothes. Dark blues, browns, greys. Black shoes. You'll never see Gene with these blue-shirt-and-red-tie combinations that make Hollywood Boulevard so noisy. Playing, he dresses for the sport in which he's engaging. But he dresses to work at that sport, and not pose at it.

His character is one of reserve. Gene doesn't gossip. He never repeats Hollywood tales about this man or that girl. Hollywood rumors just slip in one ear and out the other with Gene,—*if* they get in at all, that is!

And so, there you are. You've a new idea of Gene? *I certainly have!* I've been amazed at the legion of friends this quiet fellow has in Hollywod. And when I add that he really *likes* to be asked for his autograph, and to *meet* his fans, and to *talk* with them on the street or in cafés, I know his already big fan mail will take another jump—*and he'll be the happier for it!*

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GINGER ROGERS' *Advice to* GIRLS

Read what the glamorous Ginger Rogers has to say to the modern girl—what her formula for success and happiness is! "Why I Like to Be in the Movies" by Shirley Temple is another delightful story in January MOTION PICTURE. New stories about new stars and old favorites!—that's what you'll find in *every* issue of MOTION PICTURE!

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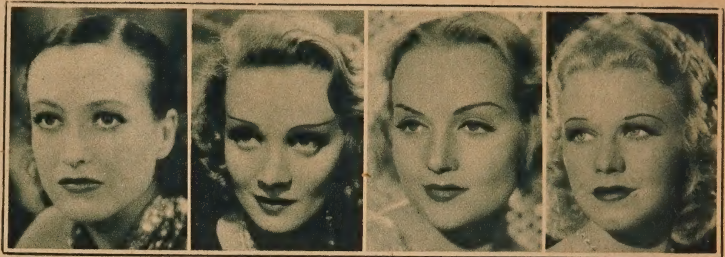
GINGER ROGERS' ADVICE TO GIRLS
BY A HOLLYWOOD STAR – WIN OUR SCREEN TEST!

The Girl the Movies Want

[*Continued from page 33*]



Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard and Ginger Rogers, the four famous stars whose photos were used in making the composite photo on page 33. Study their features carefully. Have you some of the qualities which make them outstanding?

They can become clerks, office workers, teachers, nurses—but their choice of careers is still limited. And none of these careers is as glamorous as acting. Another thing—a man has a tendency to play the sure thing, to pick the career in which he *knows* he can earn enough to support himself and put something aside. Acting is a gamble. But a woman is willing to take a chance on that gamble, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if she thinks she has the remotest chance of winning. She will starve and scrimp and struggle for years, staking everything on her dream of becoming famous."

I ASKED Mr. Zukor what general type of girl the movies are seeking today.

"Regardless of looks," he replied, "she must have abilities—or possibilities that can be developed into abilities. It doesn't matter if she weighs 102 or 132. Any set standard of physical measurements is ridiculous. Dramatic ability is the all-important thing. Though I don't want to minimize the importance of an attractive appearance. That always has been important, and always will be important—particularly with a female candidate.

"But the girl with personality and no looks stands a much better chance of success than the beauty without ability—who doesn't appeal to anybody. It's far easier to make a girl a beauty than an actress—if her chances are equal to begin with."

"What is the first requisite a girl must have to capture a talent scout's attention?" I asked him.

"Physical attractiveness," was his instant reply. "And I don't mean, necessarily, good looks. Maybe personal magnetism would be a better name for what I mean. A girl may have great beauty, but if she doesn't have this personal magnetism, she is a washout. She may have acting ability; she may be technically perfect in every gesture, every scene—but if she doesn't have this one subtle quality, she will never make the grade. She will never draw sympathy out of an audience, or make an audience share the emotions she is portraying.

"Acting ability is so important today that no girl can hope to get a screen chance if she doesn't know the rudiments of acting, at least. Unless she's a child—a very small child, and a very talented one. Then, perhaps, she can start from scratch. But no studio can take the time to train novices, no matter how personable they may be."

Is Hollywood the place for screen aspirants to seek their Big Chance?

"I urge girls to stay away from Hollywood," said Mr. Zukor earnestly. "Practically the only way a girl can break in there as an unknown is through the 'extra' gates—and that's a way of heartbreak. She is competing with thousands of other girls, some of them genuine beauties. She can't live on the money she earns; she barely exists. If only she could get rid of that magnetic thought that, once she gets inside a studio (even as an 'extra'), she may be discovered!

"Accidental discoveries—in Hollywood or anywhere else—are a legend. Not one in a million girls could hope to interest producers, directors or talent scouts just by being seen in places they frequent. I'll tell you why. These men aren't searching for beauty; Hollywood is overcrowded with beauty. They're searching for talent. The place to have them see you is on the stage—where you can show them your talent. And the story that a girl has to know a friend of a friend of Someone Important, to get to first base, is also a legend. To get a job on that basis would be a handicap, if anything.

"A GIRL impatient for a career may think she hasn't time to get a college education. If so, she's mistaken. Most of the newcomers we sign are over twenty—nearer twenty-four. The Ida Lupinos—actresses in their teens—are rare exceptions. And don't forget that Ida comes from a family that has been acting for six hundred years. Acting is in her blood.

"Remember this: the day of the baby-doll type is over, and a girl's face is her fortune only when it has something to express—and can express it. And remember this, also: Acting ability implies sensitiveness, imagination, and shrewd observation and understanding of human nature. An adolescent doesn't have that understanding."

"Glamor is important, too. But no girl should make the mistake of thinking that costly clothes are a part of glamor. They aren't, necessarily. I have seen girls in gingham who were more glamorous than girls in satin evening gowns. The whole thing is to dress becomingly. No girl needs an extensive wardrobe to get a screen chance, despite all legends to the contrary. The girls who make the grade, almost without exception, are those who have been driven by necessity, as well as ambition, to become outstanding.

"NO GIRL with acting ambition can afford to be self-satisfied, to think that she knows all that there is to know about swaying audiences. She must be willing to learn constantly. And that applies to stars as much as to beginners. Carole Lombard is one example of a star who is smart enough to become constantly more interesting. But when a player gets bigger than a part, when she can't forget herself and fit her personality into a characterization, she is on her way out."

But what are the practical steps that a girl with acting ambition should take, to become an actress?

"First of all," Mr. Zukor explained, "she should look into dramatic schools—schools recognized as superior in the profession. Naturally, I can't list them for you, but there are a number of them. She should enroll at one. A good school won't take her, or her money, if it doesn't think she has a chance. If she gets in, she will be past the first milestone on the road. And when she gets out, she will have the makings of success. After five minutes of hearing a girl talk, I can tell whether or not she has been to dramatic school.

"As a second step, after her dramatic course, she should make every effort to land a job with a stock company. She may have to be persistent, and resourceful, to get interviews. But once she connects with a stock company, she is due to 'find herself.' She will be playing one rôle this week, while rehearsing another rôle for next week's play. This week she may be playing *Merely Mary Ann;* next week, she may be doing *Way Down East.* All of this is the best training in the world for her, the best help toward self-confidence. She finds out what she can do best, she learns the tricks of the trade, she discovers what gets across with audiences—and what doesn't.

"Then, after she has had stock experience, she is ready for Broadway. And when she goes to a manager, and is able to tell him, 'I have played two seasons in stock,' he is going to listen. He knows that she is capable of playing a variety of rôles; he knows that she is thoroughly schooled; he knows that she has a capacity for hard work. He finds her a place in a new play. She is on Broadway at last. And once she is on Broadway, Hollywood isn't far away. Talent scouts from every studio will see her in that play."

There are eighty-three players under contract to Paramount—the studio that has just made such big pictures as *The Crusades, The Big Broadcast of 1936, Peter Ibbetson* and *So Red the Rose.* Of the eighty-three, only nineteen came from anywhere but the stage. Five are young children, four are from radio, two from opera, two from dance orchestras, two from night-clubs, two were contest winners, one was an Olympic athlete, and one stepped directly into the movies from a dramatic school.

In other words, four out of five have stage experience before they ever land a movie contract!

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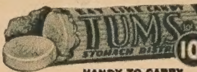

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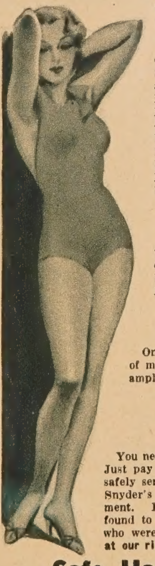

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Short Cuts To Charm

[*Continued from page* 16]

names of an oil shampoo, a quick wave-set lotion or the perforated end curlers, just drop me a line.

EVEN your manicure may be made swift but efficient if you will use a fresh emery board to file your nails and a cream cuticle remover that whisks away dead cuticle in a flash. This business of personal daintiness, too, can be hurried. There are several instant deodorants that require only a few seconds to apply. There are grand atomizers that enable you to spray your entire body with *eau de cologne* in less time than it takes to think about it. And there are perfume atomizers, too, that you can use at the same time you are grabbing your gloves and dashing out the door! A scissors-like tweezer makes eye-brow plucking the work of a minute.

Two invaluable aids to skin beauty—Milkweed Cream, above, and Lux Toilet Soap, right

Below are five items in Elizabeth Arden's new Screen and Stage Make-up, fresh from Hollywood

It's facial make-up though, that presents most problems for the busy woman. And that's why you see so many girls with lipstick smeared on carelessly, powder and rouge dabbed on in unbecoming streaks.

There's no excuse for this, no matter how busy you are! I'd rather see a woman *without* make-up (And heaven knows, most women look atrocious in that state) than with cosmetics applied blotchily!

The first aid to a quick but *competent* make-up, Bette Davis thinks, is to have everything you need within easy reach. It's this business of having to get up to run to the bathroom shelves for a missing lotion or to rummage in your dresser drawers for cotton that slows you up when applying cosmetics. You can see by looking at Bette's dressing table that she practices what she preaches. Cotton, tissues, eye beautifiers and all sorts of cream, lotions and cosmetics are spread in front of her. So there's no fumbling, no delay, when Bette sits down to prettify that lovely face of hers, five minutes before dinner is announced!

The first step in the quick make-up (Illustrated on page 16) is to cleanse the face thoroughly with liquefying cleansing cream, one that melts as soon as it touches the skin, seeps into the pores readily and can be removed, all within a minute. The cold cream type of cleanser, is perfectly effective in its way, and many people prefer it, but there's no denying that its action is slower. Apply your cream with quick upward and outward movements and be sure to cover every inch of the throat and face.

Then snatch up some cleansing tissues and remove this cream, just as Bette is doing in photo two. You will find tissues more suitable and more absorbent than towels, of course. And a thousand times more sanitary.

Now take a piece of clean cotton and saturate it with a skin tonic (if your skin is dry) or an astringent (if it's oily) and apply this briskly. It removes all traces of oil not removed by the tissues, and closes the pores.

In addition to being quicker, it's more economical to use *cotton* in applying lotions of any kind. Cotton prevents spilling and waste, and also distributes the liquid more evenly all over the skin surface. Not to mention the fact that it's more hygienic than using your fingers!

You can hasten the lotion's drying time by lightly patting and smoothing it over the skin, and after a minute or two, blotting off the surplus with a fresh tissue.

NOW comes the point at which many women decide to take a short cut that is *never* justified. As soon as their skin is cleansed they apply powder—omitting a foundation—with the excuse that it requires too much time to apply. It *does* save about a minute and a half but with the result that might be expected—a shiny face before the main course is served!

I can tell you the names of several powder bases—both liquid and cream types—that can be applied smoothly and efficiently in a negligible amount of time. Bette prefers a liquid powder base when she is rushed, and she applies it, too, with a bit of cotton because it's quicker. (See photo four on page 16.)

Sometimes when I am very rushed, I combine the skin tonic and liquid powder base by saturating cotton, first with tonic and then with liquid powder. The tonic dilutes the liquid powder slightly but this dilution only aids in the task of smoothing the base on evenly without streaking.

The fifth make-up step is to apply powder with a generous hunk of cotton (*So* much more sanitary, my pets, so much easier on your pores!), starting at the throat and working upward, just as Bette is doing in photo five. Don't try to smooth it as you go—that will only make it streaked. After you have covered the face and neck lavishly, take a face powder brush and quickly brush off the surplus. This may *seem* like an extra motion, but it's really a time-saver.

When you're in a hurry, it's safer to apply cake rouge than cream, for the latter requires more time and skill. Apply cheek rouge sparingly, blending it at the edges with a rouge brush (Yes, there are *rouge* as well as powder brushes. Want the name?) Lipstick should be of the creamy, "spready" variety, for quick application, and when you have outlined your lips and filled them in, press them together on a bit of tissue to blot off the surplus and to make the surface satiny-smooth. (Bette illustrates this in photo six on page 16.)

The curved Debette Razor, above, now comes with a combination shaving-deodorant cream

Right, three Ballarde perfumes from Grasse and, below, Nu-Nail, a splendid nail conditioner

In making up your eyes hurriedly, use a creamy mascara that goes on in a jiffy, and restrict eye shadow. Instead of trying to cover a lot of territory, you'll find that a single faint line at the base of the upper lashes does it!

NOW for a review of interesting toiletries—some of which would make very suitable last-minute additions to your list of Xmas gifts. First there's the jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. The name has been a familiar one to beauty-conscious women for a long time but this particular cream has new and improved qualities, as well as a modernized dress. If you're a one-cream woman, you'll find that Milkweed Cream does a very fine job as a cleanser, lubricator and powder base. If you're a budget girl, you'll find the moderate price appealing.

Those three bars of Lux Toilet Soap in military formation are to remind you once more of my favorite admonition—to use bland soap and water *as well as* creams on your skin. If you're dry skinned, use soap first, then cream. If you're oily skinned reverse the procedure. Lux Toilet Soap with its rich, active lather (evident even in hard water like they have in Texas) is a valuable aid to skin beauty. The fact that many movie stars use it should convince you of this, of course! Two of Lux Toilet Soap's minor claims for fame are, it seems to me, its delicate bouquet fragrance and these quaint wrappers that look like grandmother's samplers!

And now Elizabeth Arden has a complete line of Screen and Stage Make-up for you and me. It contains probably a dozen or more items, but the most important is the Foundation, which conceals freckles and minor skin discolorations and which is impervious to perspiration, water or heat. It comes in tubes, like professional movie make-up, and it can be applied very evenly after a trial or two. Naturally, you'll need a tube of this for evening or for any occasion when you want your make-up to look smooth and to remain intact for long periods.

The long object, beside the tube, that looks like a paint brush *is* one. It's for painting your lips, after you have outlined them with an indelible red pencil! (A trick used most successfully by most Hollywood make-up artists!) The large round box contains face powder and a generous puff, and the smaller contains "liner"—a very creamy eye shadow. It comes in fascinating shades and Miss Arden suggests that you apply brown liner 'way up to the brow and a second

[*Continued on page* 64]

WHY WIVES NAG!

Don't blame wives and mothers who get cross and irritable, worn out and exhausted trying to do everyday housework, look after children and manage the home when they don't feel right. Often a woman neglects her health, ruins her nerves and becomes impatient with everyone and everybody—and doesn't realize it. Science, however, now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that is the real cause of these rundown, nervous, irritable conditions—glands which control assimilation and metabolism and which, when they fail to work prevent normal everyday food from building rich, red, nourishing blood, calm, strong nerves and the strength and energy women usually so badly need.

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Shall We Marry Without Money?

[*Continued from page* 39]

homes in San Fernando valley—but, when he decided to marry the little red-haired, sixteen-year-old Odille Osborne, who was the trick rider in the circus he had worked for the year before, he had to borrow the money to buy the wedding ring.

Then, hurdling the details of wedding expenses by marrying the girl as an added attraction to the afternoon circus performance, Buck joined the circus as rough rider and started life as a married man.

When the circus closed they started on their honeymoon—a horseback ride from Larned, Kansas, to Miller's 101 Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma (now known as Moreland). They wanted to reach the 101 Ranch in time to get out with that circus in the spring, and they had spent every dollar they had to buy a horse for Odille.

So they decided to work their way across the country. They stopped en route at fairs and carnivals and did trick riding—and made offers in the various towns they passed through to break horses or ride outlaws, passing the hat after each exhibition.

"Most of the nights of that honeymoon were spent in stables at race tracks and fair grounds—or in the open," reminisced Buck, "but we shared everything, fifty-fifty, work, fun and love. We were desperately hard up but those tough times, when we didn't know where we were going to sleep or when we were going to eat, brought us so close together nothing could ever separate us."

Such are the memories that keep love alive, and make marriages endure.

The happiest marriage in Hollywood, and the happiest marriages anywhere are those in which man and wife can recall early struggles, when each proved their worth.

Marry poor is the advice of those who have made good in matrimony!

Short Cuts to Charm

[*Continued from page* 63]

shade of liner (to match your eyes) on the edge of the lid. The fifth item in the picture is an Elizabeth Arden Tissue Stick (a lipstick, to use when you are far from your dressing table with its red pencil and camel's hair brush). The packages in this new line are smart, simple and useful, the color scheme, warm yellow and white. And the price is extremely moderate. You'll find these cosmetics wherever you find Miss Arden's other preparations, at the better stores.

If you are waging a battle against brittle nails or ragged cuticle (usually the cause of nail biting, by the way!) you'll find NuNail illustrated on page 63, an able ally. This ruby-colored oil penetrates the nail and skin surface, carrying lubricating ingredients where they are most needed and, when used regularly, quite normalizes nails that are ridged, broken and greyish in color. Nu-Nail can be used effectively *over* your liquid polish and it should be applied at *least* twice a day. The trick is to massage it into the nails and cuticle until it is completely absorbed, stroking the fingers downward to persuade them to tapering slenderness.

Those entrancing satin boxes with tassels (on page 63) contain lovely Ballarde perfumes. Spring in Arcady is encased in forest green, Summer in Arcady in russet and Autumn in Arcady in taupe. The trio would make a delightful Christmas gift and the price is so low—$1.50 each—that they aren't in the luxury class. Each scent is pleasantly reminiscent of the season it represents and solves the problem of what type of perfume to wear at different seasons of the year.

Packaged in the black and silver box in the top photo are two aids to personal daintiness that are definite time-savers. The curved Debette Razor is quick and efficient for under arm use and the Debette Cream has a dual personality. It serves both as a shaving cream and a deodorant! Non-greasy, it won't stain clothing, yet its emollient qualities make it very kind to a tender skin. It's a good idea to use it both before and after the razor—to facilitate removal of superfluous hair and to soothe the skin afterward.

FREE BEAUTY SERVICE

Our beauty editor, Janet Lynn, will be happy to answer your questions on any phase of beauty. Write to her about your problems today, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage only), in care of SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York. If you will also fill out the following questionnaire and enclose it with your letter, Miss Lynn will send you an attractive black and silver metal box of well-known face powder (purse size). This offer is limited to the first 500 answering these questions.

The Beauty Quiz

Which section of this month's beauty article did you find most helpful?

Advice on make-up .... News of toiletries .....

Which of the following subjects do you prefer to read about?

Hair care .... Hair styles ....
Dry skin .... Oily skin ....
Normal skin .... Make-up ....
Hand and nail care .... Deodorants ....
Depilatories....... Exercises for reducing ......
Gaining ....

What did you pay for your last:

Lipstick ....Face powder ....
Face cream ....Nail polish ....

Do you patronize a beauty shop regularly? .... Or give yourself home beauty treatments?... ....

Which star's beauty routine do you prefer to read about? ....

Are Movie Wives Jealous?

[*Continued from page* 27]

Not one in a thousand, I imagine. Ask anyone who knows her what sort of person Mrs. Gable is and invariably the reply will be: "She is one of the most charming women in Hollywood. And part of that charm is due to the fact that Mrs. Gable has remembered what many wives forget: To keep a sense of humor and a sense of values. That fifty million women would like to be in her shoes doesn't bother her.

"I am flattered that other women find my husband attractive," she says. "The only time I will worry about Clark will be when they cease to find him so. I realize that his success on the screen is, to a large extent, the result of his appeal to women. Consequently it would be absurd for me to resent that."

Mrs. Gable is one of those wise wives who believes that an occasional vacation from the routine of marriage is good for any husband. When Clark finishes a picture she insists on his going on a hunting trip—alone. And while he is gone she does not sit at home, as many wives would do, wondering and worrying.

"I think that one of the greatest mistakes any woman can make," she says, "is to allow herself to be suspicious of her man; to fall into the habit of thinking 'Maybe he's doing this' or 'Maybe there's more to this than meets the eye.' No man likes to be doubted. And the woman who is continually suspecting her husband without cause usually succeeds in driving him to do something that will justify her suspicions."

Mrs. Gable never goes to the studio to check up on just how much heat Clark is putting into those love scenes with Harlow or Crawford. In fact she has never been to the studio but three times in her life and then she went only because she had house guests who were curious to see how pictures were made.

"Jealousy," says Mrs. Gable, "is a confession of weakness. In most cases it is ninety per cent wounded pride and vanity caused by what a woman considers her humiliation in the eyes of others. My personal feeling is that the most important thing in marriage is the relation of the man and woman to each other. So long as harmony exists between them and they are united by understanding, what the world may say or think is unimportant.

"Should Clark ever find someone who is more attractive to him than I am, so far as I am concerned, the gate will be open. I really mean that. For I do not believe that love can ever be held by putting a chain around it.

"Many women have the mistaken idea that a wedding ring carries a guarantee of everlasting love and devotion. In other words, having married a man, that they are *legally* entitled to his love. But there is no law which can force one person to love another and human emotions are subject to change. And the person who depends too completely upon any other individual for happiness is building a house on a shaky foundation. True happiness must come from within. And I believe that the wise woman is the one who refuses to allow any one person to be so essential to her happiness that a separation from that person would wreck her life."

ONE of the cleverest young wives I have met in Hollywood is Josephine Woods, wife of Donald Woods. Theirs was a college romance that ended in wedding bells. Shortly after their marriage, Donald secured a job with a stock company and sent for Josephine to join him. When she appeared upon the scene the management was quite upset.

"Nobody must know that you two are married," Josephine was informed. "Our audiences are made up of women. If they find out that our romantic looking young leading man is married they won't take nearly as much interest in him."

Did Josephine rant and rave and consider this unfair? She did not. She reasoned that if her husband's success depended upon his popularity with the women in the audience, she could help him most by staying in the background.

"I *want* women to think my husband attractive," she says quite frankly. "And I want him to notice attractive girls. I think that any man has a better idea of what he wants when he can make comparisons. If Donald should find some girl who appeals to him more than I do, I wouldn't go into a tailspin and start looking up time-tables on the trains to Reno. Instead, I'd do a little checking up on myself to see where I had slipped in my job of being a wife."

ELOISE O'BRIEN laughs at the idea of being jealous of her Pat, even though Pat, as a result of his excellent performance in *Stars Over Broadway*, is now getting a flock of letters from romantically inclined young women.

"You can't be jealous of the whole world," laughs Eloise. "And Pat is one of those men who loves everybody. He calls all the girls 'honey' and 'sweetheart' but it doesn't mean a thing. He's always been like that. I went with him for five years before we were married and I know all about that Irishman's blarney.

"Sometimes I go out to the studio and just as likely as not I'll find some girl, maybe two, sitting on Pat's knee. If he showed signs of guilt or embarrassment when I appeared on the scene I might be suspicious but he never does. Instead, he always takes great pride in introducing me and various girls have told me that Pat bores them to death, talking about me. Well, no girl can get very romantic about a man who insists on talking about his wife all the time.

"Pat is not one of those movie husbands who thinks it's good business to keep his wife in the background. Whenever we go to opening nights or to cafes or nightclubs and get caught in a net of autograph hounds, Pat always says: 'You'd better get Mrs. O'Brien's autograph too. She's really the important member of our family.' And when pictures are taken, he always insists on my being in the picture.

"We have gone to Hollywood parties where the most beautiful stars were present and invariably when we get home Pat will say: 'You know, honey, I looked all those girls over and there wasn't a one that could hold a candle to you. You were the most beautiful girl there.'

"Wouldn't I be a sap to be jealous of a husband like that?"

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TOP HAT PRIZE-WINNERS

Announcing the first winners in the exciting picture contest series

LAST CALL FOR CONTESTANTS!

You may still have time to win a valuable prize in *The Three Musketeers* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* contests which close on December 10th, 1935. See one or both of these delightful pictures, then write a letter of not more than one hundred words telling which actor or actress you think gave the best performance in the picture.

Many beautiful and valuable prizes as announced in the previous issues of SCREEN BOOK will be given away. Among the awards is a grand prize of $500, two other cash prizes of $150 and $100; an expensive Crosley Merrimac radio; free course in Commercial Design or Illustrating from the famous Federal schools; many valuable cosmetics from such famous manufacturers as Max Factor, Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and Tattoo; and three beautiful Toastmaster Hospitality Trays, valued at $21.50 each.

Remember the deadline for contest entries—December 10th, 1935. Mail your letters to *The Last Days of Pompeii Contest* and *The Three Musketeers Contest*, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

NOW come the first group of winners in SCREEN BOOK's picture contest series. If your name is not on the list, remember that you still may win one of the many grand prizes!

First prize winner is Leola Borchard of St. Louis, who nominates Fred Astaire as the star who gives the best performance in *Top Hat.* Her letter reads:

"Although I thoroughly enjoyed the clever comedy work of Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton and Erik Rhodes, and was extremely pleased with the rhythmic dancing and singing of the lovely Ginger Rogers, to me Fred Astaire gave the best performance in *Top Hat.*

Not only were his singing and dancing in the *Isn't It a Lovely Day, Cheek to Cheek* and *No Strings* numbers delightful, his comedy work excellent, but his *Sand Man* number and his machine gun tapping in the *Top Hat* sequence were superb.

"Again may I say that Fred Astaire was *tops* in *Top Hat.*"

Leola Borchard's simple, sincere letter is an example of the type of contribution which may bring you a prize. Read the list of winners, and remember, if you haven't yet entered, you may still have an opportunity to compete in *The Three Musketeers* and *The Last Days of Pompeii Contests.*

The following names comprise a complete list of *Top Hat* winners:

First—Ginger Rogers' lovely dressing table set—Leola Borchard, 5400 Goethe Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Second—Helena Rubinstein cruise beauty bag—Leah Galehouse, 8624 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Third—Ginger Rogers party frock—Florence Rogers Froland, 9 Irvington St. (Apt. 4), Boston, Mass.

Fourth—Ginger Rogers afternoon frock—Connie Mier, 2319 North Weil St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Fifth—Ginger Rogers hostess pajamas—Margaret Jayne Burns, 1101 W. Tijeras St., Albuquerque, N. M.

Sixth—Ginger Rogers silk negligée—Geraldine Finnegan, 3828 Cass St., Omaha, Neb.

Seventh—Ginger Rogers frock—Gladys Alford, 1435 North Veitch St., Clarendon, Va.

Eighth to fifteenth—Helena Rubinstein magic make-up vanity cases—Mrs. Paul Kossack, McGregor, Iowa; Mrs. A. M. Weil, 4625 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sara Machlis, 28 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. S. P. Meyer, 3475 Taylor Blvd., Louisville, Ky.; Marie H. Guerin, 1 Chadwick Road, White Plains, N. Y.; Mary Helen Mandelaris, 1024 Lincoln Road, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Ruth Hanna, 302 East Lawrence St., Appleton, Wis.

Sixteenth to Twenty-fifth—Autographed Ginger Rogers portraits—Theodora Skald, 2434-A Post St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Netty Navratil, 3066 48th St., Cleveland, Ohio; Katharine Holt, 2916 12th Ave., N., Birmingham, Ala.; Olivia Rossi, 119 Ranier St., San Jose, Calif.; Mrs. E. H. Lott, Pentagon Court, Baton Rouge, La.; W. C. Duncan, Columbus, Ohio; Helen Gold, 609 West Craig Place, San Antonio, Texas; Genevieve Taylor, 1804 S. E Ladd Ave., Portland, Ore.; Lillian L. Cohoon, 139 First St., Hamden, Conn.; Nancy Hockett, 4405 California Drive, Des Moines, Iowa; Esther Vollum, 549 Green Ave., Albert Lea, Minn.

Will Marriage Help Joan Crawford?

[*Continued from page* 19]

SUCH a crisis faced her shortly before she met and fell in love with Young Doug. Fortunately, for reasons I shall make clear, love and marriage saved her. Not the institutions in themselves, mind you, but rather the connection they offered with a particular man and what he symbolized to her.

A few months ago, infallible signs showed that Joan had reached a similar crisis. Well-meaning friends helped to bring it about. They flattered and joked and argued Joan away from the very concept of life that has always sustained her, made her a true artist, made her the Joan they, as well as the rest of us, love. Robbed her of her priceless aspiration, her passion for self-improvement.

This was partly the fault of Joan's own sensitive nature, as well as her tendency to concentrate her friendships in too small a circle, and trust those few friends too blindly. Like many self-critical persons, she is over-sensitive to criticism from others. Hence her friends, wishing to remain her friends—and can you blame them?—yielded to the temptation to flatter her. She had "arrived." No more need for self-improvement. No more goals ahead. Ah, how deadly!

Minute Interview

JEAN MUIR

"Why do so many young actresses in Hollywood fail? I don't feel overly qualified to offer an answer to such a critical question, but I might hazard an opinion that it is because too many girls come to Hollywood without the proper training. It is conceded that the surest route to success on the screen is by way of the stage, where one learns really important lessons. An actress must have a background—a foundation for her work. The only sure way to attain this is through behind-the-footlight experience."

Even the press has lately failed her by dealing out praise and pap instead of stimulating criticism. We flattered her. A colleague of mine, in describing nothing more important than Joan's arrival at a film première, wrote a blurb about her that would have made the most hardened press agent blush. Another remarked that he had "watched Joan develop from a jazz baby" into the ultimate in career, culture, charm and sophistication. Others have made thin excuses for bragging about Joan's charities, some even naming specific recipients of her bounty.

IN SHORT, if these friends *have* understood Joan's need, none of them has offered to sacrifice himself for the future of this brilliant, lovable, moody girl, this potentially great artist. Perhaps the only reason I dare do so, is that I am not of her close little circle. Whether she takes my frankness to heart or not, as a fan I can go on adoring her; as a veteran of the theater and confidant of some other great artists who lived on aspiration, I can still applaud her for what she has done, and may yet achieve.

So for her sake, and that of a few million fans who mean more to the real Joan than anything else in the world, except perhaps that fortunate young man, Franchot Tone, I say "Wake up, Joan! You have not reached the end. There are peaks beyond these. Regain your old humility, and carry on."

Understand that, while the crisis is purely emotional, more solid, tangible things are involved. Joan's career, health, happiness, her very life perhaps! The temporary change in her which such a crisis always brings has already wrung some boos and hisses from the fans. Joan's following is vast and loyal, but to retain it she must remain the alive, gracious, magnetic Joan. Neither her art nor her popularity can survive too prolonged an absence of *this* Joan. The *grand dame* rôle which some Hollywooders urge her to play would, of course, be fatal.

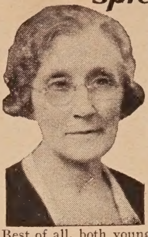
And she has jealous rivals who hope she will take that course; who propagandize toward that end through some of Joan's more gullible court jesters. How they must have chortled when they read Joan's published statement about changing from a certain much-criticized make-up to one more pleasing to her critics! She was quoted as saying, as though to make sure no one would think she was yielding to friendly advice, that she changed, "Not because I was criticized, *not because each day I received stacks of letters asking me what I was doing to myself.*" What ammunition for her enemies!

NATURALLY, the valiant Joan who struggled and won against disheartening odds would not have said such a thing. Joan the aspiring but always humble seeker of artistic heights, could not have said it. It was a Joan, soul-wrung by a halt in her progress and growth, and assured by unwitting or uncourageous friends that being perfect, she had no more heights to conquer. The beautiful humility of your real artist, who knows that perfection will always remain just beyond his reach, but that his survival and happiness depend on courting it, was Joan's and will be hers again. I have seen her come through that previous, almost equally severe crisis, and know she will emerge triumphantly from this one.

That earlier crisis resulted from Joan's sudden realization of many accumulated dreams. As a child, watching from the wings of her father's little vaudeville house in Oklahoma, she had dreamed of being an actress. Now she *was* an actress! As the little kitchen slavey, she had dreamed of fine clothes. Now she had an ermine cloak, and all the other fine clothes she could desire! As a hoofer in the chorus she had visioned a showy, expensive car. Now it was hers! As a movie novice, she had prayed for a real long-term contract, featured billing, lots of dramatic acting to do. Now she had these things.

What next? Why, nothing! The goals she had set were reached. She matched the rudderless chaos of her life with the

[*Continued on next page*]



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chaos of Hollywood night-club life, but that helped very little. Her career lost flying speed, neared the fatal stalling point.

THEN she met an odd fellow who liked to smoke an old pipe, wear an old battered hat, scuffed shoes, baggy trousers; who spelled his art with a capital A and not only acted but wrote for pseudo-intellectual magazines, and made sketches which reminded one of John Barrymore's. He had lived abroad, spoke a fluent French, and talked mysteriously of a world of arty standards, values and intangibles new to Joan.

That she fell deeply in love with him was one thing. A far more important thing was that she abruptly glimpsed expansive new vistas of life to conquer. They stimulated her hungry mind. Culture! Art! Literature! Music! Travel! And a new goal in the very field of her own supremacy, acting. She'd not only be just a movie star, but one of the greatest!

Measured by the passionate human and artistic demands of Joan's idealism, many things in Doug's world were found wanting. She soon saw through the sham culture, the superficial poses of highbrowism, the disguises and trappings of the pretenders in art's court, for all their glib theatrical patter. But that made no difference now. Joan had her on a new flight of aspiration. Full sighted goals far enough ahead to launch of vitality and spirit, she charmed everyone she met, and poured herself without stint into all the obligations of a screen star's life. The spirit and energy and eagerness of her glowed from the screen. So the gods of true art smiled, and rewarded her with the love of literally millions of movie fans. Joan found herself one of the screen's great First Ten!

That Joan's marriage with Young Doug proved unsuccessful has little or nothing to do with the current crisis in her career. Long before their romance failed, Joan was beyond any further vital help or hinderance from it. The current difficulty is that she has again caught up with her aspirations; reached the farthest goal she set for herself. And has been deterred from seeing the necessity of setting new goals by a smoke-screen of blandishments.

How will Joan's marriage to Franchot Tone help? Much as her previous marriage did. It will give her a change of view. With Tone, she already glimpses some hitherto unguessed heights ahead. For example, her new ambition to do a stage play represents the realization that she could very well work toward a better histrionic technique, devoid of tricks, and artificialities. And toward a truer, broader understanding of life.

The Man Who Tames Mae West

[*Continued from page* 41]

little of McLaglen's private life. He doesn't ride on the social merry-go-round. He's a family man and his happiest hours are those spent with his young son, Andrew, who is a prep school boxer and tennis player of considerable skill, and his attractive daughter, Sheila, who is one of the smartest young horsewomen in Southern California.

He flushes every time he recalls his first talking picture. It was the *Black Watch.* The première was held at the exclusive Carthay Circle theater in Los Angeles. The lovely Myrna Loy played opposite Vic in one of those siren rôles identified with her earlier career. Her screen name was Yasmini. Sound was then in its crude stage. Everything went well until Vic was shown playing a tender love scene with Myrna. Then his voice suddenly blared from the screen in a high falsetto "Yeees-Minnie." It was an Andy Gump touch and the audience roared. Vic slipped out a side door of the theater and didn't stop walking until he reached his Beverly Hills home. His car remained in a parking lot beside the theater for days.

HE HAS six other brothers—all big fellows. Usually two or three of them can be found working around his Flintridge estate, or his beach place at La Jolla. One brother, Arthur, is a landscape artist. Another one, Cyril, is prominent on the British stage and screen.

Although he has participated in seven wars, Vic has never been caught recounting his battle experiences. One day an interviewer slipped into his bungalow on the Fox lot and saw six scrolls on the wall citing Vic for valour. Next time the interviewer gained access to the bungalow the scrolls had disappeared. Vic wouldn't discuss them.

He is tremendously proud of his American citizenship. He was a British subject until he took out the papers about two years ago. He comes of a military family and believes there will always be wars. In fact, he can hardly wait for the next one.

Really began his theatrical career as a strong man in a vaudeville act. He juggled battle axes, lifted weights, and offered to box or wrestle anybody in the audience.

Lady Diana Manners is responsible for his screen début. She selected him to portray a brute rôle in a British picture titled *Call of the Road.*

While he was Provost Marshal of Bagdad during the British occupation in wartime he adopted a native boy. The boy's name is Abdul. He is a grown man now and still with Vic. Acts as valet and trainer. Several years ago Vic had an idea that Abdul could box. He got him a bout with a tough Irishman from San Francisco Abdul didn't last long.

Vic doesn't like radios, but will listen to phonograph records for hours.

He is proud of his cooking skill. Likes to take a crowd of friends camping in the mountains and prepare all of the meals for them.

All digs to the contrary, his favorite actor is Eddie Lowe. He's going to miss working with Eddie. But he's getting a big price for his new glory.

Did you know that Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, while ill recently, occupied adjoining rooms in the same hospital. Both are well on the road to recovery.

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HOLLYWOOD HOME HINTS

by JANE CARROLL

MADGE, little Cora Sue Collins' "big" sister, is bound and determined that Cora Sue grow up to be as good a housekeeper as she is an actress.

"Cora Sue is a great little help about the house on maid's day off," says Madge, "and both mother and I believe in starting her off with the right kind of training."

At present, Madge is giving Cora Sue a lesson on how to keep the stove in top shape. She says that Brillo is a particularly fine cleansing agent for all types of kitchenware. Along with the steel wool polish pads, there is a cake of soap on which you rub the pads before using. It is the soap that does the trick after the steel wool has gently loosened the dirt from the surface. Brillo is as safe as it is inexpensive.

"Big Sister Madge" shows Cora Sue Collins the tricks she can do with Brillo polish

• • •

THE rage of filling one's house with antiques has resulted in the appearance of a gadget that will repair broken furniture and chairs. Onslow Stevens, who is a great collector of antiques, says that Holdems end all worries as far as broken furniture is concerned. The best use to which Holdems can be put is in the repair of loose or broken chair rungs. They are especially good because they not only hold the rung in place forever after, but they completely disappear. All you do is to drive the rung back in its socket with a Holdems along side of the rung. The perforations in the little metal Holdem keep the rung in place for keeps.

• • •

MARY BRIAN thinks that there is nothing so unbecoming as the smell of onions on the hands after preparing a dish that requires their presence. And right she is with Zonite on the market, for Zonite will dispel the odor if the hands are rinsed in a mild solution of it. Another use for Zonite that very few people know about, is the fact that Zonite will remove ink stains. However care should be taken when removing ink stains from dyed material unless the material is dyed with fast colors.

• • •

FRANCES DRAKE says that there is nothing like paper napkins and attractive paper doilies for dressing up a bridge luncheon table. What with the Dennison Manufacturing Company busy thinking up new ideas and designs, there is no need in ever having your bridge table look anything but nice. Dennison's furnish your favorite notions store with everything to make your bridge party a success . . . Including place cards and tally cards.

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ROSEMARY AMES has discovered the secret to "the perfect pie-crust."

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This is just one of the many advantages in using Pyrex heat resisting glassware in the preparation of tasty dishes.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD housekeepers all agree that every woman who cooks will be interested in the Roast Meat Thermometer, because of its efficient service in action. Another one is the Taylor Bath Thermometer. It is even more valuable in determining the temperature of laundry water, for silk hose and delicate lingerie than it is for taking bath temperatures. This idea of testing laundry wash water is not only very new but very important.

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IN SNOOPING around Hollywood kitchens, we have run into one thing that all well kept kitchens seem to have. What we saw were large supplies of A. P. W. Red Cross Towels used for the sole purpose of cleaning the grease off dishes before they are washed. These towels have proved to be one of the greatest soap savers on the market. They save soap because so much soap is not required in the dish water to cut grease. Then too, the dish water need not be changed so many times with each washing.

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CURRENT FILMS

THE MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN—★★★—A doctor is murdered and the search for the murderer leads through the hospital, the operating room, the morgue and other cheery spots, with Ricardo Cortez as the sleuthing interne. Excellent mystery film fare, with Mary Astor.—*Warner.*

TO BEAT THE BAND—★★½—Worn out plot about a foolish elderly man who is left a fortune provided he marries a widow within three days. Eric Blore does the best work. Hugh Herbert and Roger Pryor also in the cast.—*Radio.*

SHIP CAFE—★★★½—Carl Brisson at his best in the part of a ship stoker who becomes a famous singer. Excellent supporting cast includes Arline Judge, Mady Christians, William Frawley and Eddie Davis —*Paramount.*

I FOUND STELLA PARISH—★★—Plot concerns an actress who is involved in a murder and the ex-husband who threatens to expose her. Somewhat unbelievable, but dramatic in spots. Cast includes Kay Francis, Paul Lukas and Sybil Jason.—*Warner.*

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—★★★—Grand family entertainment with May Robson as the rich old lady who trades her affection for dogs in for the love of three orphans. In the cast are Frankie Darro, William Burrud and Henry Armetta.—*Universal.*

CONFIDENTIAL—★★—Just fair gangster film, with Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp.—*Mascot.*

ANNIE OAKLEY—★★★—Barbara Stanwyck scores a hit as the dead shot show woman in this story built around the life of Buffalo Bill. There are many good laughs in this picture, and the cast, including Preston Foster and Melvyn Douglas, does a good job.—*Radio.*

IT'S IN THE AIR—★★★—The team of Jack Benny and Una Merkel click solidly in the story of a racketeer attempting to evade income taxes. Nat Pendleton and Ted Healy also in the cast. —*Metro.*

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—★★—Nice little picture concerning the silly stunts of a rich family, with Joan Bennett, George Raft, Billie Burke and Walter Connolly in satisfactory rôles.—*Columbia.*

LITTLE AMERICA—★★★—Whether you believe a Byrd in the theater is worth one in the Arctic circle, you should sit up in your chair over a few scenes in the filming of Admiral Byrd's latest expedition.—*Paramount Release.*

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—★★★—Another in the popular Warner Oland series, this time concerning Chan's battle against a powerful dope ring and the solving of a murder mystery.—*20th Century-Fox.*

HI GAUCHO—★★—Rod La Rocque is colorful as an Argentine bandit in this story of a romance between son and daughter of rival ranchers, but the picture can hardly be rated more than a "time-passer."—*Radio.*

IN PERSON—★★★★—Ginger Rogers does one of the best acting jobs of her career as the movie star who wants to get away from it all and then finds herself knee-deep in romance with a man she meets in a secluded mountain resort. George Brent takes a bow as a fine leading man.—*Radio.*

ONE WAY TICKET—★★—In which the daughter of a prison guard falls in love with an inmate. Walter Connolly and Peggy Conklin in leading rôles.—*Columbia.*

THE MELODY LINGERS ON—★★★—A sentimental story about a mother who gives all for her son, with Josephine Hutchinson, George Houston and John Halliday.—*Reliance.*

STARS OVER BROADWAY—★★★—Watch this young man, James Melton, who has a leading rôle in this picture. He is big and handsome, and as the hotel porter who is groomed for opera singing by a typical Broadway agent he displays one of the finest voices ever heard on the screen. Pat O'Brien does a grand job, and for a change wins the girl in the case—Jean Muir.—*Warner.*

PADDY O'DAY—★★½—A pleasing enough little film about an orphan girl and what she does for the lives of others, with Jane Withers, Pinky Tomlin and George Givot. — *20th Century-Fox.*

DR. SOCRATES—★★½—Not quite up to the usual Paul Muni standard, but entertaining enough. Story concerns a country doctor who runs afoul of gangsters and falls in love in spite of himself. In the cast are Ann Dvorak, Barton McLane and Robert Barrat.—*Warner.*

MAN OF IRON—★★—The story of an iron worker who becomes company manager and in dramatic circumstances returns at last to his old job. Barton McLane, in his first big rôle, does well.—*Warner.*

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL—★★★★—Excellent story about the building of a tunnel to America from England, with a great cast including Richard Dix, Madge Evans, George Arliss and Walter Huston.—*GB.*

To These Fine Pictures!

Previously reviewed in SCREEN BOOK

YOU must not miss—*Barbary Coast,* with Edward G. Robinson and Miriam Hopkins . . . *The Last Days of Pompeii* . . . the colorful revival of *The Three Musketeers* . . . Joan Crawford in *I Live My Life* . . . the all star performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* . . . Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in *Hands Across the Table* . . . Nino Martini's début in *Here's to Romance* . . . *Broadway Melody of 1936.* In the three star class are Lee Tracy in *Two Fisted* . . . Alice Faye in *Music Is Magic* . . . Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper teamed in *O'Shaughnessy's Boy* . . . *Shipmates Forever,* with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell . . . *Cappy Ricks Returns* . . . and the villainous Eric Von Stroheim in *The Crime of Doctor Crespi.* Worth a peek if you can spare the time—*Melody Trail, Navy Wife, Thunder Mountain, The Pay Off* and *The Case of the Lucky Legs.*

Dick Powell Speaks for Himself

[*Continued from page* 43]

What method is used in sending yours and Frances Langford's taps over the air each Friday night?

The drummer is a friend of mine.

Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?

Both—also redheads.

Do you know a girl named Iness Forbes who was in your class at school?

Yes—and why doesn't she drop an old friend a letter?

Do you really broadcast from a Hollywood hotel or is it done from the studio?

From the radio studio.

What is your favorite flower?

The gardenia.

Who are your best friends in the picture colony?

I have several valued friends. Perhaps Joe E. Brown and Regis Toomey are my closest friends.

What breeds of dogs have you? What are the dogs' names?

I have a police dog named, Ranger, and a greyhound called, Nancy. Then there is a cat named, G-String.

What musical instruments do you play?

I play all wind instruments, all reed instruments, the banjo, the guitar and I can two-finger a piano to death!

For what person in Hollywood have you the most admiration?

Among others, I have great admiration for Marion Davies. I know of no one who does more for the happiness of other people.

Do you mind kissing on the screen?

Why should I mind kissing?

What, in your opinion, constitutes beauty in a girl?

I have seen homely girls look beautiful. If her eyes reveal character, charm and intelligence, her other physical features need not be perfect to give her beauty.

How does it feel to be so famous?

I detest false modesty and please don't accuse me of it when I say that I very seldom give a thought to the fact that my name is widely publicized. When it does occur to me, the thought both frightens and gratifies.

Why Loretta Young is Forced to Retire

[*Continued from page* 34]

time she returned to Hollywood from that Northern location trip, she was completely exhausted. But she gathered her forces, and even before she completed the studio scenes for this picture, she was already preparing for *The Crusades*.

And so while she was still before the cameras for the Jack London epic, she was fitting costumes and learning lines for *The Crusades*.

At noon, instead of resting, she stood motionless while Travis Banton, the Paramount designer, fitted her wardrobe. From early morning until late, she gave no thought to herself—pushed away that tide of weariness which was engulfing her.

BUT Loretta has never possessed the physical resources of other stars. She is naturally fragile, and so sensitively attuned to her rôles that each picture imposed its burden of tenseness on her.

Before her nervous mechanism was stabilized, before she was fully developed physically, directors were shrieking at her—demanding a seasoned performance, forgetting that she was a child. She was frightened, hurt, bewildered—incapable by the very virtue of her youth to realize that any achievement exacts its toll. Unquestionably this early experience contributed to her fragility.

In one of her very first pictures, *Laugh Clown Laugh*, she was playing opposite Lon Chaney. "You're a terrible actress!" the director screamed at her one day before hundreds of extras.

Chaney found her behind the set, hanging on to a guy rope, sobbing hysterically. He let her cry—and when she was quiet he put a tender arm around her shoulders—and said:

"You've got something. The director knows it. That's why he expects so much from you. Don't forget you're in the hardest game in the world. Never let *anybody* see you cry. If you're shoved around, don't show your bruises. If your heart is kicked around, pick it up, brush it off, and then go on your way as though nothing had happened."

She was an actress—and so she could never be too tired! Could never give anything less than her best before the inexorable camera!

UNTIL the last few months, no one suspected how utterly exhausted she was—how very ill she was! For Loretta, with her Chaney-given philosophy, could not syndicate her troubles.

She has never spared herself—nor thought of herself. Whatever came to her she considered as so much capital. She once said to me:

"No experience is a waste. I know personally that everything which has happened to me has given me something, even love which ended. The mind is a reservoir. From it you can draw memories which will illuminate difficult situations as they arise."

And even though the price Loretta Young is today paying for stardom seems high, yet I believe that out of the imposed rest, out of the physician-imposed exile, a greater Loretta Young will come. With a poignancy fortified by strength; with an insight which long hours of inactivity are bound to bring her.

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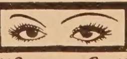

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Hollywood's Three Amazing Women

[*Continued from page* 23]

and took her growing daughter with her to see plays whenever possible.

GINGER became interested in the dancers who came, now and then, to the leading vaudeville theater in the city. When alone, she would practice the steps she had seen. And her mother encouraged her.

A neighbor, an old-time vaudeville dancer, became interested in the child. With other neighbor children, she would go to his place after school hours and on Saturdays and Sundays. The old fellow would teach them all patiently. Suddenly Ginger became more proficient than the other children. He gave her especial attention. Mrs. Rogers would often watch her daughter go through many difficult steps.

Her shrewd mother took her on a national vaudeville tour, and Ginger became the sensation of New York while still in her teens, just as she is now the sensation of the films with the incomparable Fred Astaire as her dancing partner. Ginger's mother is still with her, guiding her carefully through her magnificent career.

JANET GAYNOR'S work in *The Farmer Takes a Wife* proves that she is still an actress of outstanding ability. She is demure, sincere, and a girl of natural charm.

She came to Hollywood when she was about eighteen with her mother and step-father, the immortal "Jonesey." Harry Jones was an electrician who had faith in his lovely step-daughter.

She worked four months as an extra player at Universal, and was then given a "bit." Jonesey prophesied great things for her. Long after the film was released, and Jonesey was about to admit that he was a poor prophet, the telephone rang. It was Universal Studios calling. Janet excitedly hurried from the telephone. Between laughter and tears she kissed her mother and Jonesey, and then jubilantly told them she had been given the leading rôle in a two-reel comedy.

She played in five more comedies. When they were completed, Jonesey said— "The screen is losing the best part of your ability. It does not bring out your personality sufficiently. We'll keep our eyes open for a drama, and run an ad about you."

After a family conference, twenty-five dollars was invested in a quarter page advertisement in a local magazine. It told an indifferent public that Janet Gaynor was now available for dramatic rôles. Her photograph was inserted. A casting director turned the pages of the magazine idly while waiting for the completion of his telephone call. He stopped at Janet's picture. Her eyes had arrested his attention. She might be the leading lady he wanted for *The Johnstown Flood.*

After the casting director had studied the little ex-bundle wrapper's photograph, Jonesey heard that the Fox Film Company wanted a winsome, appealing type of girl to play the lead in *The Johnstown Flood.* She would need to be able to ride. And Janet had never ridden a horse except on a merry-go-round. Such a small detail made no difference in the faith of Jonesey. He appeared at the casting office with his demure step-daughter.

"I've seen your picture," said the casting director to Janet, "You may be the girl I want," and then, "Can you ride a horse?"

Jonesey took no chance on Janet's answer being in the negative. He said with *emphasis*—"*Ride* a horse! This girl was practically born on a horse's back!"

The Recording Angel undoubtedly smiled, and forgot to write the white lie down against Jonesey. And the casting director was convinced. She was given a comedy screen test. When this was approved, she was asked to enact a dramatic rôle. And she got the part.

When the film was released, Janet was given a long term contract—at a hundred dollars a week. Later she received many thousands for the same period, and has never been with another film company.

ZASU PITTS is considered by many competent critics as one of the two or three greatest film comediennes. We will leave such opinions with the critics. I have known ZaSu for years. To me, she is one of the most interesting women alive. W. C. Fields (when I told him that I was writing this article for SCREEN BOOK) told me this: "Say, for me, she's a great actress also."

ZaSu had two aunts named Eliza and Susan. The last two letters of one name and the first two of the other were put together and given her at birth. She came to Hollywood from a town in Northern California, after taking part in high school plays.

Frances Marion, the great scenario writer, happened to see her in a casting office. Women like men, can be *big* at times. Frances secured her a small comedy rôle. She was fired as "not being funny enough." The splendid Frances still had faith. She got her a better part in *The Little Princess.* Many have since claimed the honor of discovering ZaSu. But to Frances Marion goes all the credit.

ZaSu was next given work with Charlie Chaplin, at one of his usual salaries of fifty dollars a week. She remained for six months, and appeared on the set with him once—*for ten minutes!*

TOO shy to mingle with other members of the cinema troupe, ZaSu brought her lunch in a paper bag. And ate alone. Chaplin did not renew her contract. She became an extra, and later played a small rôle with Douglas Fairbanks. Heartbreaking months followed. Always the letters of encouragement came from her mother.

Eric von Stroheim, in search of a girl to play the part of Trina in Frank Norris' *Greed,* heard of ZaSu. A test was made. And the Austrian director was satisfied. The powers that be thought for a while that ZaSu did not have enough "sex appeal" for the rôle. But von Stroheim won. In those far-off days, a rôle in a Stroheim film attracted attention. ZaSu worked a year, and became famous as an excellent tragic actress.

The company gave her a contract for a year. It was not renewed at the end of that period. In despair she went from one insignificant rôle to another. A year of idleness followed. When it seemed as though she would be forced to give up the struggle, her mother moved to Hollywood. And then—*the talkies came.* Many players who did not have "speaking voices" faded from the films. ZaSu, like many others, was troubled about the future. At last, she was given a rôle in *The Dummy* with Ruth Chatterton.

Dreading the ordeal of "the mike," which might wreck her screen career, she hesitated to go before it. Ruth Chatterton, whose deeds of kindness should be written in letters of gold, sensed ZaSu's fear. She encouraged her and held ZaSu's hand while ZaSu "talked into the mike." During the next year, she worked in nearly forty talkies. The rest of her story is an ornament to the screen.

Perhaps if I were asked why these three women are so interesting, I would answer, "Because they are so human".

ZaSu's mother is still with her. Like Ginger and Janet, she is fortunate in this respect.

Hollywood Shop Talk

[*Continued from page* 15]

This is just an advance tip for you. So watch the war news and be prepared for a radical change in feminine styles if it continues indefinitely.

Do you remember the old automobile veils? Don't be surprised if they come back into their own. You'll see Dietrich wearing a modern version of this old-fashioned fad in her new picture. The veil is a voluminous affair of chiffon, attached to a visor. It drapes about the hair and the ends are crossed under the chin and tossed nonchalantly over the shoulder. You know how Dietrich has a flair for starting things in a clothes way, so maybe she'll be responsible for bringing the good old automobile veil back.

I MUST tell you about the unusual looking material I saw in Travis Banton's studio the other day. It was of a rather heavy black wool with monkey fur woven into it in such a way that wisps of the fur stick out all over it. Dietrich took one look at it and said: "I must have some of that." So it's going to turn into a tailored coat dress for la Dietrich and she'll carry a squashy little monkey fur muff with it. Perhaps I should add that at this writing there's no other material like it in captivity so there's no chance of your copying it.

Ethel Merman's wearing some nice evening things in *Anything Goes.* One is a solid beaded gown with fringe woven in with the beads. It's the color of moonstones and the way the fringe is woven into the material gives grace and movement to the frock. She also wears a very gorgeous dance dress of yellow chiffon with epaulets of orange paradise.

In *The Bride Comes Home* Claudette Colbert plays a girl who had money before the picture started but loses it in the opening reel which limits the Colbert wardrobe no end. She does have a chance to wear a lovely draped negligee of sombre blue velvet which will intrigue you.

In *Riff-Raff* Jean Harlow is portraying a girl who works in a tuna cannery with the result that her clothes are just as un-glamorous as you'd expect them to be. For her personal wardrobe Jean has joined the tailored suit caravan. And I guess she must have been reading those ads about the advantages of two pants suits because she has three skirts to wear with each jacket so that she can switch them around and make additional costumes. Her suits are mostly in fog-blue and gray and there's one black broadcloth which is very chic. With these suits Jean slings a fox fur over her shoulder and wears the very maddest hats possible.

Madge Evans is back in Hollywood and she was telling me about attending the Paris openings. One house was featuring fox tails . . . on hats, dangling from wrists and handbags, and even on skirts. "The models looked like they were doubling for Daniel Boone," says Madge. She took one look, decided she didn't like the fox tail effect, and went out and bought herself a new Scotty instead.

This reminds me that Betty Furness insists that a dog is a smart accessory this season. She suggests a Scotty to go with a plaid skirt, a police dog to go with tweeds, a Russian wolf hound to go with a velvet suit. Of course that's just a suggestion. You don't have to take it too seriously.

However, I think you might like to follow Betty's new buckle idea. She's wearing wooden buckles bearing her carved initials on sport pumps. They look very chic and different.

Maureen O'Sullivan is wearing white cellophane hair ribbons for evening. She folds the cellophane so that it looks like a narrow silver strand in her dark hair. Since cellophane is difficult to tie she makes a separate bow and pins it on where the ends of the cellophane join. You can try various colors.

And that's all for this time. I'll be telling you more next month. Meantime, let me know how you like this month's shopping tips.

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Grace Mack, who conducts SCREEN BOOK'S Hollywood Shop Talk, corresponds personally with many friends outside Hollywood. She will be happy to write you concerning anything that may interest you in her articles and offers to assist in any personal dress problems, concerning correct colors, frocks that slenderize, and many other interesting feminine matters. Write to her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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With the Editor IN HOLLYWOOD

Taking a peek behind the scenes at pictures and personalities in the movie parade

Ned Sparks

Bette Davis

Franchot Tone

Anna Sten

WITH apologies to such genial gentlemen as W. C. Fields, Hugh Herbert and Edward Everett Horton, we throw Ned Sparks' hat in the ring as we nominate him as the funniest man in Hollywood. One flash at Ned's vacant glare suspended somewhere between the chin and forehead of his dour contenance is laughing gas to any picture audience. In *Collegiate,* he steals the show from Joe Penner and Jack Oakie, and there's a reason! Everyone has at least one friend who specializes in cryptic and cynical views. That makes Ned twice as funny as any other comedian—when his public watches his act, it always laughs subconsciously at a couple of other fellows.

● There is a rare treat in store for ambitious young people, thanks to the courtesy of our always generous Bette Davis. Bette consented to pose for a series of remarkable pictures in which, with the aid of studio coaches, she reveals a good many tricks that must be mastered by a capable actress. The first of these pictures will appear in the next issue.

● We had a long talk with Franchot Tone the other day and asked him a lot of impertinent questions. Among them —"Do you think as a good many of your admirers, that you aren't getting enough important rôles?" Strangely enough, Franchot replied that he was well satisfied. "What about *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *Mutiny on the Bounty?*" he asked. "I couldn't ask for anything better. People seem to suffer the delusion that there are only two important rôles in any picture—the male and female leads. I'd rather have a solid, meaty supporting rôle than to star in a series of indifferent films."

Mr. Tone's logic doesn't need overhauling, and his comment should be a dose of good medicine for those players who are inclined to fret about their assignments.

● Another person who impresses us mightily is Jean Muir. When she attended the world première of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* her car was mobbed by admirers who poked their autograph books through the windows, and even climbed on top the car to get a peek at her. Asked if this demonstration didn't tickle her vanity, Jean retorted. "Of course I like to be popular. Any actress does. But it was all a result of tremendous interest in the picture. If I were to walk down the street in the midst of a St. Patrick's day parade, nobody would even notice me."

● There has been a good deal of speculation as to just why Anna Sten failed to hit her stride in American pictures. Our hunch is that Hollywood, with its yen to make people over, did too good a job with Sten. The picture of her on this page gives a hint of how she really looked before the studio applied the veneer that made her less the vital, dynamic woman and more the pretty doll. Sometimes Hollywood does wonders with its magic, but in Anna Sten's case the prescription was an overdose of the wrong thing.

● You may not know it, but screen entertainment is undergoing a great change. First came Fred Astaire, and after him the explosive rhythm of hundreds of tap dancers. Now the big parade has changed and into the spotlight come Lawrence Tibbett, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Nino Martini and a host of other great singers. Hollywood sings a song of suspense these days, wondering that new public taste will demand an entirely different set-up of stars and pictures. It isn't generally realized, but a good many stars are biting their crimson nails these days, becoming desperate for jobs. In days of affluence, they lived to the hilt. Now, with dwindling incomes, they are in a spot. It is but one tragic note in the endless Hollywood symphony.

● What, we wonder, are the blue-nosed critics of the movies doing these days? Still green in memory is the last onslaught in which the movies took a worse beating than Maxie Baer the night he gave up trying to dodge the hundred fists of Joe Louis. Even the most rabid performer will have to admit that with such pictures as *A Midsummer Night's Dream, A Tale of Two Cities, Metropolitan* and countless other great films, Hollywood takes itself out of purgatory. The movies today are not only a perfect entertainment medium for the masses, but a potent educational factor too important to be affected by the Lilliputian jabs of critical busybodies.

● Like any other ardent movie-goer, we have our pet peeves and particular passions. At the moment, we are wondering—

Why Dick Powell doesn't demand that people stop using the name "Dickie" in interviews and over the air. Also why he permitted such a line as "Dickie Bird" which occurred in *Shipmates Forever*. . . . Why a certain few stars insist on making public appearances with their ex-husbands. It isn't good publicity, and it serves to spread a false idea—namely, that there isn't such a thing as happy marriage in Hollywood. . . . Why some studio doesn't give the talented Regis Toomey a really good break. . . . Why Jan Kiepura, after being so agreeable in New York, kicked up so much temperament in Hollywood, without realizing that his antics would be featured in newspapers everywhere. He should realize that it pays a newcomer to have everyone on his side.

Carl A. Schroeder

MOVIE
CLASSIC
10¢
FILM
FASHIONS
BEAUTY
and
CHARM
Warner Baxter
and Women
by Jim Tully

The Story GINGER ROGERS Never Told

THE only Ginger Rogers you know is the one you see on the screen. You don't know what she is like in private life—or how she lives that life. The story has never been told till now. And only January MOVIE CLASSIC tells it!

This wide-awake magazine also tells you things you never knew before about Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Donat, Barbara Stanwyck, Rosalind Russell, and Eleanor Powell, the new screen sensation. Jim Tully, the famous author, tells why women can't resist Warner Baxter. Another famous author, Nina Wilcox Putnam, continues her dramatic novel of Hollywood, "Screen-Struck."

Look over MOVIE CLASSIC'S big fashion section—the smartest and most practical of any on the newsstands today. Look, particularly, for "What Every Smart Girl Could Wear." Learn, too, about make-up to match your wardrobe!

You will find all of these things—and many more—only in January MOVIE CLASSIC!

ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS

10c

CHARMING

Beautiful Toby Wing,
in Republic Picture "Forced Landing"

ETERNAL appeal of a beautiful blonde, the fascinating freshness and brightness of her appearance is due largely to the charm imparted by *soft golden hair.*

To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to *regain* the bright natural tints of youth, make sunny golden hair *your own secret* of alluring charm. Rinse your hair, *yourself at home,* with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash . . . *Now!*

BLONDES: Natural sunny golden beauty restored to dull, faded or streaked hair. To lighten your hair secretly and successfully, rinse with Marchand's.

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Please let me try the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order) for a full-sized bottle.

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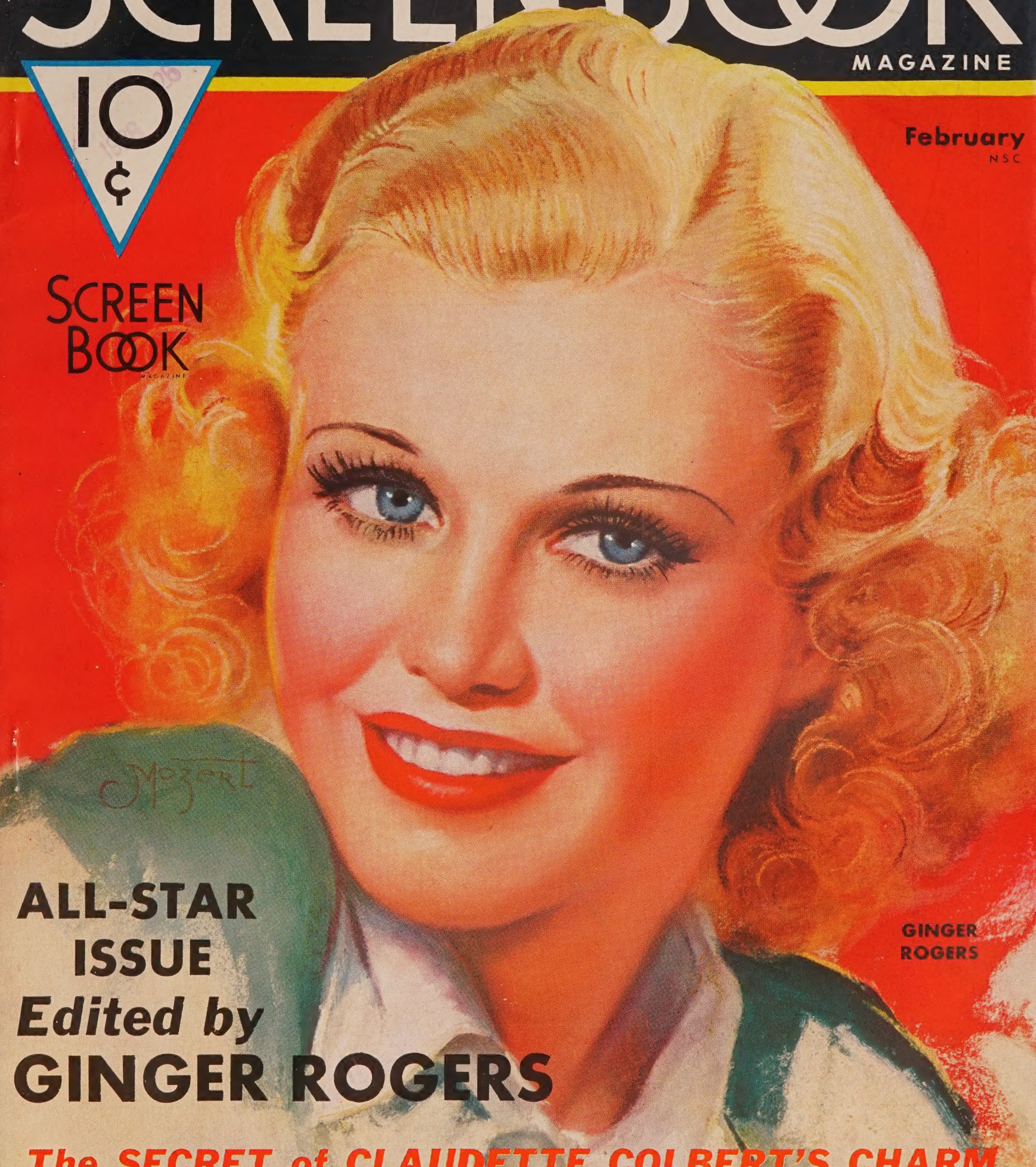
SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

10 ¢

February

NSC


SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
Mozert
GINGER ROGERS

ALL-STAR ISSUE

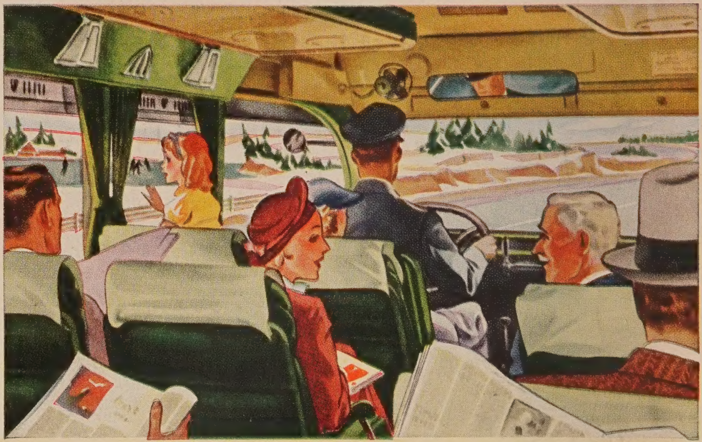
Edited by

GINGER ROGERS

The SECRET of CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S CHARM

No need to . .
HIBERNATE *
this winter -

WEBSTER SAYS —
* HIBERNATE: to spend the winter
in close quarters-in a state of inactivity



—when Greyhound offers warm and pleasant trips at such low cost

"Hibernate" is a word applied chiefly to bears—who retreat into caves or hollow trees when the first snow flies, and stay there until the spring thaw, when they come blinking out, in very bad humor. Many people used to be like that. Winter kept them cooped up at home—their cars locked in garages, or confined to city streets.

Greyhound has changed the whole picture. For who wants to be a prisoner of winter, when trips to any part of America can be warm, relaxed, pleasant—and cost very, very little? Floods of Tropic-Aire heat keep the temperature right—cushioned chairs recline to the most restful angle—expert drivers competently guide each big, safe Greyhound coach.

Millions of Americans are finding winter a more friendly season, when it is broken by interesting trips . . . to visit friends, or to soak up the vital sunshine of Florida, Gulf Coast, and California. We invite you to prove the comfort of Greyhound winter trips for yourself.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR COLORFUL NEW BOOKLETS, INFORMATION ON WINTER VACATION TRIPS

Fill out and mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office (listed at right), for colorful pictorial folder, rates and information on winter trips to FLORIDA, GULF COAST, NEW ORLEANS ☐, CALIFORNIA ☐, GREAT SOUTHWEST ☐. (Please check which one). Or jot down city you wish to visit, on margin below.

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AGAIN IN 1935 — GREYHOUND WINS NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL TROPHY

Each year, for four years, the National Safety Council has offered this beautiful bronze plaque for the intercity bus company with the best safety record. And each year, Greyhound has won this coveted award.

SEE ANITA LOUISE IN THE WARNER BROS. CLASSIC "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."
A Max Reinhardt production with Olivia de Haviland, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and twenty other stars.

"DUART WAVES
have the Natural Beauty
that Hollywood Stars
Demand"

says PERC WESTMORE *famed hairstylist and cosmetician of Warner Bros. Studios*

"No one," says Mr. Westmore, "is in a better position to judge the results of various permanent waving methods than a motion picture hairstylist.

"Of all permanents, we have found that Duart gives the hair the most lustrous—the most natural wave. It is wonderful to see how hair that has been Duart waved time after time, keeps all its soft silk-like texture and sparkling sheen.

"Here in Hollywood we have every beauty aid known to the profession. All except the finest are cast aside. For a motion picture star doesn't dare take chances with her beauty. And she wants to be doubly sure that we carefully guard her hair. A make-up can be corrected easily—a gown replaced quickly. But if the beauty of a star's hair is once marred by a poor permanent it causes months of grief. We feel a star's most important beauty feature is her hair.

"No doubt this is why the Duart method of permanent waving has for so long been the choice of the Hollywood stars."

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

YOU CAN HAVE A DUART WAVE

The same genuine Duart Wave, so popular among the Hollywood stars is given in more than 10,000 beauty shops. You will find one in your community. Duart waving pads come in individual SEALED packages. The seal is your guarantee of clean unused pads and a genuine Duart Wave. Look for the SEALED package.

Why not copy a screen star's hairstyle? The new 1936 Hollywood Coiffure Booklet will be sent you **FREE** with one ten-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse—not a dye—just adds sparkle and tint.

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
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☐ Black
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☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Light Golden Blonde

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DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved . . .

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • *Produced by* David O. Selznick • *Directed by* Jack Conway

FEBRUARY,
1936

SCREEN BOOK

The News Magazine of the Movies

Vol. XVI
No. 1

CARL A. SCHROEDER, Editor

GINGER ROGERS, Guest Editor

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SUCCESSFUL JOB OF EDITING THIS
ISSUE OF SCREEN BOOK=

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NTY OF EXPERIENCE BUT EDITING IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY
Y TELL ME YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB EDITING THIS
BOOK AND ARE GIVING THE MEN A BREAK STOP SAVE
MEAN A COPY OF SCREEN BOOK BECAUSE I HAVE

MAE WEST.

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DOUGLAS LURTON, Supervising Editor

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TODAY'S GOSSIP

Left: A remarkable close-up of Katharine Hepburn on the set of *Sylvia Scarlett.* During scenes which show her masquerading as a boy in this film, Katy used no make-up

By the Star Reporter

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, despite fabulous offers to broadcast for the biggest radio networks, has spoken but five words over the air. The occasion was the dedication of the Will Rogers Memorial Stage at Twentieth Century-Fox. She said: "I loved Mr. Rogers, too."

BILL POWELL is on the war path about taxes. Pointing out the fact that an actor's career is short-lived and his maximum earning capacity even shorter, he states that it is the height of something or other when an actor has to give up in federal and state income taxes a full seventy-five per cent of his gross income. He has announced the possibility that he may live in England six months out of every year, establishing a home there and returning to this country for only two pictures a season.

Jean Harlow is said to be planning a trip to Europe about the same time Bill jaunts over there on a vacation soon. Despite the denials constantly uttered by both, gossip along the Hollywood curb is to the effect that Bill and Jean are about to create a news item that hints more of June than of January.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT had a new "electric eye" installed at the entrance to her home so that her car might pass through without the necessity of anyone alighting to open gates. The apparatus opens the gates whenever an approaching car's lights flash on a photo cell. The device was installed to prevent possible hold-ups when Claudette returns home late at night.

FRANCHOT TONE has had the unique experience of talking to a man three thousand miles away, without the aid of telephone or radio. "After *Mutiny on the Bounty* was finished," he relates, "Charles Laughton went to England. I was called back to re-take a scene in which I talked with Laughton. I talked to him, all right, as you see on the screen, but actually I didn't talk to him at all, if you get what I mean." It's simple enough when you know that Franchot re-made only his portion of the conversation.

PAT O'BRIEN was honored with a unique birthday party the other day in his dressing room. Jimmy Cagney brought a huge cake and a big tray of chicken sandwiches from his home. Phil Regan showed up with two cases of bottled beer. Howard Hawks, the director of *Ceiling Zero,* brought pickles and olives, and Hugh Herbert brought Frank McHugh. Pat has been getting plenty of mail from fans applauding the fact that for the first time in many pictures the fade-out showed him winning the girl. It happened in *Stars Over Broadway.*

[*Continued on page* 8]

Above: Myrna Loy and her heart's choice, Arthur Hornblow, a film producer. Their marriage soon is considered a certainty

Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert on the set of *The Bride Comes Home*

CURIOUS FACTS

Mickey Mouse, in Japan is known as Miki Kouchi. In Sweden he is Musse Pig, and in Germany Michael Maus. . . . Shirley Temple will sing in five languages in her next picture, *Captain January.* . . . Fred Allen, popular comedian of *Thanks a Million,* sports powder marks on his right hand, the result of being accidentally shot by a property man. . . . Nino Martini, who scored a hit in *Here's to Romance,* has a brother who looks very much like him. The brother sings, too, almost as well as Martini himself . . . experimentation with a new "make-up mask" may develop into an invention that will keep stars from growing old, as far as wrinkles are concerned. At forty, they'll look like twenty.

"ANYTHING GOES"

It's the top! It's a Crosby honey!
It's the top! It's a Ruggles funny!
It's the grandest show the screen could ever boast!
It had Broadway cheering — Its tunes we're
hearing from coast to coast! —
It's the top! It's got Merman singing!
It's the top! What applause it's bringing!
It's a perfect smash, a hit, a crash — don't stop —
You'll be shoutin' when you see it —
IT'S THE TOP.

They're the Tops . . . Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Tops," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of other new ones.

Clever People, These Chinese . . . they know this laddy is America's Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles, to you!) ...ace laugh-getter in "Anything Goes".

Only a Sample . . . of the kind of chorines Dance Director Leroy Prinz has collected and trained for the chorus in "Anything Goes".

This Is Not a Cigarette Ad . . . but a shot of Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles, thinking over their misdeeds in the ship's jail.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE... DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

(Advertisement)

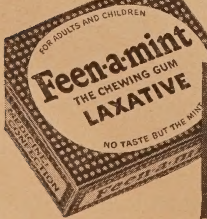
"Yesterday.. DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS
Today-ALIVE"

THE 3 MINUTE WAY

"My system cleared of accumulated poisons the easy way"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, *easy* way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work *gradually*. You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15* cents and 25* cents for a big family-size box.

*Slightly higher in Canada



better because you chew it

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 6]

Moving so fast that the eye of the camera can barely see them, these chorus girls from Eddie Cantor's *Strike Me Pink* do the "snake hips" led by the famous Rita Rio

RUDY VALLEE, who when he does another picture will face the cameras in the East because he doesn't care to go to Hollywood, is partially responsible for the success of James Melton, discovered in *Stars Over Broadway*. Vallée told Melton he ought to be in pictures, so after thinking it over, Jimmy accepted a bid. Melton lives in an apartment just above Lawrence Tibbett, and admits that if he and Tibbett both practiced their songs at the same time they'd be the two greatest lease-breakers on record.

MARLENE DIETRICH recently received a present of a smart new moderately priced automobile. She promptly gave it to her hair-dresser, who didn't have a car but wanted one.

WILL ROGERS, JR., son of the late beloved Will, has long been a friend of Fred Stone's children. The children were brought up together, but that doesn't mean that when Will and Paula Stone go places together that there is a romance. Young Bill is in the newspaper business as part owner and managing editor of the *Beverly Hills Citizen*.

BING CROSBY recently bought another horse. This one he christened Friend Andy, after his pal, Andy Devine. But the nag probably will never race at the famous Santa Anita track because he has proved so vicious and temperamental that stable workers hardly dare enter his stall. The horse probably objects to being named after so mild a chap as Andy Devine.

NELSON EDDY has an odd habit of moving his body curiously when he sings a high note. He calls it "shaking it out," and has spent hours trying to cure himself of the habit. Watch him in *Rose Marie*, and see if he slips up. Eddy isn't the only one, however. In *Mutiny on the Bounty* you can see by watching closely that Clark Gable takes an almost imperceptible breath before speaking. Garbo will drum on a table softly with her fingers if she stands near one in a picture. Claudette Colbert "holds hands" with herself.

JOHN DOE isn't his real name, but he's a very popular leading man—and half of Hollywood is laughing with him and at him just now.

It seems that he was signed to play a romantic lover opposite a certain screen siren . . . and so-o-o-o . . . when the time came for the love scenes, he put his whole heart into his work and did a very satisfactory job of osculation. Feeling a proper pride in his craftsmanship, he walked over to the producer after the scene was finished and said, "How am I doin'?"

[*Continued on page* 10]

Norma Shearer, holding hands with husband Irving Thalberg, leaves a preview. Note Norma's smart new toe-less sandals

No *Wonder* Franchot Tone *calls* BETTE DAVIS

"DANGEROUS"

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!

"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"

"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."

"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free . . . If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

In their first film together!
THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "*Dangerous*".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous" Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

(Advertisement)

BRIGHT EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

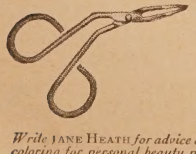
Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamp-lit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHADETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Lashtint by Kurlash
Kurlene for eyelashes by Kurlash

LASHTINT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASHTINT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, $1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLENE on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. KURLENE is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and $1.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-2.*

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Hilarity plus in a studio cafe, with Erin O'Brien-Moore, Eric Blore and Gene Raymond, who appear together in the amusing mystery farce, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 8]

"Not so well," retorted the producer with considerable heat, "you're fired!"

Which all goes to prove that leading men should always be told beforehand which producers are in love with which stars.

JANET GAYNOR will have a new and extremely popular leading man in the person of Robert Taylor, who has been hitting the high road to fame ever since his appearance in *Broadway Melody of 1936.* The new picture will be *Small Town Girl,* from the novel by Ben Ames Williams. This marks the return of Janet to the screen after a considerable absence, her last film being *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* in which she appeared opposite Henry Fonda. Studio officials predict great popularity for this new romantic team.

ROBERT TAYLOR and Irene Hervey vehemently deny that their romance is destined for the altar. But those wiseacres who fix the odds for Hollywood's marital handicap are willing to give you two to one, that studio objections to the contrary, Irene will be Mrs. Taylor before another year is spent.

"Else, why," they demand, "is Robert currently haunting architects' offices, shopping for land and planning to build a rather elaborate house?"

GINGER ROGERS—here's a chance to tell one on "ye editor"—wears the darndest disguise in her new picture, *In Person,* that's ever been seen on the screen. You see her put it on, black wig, false teeth and all, you know it's Ginger and yet you'd bet your right eye that it isn't.

Well, she donned the black wig one day before the picture was underway, and had herself announced to Bill Seiter, the director, as a Parisienne pal of one of the big producers. Admitted to the office, she applied for a rôle and poor Seiter bit hook, line and sinker. He hummed and hawed and finally said—to the lady with the cute accent. . . .

"Well, I can't do much . . . but there's one little rôle . . . it's not much . . . and I'm sorry. . . ."

"What do you mean offering me a *small* rôle!" shouted Ginger in her own voice—and Bill hasn't forgiven her yet.

MARLENE DIETRICH and the Paramount publicity department are at war again and the shapely Marlene has declared that she will give no more interviews. Or has she? The other rumor that's making the rounds is that the publicity department don't want her to be interviewed because she talks TOO MUCH.

JEANETTE MacDONALD, being superstitious, won't talk about her plans for the future, but it's quite generally known that she has received some very, very attractive offers for an appearance in grand opera and that she will probably make her début within the next few months. Following her operatic engagement, she plans to pursue her ambitions for a concert career.

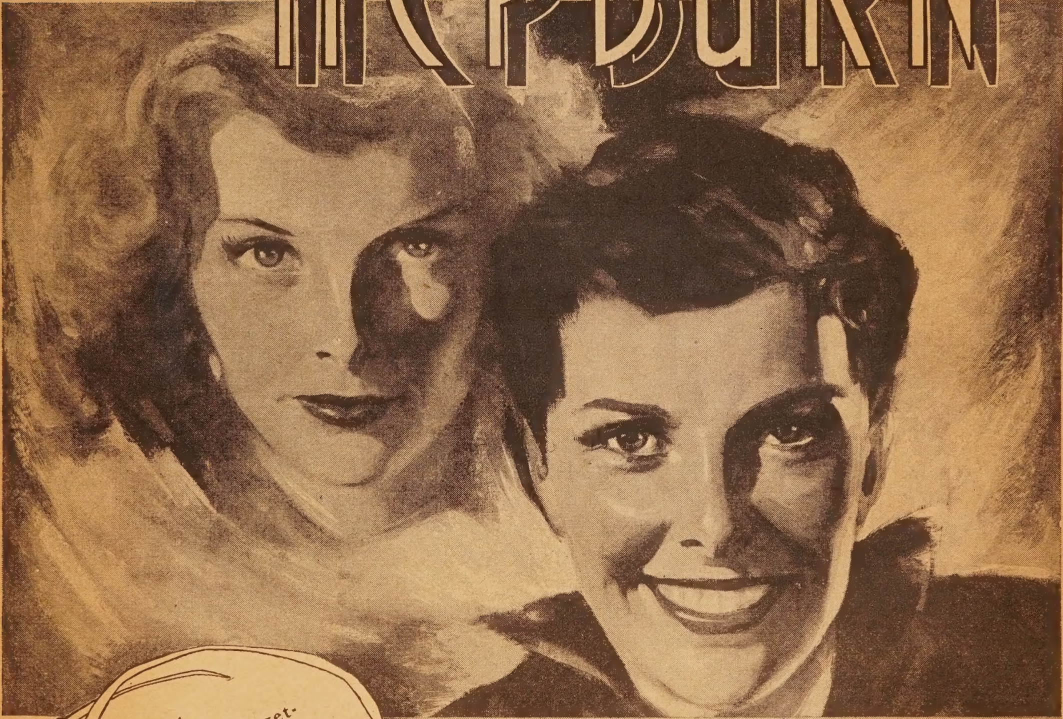
For more than two years she has been studying Italian and German and acquiring an operatic repertoire. It's also significant that in her forthcoming picture, *Rose Marie,* she sings several arias from *Romeo and Juliet.*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, according to authentic figures recently revealed, now receives more money than any child actress ever earned previously in the history of the stage or screen. Her total earnings, from advertising royalties and screen salary, are roughly computed at $5,000 a week. Jackie

[*Continued on page* 61]

Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN



You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

•

An RKO-Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield"

in **"SYLVIA SCARLETT"**

with **CARY GRANT**
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

Treat a cold for what it is—an *internal infection!* Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.

"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"

LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE
1 GRAIN EACH TABLET CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
For Colds & Simple Headaches
THE FIRST Internal COLD TABLET
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

The Male of the Month

ROBERT TAYLOR

With Irene Dunne in *The Magnificent Obsession*, Robert Taylor becomes a sensation

By Clark Warren

ROBERT TAYLOR, whose real name is S. Arlington Brugh, would be the first to deny that he has suddenly become the screen's most outstanding young male actor in the ranks of newcomers. But, with his appearance in *The Magnificent Obsession*, it becomes apparent that there are few veteran actors in Hollywood who stand higher in public esteem.

Contrary to the imaginings of writers who have a habit of distorting the truth in an effort to make a better story, Robert Taylor did not arrive at his present status merely through a lucky break. Behind him stand years of ambitious planning and hard work.

From his prep school days, Bob has concentrated on the business of becoming an actor. At Doane College in Nebraska, he really set out on his career. He became manager of the Doane players, which he later organized as a stock company and took on tour all over the state. Three years later, still without a thought of becoming a screen actor, Bob entered Pomona College in California, bent on hard study and further dramatic work. As the star of school plays here, he soon caught the eye of talent scouts. Only his sound training in the fundamentals of acting saved him from being cast aside as are so many other young actors who sign for screen work but whose faces never reach the screen.

Broadway Melody of 1936 brought a blizzard of approving letters from all over the country. Now, appearing with Irene Dunne in *The Magnificent Obsession,* he becomes the most important discovery among leading men since Clark Gable stormed over the horizon.

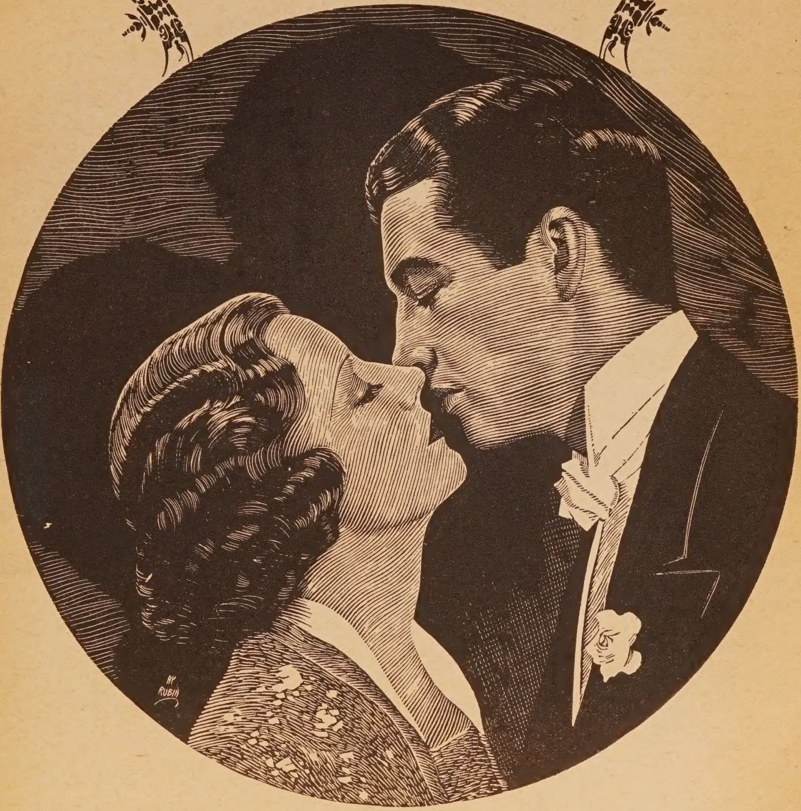
A CLOSE-UP of Bob Taylor in private life reveals him as a bachelor who wants to stay that way. He is an excellent dancer. Plays near-perfect tennis and a bit of golf. In college he specialized in running the quarter mile. One of his best friends is Henry Fonda. He has a home in California for his mother, and his greatest sorrow was the death of his father two years ago.

The feminine world suspects rightly that he is a marvelous dancer. Outstanding among his traits of character is a staunch loyalty for friends, past and present, and he makes it a point to keep in touch with his pals back in the old home town—Beatrice, Nebraska.

When not working on a picture, Bob can be found [*Continued on page* 61]

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture
—just as it did to the countless millions of people who read
the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For
it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's
soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all
humanity—for the admiration of men,
for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR

IN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life!" . . . With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

What 1936 Will Bring SHIRLEY

By Clark Warren

A famous Hollywood seer makes startling predictions for the screen's darling

"WHAT lies in store for Shirley Temple in 1936 . . . .?" That's the question I placed before **Dareos**, that famous fortune teller to the cinema stars, who for years past has been consulted by the most famous men and women in pictures, and whose record of accurate predictions is amazing.

In the little sanctum near Hollywood, where great ones of the cinema have heard his words of forecast and advice, Dareos heard the question and cast Shirley's horoscope for our readers.

In this story is told the result of that effort. Dareos makes no claim that it is infallible. "The stars incline, but do not force," he points out. But it must, in justice to the seer, be pointed out that in the past five years he has a public record of forecasts for movie people that shows *better than eighty per cent accuracy!*

So here is what his forecast holds for Shirley Temple—

The oldest stars that mankind knows—*millions* of years old, they are!—have just handed down to Dareos a message of good fortune for the youngest star of all.

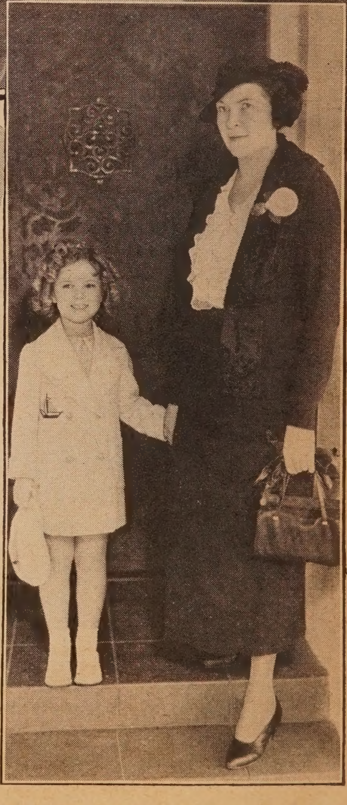
Venus, Uranus, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn—their positions today, tomorrow, and their positions on that late April night seven years ago, when Shirley came into this world at Santa Monica, not far from Hollywood—these planets and others give the signs that say that 1936 will be for Shirley Temple, a *good* year. . . .

But it will be a good year *not unadulterated by evil shadows.* Dangers will menace Shirley. Grave dangers, they are. Dangers from within and without. But with care, Shirley will ride through these dangers, and at the end of the year, will emerge triumphant and just as popular and successful as she is today, with at least another year of further success before her, before her bright star fades. . . .

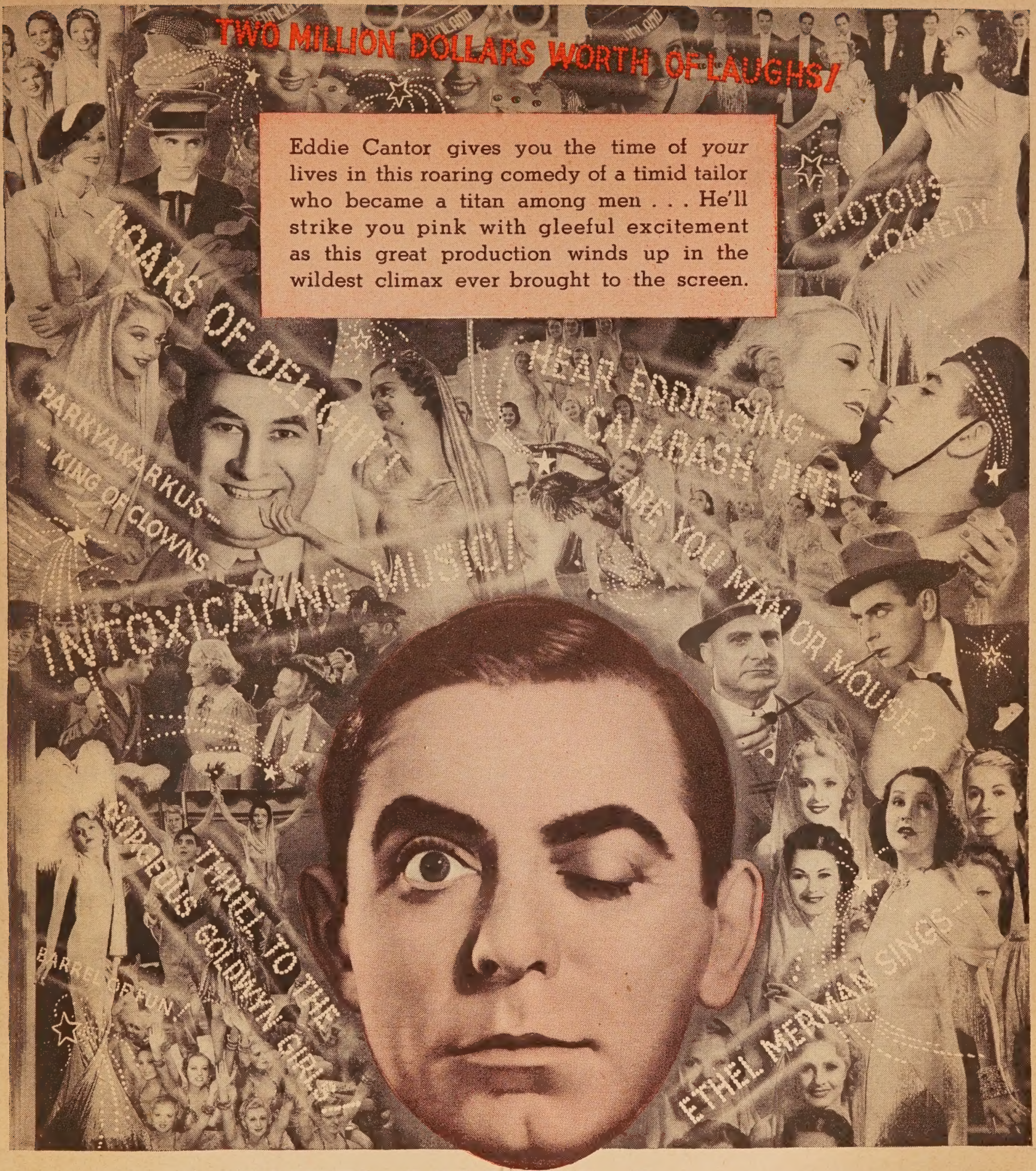
The dangers that lurk in 1936 for Shirley are these:

1—An attempt to kidnap her!

2—Two threats of illness—one that may affect her [*Continued on page* 64]



Shirley with her mother, Mrs. George Temple, who must take extra good care of her popular daughter to protect her from the whims of Fate during the next year


TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LAUGHS!
ROARS OF DELIGHT!
RIOTOUS COMEDY!
PARKYAKARKUS — KING OF CLOWNS
HEAR EDDIE SING — "CALABASH PIPE" — "ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE?"
INTOXICATING MUSIC!
THRILL TO THE GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS
BARREL OF FUN
ETHEL MERMAN SINGS

Eddie Cantor gives you the time of *your* lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men . . . He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

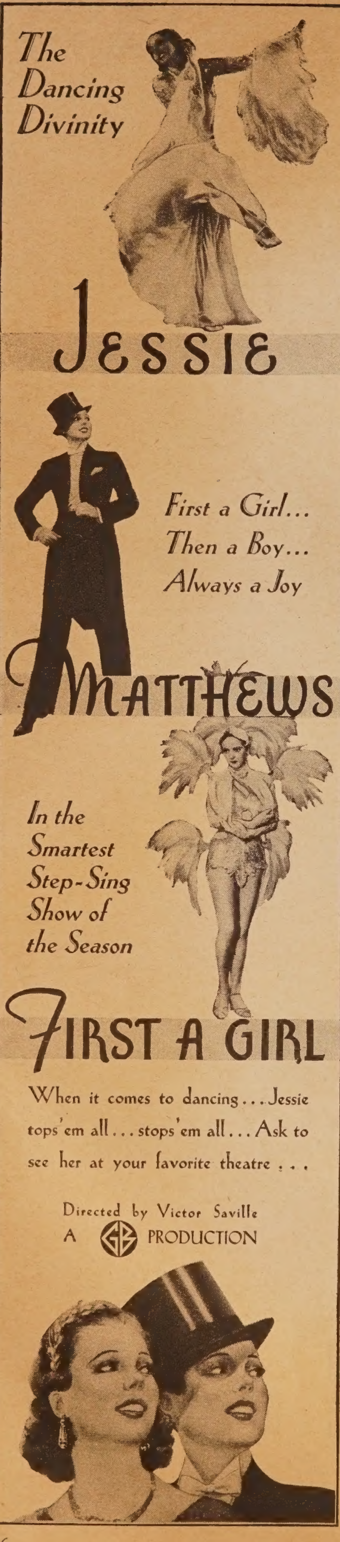
SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN · PARKYAKARKUS · SALLY EILERS
and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown . . . Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton . . . Directed by Norman Taurog . . . Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland" . . . Released thru United Artists


The Dancing Divinity

JESSIE MATTHEWS

First a Girl...
Then a Boy...
Always a Joy

In the Smartest Step-Sing Show of the Season

FIRST A GIRL

When it comes to dancing... Jessie tops 'em all... stops 'em all... Ask to see her at your favorite theatre...

Directed by Victor Saville
A GB PRODUCTION

Hollywood's Unique CHARM SCHOOL

By
Harmony Haynes

Lela Rogers has another great interest beside her movie actress daughter. This story tells of her unique school which has become an institution in Hollywood

LELA ROGERS (Ginger's mother), who conducts a "Charm School" on the Radio Pictures' lot, tells us that charm is rare and precious, but the poorest peasant, as well as the richest king, can possess it.

Mrs. Rogers' first lessons in charm were given to school children in Fort Worth, Texas, when she was a member of the Parent-Teachers Association. It all began because her little daughter, Ginger, and her schoolmates were having trouble with their history lessons. Mrs. Rogers read the history of Texas, and found it colorful, beautiful and very romantic. If only the children could appreciate it as she did! If it were glamorized, they could. She set herself the task of turning one of the lessons into a little one act play.

When the children found themselves the living characters of Texas history, they could understand and appreciate it. Not only did they "love" history but wanted everyone else to love it too. Like all children, they spoke their lines with dramatic fervor, but too often the desired effect was not there—little tongues couldn't handle the unfamiliar words.

Then began the long series of lessons in perfect diction. Mrs. Rogers insists that every word in the English language is beautiful and can be spoken beautifully. Children who made the same mistakes repeatedly were her greatest study.

In that little group of youngsters were Ginger Rogers, Florine McKinney and Allison Parker, all screen successes now.

Ever since that time, Mrs. Rogers has been aiding young people in their efforts to climb to the top of the ladder.

A year ago, when Radio Pictures decided that the best way to assure themselves of future stars was to train them on their own lot, they asked Mrs. Rogers to take on that task.

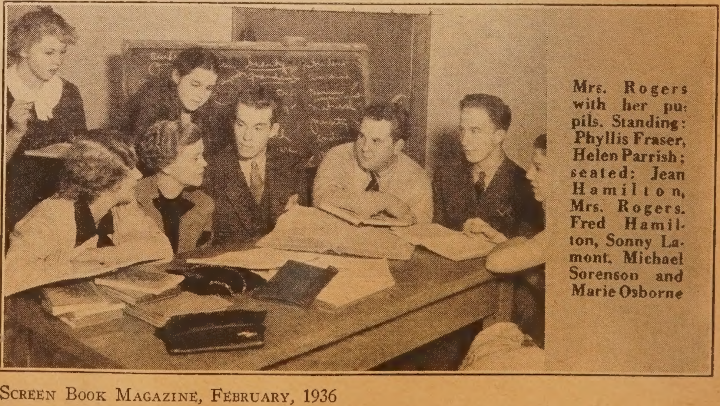
Today she has twenty-two boys and girls and she is very proud of them.

MRS. ROGERS begins her teaching with a long, friendly heart to heart talk with her new pupil. The pupil must understand that the work will be tedious—at times it will seem utterly ridiculous and a waste of time. If the pupil has associates who will tear down the work she is building up, then the associates must be dispensed with. The same is true of bad habits and wrong thinking. Only the finest in everything is good enough for the Rogers pupils.

Just as she did with her little ones away back in Texas, she does with her more mature pupils in Hollywood. She studies their faults, then tries to correct them. First, sounds are taken, from the soft, round vowels to the hard, sharp consonants. They are put into the mouth and tripped back and forth until they come out like notes of music.

After that, actual words are given the same treatment. Then sentences, then paragraphs, then whole books. Never is

[*Continued on page 82*]



Mrs. Rogers with her pupils. Standing: Phyllis Fraser, Helen Parrish; seated: Jean Hamilton, Mrs. Rogers, Fred Hamilton, Sonny Lamont, Michael Sorenson and Marie Osborne

"YOU CAN'T BE LOVELY WITHOUT A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN"
Merle Oberon

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.

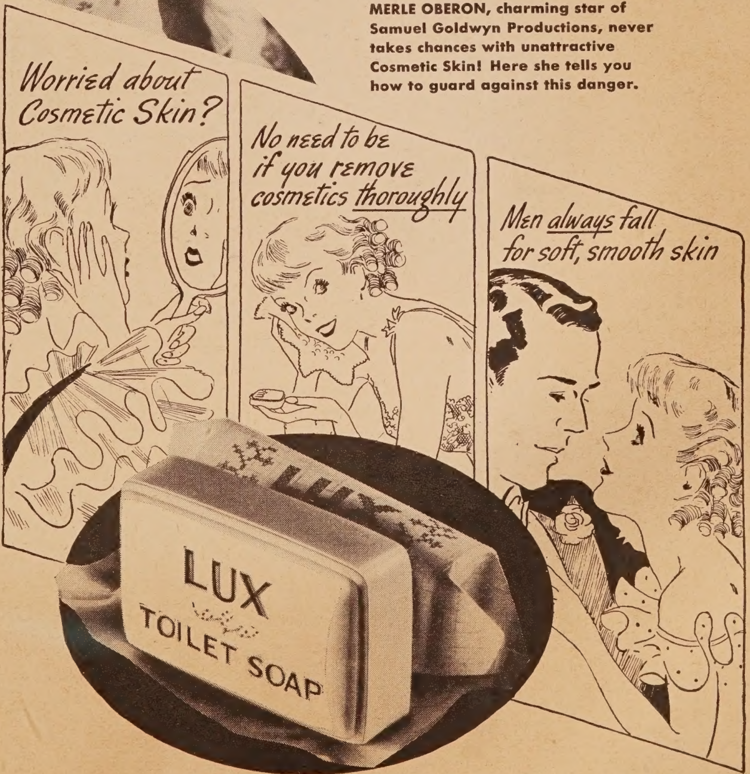
DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No *wise* girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't *you* use it—before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.


Worried about Cosmetic Skin?
No need to be if you remove cosmetics thoroughly
Men always fall for soft, smooth skin
LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

YOUR LETTER PAGE

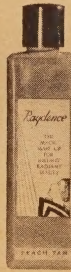
Now that Franchot Tone has wed Joan Crawford, should he continue to appear with her in pictures, or should he choose new leading ladies?

Clara Bow and her son, Toni. Would you like to see the famous redhead back on the screen in a revival of her great picture, *It*?

Would you like to see Freddie Bartholomew, whose newest picture is *Professional Soldier*, on the screen with Shirley Temple? Write your opinion

Special Prizes for Your Opinions

In addition to the usual valuable cash prizes, SCREEN BOOK Magazine with this issue offers gift awards consisting of ten $2.00 bottles of Raydence, the remarkable new complexion aid. All you need do to win a cash prize or a bottle of Raydence is to write a short letter on one of the following questions: What star would you like to be a future guest editor of SCREEN BOOK? Would you like Ginger Rogers to be starred in her own pictures, or co-starred with Fred Astaire? Would you like to see Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew in a picture together? Who do you suggest as a leading lady for Franchot Tone? What picture do you think was the best in 1935? ***Address all letters to Your Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.***



$15.00 Letter

Strange Journey

YESTERDAY, on a grey and dismal morning, I left my housewifely tasks undone and took a far journey. I set sail from Portsmouth on His Majesty's ship, *The Bounty*, for ports in the Southern seas; set sail in a lashing, stormy ocean under a cruel, bullying, self-righteous captain who gave his crew bad food and unjust whippings. I joined the desperate band of mutineers under their brave leader, Fletcher Christian. I saw Tahiti, with its mountains and its maidens. I saw barren Pitcairn Island and the crowded English courtroom. And finally I came out of the dark to a noonday world with the bright sun shining, into the endless symphony of automobile horns. Into a world of practical, scurrying people—not picturesque people, to be sure, but clean, and for the most part well fed. I was deeply glad that this is 1936 in which I live. That this is a world of great personal safety, of quiet, rather than spectacular courage—a world in which flourish the miracles of motion pictures.—*Mary Berger, 40 Park St., Brockton, Mass.*

$10.00 Letter

Pass the Beefsteak

HOW about more realism on the screen? The usual "so they lived happily ever after" ending leaves an audience cold. An ending such as was witnessed in *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang* was so dramatic, so filled with stark realism that it lived in the memory for months. Speaking of realism, why is it that in movies the heroine wakes up every morning with freshly marcelled hair; an office girl dresses like a debutante on $15 a week; a cashier is always blonde, gum chewing and wisecracking; a truck driver is always tough; a waiter is always a silly comedian; and maids are never anything but French. How about it, producers?—*Rosalind Boyko, 479 Pennsylvania Ave., Brooklyn, New York.*

$5.00 Letter

The Depression Lifter

IT HAS been said, with no small degree of truth, that Jean Harlow has done more to keep the beauty parlors busy during the depression than any other one actress. It might be added that newspapers have sold a good many more copies than they otherwise might have, because of the news stories inspired by Miss Harlow. Yet, despite a "Headline Life," Jean Harlow commands the respect of the entire public, for she is one of the screen's finest dramatic actresses, and at the same time a comedienne of considerable importance.—*Lena Mae Northam, Gibson, N. C., Rt. 1.*

$1.00 Letter

We Never Heard Of It

IF THE movies are reaping fame as the most wholesome entertainment on the globe; if critics are censuring suggestive scenes and "dirty" dialogue; if all the world has turned Shirley Temple and Fred Astaire conscious, then why are theaters exhibiting films like *Sex Maniac?*—*Annette M. Lingelback, 1717 West Third, Waterloo, Iowa.*

$1.00 Letter

Hollywood Grandeur

THERE is something of grandeur in Hollywood success stories—Joan Crawford working her way through a "snooty" school by waiting on tables. Norma

[*Continued on page 76*]

POPULAR

"Friends Admire My Sunny Golden Hair"

That's the story told by delighted girls, proud of the fresh bright appearance soft golden hair gives them. To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to *regain* the bright natural tints of early youth, make sunny golden hair the secret of *your own* alluring charm. Rinse your hair at home, *secretly* if you like, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

You Would Be More Popular Too, with *Sunny* Golden Hair

BLONDES: Natural golden beauty restored to dull, faded or streaked hair. To lighten your hair to an alluring sunny shade, secretly and successfully *at home,* rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BRUNETTES: Sparkling highlights make your dark hair fascinating. Add a lively glowing sheen to your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually lighten your hair as desired, in unobserved stages, to any golden blonde hue.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs. Marchand's blends "excess" hair with your own skin coloring. *Always* use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to keep your arms and legs dainty and alluring.

Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle at any drug store—or use coupon. *Today.* Try Marchand's *at home,* and start without delay.

TRY A BOTTLE —FREE!

(Use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 251 W. 19th Street., New York City

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name..

Address..

City.............................State............................F. P. 236

HOLLYWOOD SHOP TALK

By
Grace Mack

Under the direction of Ginger Rogers, editor *pro tem*, we offer fashion hints

WHEN Norma Shearer adopts a new hairdress, it is fashion news. Norma's latest coiffure which is called the "Juliet" and will of course be worn in her new picture, *Romeo and Juliet*. Oddly enough, the hairdress was inspired by the fresco of *The Annunciation* painted by Fra Angelico, the original of which is in the San Marco museum in Florence, Italy.

The hair is parted in the center and brought softly down at either side with a portion of the hair made into small sculptured curls at the ears. The remainder of the hair falls loosely about the shoulders in a straight, triangular bob, the ends of which are slightly curled up. It is most flattering to Norma's beautifully chiseled features, and when she tops this hairdress with a little Juliet cap of seed pearls she looks like some lovely old world painting come to life.

Incidentally, accessories for the hair are becoming more and more important for evening wear. A clever conceit which Hollywood is taking to in a big way is the fresh flower bandeau. I suspect that a small florist really started this vogue but any girl who is clever with her hands can copy it. All you need is some fine picture wire and a few garden flowers — something like tiny hedge roses or sweet peas, or even small geraniums. The stems of the flowers are wound about the wire, the flowers themselves being closely set together in wreath fashion or in a coronet effect. They can also be wired to resemble a Spanish comb and perched right on top of the head or simply made into a cluster to tuck back of the ear.

One day recently, I had lunch with Anita Louise. She's playing the rôle of Maria in *Anthony Adverse*, you know, and most of the luncheon hour was spent in talking about the picture which is to be one of the most important productions of the year. Afterward, I went with her on a little shopping tour. She was looking for one of those "mix-your-own" cocktail costumes—a black crêpe skirt that can be worn with either a short or long lame tunic. The one she finally purchased had a plain black skirt in the new "little evening" length (about nine inches from the floor) and a tailored platinum topper with high neck and short sleeves. The topper had a hip length peplum and the belt and the tailored bow at the throat was of deep blue velvet ribbon. To go with this outfit she purchased black antelope gloves and a little fat velvet bag. Oh yes, I meant to add that she plans to wear other tops or tunics with this skirt, so that she will really have

[Continued on page 70]

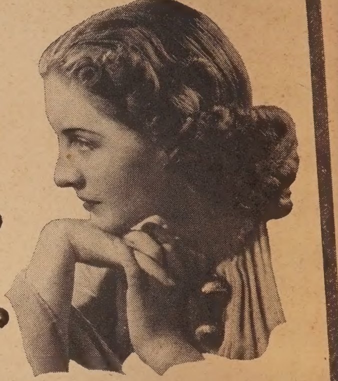
STYLE NOTE BOOK

Anita Louise wears motoring gloves that flare at the cuff.

Hollywood's latest fad—a crystal cigarette case to be carried in milady's evening bag.

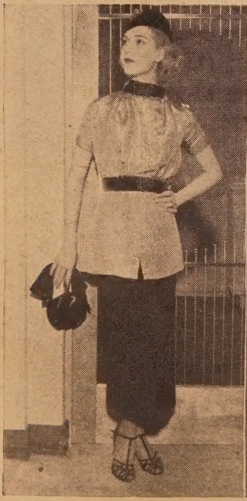
Have a tweed overseas cap to match your sport suit. It's Myrna Loy's tip.

See page 71 for Grace Mack's free letter offering.

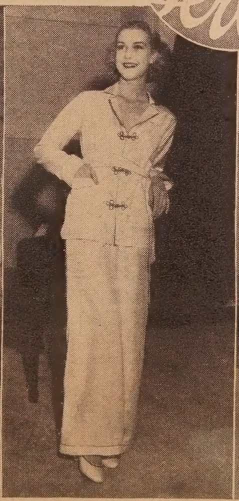


Norma Shearer adopts a new coiffure for "Romeo and Juliet" Your hairdresser can copy it

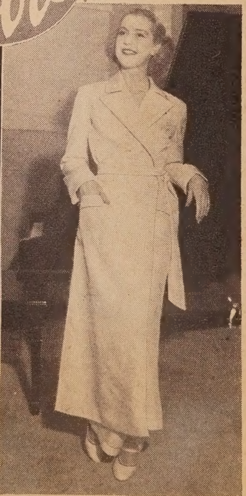
Fashion Service



Read about the "mix-your-own" cocktail costume introduced by Anita Louise



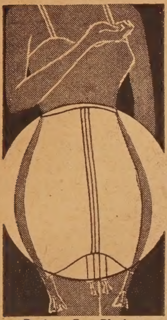
Anita Louise in her smart new pajamas made of Fuji silk in lovely oyster white



Anita also chooses a red and white robe to go with her pajama ensemble

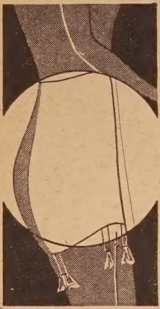
QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



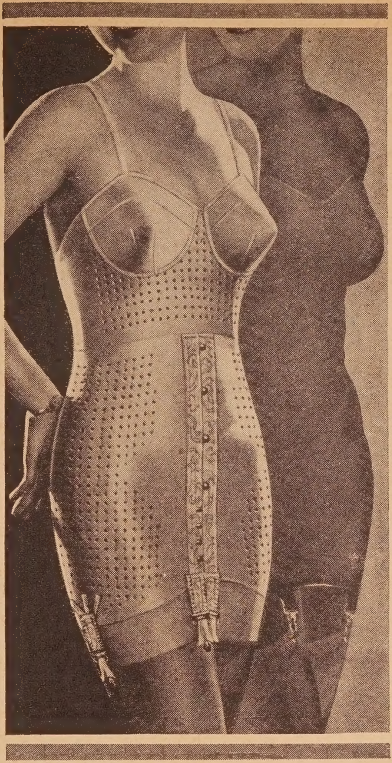
Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

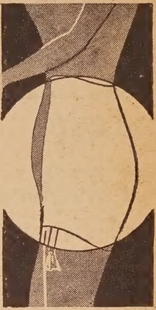
■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.



The Bulge "Derriere" Reduces Quickly

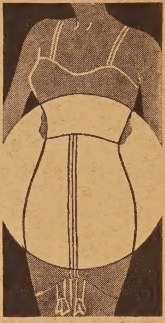
■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.





Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.



Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny — simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept 72, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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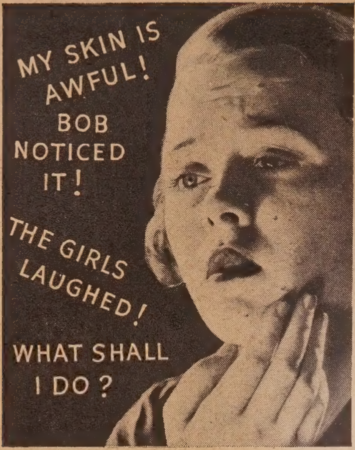
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard


MY SKIN IS AWFUL!
BOB NOTICED IT!
THE GIRLS LAUGHED!
WHAT SHALL I DO?

HER PIMPLY* SKIN SCARED MEN AWAY

until she learned about a famous "Wonder Cream"

FINE FEATURES—beautiful clothes—an appealing personality—*and still a poor complexion destroys a woman's charm.*

That's why thousands of women today are successfully turning to a famous medicated skin cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin. First prescribed by doctors for the relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles, now over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream are used yearly.

How to use

If your skin is marred by Large Pores or Blackheads—by Pimples* or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, then by all means make this simple test and see if your skin doesn't show a big improvement in ten days.

Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days, note the difference—feel how much softer, finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and helps Nature heal these disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for a generous 25¢ jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for
CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a *medicated cream* that brings quicker relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema *on one hand tonight*. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

Noxzema

Beauty Service

Rosalind Keith, popular Paramount player, illustrates the use of the buffer. Use it before and after liquid polish

BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

By Janet Lynn

THE beginning of a new year with its alluring promise, the turning over of a bright, clean new leaf, is as excellent a time to "overhaul" your appearance as it is to improve your mind and soul.

One of the commonest errors, we ostrich-like women make is, thinking that our hands won't be noticed! They *are* noticed, on practically every occasion when we can't deliberately keep our gloves on. When you have luncheon with a friend, she notices your hands as she sits across the table munching her sandwich. When you hand your boss a sheaf of letters to sign, he glances quickly but penetratingly at your fingers. When you serve dinner, your husband's gaze is frequently focussed on your hands.

Now for some helpful hints that make for lovelier hands:

Cuticle has a tendency (very pronounced in some cases) of growing over the nail surface, of obscuring half-moons, developing into [*Continued on page 66*]

Lovely TO LOOK AT... *thrilling* TO HOLD

PLAT-NUM
CREME
Nail Polish
Holly Red

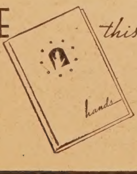
THESE days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish, because they use so much more of it. That is the reason for PLAT-NUM'S generous, over-sized bottle . . . more than others give you for the money. Try a bottle.

THERE'S no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp . . . hands say things that words cannot express.

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously, lasts longer—and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming—the lovely complement to a lovely hand.

FREE *this booklet*



Send 4c in stamps and we will send to you this interesting, informative, stiff cover booklet on the beautifying of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT-NUM
Nail Polish

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

YOU
can have the
slender figure
of Youth.

"Reduced 37 POUNDS with DILEX-REDUSOLS" writes Mrs. H. H. Langley

NOTE: MRS. LANGLEY USED THE SAFE DILEX-REDUSOL METHOD OVER A PERIOD OF 10 WEEKS.

Now YOU, too, can take off pounds of ugly fat this safe, easy, quick, way!

NO DIETING . . . NO SELF DENIAL . . . NO STRENUOUS EXERCISES!

You May Eat What You Wish and As Much As You Want!

Sounds too good to be true? Yet it *is* true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality!

REDUCE 12 Pounds . . in five Weeks . . . . or no Cost

We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols will reduce your weight to *what it should be!* They will not reduce you below normal! The length of time required depends upon the number of pounds you need to lose.

There Is No Need to Change Your Present Mode of Living

At last you can reduce safely and quickly without denying yourself the good things of life. You do not need to diet or go through tiresome exercises—simply take these carefully prepared capsules and watch the pounds disappear! Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the cause of obesity.

Both Men and Women Report Amazing Reductions

Reduced 50 Pounds
"I want you to tell every woman about my reducing 50 pounds." Mrs. E. D.

Lost 35 Pounds
"I have changed my weight from 169 to 134 pounds." Mrs. H. I.

Lost 40 Pounds
"I have lost 40 pounds in 13 weeks." Mrs. H. C. R.

Reduced 36 Pounds
"Am losing around 15 pounds a month with Redusols." Miss L. H.

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way Is the Safe Way!

Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols . . . the **absolutely harmless** capsules that reduce your weight by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.
Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for more rapid reductions . . . responsible physicians will tell you that it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15 pounds a month.

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE,
9 East 40th St., Dept. 282-A, New York City

☐ Enclosed find $3.00, please forward postpaid one box of Dilex-Redusol Capsules.
☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay postman $3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)

If I do not lose at least 12 lbs. after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my $3.

Name ....
Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss
Address ....
City ....State ....
Height............ Weight............ Age...........

Orders from Foreign Countries Cash in Advance

NEW FILM NOTES

Editor Ginger Rogers sends a demon reporter to cover the month's outstanding pictures

"Then Jean Harlow's wallop caught Vince Barnett square on the eye—and Mr. Barnett lost all interest in the picture."—Scene from *Riffraff*

By Bill Ulman

RIFFRAFF

Jean Harlow With The Tough Muggs

PROBABLY one of the most outstanding items about *Riffraff* is Jean Harlow's new hair. The rôle of Hattie, belle of the waterfront in a tuna fishing-cannery town, is not a light sophisticated rôle full of glitter and danger to men's souls. On the contrary, it is one of the most human, down to earth, squawling, brawling parts a so-called sophisticate has been called on to play in many a moon. So director Ruben and cameraman June felt that something should be done to tone down Harlow's crowning glory and give her features a chance to emote—and the result is both startling and swell. In Jean's case the result of the new "brownette" is all to the good. *Riffraff*, as indicated by the title, is a rough, tough, roistering show with Jean as rough, tough and roistering as anybody, but beneath it all she is fundamentally a sound investment. Spencer Tracy is the big boy of the tuna fleet and takes the adulation of the local belles as a matter of course; Jean doesn't give him a tumble on account of her pride and the same thing keeps him away from her until, in the heat of a labor strike, she is able to save him from the cops. Subsequently he saves Jean from the toils of the cannery operator, a nasty guy expertly portrayed by the new find of the year in heavies, Joe Calleia. Things get worse and worse, Spence and Jean bust up immediately after a hasty marriage. There are mob fights and jail breaks and then ultimately the baby is born and the two of them begin to get the breaks.

Vince Barnett picked up a lulu of a "shiner" when Jean Harlow sent him down for the count of five. They'd been rehearsing the scene for some time, taking stage punches at each other that look so genuine but don't hurt anybody. Vince was an old hand at the technique from way back in the vaudeville days and was trying to teach the intricacies to Jean. All went well until the actual "take," when Vince got so busy hopping around after comedy values that he forgot to "take" the punch. Then Jean's

Curious Facts

Layers of cellophane dipped in wax are used for icicles in Paul Muni's next picture, *Enemy of Men*. . . . A special dummy, built in the size and shape of Ricardo Cortez was thrown out of the window in the hanging scene from *The Frisco Kid*. . . . It took an hour and a half and several retakes to teach actor David Niven to hold a cigarette properly in *Splendor;* he had never before smoked. . . . Edward Arnold was forced to gain fifteen pounds for his rôle in *Diamond Jim;* for *Sutter's Gold*, he has to reduce twenty-five pounds. . . . During the shooting of *Ceiling Zero*, in which he plays an aviator, Stu Erwin took his first airplane ride.

Pat O'Brien looks on as Bill Ulman, New Film Notes reporter, learns a thing or two from Jimmy Cagney.—Offstage on the set of *Ceiling Zero* at Warner Brothers

wallop, straight up from the floor and with an awful snap behind it, caught Vince square on the eye and cheek-bone. Mr. Barnett lost all interest in the picture for the time being. But he told me later that as far as he was concerned he'd rather not play with Harlow any more until they let her go back to the natural platinum. This new brownette business, he claims, puts too much punch in her work.

CEILING ZERO

Up In The Air With A Grand Cast

"CALLING Newark . . . 321 Calling Newark!"

"Go ahead 321 on Flight 5."

"321 on Flight 5, Texas Clarke, pilot, reporting to Newark. Flying ten thousand somewhere over Allentown; outside temperature 31; rain and snow with turbulent air; no ceiling at eleven thousand; couldn't climb through due to icing conditions. Please give me the weather at Newark."

"Newark to 321—Ceiling zero, visibility zero, light ground winds; Atlantic seacoast closed in. Can you get back?"

"321 calling Newark. Aw, nuts, Buzz! Listen kid, I've been flying on auxiliary gas and a belief in Santa Claus for two hours and I'm off the beam. Now get this, kid; tell Jake I'm sure sorry if I crack the ship, but there shouldn't be any fire this kind of weather. It ain't weather, it's beef stew! And listen, Buzz, tell Lou the insurance papers are in the bank box and . . ."

"Hey, Tex! Don't be a fool and talk that way! You'll come through okay, fellah!"

"Yeah. Sure, Buzz, I'll come through okay, but just in case, see? Give my best to Dizzy and Jake and the rest of the mob. So long, kid!"

"So long, Tex!"

"321 signing off from Newark, Flight 5, Clarke, pilot."

In the dispatcher's office at Newark Buzz turned to Flight Control Officer Jake Lee as Tex's voice cut off the air abruptly. A grim, significant look passed between them and Jake turned once again to his vigil across the fog swept field.

Director Howard Hawks sighed and called, "CUT!"

It was a strange sensation, that jerk back to reality. I've flown the commercial air lines myself and to me the short scene they'd just been shooting had much more life and reality than the big sound stage on which we were standing.

[*Continued on page* 80]

Now.. a *Lovelier* way to avoid *Offending!*

Alluringly *Fragrantly Dainty*

. . . after your luxurious bath with this lovely scented soap!

YOU are more than just safe from fear of offending, when you bathe with this lovely scented soap . . . You are always alluringly, *fragrantly* dainty!

For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather cleanses your skin so thoroughly . . . Keeps you so *immaculate*—so completely free from any danger of *unpleasant body odor*.

And its delicate, flower-like perfume lingers about you long after your bath—guards your daintiness *in such a lovely way!*

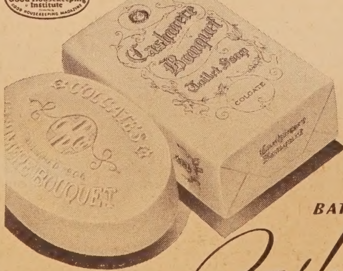
You will want to use this pure creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets right down into pores and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin so fine-textured, smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same superb soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

● Surely you will want to order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap today. At the beauty counters of all drug and department stores; also at 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Tested and Approved ★ Good Housekeeping Institute



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Old Cronies Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore on the set of *Ah Wilderness*

SCREEN BOOK
10¢
ALL-STAR ISSUE Edited by GINGER ROGERS
The SECRET of CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S CHARM

Right: Ye Editor Ginger Rogers takes a last peek at her magazine before it goes to press

Photo News!

Above: Paulette Goddard waves gaily from the door of her beach cottage where she is resting after completing work in *Modern Times*

Right above: A happy person is Mrs. James Melton, whose husband scored a great hit in *Stars Over Broadway*. They are shown leaving the preview

Right: Prince, the Great Dane, strikes up a friendship with Freddie Bartholomew on the set of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*

SCREEN BOOK

FEBRUARY, 1936

My Real Pal—JANET GAYNOR

By Ginger Rogers

> "Her friendships are few, but all the stronger for it. I confess I'm mighty proud to be included among those friends"

"I met her the day we started rehearsals for *Change of Hearts* . . . swift charming moods all touched with brilliant color—that's my friend Janet Gaynor"

Below: "When I think of Janet, the picture that instantly stands out is the one in her yellow bridesmaid's dress at my wedding"

UNTIL I met Janet Gaynor, I never really had a close girl friend. I mean someone you could share confidences with and your Big Moments. Maybe a youngster misses a lot by not having a "bosom friend" to grow up with—anyway, I didn't have one. Chiefly because I was a bit shy with girls.

But with Janet. . . .

I met her the day we started rehearsals for *Change of Hearts*. Oh, I had seen her around at parties and I was a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan of hers but I didn't know the real Janet Gaynor. I thought she'd be reserved and demure and a little diffident. And she was—for the first day or two. Janet doesn't go in for the hail-fellow-well-met sort of thing the first time she meets you. She doesn't toss around gushing adjectives as so many people do. Instead, it takes her a little while to get acquainted. Her friendships are few, but all the stronger for it. And I confess I'm mighty proud to be included among those friends.

Here's what made me like her right at the start: Shy as Janet herself seemed to be, she tried to make everybody else feel at home. There's always a tension when a cast begins a new picture and she broke it completely. You know how it is when a party suddenly "clicks" and everybody commences to enjoy themselves? That's what happened then. Right in the middle of rehearsing one of her hardest speeches, carpenters began hammering on a neighboring set. Janet simply shrugged and laughed. "That," she said, "is what I call some thundering competition!" and she went on with her lines.

Everything is a joke to her. All the petty disturbances and waits and mix-ups that have other people fuming, *she* turns into gags. By the end of the second day the ice was broken entirely and I'd begun to know Janet.

Wistful? She's like a glass of champagne! Bubbling with life and ideas and fun. She reminds me of the girl in the story book who had all her dreams come true. The story leaves her there but Janet picks up where [*Continued on page 72*]

The Secret of CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S Charm

WHAT is charm? This is charm: There comes a moment in every woman's life when she suggests going to the pictures and all she gets from behind the evening newspaper is a grunt. But if she suggests going to see Claudette Colbert, the paper is tossed aside and friend-husband begins slicking back his hair as if Colbert were going to *see him*, as well.

There is no doubt about it, Claudette exercises a peculiar charm over both men and women. Ask a hundred individuals what this charm consists of and you will get almost as many answers. Her eyes, her figure, her voice, her smile, her acting. But the most frequent reply will be "Well, I don't know, it's just *something* about her!"

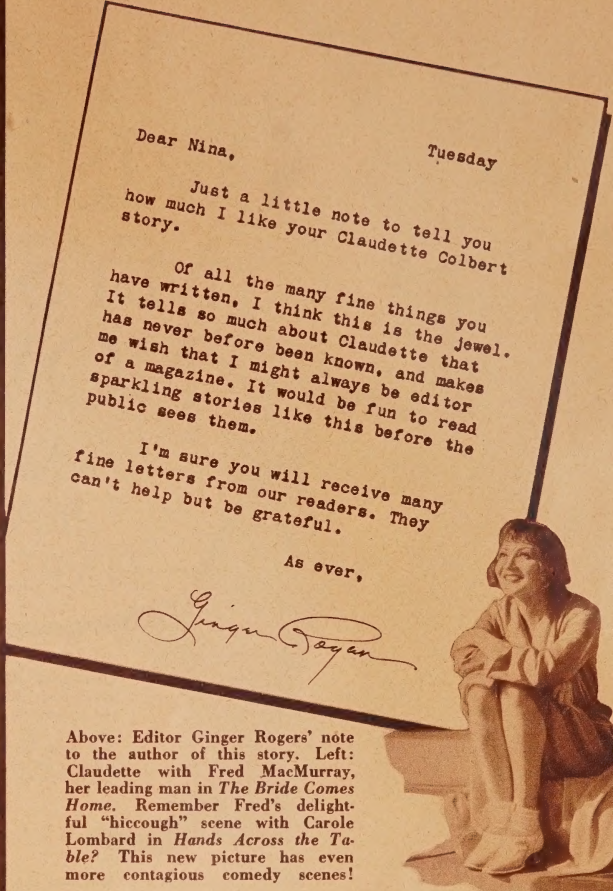
As one of her most devoted friends, I think I can tell you a little about what goes to make up this charm which has cast such a spell upon the public. I have seen Claudette at close quarters, *in* close quarters and even in some tight spots. I have watched her grow from a pretty, rather crude but talented young actress into a smooth, finished product; and I know that the radiant personality she now possesses is an accumulation of many lessons which she had the courage to learn. The courage to face life builds character: To face it with a smile, builds charm.

To begin with, you must remember that Claudette is French and that a Frenchwoman's first duty is to be charming. And although Claudette has lived most of her life in America, she has lived it surrounded by her large and very typically French family, and still speaks French more readily than she does English. When we are alone together, we invariably talk in French and Claudette corrects my mistakes—always gently and never making fun of me. French girls are taught from babyhood to be polite, tactful and considerate of others and Claudette is no exception.

What's more, she is the product of another strict rule which is rigidly enforced in any French household where there is a pretty little daughter. She is born with the word "chic" ringing in her ears. *Chic*, in the French sense, has a far wider meaning than the description of a well-turned out woman. When a little French girl does something

By
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Claudette Colbert's romance with Dr. Joel J. Pressman developed despite the unusual devotion to family, which led Hollywood to believe that she probably never again would consider marriage. Notice, in the photo at the left, Dr. Pressman's resemblance to Charles Boyer



Dear Nina, Tuesday

Just a little note to tell you how much I like your Claudette Colbert story.

Of all the many fine things you have written, I think this is the jewel. It tells so much about Claudette that has never before been known, and makes me wish that I might always be editor of a magazine. It would be fun to read sparkling stories like this before the public sees them.

I'm sure you will receive many fine letters from our readers. They can't help but be grateful.

As ever,

Ginger Rogers

Above: Editor Ginger Rogers' note to the author of this story. Left: Claudette with Fred MacMurray, her leading man in *The Bride Comes Home*. Remember Fred's delightful "hiccough" scene with Carole Lombard in *Hands Across the Table?* This new picture has even more contagious comedy scenes!

naughty she is told it was not a "chic" thing to do. Not charming, in other words. If she uses an ugly word, raises her voice unduly or fails to wait on her elders with graceful willingness—she is not *chic*. There is no more dreaded reproof in such a household than this accusation of loss of caste. A French girl *is chic* in every complicated sense of the word. She must be! The idea is pounded into her unceasingly: Charm, charm, charm! It must become a part of her, her second nature, and Claudette heard plenty of this repetition. She still gets it. Once at a very informal picnic, Claudette reached over and grabbed a cake before passing them to me and instantly *Mamman* had snapped, *"Non, Non! N'est pas* chic, *Ca! Cherie!"* And Claudette blushed!

PLEASE don't think this family lives in a dreary round of formal etiquette, because that is far from the truth. The compulsion to be charming doesn't stop their having a lot of fun—it merely makes them find each other unusually delightful companions. Claudette accepts her mother's constant presence as an agreeable inevitability. One hardly ever sees Claudette alone. Her approach is usually heralded by a brigade of relatives—and Claudette likes it. Indeed it is an open secret that when it came to choosing between her husband, Norman Foster, and her family, Claudette tried to hold onto both by that peculiar plan of two separate households. Norman, who is very American, had ideas about the husband being the head of a house. Claudette was devoted to him, but steeped in the French tradition which makes the *Mamman* or often even the grandmother the household's ruling power. It will be interesting to see how Doctor Pressman, who saved Claudette's golden voice for her and is said to have captured her heart at the same time will take to this family arrangement, if the current rumors materialize into a marriage. Next to Elsie Janis, Claudette has probably been more heavily mothered than any girl in the show business. But mothered in this case with the typical Gallic understanding of the needs and notions inseparable from the art of the stage and screen.

HERE are some quite different incidents which have helped to develop Claudette's charm. No doubt there have been hundreds of others, but I can only tell you those about which I know.

Once, outside a restaurant where she was lunching, an enormous crowd had gathered to see her as she came out. In the front row of enthusiasts was a rather awful looking woman, far from clean, holding a most unappetizing child of about two, in her arms. As Claudette passed, the woman held the child out to the famous actress. Without a sign of repulsion, Claudette took the wretched little creature in her arms and held it for a moment, saying sweet things about it. Then she gave it back, smiling.

[*Continued on page* 88]

"I AM WISE TO MYSELF NOW!"

—Says JEAN HARLOW

Director J. Walter Ruben gives Jean Harlow a final tip on how to play a scene on the set of *Riffraff*. See page 24 for unusual facts about this film

Right: In addition to changing the color of her hair, Jean has a new leading man, Spencer Tracy

By Mark Dowling

JEAN HARLOW—without her platinum hair!

The world's most famous blonde—as a "brownette"!

This was just one of the startling changes we had to accept when we visited Jean the other afternoon—an afternoon in which she discussed herself, past and present, with a frankness that was utterly unusual for a motion picture star.

"I hope I've passed the spectacular stage in my development," Jean told me. "This hair of mine is just an outer symbol of an inner change. *I'm wise to myself, now!* There are, you know, two types of goods on the market. One is like a flashy new lighter that catches everyone's attention for a week. Another is a good steady commodity which sells year after year. I'm through being like the lighter. I want to stay on the screen because I have more than flashiness—more than a head of platinum hair to offer!"

Jean had just recovered from a severe bruising and an attack of the 'flu she contracted while making the water scenes for *Riffraff*—the picture in which she appears for the first time with ash-brown locks for which they have coined the name "brownette."

"And I'm going to keep it this way, both in private life and on the screen," Jean told me. "They don't know, yet, at the studio, how determined I am. Perhaps they won't like it. Perhaps they'll insist that platinum hair is more suitable for

Juanita Quigley contemplates Jean Harlow asleep in one of the most touching dramatic scenes from *Riffraff*, in which Jean plays a girl sentenced to prison

certain types of parts. But I'm not going platinum again for anyone!

"I've changed, you see," she added. "I've grown. Once I had a sense of life rushing on—of events coming so fast that I could hardly keep up with them. I used to be under a terrific tension, always. Now I'm more content to sit back and think things out, in my own way. I'm more relaxed.

"I tried, up until recently, to do everything at once. There didn't seem to be time for half the things I wanted from life. I wanted to write. I wanted to go on the stage. I wanted to star on the screen. I'm ashamed to remember some of the all-inclusive statements I made—about the books I'd write and the parts I'd play.

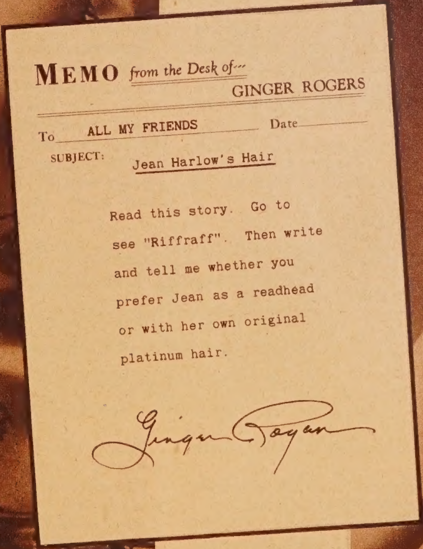
"Now I realize that I can only do one thing at a time, and hope to do it well. I wasn't satisfied with my book, when I saw the proofs, and I'm rewriting it. I still hope to write, to put down some of the things I've dreamed. But I know that my principal aim in life is to be a screen star, and that's enough of a career for any one woman to accomplish.

"A lot came to me too easily," she said soberly. "I never had to fight or struggle for my place on the screen. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had! I went into pictures for a lark, not because I needed the money.

"NOW I've come to realize that success is a question of serious work and application. I realize that stardom is just a beginning. I feel more responsible to my fans.

"I know, now, what I want from life. I've never felt so sure of myself before. I used to demand entertainment of my friends. I went with a crowd that was always amusing, always gay. Now I want solidity and

[*Continued on page* 56]



MEMO *from the Desk of*—
GINGER ROGERS

To ALL MY FRIENDS Date

SUBJECT: Jean Harlow's Hair

Read this story. Go to see "Riffraff". Then write and tell me whether you prefer Jean as a readhead or with her own original platinum hair.

Ginger Rogers

Left: Jean Harlow with her new brown hair. Right: A recent portrait of Jean with her original platinum hair. Which do you like best?

Ginger and Fred look over their contest rivals in the dance hall scene

FOLLOW the FLEET *Behind the Scenes with*

Continuing the fascinating story of the new Rogers-Astaire musical comedy

IF YOU were designing a nice modern 1936 miracle, the formula might easily be something like this: You're out dancing with your current heart-throb. The soft lights, the haunting music, the satin smoothness of the floor have made you forget that you've been out of a job for a long, long time. You love to dance and for a few hours at least you can play at being in heaven. First, you do a little truckin'. Then the music changes rhythm and you're gliding across the floor, cheek to cheek. Suddenly a strange man taps you on the shoulder and asks you how you would like to dance in a picture with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Miracle? My eye! That's exactly what happened to a couple at the Zenda Dance Hall in Los Angeles. The boy was a young grocery clerk; the girl a stenographer who had been out of work for many months.

When Hermes Pan, dance director, tapped them on the shoulder, they naturally thought that it was a gag. Some fresh guy trying to be funny.

"Say, listen—who are you trying to kid?" said the boy.

"But I'm not kidding," Pan assured him. "This is on the level."

He had to show his credentials, however, before the boy would believe him. When he was finally convinced that it wasn't a joke, he said a little dazedly:

"Gosh—do you think we're good enough to dance with Astaire?"

"Well, suppose you come over to the RKO studio tomorrow morning at nine o'clock and we'll find out," Pan told him.

Up to this moment the girl had been speechless. Finally she managed to say with an ecstatic sigh: "I think I'd simply die if I found myself on the same dance floor with Fred Astaire."

The following morning, however, on the Paradise Dance Hall set where Astaire and Mark Sandrich, the director, are giving the dozen or more hand-picked dancing couples the once-over, she seems very much alive. The miracle has really happened. *She's behind the scenes with Fred Astaire!* She listens, goggle-eyed, while Director Sandrich explains that the set is supposed to be a popular San Francisco dance hall; that the fleet is in port and the dance hall is swamped under a tidal wave of gobs and their girls.

"It's contest night," says Sandrich, "with a prize for the best couple. Now I want you kids to really strut your stuff."

THE music starts and the dancers go into hot-cha action. And what hot-cha! No bored, blasé extras these. They are elevator boys, taxi drivers, grocery clerks, cobblers and their girl-friends, all picked from local dance halls. It is their first sip of movie glamour and they dance with their hearts and souls as well as their feet.

Into this dancing bedlam comes a gob and his buddy, Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. Fred is supposed to be a song and dance man who joined the navy when his girl turned him down. Now that he's back in port his one thought is to find the ex-girl friend, who of course is Ginger Rogers, and see whether she has relented. When he fails to discover her on the dance floor he makes a dive for the telephone. While he is trying to get her number, however, he hears Ginger's voice out on the dance floor. After Freddie joined the navy she got herself a job as entertainer at the Paradise. He waits until she has finished her number and then goes over and asks her for a dance. They become so engrossed with each other that they are quite unaware that the dance contest is on. Suddenly Ginger notices that only a few couples are left on the floor.

"Say, I shouldn't be out here dancing. This is a contest. It's for the guests."

"Well, I'm a guest," grins Freddie.

"But I'm a paid entertainer. It wouldn't be fair for me to compete."

"Okay," he says with feigned indifference. "You probably wouldn't be good enough to keep up with me anyhow."

"That's what you think," snaps Ginger. "Well, I'll show you whether I can keep up with you or not."

And with that Fred and Ginger really start swinging it. Suddenly Ginger holds up her hand and the director calls "Cut."

"What's the matter?" asks Sandrich.

"I've danced the buttons right off my blouse," laughs Ginger. Time is called while the damage is repaired.

THERE is a certain heady intoxication about being behind the scenes with Fred Astaire. The juicer who handles the lights, the prop boy, the doorman, the extra sitting on the sidelines—all seem to catch his gay, lilting spirit and, unconsciously, sway to the rhythm of the music. When the music stops, however, they relax. But not Astaire. He is like a wire spring.

I spent an entire day on the *Follow the Fleet* set and never

Fred shows author Allan Scott the "bugle call break" on his trick whistle

FRED ASTAIRE

By
Grace
Mack

once did I see him sit down for a rest. Between scenes the extras go out for a smoke or crowd around Rudy, the colored boy who has the apple and candy concession. But Astaire stays right on the set, rehearsing steps for the next scene or conferring with the director.

I chanced to get into conversation with a boy who had something of a record as a marathon dancer. "Say, I thought I had plenty of endurance," he told me, "but I can't keep up with this Astaire guy. When it comes to dancing, he's dynamite."

DURING the making of a picture Astaire usually loses weight but he has no phobias whatever about diet. He eats whatever happens to appeal to him. His lunch usually consists of a chocolate malted milk and a sandwich, or perhaps a hamburger and a bottle of beer.

The rôle of Bat Baker, a plain, ordinary gob, appeals to Astaire because, as he puts it:

"It's different from anything I have ever done. I feel that too many top hat rôles would type me and I think that is something every actor should guard against."

Like the comedian who yearns to play Hamlet, Astaire has a suppressed desire to put on a ten-gallon hat and play the rôle of a hard-riding cowboy. He's really serious about this. But something tells me that he isn't likely to have an opportunity to satisfy this desire.

Perhaps you have wondered, as I have, why you never see any actual love scenes in the Astaire pictures. Just once, in *Top Hat,* Ginger kissed Fred. I asked Director Sandrich why they never go into a clinch.

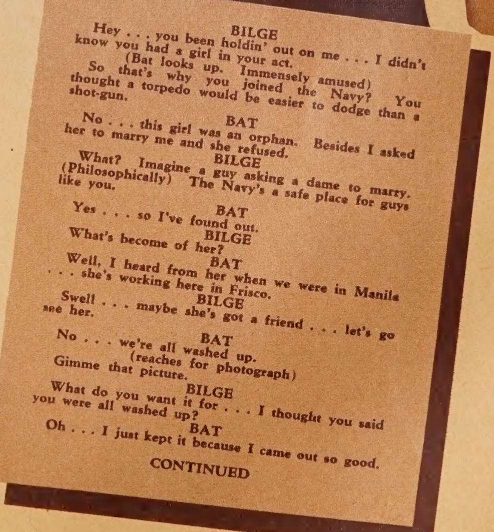
"The Astaire-Rogers pictures are really glorified fairy tales rather than true-to-life stories," said Sandrich. "We try to create an illusion of gay, light-hearted romance. If we allowed the characters to go in for hot love scenes it would give an off-key note.

"Another reason is that Freddie does not consider himself a Romeo type. Not only would he be embarrassed if he were asked to do a heavy love scene but he would feel that he was entirely out of character."

There is probably no one in Hollywood who works harder than Fred Astaire. Even when he is between pictures he spends hours rehearsing or working on new routines for his next picture.

Between *Top Hat* and *Follow The Fleet* he had about three months off. But that time was mostly spent working on his book "How To Dance."

[*Continued on page* 65]



BILGE
Hey . . . you been holdin' out on me . . . I didn't know you had a girl in your act.
(Bat looks up. Immensely amused)
So that's why you joined the Navy? You thought a torpedo would be easier to dodge than a shot-gun.

BAT
No . . . this girl was an orphan. Besides I asked her to marry me and she refused.

BILGE
What? Imagine a guy asking a dame to marry.
(Philosophically) The Navy's a safe place for guys like you.

BAT
Yes . . . so I've found out.

BILGE
What's become of her?

BAT
Well, I heard from her when we were in Manila . . . she's working here in Frisco.

BILGE
Swell . . . maybe she's got a friend . . . let's go see her.

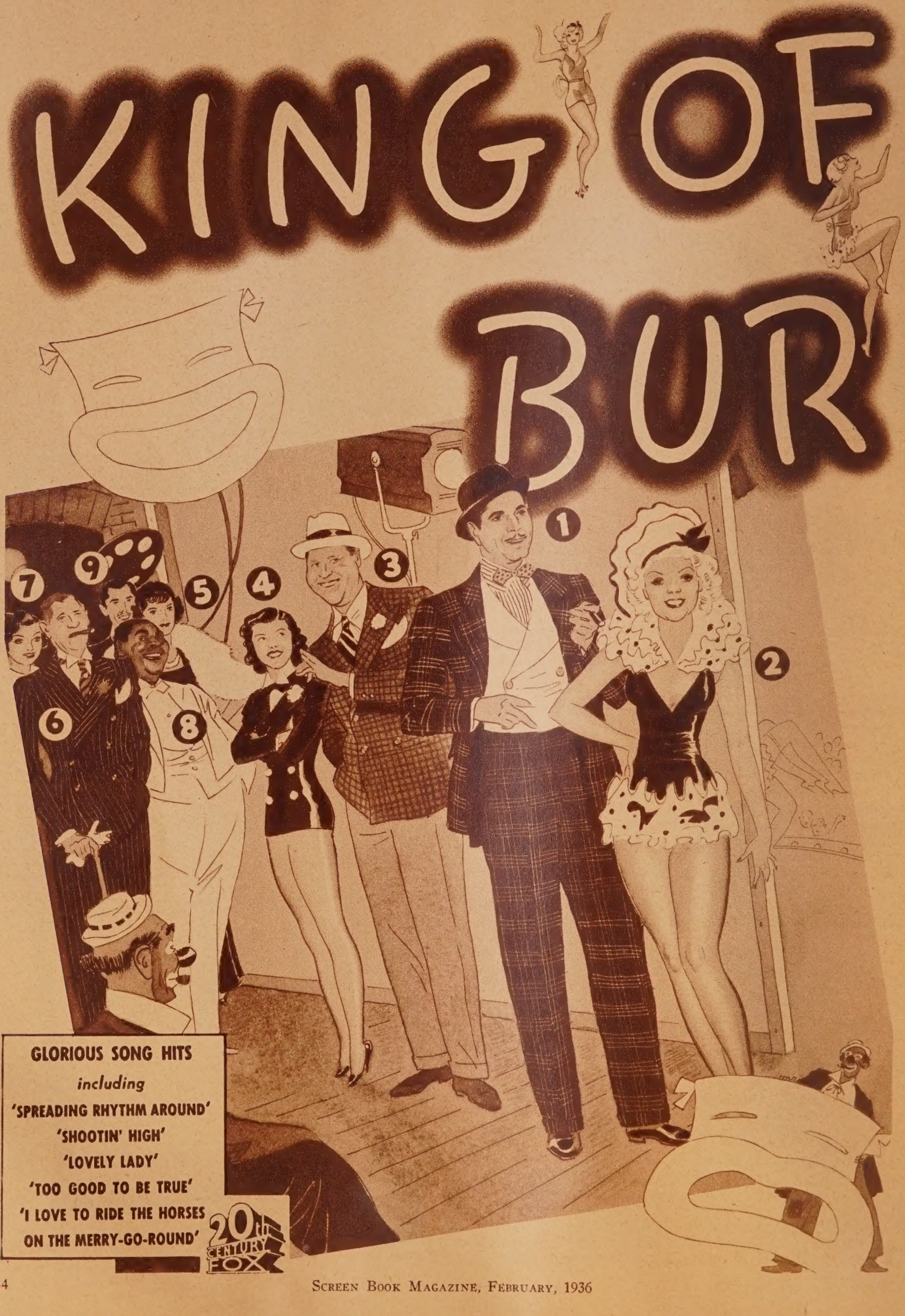
BAT
No . . . we're all washed up.
(reaches for photograph)
Gimme that picture.

BILGE
What do you want it for . . . I thought you said you were all washed up?

BAT
Oh . . . I just kept it because I came out so good.

CONTINUED

Above: Randolph Scott and Fred Astaire in the first scene from *Follow the Fleet* with a page from the script which explains the action


KING OF
BUR
1
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20th CENTURY FOX

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including
'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
'LOVELY LADY'
'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

LESQUE

THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936 . . ablaze with color . . crowded with the drama . . of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

1. WARNER BAXTER

plays the colorful King of Burlesque, a true-to-life role surpassing even his "42nd STREET" success! From cheap side-streets, he skyrockets to dazzle Broadway with his happy hoofers and his singing sweeties in a show of spectacular novelties!

2. ALICE FAYE

knocks Park Avenue playboys and London lords for a row of top hats—but almost loses the man she loves!

3. JACK OAKIE

is the Burlesque King's best pal, who helps to put the ha-ha-ha and heh-heh-heh into the Great White Way!

4. DIXIE DUNBAR

is the switchboard operator, who can do more with a dance number than a telephone number!

5. MONA BARRIE

stands high in the social register but low in the cash register. She takes the King of Burlesque for a matrimonial sleigh ride.

6. GREGORY RATOFF

pretends he's the "angel" who will back the comeback of New York's great showman!

7. ARLINE JUDGE

is the burleycue gazelle who leaps at the idea of becoming Oakie's wife! (Can you imagine!)

8. FATS WALLER

makes a "hot piano" sit up and cry for mercy!

9. NICK LONG, JR.

hoofs and he hoofs 'till he brings the house down!

A Fox Picture • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

GEORGE BRENT

—the Daring Young Man

By Harry Lang

IT WAS in Spain, of *all* places, that I first began to learn that George Brent wasn't just another stuffed shirt . . . !

It was my vacation, and I was visiting, in Madrid, an old newspaper pal stationed there. One afternoon, we drove some thirty kilometers to the *ganaderia* of the Duke of Tovar. A *ganaderia* is a ranch where they raise fighting bulls, and Tovar's are Spain's toughest.

The Duke himself, aristocrat, has seen many men ripped open as they faced "death in the afternoon" in the bull ring. To him, bravery is daily fare; he is a keen judge of a man's courage. Naturally, I wanted to talk bullfighting with him. But he wanted to talk Hollywood with me, fresh from there.

"You know Señor Brent — George Brent?" he asked. "Señor Brent ees wan of the braves', fines', mos' exciteeng men I have ever met. He weel go places, like you say in America. He has w'at you call the *gots . . .!*" And then they told me the story—

Only a few weeks before, Brent had visited Tovar's ranch. Ronnie Colman was along. They were vacationing. For them, the Duke staged a private bullfight in his own ring. He trotted out his prize young bull—the fiercest he'd ever raised, he told them. The bull, a snorting bomb of hate, ripped a toreador's costume, sent another fleeing to the barriers. Thrilled, Ronnie and George watched.

Scene from *In Person*

I played opposite George Brent and know just what a charming person he is. Read this and you will be charmed, too!

Ginger

Suddenly George stood up. "Give me one of those capes," he said. A picador handed him the red-and-purple cape of the toreador. Brent vaulted over the barrier, into the ring. The bull, pawing, snorting, sighted him and came like lightning. Colman gasped; a woman in the party screamed. Brent grinned again, flicked the cape neatly, gently, sidestepped the bull with the grace of an expert—and barely an inch of light showed between the bull's lethal horn and Brent's thigh. Twice, thrice more, Brent executed neat passes, and then, still grinning, he tossed the cape to an attendant, and stepped back to his seat. (I might tell you here, that a few weeks later, that same bull gored one of Spain's best toreadors, before the sword found his heart.)

My newspaper friend, who was with Brent that day, asked him: "Why did you do that?" Brent, puffing a bit from the maneuvers in the ring, said simply:

"I thought it'd be fun!"

Naturally, back in Hollywood, I hurried to learn more about this Brent fellow, who'd risk his life and limb against a mad beast, just for fun.

You all know the background story of his youth—how he was a despatch rider for the Irish republican leaders during the throes of Ireland's civil strife. His leader killed, Brent had to flee for his life, and a freight boat brought him to America. Sounds like press-agent blubber, but it's true. And it's a tip-off to the man's real character. For he could have gone safely, quietly, through school and college and taken up any vocation he wished; the family had the money.

But that's all old stuff. Come and meet the Brent of today, and you'll find that he hasn't changed a bit from the "dangerous-living" young revolutionary of those days. That Spanish bull ring incident I told you of is one current example.

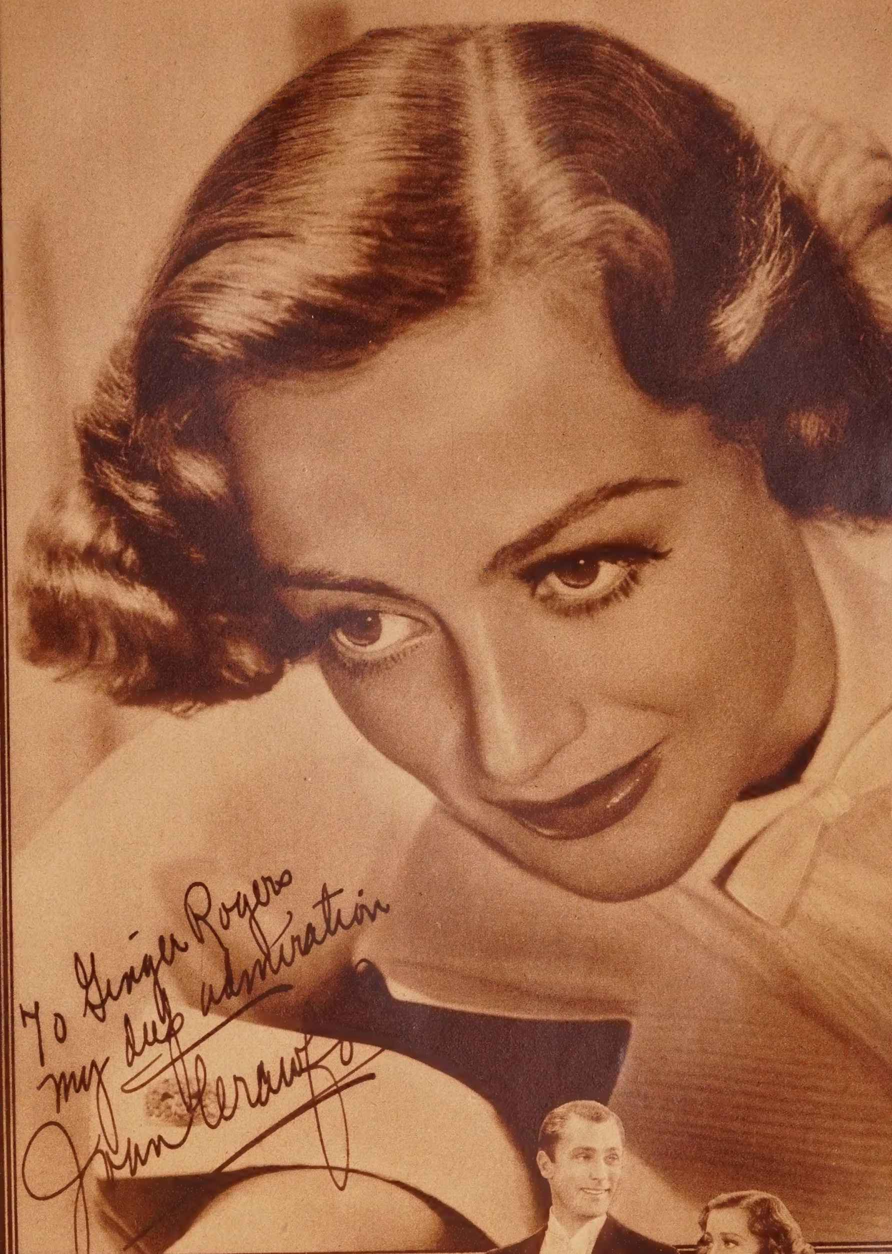
DURING the polo craze, George took up the game in Hollywood. He rode like a lunatic, got into every brush, and the hotter the better. He came out of one, at last, with his neck dislocated. *They've never fixed it.* Today, George's neck is one of those things that is liable to go wrong

[*Continued on page 74*]

MY PORTRAIT ALBUM

Presenting a few Hollywood Friends who have given me something to remember them by. You see, I'm something of an autograph enthusiast myself

Ginger Rogers

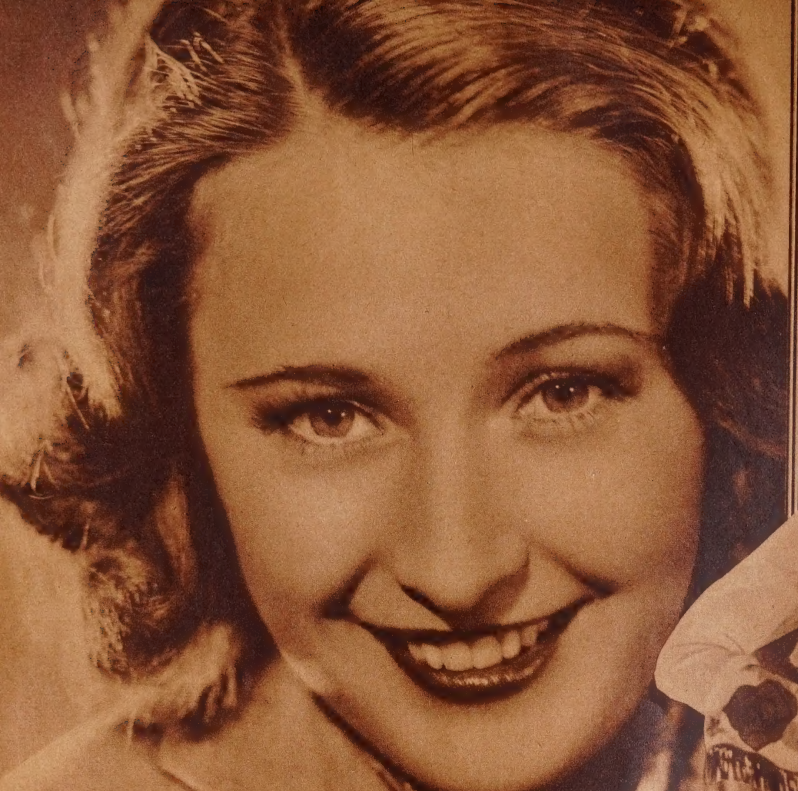


To Ginger Rogers my deep admiration Joan Crawford

- Joan Crawford . . . if you have her autographed portrait in your own collection, you know how I feel about this one. Somehow, Joan is typical of everything that is fine in the American girl. She has reached the heights of her profession purely on merit alone, pursuing her career with boundless energy. Yet, at the pinnacle, she remains kindly, generous and humble. I think Joan's latest picture, *I Live My Life,* in which she appears opposite Brian Aherne, is one of her finest acting jobs to date. And wasn't she grand in the scene showing her in tantrums, tearing her wedding gown to shreds?

BARBARA STANWYCK

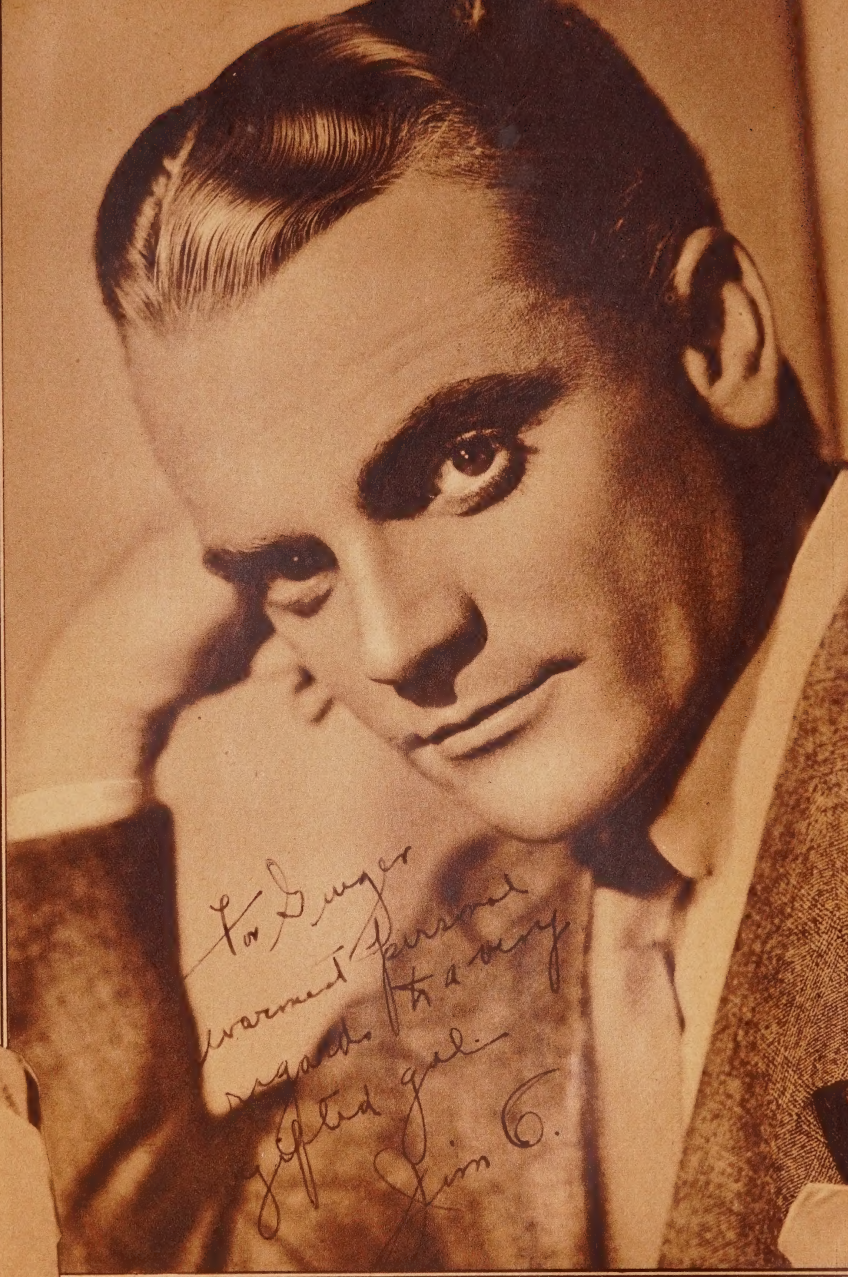
With Editorial Notes b


To Ginger Rogers —
With admiration
and good wishes
Sincerely —
Barbara Stanwyck

- A prize possession is this autographed portrait from the girl who used to be called Ruby Stevens before she came to Hollywood. Like myself, she started her career as a dancer, which perhaps is why I've always been so interested in pictures that bear the Stanwyck label. I like the sly, humorous touches Barbara adds to comedy scenes, and the tug at the heart in her dramatic work. *Annie Oakley* is a fine picture, and not one of us should miss her next, which will be *A Message to Garcia*

Your editor, Ginger

JAMES CAGNEY



To Ginger
warmest personal
regards to a very
gifted gal —
Jim C.

- His full name should be James Dynamic Cagney, for I don't know an actor whose characterizations pack a more terrific punch. I like to see Jimmy use his fists, and wouldn't even mind being biffed on the jaw a few times myself if we appear in a picture together. It would be fun dancing with him, too, because Jimmy is a slick tap artist. I don't know a scene that has given me more shivers than his fight with Fred Kohler in *The Frisco Kid.* When Fred hit Jimmy with that hook he wore on his arm, I screamed

To Ginger Rogers -
Marlene Dietrich

MARLENE DIETRICH

—Her most recent portrait, and a few words from Editor Ginger Rogers

- I'm proud to have an autographed portrait from Marlene Dietrich, particularly since I am one of her most ardent admirers. I haven't missed one of her pictures since her first, *The Blue Angel,* with Emil Jannings, and I am terribly anxious to see her in *Desire*. Like many another famous star, Miss Dietrich's career began quite by accident. An injury to her hand prevented further pursuit of her work as a concert violinist. She entered Max Reinhardt's school of the theater—and you know the rest. At the right, Marlene is helping Gary Cooper apply his make-up. I like this informal snapshot, don't you?

GABLE—*the Big Brute*

By Don Ryan

EVERYONE has seen Clark Gable give eye to some frail, designing daughter of Eve who happens to be matched with him in that endless battle of the sexes from which the best motion picture material is manufactured.

Gable towers above her with an air of brutal mockery. His black head with the large outstanding ears will nod slightly. There comes a cynical smile.

"You can't fool me," his look says. "I know you for a sly kitten, soft-voiced, pretty-mouthed and sharp-clawed. Made to have your tresses disarranged and your provoking dresses mussed and your pretty little face punched at proper intervals."

Only acting? Well, Gable is a swell actor. That primitive approach has brought both men and women flocking to Gable's pictures. He is probably the only star adored by women for whom men in the audience have a warm feeling of sympathy. His superior attitude toward women—an attitude that borders on the sadistic in many of his screen characterizations—is an outgrowth of the way he really feels about the sex.

But please don't misunderstand this statement. Gable's approach to sex is far from the domineering attitude assumed by men of weak character for purposes of exploiting the sillier sort of female. Gable's mental attitude grew out of what was at first a defensive attitude. It is a result of extreme "maleness," itself a quality determined by his earliest environment.

The other day I put this question of his real feelings toward the women who worship him fairly up to Gable. We were on dangerous ground for a movie star who has to guard his every utterance and then is usually misquoted. But Clark responded with the utmost frankness.

"You're right, Don. These characterizations seem to come naturally. It's a funny thing, too, how they ever got to casting me in such parts. You know what a tough time I'd been having. I'd been on the stage twelve years—mostly getting nowhere—and never played any such characters.

"Then I got into pictures and the first important part I had was the gang leader with Joan Crawford in *Dance, Fools, Dance.* You recall the character—he was really a take-off on Al Capone—a subtle but domineering heavy. And you know what his attitude toward women was. He emphasized it with a sock on the nose."

He grinned. There is an impish quality to a Gable grin, the full lips outlined by a sparse hedge of mustache. But the eyes above, large and gray, were frank and very kind.

"I never socked a woman literally—I'd cut my hand off first. But that part brought me the first taste of success in pictures. The studio was quick to notice the effect and that's why, I suppose, that I've played so many other characters of that kind—men with a similar mental attitude. I admit there's something that enables me to give such fellows a lot of realism."

We had been chatting in his dressing room. Clark had hoisted one gray flannel leg over the red morocco arm of a big lounging chair and lighted the inevitable Gable pipe. To me it looked like the same pipe he smoked ten years ago and it seemed I had found the same poor and unassuming young actor who lived ten years ago in the same house with me—an old dilapidated house set back among the hills of Hollywood.

For explanation of this unusual photo, see end of this interview

Now you know why
Clark rates 100% as
a heart throbber!
Ginger Rogers

It was the first time I'd talked to my friend of those lean and hungry days and I found the same Clark Gable I'd left ten years ago—tinkering with an old rattletrap car on the hillside above that leaky old house. He is too honest to permit a trace of swelling to appear inside that well-poised head of his.

Gable is away above the normal man in masculinity. Mentally, nobody is altogether man or woman, but Gable is really overbalanced on the male side and it has hampered him and caused him loneliness and suffering. On the other hand it has enabled him to fight with bulldog determination for what he believed his abilities entitled him to—until he got it.

Overwhelmingly masculine as he is, why hasn't Clark Gable been attracted to some young and feminine creature with big violet eyes, a lisping baby voice—the clinging vine for which he-men are supposed to fall? Both his unfortunate matrimonial ventures involved women considerably older than he, women who are not the accepted type for him.

TO ANSWER this question we must go back to Clark Gable's earliest childhood.

"I never knew a mother," Clark told me of his infancy. "She died when I was seven months old. My father, an oil contractor, placed me in the family of my maternal grandparents. They were Pennsylvania farming people—both sides of my house—the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch, descendants of German settlers in this region."

Clark had no playmates. A small and lonely figure in a world of grown-ups, wandering in the woods through the verdant summers, working when he was old enough to go to the field; brooding by the fireside on long winter evenings when snow blanketed the windows and the north wind howled.

Inferiority feelings are present in every young child. He can overcome them by surpassing others, younger brothers and sisters. But it's a hard spot in which a child finds himself, surrounded by adults whom he cannot hope to equal.

"I remember that crisp autumn day on the farm," he related. "We were putting down sauerkraut for the winter. Aunt Josie was shredding cabbages on a board with a knife-blade fastened in it.

"I was always eager to do things with my hands and I begged my aunt to let me try. I began on a big cabbage. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain and my hand was covered with blood. I'd sliced a big gash in it.

"I'd never seen blood flow. I thought I was going to die and opened my mouth to scream.

[*Continued on page 79*]

Sonnie Hale, famous English comedian, with his wife, Jessie Matthews

A WOMAN *Who Fought For* LOVE!

The dramatic story of Jessie Matthews, vividly told by a veteran writer

IF THERE is any girl who has taken more hard knocks than Jessie Matthews, the scintillating English star of *First a Girl* and many other Gaumont-British pictures, I wish this unknown would raise her right hand.

Jessie's terrific battle for success; the loss of her child at birth; her struggle against a delicate body, undernourished in childhood. The list of obstacles which have blocked this girl's path would fill a long novel. And yet, because she is a woman with a heart tuned first for love, the hurt which scarred the most deeply was when Cupid used what looked liked a poison arrow to bring to her the one man she could truly love.

Jessie's first marriage was an obvious mistake of youth. She was seventeen when she came to America in a stock company. She left England as an understudy; she returned with experience as a leading lady and proof that she was a success *out of the chorus.*

But the home to which she returned! A tiny flat over a vegetable market; a hole in the slums of London. No bathroom. If she suggested a bath—that huge family, huddled into tiny space, could not understand. It wasn't their fault. It wasn't hers. We know only what we have seen. But Jessie had been in America where even a wandering stock company has bathrooms and electric lights, unknown then to the slums of any foreign country.

Lord Alna Lytton, son of Sir Henry Lytton, was nineteen. Jessie was turning eighteen. He was the Prince Charming who swept by on the white steed and gathered the little Cinderella into his arms.

I sometimes think jealousy comes from an instinctive inner suspicion that we are not loved as much as we love. Even though a mate may seem to love with everything in him or her; even though every devotion is shown outwardly—something makes us think, "She or he doesn't love as much as we love," and we are torn by the worst disease known. And if a wife has a career! Before her eighteenth year was over, Jessie was leading lady in a Cochran revue. She was already becoming the pet of that fashionable stage life in the West End of London. She was using that indomitable will, that little-girl wistfulness for success and happiness—trying to be two things at once: a great actress and a good wife. She has proven since she can do both but then—at eighteen!

She left him. She threw herself into her work with that determination which must be rewarded because of the very intensity of it. She thought to bury her heart; forget it forever. Other women have tried that. Many. I doubt if any normal ones have succeeded. Dan Cupid, hovering always overhead with his mysterious little arrow, sees all, knows all and refuses to let woman

[*Continued on page 77*]

By Ruth Biery

A CLOSE-UP of LEW AYRES

By Ginger Rogers

HE'S my husband and writing about him is difficult. About the most difficult thing I ever tried to do.

I'd be a magician if I could get him down on paper because Lew is such a many-sided person. He's a maze of interesting contradictions. For instance, he loves slapstick comedies with the custard pie throwing and all—and he loves symphonies and concerts. The more high-brow they are, the more he enjoys them.

He *looks* like a boy—yet he has one of the most sophisticated minds in Hollywood.

Right now he's doing something that has him in Seventh Heaven and in despair by turns. He is preparing to direct his first picture. For years he's been mad to do this, so Republic Pictures is giving him his first opportunity. The picture has the tentative title of *Glory Parade* and it has something to do with the famous historical battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac during the Civil War. When I get home at night it looks as if Lew had staged his own particular battle! Papers scattered in whirlwind fashion all over the room, cigarette stubs cluttering up everything.

He drinks quantities of coffee when he's working on an idea and smokes like a cowboy on his last cigarette. You can always tell when he's tired because he starts rubbing his forehead vigorously. Then he's liable to look up and grin and say, "How about some oyster stew, Gingy?" If there isn't any in the house we drive to a restaurant he likes and he eats great bowls of it. It's his favorite dish—personally, I take some apple pie.

Elaborate dishes never appeal to Lew. Crêpes suzette will never tempt him like good old ice cream. He's the most natural person I've ever met. No fuss, no formality of any kind.

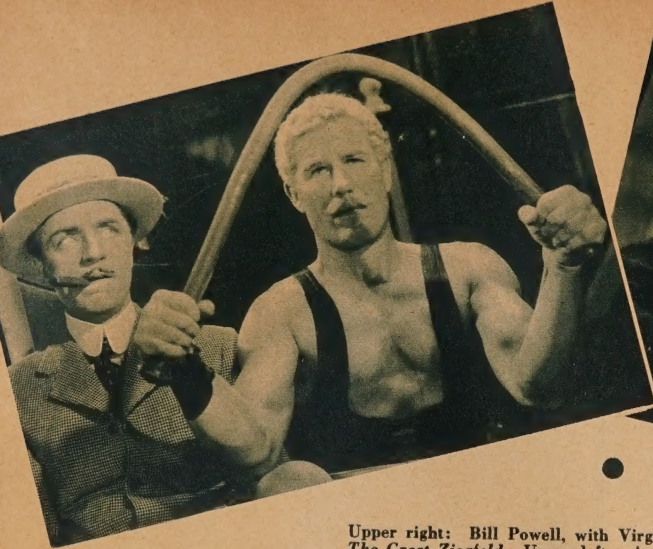
Here's a case in point to prove it. . . . The day we were married I was on my way to the church with my cousin, Phyllis Fraser, in a fine state of jitters. I hadn't been able to eat any breakfast or luncheon with all the excitement, and I was sitting there in the back of the car hardly daring to breathe for fear of putting a wrinkle in a ruffle—you know how it is when you're about to say the "I do's." Well, as we passed the Tam-o'-Shanter inn on Los Feliz Drive something made me turn to look out the window. . . . And there, sitting in his Ford roadster dressed in full regalia with top hat, white tie and all, was Mr. Ayres calmly munching a hamburger. With him was his best man, Ben Alexander, and even as I looked they were in the act of spreading more mustard on their sandwiches. . . .

Lew, with one foot practically on the altar had discovered he was hungry. . . . It *would* be a hamburger!

LEW at his best is Lew looking at the stars—and hitching his wagon to one which he does quite often. He believes in inspiration but gets his finest work done by sheer plugging.

Quite often in the middle of the night he wakes up with what he believes to be a blazing inspiration for a story or musical composition. He gets up and sometimes works on it for hours, shivering and excited. Comes the [*Continued on page* 73]

Wouldn't you
know I'd get
around to this—
Ging'r



Upper right: Bill Powell, with Virginia Bruce in a scene from *The Great Ziegfeld*. Upper left: Another scene showing Powell with Nat Pendleton, who plays the strong man. Read this story for interesting facts about one of the most unusual pictures ever made

BILL POWELL
Debunks Himself

By Harry Lang

WOULD you like to hear how Bill Powell neatly squelched one of those self-appointed know-it-alls who like to bellyache about What's-Wrong-With-Movies. . . .?

Well, it was on the set where they're shooting *The Great Ziegfeld*. Bill is playing the rôle of Ziegfeld, you know. This day, there was a visitor on the set—one of those fellows who, once upon a time, had briefly been introduced to Florenz Ziegfeld himself and exchanged perhaps a few formal words with the Great Glorifier. I saw him stroll over to where Bill Powell was waiting between takes.

"I say," he drawled, "you don't look a *bit* like Ziegfeld, y'know."

Bill smiled Powellishly and replied, softly:

"I know it."

Undeterred, the buttinsky went on:

"And you don't even *talk* like Ziegfeld!"

"Probably not," conceded Bill. "I've never heard Mr. Ziegfeld."

"Then," crowed the pest, assuming a prosecuting-attorney stance and shooting a forefinger at Powell, *"how can you be Ziegfeld in this picture?"*

"I can't," replied Bill, simply. "I'm not even *trying* to be Ziegfeld."

And while the visitor goggled fatuously, Bill shot home the explanation.

"You see, my friend, *acting* doesn't mean *being* the character you're portraying. I, for instance, could never be anybody but Bill Powell, don't you see?

"But, in playing this Ziegfeld rôle, while I may not look or talk like Ziegfeld, nevertheless I have studied the man deeply—and I am trying with every art I can command to present a feeling of the man Ziegfeld as hundreds of thousands of people who know about him believe him to be. And that, my friend, is acting as I see it."

And therein, Bill Powell presented his philosophy of the job of work he has to do. That's what his picture work is to him—a job to be done well, effectively, entertainingly. Stardom, as such, is nothing to stop being a regular fellow about. He even kids it—

There was, as a perfect example, the time his make-up man on the Ziegfeld set was talking about things he'd done. . . .

"When I was younger," the maker-upper told Bill, "I wasn't only a make-up man, see? I was chief hairdresser on the Universal lot, too. I was also electrician. I even directed a couple of pictures in my time. Besides, I used to play featured rôles."

"Uh, huh," drawled Bill, laconically, "I see. You've been everything from a star up, eh?"

Bill loves to debunk bunk. Most of all, he loves to debunk Bill Powell. He can laugh at himself more gladly than he can laugh at a friend.

In this process of debunking himself, Bill particularly derides the two adjectives most often applied to him—"suave" and "best-dressed." His two pet aversions are to be called either.

"As a matter of fact," he explodes, "I *hate* clothes!"

When his day's work at the studio is done, Bill Powell rushes home and no sooner gets into his house than he begins ripping off the tailored clothes he's been forced to wear.

I appeared with Bill in *Star of Midnight*, and know that this story is typical of his attitude toward acting—and himself

Ginger

Bill Powell bestows a lengthy caress on Luise Rainer. He has two other leading ladies in *The Great Ziegfeld*—Myrna Loy and Virginia Bruce

He rips 'em off one by one, and before you can say "the-best-dressed-man-on-the-screen," Bill is as naked as a fan dancer with butterfingers! And unless he's stopped, Bill prefers to run around his house just like that.

However, there is in Bill's bachelor paradise one guardian of his epidermic morality. That's an all-over-the-place individual who always wears an alpaca coat that doesn't fit, and whom Bill dignifies with the title of "butler." Bill's butler, aware of his master's aversion to clothes, and also aware of the fact that at any moment an unexpected caller may arrive, hounds and digs at Bill until Bill, in sheer annoyance, finally dons some clothes.

That butler, incidentally, is one of a trio that constitutes the goldarnedest domestic staff of any star's home in Hollywood. Besides the butler, Bill employs a cook, and a man named Donald who is chauffeur, gardener and swimming-pool-emptier-and-cleaner-outer.

However, all three "double in brass." That means that at any given moment, any of the three can double for any other—that is, the cook can chauff, the chauffeur can cook, the butler can do either.

HAVING debunked the clothes-hoss legend, Bill goes on to deny, vehemently, that he's an icy-cold super-sophisticate, super-suave. His friends can tell you why he dislikes being touted as either. It's because he's too much the regular guy to be guilty of the artificiality and pose which super-suavity entails. Bill's friends run the gamut from stars and millionaire-executives to the whole crew that works with him.

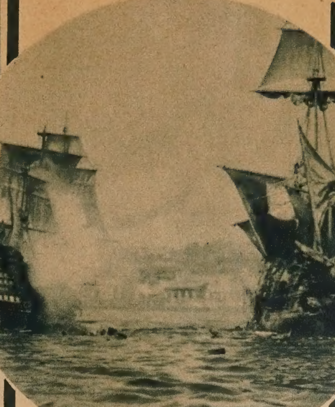
There isn't a day on the Ziegfeld set when Bill doesn't "treat the house. . . ."

I saw it happen. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they called time out. From the studio commissary, a caterer was on the set with a supply of ice-cream cones, coca-colas and peanuts.

"It happens every day at four," a grip told me, licking a vanilla cone, "and Mr. Powell pays for it every time. Sometimes it's hot dogs. It used to be candy bars, too, but he had to cut that out, because he's supposed to be playing Ziegfeld an' glorifyin' all them beautiful dames—"

[*Continued on page* 78]

On the screen this is Port Royal's auction mart for slaves—a fascinating setting from the old world. Actually, it was filmed on the studio back lot. Note the modern houses in the background at top of photo



A part of the battle scene, as shown above, was filmed in miniature, but most of it was done with two genuine, carefully constructed ships which sailed the high seas on the studio sound stages where much of the shooting for *Captain Blood* took place. No matter how it was done, it looks authentic!

The TRUTH

By Bill Ulman

Olivia de Havilland takes a fencing lesson from Basil Rathbone. Expert fencers were employed to teach the cast

A NERVE shattering detonation rocked Port Royal.

In what seemed to the awed townspeople thronging the banks to be a suicide move, Captain Peter Blood of the notorious Arabella had driven his ship straight between the two Frenchmen. It seemed his seamanship was better than his judgment for his first broadside was sure to heel him over and thus destroy the aim of his second against his other adversary.

Thus it was a tense moment when Peter ignored the frantic expostulations of his officers and ordered a double, simultaneous broadside. A brilliant move of incredible daring—if the Arabella stood the terrific impact of the dual recoil; a foolhardy move of incredible stupidity — if the Arabella foundered.

But Peter Blood, scourge of the Southern Seas, did not often err in matters of warfare. The smaller brigantine, Le Piquette, took the Arabella's withering blast at the water line, careened on her side and sagged stupidly into the sea, smoke and fire vomiting from her exposed entrails. But the Frenchies' flag-ship, the Cinco Llagas, was a better bottomed hull fashioned of the stoutest Andalusian Oak. She reeled under the sheer weight of iron that Blood put aboard her, but grimly joined the issue. The answering salvos from the Frenchmen took a savage toll among Blood's brave men. The Arabella was still sea-worthy but sadly wounded as the heavier Cinco Llagas closed in to bring her lighter musketry into play, unwilling to stand off and cannonade with such an expert enemy.

As the two boats ground heavily together and the grappling hooks fell athwart the rails, the air was as thick with flying men as it was of missiles. From every mast and yard-arm Blood's half naked crew, well-versed in the intricacies of boarding an enemy, hurtled above the smoke on their swinging ropes to drop like vengeful condors on the panicked marines thronging the Cinco's decks. From staggering mast heads to copper armored keels the battle raged with horrible savagery, fire and gunpowder, shivering steel and red-hot sear-

Like *Mutiny on the Bounty*, the filming of *Captain Blood* provides one of Hollywood's most fascinating inside stories

Above: Errol Flynn, dynamic new star who has the title rôle of *Captain Blood*. Left: The director and cameraman, with Basil Rathbone, rehearse a duelling scene on the edge of a cliff. Flynn (hidden by the cameras) nearly lost his life in this scene, as explained in accompanying story

about Captain Blood

ing iron, skull mashing clubs and gouging thumbs—it was all one to that half-crazed crew.

FOR years they had been the hunted, the hated pariahs of the sea; men from whom decent ships fled, wisely, yet men who had to keep anxious eyes upon every horizon for the sails of a more powerful man-o'-war. Pirates, men from a score of nations, a dozen races and a thousand vices—and suddenly came this unbelievable amnesty from a new and kind King in the very person of their recent prisoner, Lord Willoughby! William, King of England, was at war with France and needed every man and ship on the seas; the French were hammering at every colonial town—even Port Royal, so recently the hateful prison of half of Blood's convict crew. And now the very place they had sworn to ravage and sack as soon as they were strong enough was the very place for which they were preparing to shed their blood against a new enemy, England's enemy, the strutting, cocky Frenchmen!

These pirates, turned patriots, fought under the Union Jack as they had never themselves believed possible under the ill-fated Jolly Roger. They fought with an abandon and reckless daring that brooked no opposition. The Cinco Llagas put up a brilliant fight, but under Peter Blood and the Union Jack, freemen once again, the devil himself couldn't have given the crew of the Arabella pause.

At long last, as the Arabella cut loose her grappling irons and, torn and battered herself, let the gallant Frenchman sink to a well-earned and permanent rest, the assembled spectators along the shore roared a mighty welcome that sounded puny when contrasted to the appalling din of battle. But it was a joyous sound to the men aboard the Arabella. It meant that their battles were over!

And there was a certain spontaneous quality to that cheering that couldn't be purchased for love or money.

One of the [*Continued on page* 84]

An interesting location scene. Basil Rathbone, mosquito netting on his head to protect the hairdress, discusses matters with Henry Stephenson and Olivia de Havilland

George Arliss, the happy tramp, is a new rôle for an illustrious actor

MISTER HOBO

★★★

GEORGE ARLISS gives The House of Rothschild another whirl—this time with none of the pomp and ceremony, but only as a happy tramp who, because he happens to bear the famous name, finds himself an imposter. As the simple-minded but at times shrewd bank president in Paris, to which position he rises quite by accident, Arliss teaches a great financier the error of his crooked ways and manages to manipulate the affairs of young love to a happy ending. The English cast appearing with Arliss is satisfactorily restrained and inconspicuous, giving Arliss a fine springboard for his arch ways. It is a relief to see America's favorite English gentleman out of silk panties for a change. The supporting cast includes Gene Gerrard, Frank Cellier, Patric Knowles, Viola Keats and George Hayes.—*Produced by G-B.*

Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan in a vivid dramatic moment from *A Tale of Two Cities*

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 86

Paul Muni, with Josephine Hutchinson, in his finest character rôle

Bette Davis plays a thankless rôle beautifully and courageously

Jessie Matthews goes on a bender with Griffith Jones in a new film

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR

★★★★

PAUL MUNI invades the field of screen biography which previously seemed the exclusive property of George Arliss and delivers the most brilliant of his rôles to date as Louis Pasteur, the Frenchman who struggled against great odds to prove his theory that germs spread disease, and that weapons could be devised to defeat these messengers of death. This picture is another great stride forward for the screen, proving as it does that entertainment possibilities are not limited to the hackneyed plots which have been filmed and re-filmed for years. Ably supporting Muni are Donald Woods, and Josephine Hutchinson.—*Produced by Warner.*

DANGEROUS

★★★★

ONCE again Bette Davis appears in an unsympathetic rôle in a picture which box office observers fear may be none too popular because it is honest adult drama turned out with no apparent gestures to the public's supposedly established tastes. This critical department, however, suspects that the public will definitely approve Bette Davis in her rôle as the self-centered actress whose charms tempt Franchot Tone from his well-ordered marriage plans only to later find herself caught in the web of her own intrigue. Added strength is given the emotional appeal of the picture by the fine work of Margaret Lindsay, who in *The Frisco Kid* appeared merely as a bit of decorative scenery.—*Produced by Warner Brothers.*

FIRST A GIRL

★★★

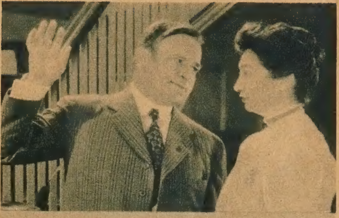
BEHIND the not too intriguing title, *First a Girl* is a picture that merits attention, particularly since it marks the return of Jessie Matthews to American movie theaters for the first time since her hit in *Evergreen.* The backstage theme of this film is not as routine as might be expected. Jessie plays the rôle of a male impersonator whose assumed sex causes no end of embarrassment when she becomes tangled in hilarious love conflict. Here, for the first time, a British made picture enters the musical comedy field without fear of comparison with more polished American efforts. Jessie Matthews is more appealing than in her first American released film and is surrounded by an able cast.—*Produced by G-B.*

FRANK REVIEWS

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

★ ★ ★ ★

TO ATTEMPT a critical analysis of this masterful production in anything less than a small book would be folly. Almost everyone is familiar with Charles Dickens' powerful story of the French revolution, and perhaps the greatest tribute which can be offered to this picture is the prediction that by reason of its faithful adherence to the mood of the original story the film makes a great work greater. Ronald Colman masterfully plays the rôle of Sydney Carton, the hard-drinking young barrister; Donald Woods achieves the best work of his career as Charles Darnay; and Elizabeth Allan is an exquisite Lucie Manette. The flawless work of these three, however, is perfectly matched by Blanche Yurka, Basil Rathbone, Edna May Oliver and others. There has never been a greater picture than *A Tale of Two Cities*.—Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Wallace Beery takes the pledge, but Aline MacMahon has her doubts

AH WILDERNESS

★★★★

ADULT audiences will particularly appreciate this picture which will vividly recall the days of youth, but it is none the less appealing for young people. Will Rogers appeared on the stage in the original play by Eugene O'Neill and was to have starred in the film version, but following his untimely death Lionel Barrymore stepped into the rôle of the father who is the central figure in this domestic comedy drama. Eric Linden is particularly strong as the high school senior, brilliant yet ignorant of the facts of life. Wallace Beery is remarkably fine as the tipsy uncle whose marriage to the aunt, played by Aline MacMahon, is continually postponed because of his fondness for the demon rum. Cecilia Parker, Spring Byington, Mickey Rooney and Charles Grapewin also contribute much —*Produced by Metro.*

Claudette Colbert in a coquettish moment with impulsive Robert Young

John Boles, Confederate soldier, says goodbye to his daughter, Shirley

Lily Pons makes her sparkling début as a singer who insisted on love

THE BRIDE COMES HOME

★★★★

IF YOU enjoyed *Hands Across the Table* and *She Married Her Boss*, this fine comedy which features Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert is certain to please. Featuring Claudette and Fred as a pair of battling lovers who fight through the picture and leave the audience suspecting that even then the squabbling is not over, the picture is devastating comedy-romance. The plot concerns a wealthy young wastrel who decides to start a magazine. He appoints his bodyguard as editor and a former feminine playmate as secretary. The magazine business promptly becomes secondary and love gets off to a wrangling start. The cast also includes Robert Young, William Collier, Sr., Donald Meek and Johnny Arthur.—*Produced by Paramount.*

THE LITTLEST REBEL

★★★

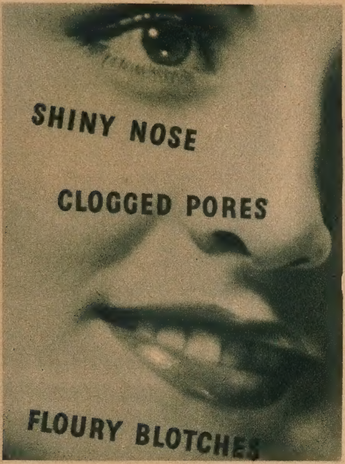
THE conviction that any picture with Shirley Temple in it is a good picture is considerably strengthened by her latest appearance in this film with a Civil War background. The natural charm of Shirley makes a good story better, and once again she gives admirers something to gasp at as she dances with a cleverness that is not excelled by the famous Bill Robinson, who appears in a major rôle. John Boles plays the part of Shirley's soldier father convincingly as does Karen Morley in the rôle of the mother. Outstanding is the scene in which Shirley pleads with Abraham Lincoln for the life of her father, who has been sentenced to death. (See page 74.) The supporting cast includes Jack Holt.—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

I DREAM TOO MUCH

★★★

LILY PONS makes her picture début in a sparkling picture which has to do with an opera singer who weds an ambitious, unsuccessful composer. As the singer's career sends her soaring into new worlds, the composer-husband fails to attain success and they separate, despite the fact that they are still in love. Eventually, however, the opera star realizes that she cannot live on career alone, and contrives a scheme to win back her husband. Henry Fonda does a convincing job as the romantic young composer, but the picture's real interest lies in the songs of Lily Pons. Her voice is truly beautiful and the studio has wisely mixed operatic arias with popular numbers. Eric Blore steals a good many scenes.—*Produced by Radio.*

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN FACE POWDER FORMS A *Paste on skin*



Combat all 3 . with a moisture-proof powder!

Be sure your face powder is moisture-proof if you want to make your skin clear, transparent, lovely . . . and have it last that way for hours. Paste on skin is the ugly reason for many bad complexions. The result of face-powder mixing with the natural moisture of your skin.

Luxor is the moisture-proof face powder. It won't form a paste on your skin. Don't take our word. Put a spoonful of Luxor in a glass and pour water on it! Notice what happens. It does not mix with the water. It rises to the top soft, dry, smooth as velvet.

There's similar moisture on even the dryest skin. But Luxor won't mix with it, any more than with water in the glass.

More than 6,000,000 women use Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect. Insist on Luxor by name at any cosmetic counter, and get

FREE! 2 drams of $3 perfume a sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor Powder alone.

55c moisture-proof FACE POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor, Ltd., 1335 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada).
Check, Powder: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
Rouge: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐
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City..

CHARLES BOYER *Answers His Admirers*

By The Inquiring Reporter

Everything you want to know about one of the most popular of all actors

THIS month it is Charles Boyer who takes a seat on the witness stand, lifts his hand and swears to answer your inquisition with the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. In his answers you will doubtless find many new and interesting facts about this French cinema idol.

Under what pen name do you write?

Under my own.

How can one secure your short stories? I am interested in reading them.

They have appeared in French magazines which, I believe, cannot be obtained now.

Would you be interested in having a fan club started for you?

I should be very much flattered.

What are your favorite sports?

Tennis and riding.

Do you like dancing?

Not particularly.

Do you answer your fan mail personally?

Yes, I do.

How can I get a personally autographed portrait of you?

By writing to the Walter Wanger Studio, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood.

What is your new picture?

***Invitation to Happiness* which Marlene Dietrich and I shall make in the spring.**

Where were you born?

Figeac, France.

What is the date of your birth?

August 28, 1899.

What are your measurements?

Five feet, nine inches in height; weight, 150 pounds.

What is your favorite dish?

Crêpes suzette. (Sally Eilers tells how to make them on page 54).

Do you like Hollywood?

Very much.

What was your first picture?

Made in Berlin, it was titled *Barcarole*.

How do you pronounce your name?

Boy-āye.

Was there an incident in your life that caused the moody expression always to be found on your countenance—judging from your photographs? . . . If so, and if it is not too personal, what was it?

I cannot imagine, unless it could be the effects of seeing the war at very close range, and for a great length of time, in France.

How do you address your wife in private life? Pat—or what?

Pat.

Who are your friends in Hollywood?

George Brent and Walter Wanger, among the more intimate.

What color eyes have you?

Brown.

What qualities do you dislike most in people?

Curiosity which prompts them to ask personal and embarrassing questions. Insincerity.

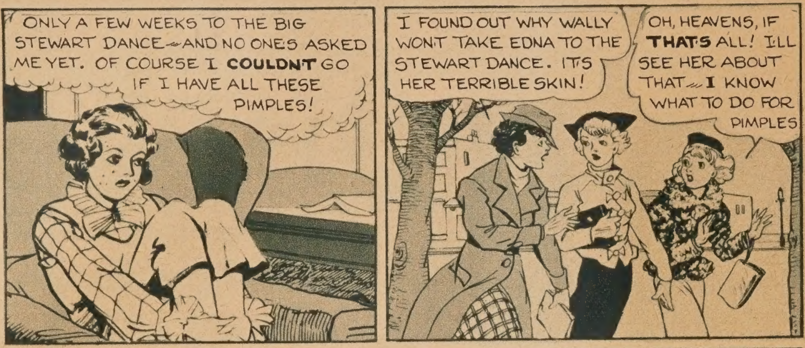
[*Continued on page* 85]

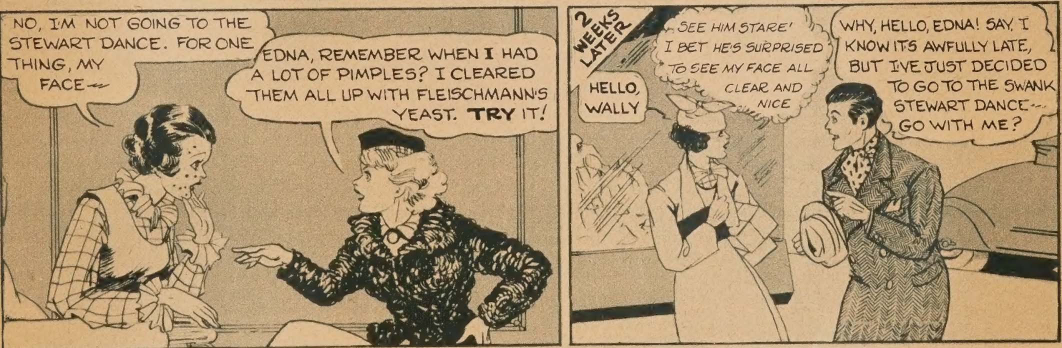
NO, SIS, THUMBS DOWN ON EDNA!

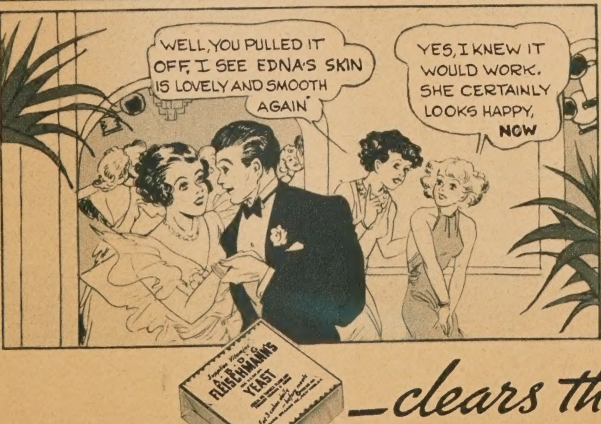
Edna had too many pimples

∽

but not for long


ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO THE BIG STEWART DANCE—AND NO ONE'S ASKED ME YET. OF COURSE I COULDN'T GO IF I HAVE ALL THESE PIMPLES!
I FOUND OUT WHY WALLY WON'T TAKE EDNA TO THE STEWART DANCE. IT'S HER TERRIBLE SKIN!
OH, HEAVENS, IF THAT'S ALL! I'LL SEE HER ABOUT THAT—I KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR PIMPLES


NO, I'M NOT GOING TO THE STEWART DANCE. FOR ONE THING, MY FACE—
EDNA, REMEMBER WHEN I HAD A LOT OF PIMPLES? I CLEARED THEM ALL UP WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT!
2 WEEKS LATER
HELLO, WALLY
SEE HIM STARE! I BET HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE MY FACE ALL CLEAR AND NICE
WHY, HELLO, EDNA! SAY, I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BUT I'VE JUST DECIDED TO GO TO THE SWANK STEWART DANCE—GO WITH ME?

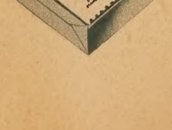

WELL, YOU PULLED IT OFF. I SEE EDNA'S SKIN IS LOVELY AND SMOOTH AGAIN
YES, I KNEW IT WOULD WORK. SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY, NOW

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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For Years I Suffered *in Silence!*

AN AFFLICTION THOUSANDS SUFFER, BUT FEW TALK ABOUT!

HEMORRHOIDS or Piles are one of the worst afflictions. They not only harass and torture you, but they play havoc with your health. They tax your strength and energy, wear you down physically and mentally and make you look haggard and drawn.

Piles, being a delicate subject, are often borne in silence, and allowed to go untreated. Yet, no condition is more desperately in need of attention. For Piles can, and often do, develop into something serious!

REAL TREATMENT

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with special Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts.

REAL COMFORT

Pazo is now also put up in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube is free for the asking. Just mail coupon or post card.

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FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY ____________ STATE ________

IRVIN S. COBB'S *Great Tribute* to WILL ROGERS

I consider this one of the most inspiring tributes ever given to any man, and I'm passing it on to you. Love Will Rogers? Hollywood worshipped him. He used to call out to me, "Hello, there, cousin!" in that dear old drawl of his every time we met. How I miss it!

Ginger Rogers

Shirley Temple unveiling the plaque at the dedication of a new sound stage in memory of Will Rogers

MR. TOASTMASTER and ladies and gentlemen:

On the menu which was laid before you, there is an error. It says I am to deliver an address of dedication. *Nothing* is further from my thoughts. Should I attempt a formal oration here, I think I would hear a homely, whiney Oklahoma drawl saying,

"Gimme my rope. Lemme lasso that sucker and drag him down before he makes a plumb idiot of himself."

Besides, a formal speech would ill-fit an occasion dedicated to one who was most informal in all the actions and acts and speeches of his life; who coupled a certain sweet sanity with a compassion that was like a well which never went dry; who had gallantry and generosity; who had a philosophy that ever was kindly, a wit that was salty but never was sour.

I think too often meetings, gatherings, like this, lack sincerity. What is an oration spoken at the open grave of the average man into his cold unhearing ears except a belated plea for the defense entered after the evidence is all in and the jury has given its verdict. And what is the average epitaph on a tombstone except an advertisement for a line of goods which permanently has been discontinued? But once in a century, perhaps not so often, there comes a human being who lives on and on and on, not so much for the achievements of his life but for the essence of decency and kindliness and sweetness which he radiated through the medium of those talents of his.

I think since Will went away from here, I've had thousands of letters about him from people, ninety-nine per cent of whom never saw him in real life perhaps, and I noticed a thing the other day in connection with this. I do not think there was a single one of those letters from high or low, from rich or poor, strangers, but spoke of him as "My friend," and I want to say this, if you don't think he was the friend of those he came into contact with, ask not these executives who dealt with him in a business way, ask not his co-stars who met him on equal ground, ask the extras, ask the struggling, old, weary actors fighting to live, and the young eager actors fighting for a chance, ask the technical crews, the boys behind the cameras and the sound machines, ask the boys in overalls who they love best of all the so-called stars they ever met on a lot.

I say to you that if all in this industry brought here one little flower apiece and planted it here, this great lot would be one vast garden of beauty and fragrance, with a tear of grateful remembrance to water every single bloom that grew here. We name this building by a name that will live in letters of eternal flame when the building itself has gone the way of all things of human fashioning, and when even the brass plaque on the outside of it has corroded and crumbled.

And reverently, with all love in our hearts, we dedicate this stage to one who trod life's stage so nobly well that forevermore the world goes on applauding. I thank you.

DON CORRADO ROMANO
founder of
ROMANO'S
COIN SHOP

OLD MONEY WANTED

WE PAY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PRICES

UP TO $5000.00 EACH

Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

Big Cash Premiums
For Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Don't sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH

1860 Cents **$50.00** — Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890, **$20.00** each—Half Cents **$250.00** —Large Copper Cents **$2000.00**—Flying Eagle Cents **$20.00**—Half Dimes **$150.00**—20c Pieces **$100.00**—25c before 1873, **$300.00**—50c before 1879, **$750.00**—Silver Dollars before 1874, **$2500.00** — Trade Dollars **$250.00** — Gold Dollars **$1000.00** — $2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, **$600.00** — $3 Gold Pieces **$1000.00** — $5 Gold Pieces before 1888, **$5000.00** — $10 Gold Pieces before 1908, **$150.00**—Commemorative Half Dollars **$6.00**—Commemorative Gold Coins **$115.00**.

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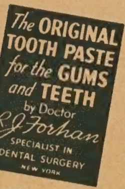
Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's does both jobs at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Notice how much better Forhan's makes your whole mouth feel right away. You'll soon *see* its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Begin using Forhan's today.



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CRÊPES SUZETTE a-la Sally

Sally Eilers offers a delicious recipe. Try it yourself!

By
Grace Ellis
SCREEN BOOK'S Famous Cooking Expert

The BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL COOK BOOK

COOKING SERVICE

How'd you like a copy of Sally's favorite Supper Party menu, including the recipe for delicious Escalloped Oysters? Look at this recipe list:

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(With recipe for Escalloped Oysters)
Prize-Winning Recipes .. 5 cents
(Winning Recipes in SCREEN BOOK'S Recipe Contest)
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Address your letter to Grace Ellis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food Editor, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. Don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. Postage Only).

THERE'S a story behind these pictures! Consider, for instance, Crêpes Suzette. They're really nothing so frightening. Just thin rich pancakes, made whole-pan size and dressed with a sauce.

Smart restaurants feature them at Tiffany prices. Smart hostesses serve them at their swankiest dinners. And out in Hollywood Billie Burke, Sally Eilers, and other stars noted for their home-hostessing, depend upon them constantly for very special occasions. Yet they're really such a simple dish that not a cook in the land but could serve them for supper tonight, if she wished.

Here's how Sally Eilers does it:

CRÊPES SUZETTE
(Will make 6 crêpes)

1 cup flour
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift sugar, salt and flour into a bowl. Beat together eggs, vanilla and milk. Add egg-milk mixture slowly to dry ingredients, mixing as you add, in order to avoid lumps. Beat into a smooth batter.

Place one teaspoon of butter in a moderate-sized frying pan. Add just enough batter to spread out into a cake that will fill the pan. Bake over a moderate fire until golden brown on one side. Turn and bake on the other. Remove to a hot plate. Add more butter and bake another cake, etc.

When cakes are baked they may be spread with a thick and delicious orange sauce and served at once, or heated in a chafing-dish sauce, Sally's style.

For the former method use the following sauce:

First, be careful to follow the directions with utmost care.

[*Continued on page* 56]

Sally starts out with flour, sugar and salt

Next comes eggs and milk. Avoid the lumps

Just enough butter to fill bottom of the pan

Fry to a sunny golden color — and then flip it

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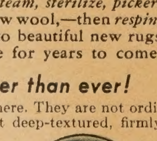

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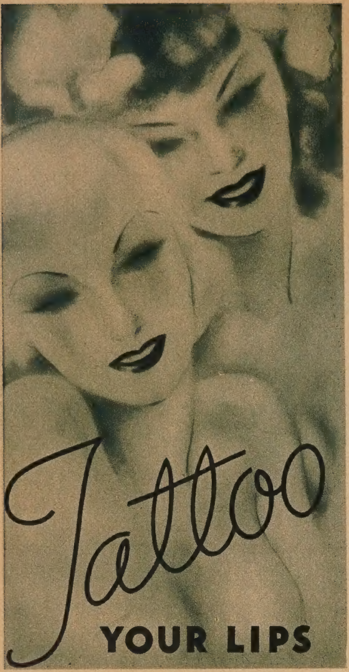

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Crêpes Suzette a la Sally

[*Continued from page* 54]

Line them up carefully on wax paper, all ready to fold

The sauce — sugar, butter, orange juice and a dash of rind

Add brandy, if you choose, touch with a match and serve

Sally presents her "expensive" dish, which costs so little

SIMPLE ORANGE SAUCE

1 cup powdered sugar
⅓ cup butter
Juice of ½ orange
Grated rind of ½ orange

Cream butter until light. Add powdered sugar and beat until very light. Add orange juice and grated rind and beat hard so that mixture will not separate. Spread sauce on hot crêpes. Fold, or roll, and serve at once as entree or dessert.

To finish cakes in the manner pictured, use the following sauce:

SALLY'S SAUCE

½ cup butter
Juice of 1 orange
Grated orange rind
½ cup powdered sugar
Dash Cognac, Curacao and Maraschino Brandy

Mix butter, sugar and orange rind in chafing dish. Add cognac, curacao and brandy. Add folded crêpes. Turn to coat on all sides. Ignite. Then serve as entrée or dessert.

Don't miss the free recipe offer on page 54. Order yours now!

"I am Wise to Myself Now!"

[*Continued from page* 31]

understanding. I have fewer acquaintances—more real friends.

"I know now that I'd rather stay home with one real friend than go to all the night clubs in the world. I'd rather wake up in the morning, ready for a swim in my pool, a game of tennis, or a canter along a sunny bridle path. I'd rather spend my time attending to the thousand and one details of being a movie star—reading scripts, answering fan mail."

We have visited Jean many times when she has been doing just that. There isn't another star in Hollywood who answers personally so many letters from her admirers as Jean does. There isn't another actress who gives more time and thought to her career. Who can say, as Jean does, "I used to demand *excitement* from life. Now I want *accomplishment!*"

"My hair—" She turned her head so the slanting sunlight coming through the Venetian blinds caught lights and shadows in the ash-brown locks. She smiled wryly. "It wasn't an easy decision to make, naturally. Mother and I talked it over for almost a year. Every now and then, I think I'm sorry . . . and mother has saved a few strands of the old color to match in a portrait I am having painted.

"But I'm glad, really, that it's done. My friends like it better too, after the first shock." She smiled, and added, "A writer once complimented me by saying that Jean Harlow's hair does not match the real Jean Harlow. I hope that's true.

"I do feel that much of the tragedy that has come to me would have been avoided had I been less spectacular-looking—had I been an ordinary blonde, or a brunette. I've been told by newspapermen that half the headlines about me would not have been printed—had I not had that catchy title as the first platinum blonde.

"ON THE screen, too, the change is for the better. I watch myself up there as critically as I would a stranger—that's my business. And because they had to pump a terrific amount of light into my face, to balance the brightness of the hair, my face lost a lot of expression.

"I believe this darker shade will give weight and depth to the characters I play. It will allow me a wider divergence of rôles. I want to be known as an actress . . ." Jean was silent for a moment, and then added, "I'm tired of hearing people whisper that I'm in pictures just because I'm an unusual type of blonde. *I'm tired of playing second to a head of hair!"*

Jean's judgment is justified by the opinion of cameramen and technicians who worked with her on *Riffraff*. They say the new shade makes her face softer and more expressive—takes away a certain brittle quality she has always had on the screen, but never in real life. "For the first time," an important producer told me, "audiences will recognize Jean for the great actress she really is."

She stood up, suddenly, and looked out of the window over the rolling view of hills and valleys and in the distance, the sparkling blue of the Pacific.

"I'm wise to myself about love, too," she said. "Once I thought I wanted a home, and the companionship of marriage. Now—I don't see how I can combine marriage and a career successfully. And to me, my career is the most important thing in the world."

Several times, however, Jean mentioned the name of Bill . . . handsome, debonair William Powell, whom the gossips have linked with her name for months. In March, her final decree of divorce will be granted, and she will be free. She told me, laughing, "The columnists say we're going to marry—I say we're not. Let's wait and see who was right!"

NEWS NOTES

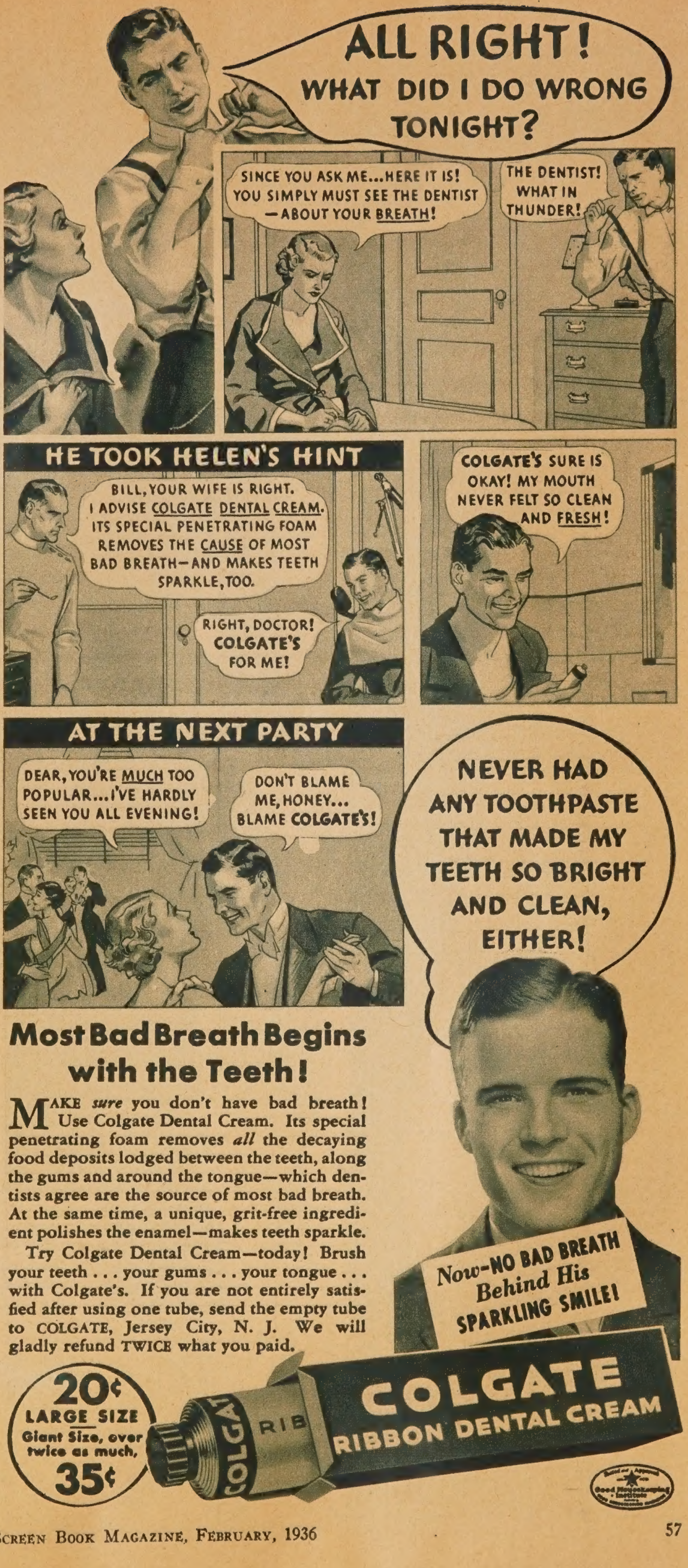
Here's happiness! Evelyn Venable (Mrs. Hal Mohr) with her new born nine pound baby, Dolores Venable Mohr

- Joe Glick, ex-boxer who earned $8 as an extra in Mae West's *Klondike Lou,* hit over the head with a milk bottle and robbed of his money. Has twenty-two stitches taken in his head . . . Charlie Chaplin suffers a broken hand . . . Bette Davis suffers sprained ankle while working on the set of *The Petrified Forest* . . . George O'Brien narrowly escapes blindness when struck in the eye by a ball while playing squash.

- Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd reconciled after two week separation . . . Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler celebrate their first wedding anniversary . . . Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, who appeared together in *Ah Wilderness,* are romancing.

- Marjorie Weaver, recent winner of the Ruby Keeler contest, is screen-tested by Warner Bros., following her graduation from the Jack Blue School . . . Loretta Young, recovering from an illness which forced her from the screen for several months, will return to work soon in *Café Metropole* . . . Clark Gable to star in a sequel to *Mutiny on the Bounty* called *Pitcairn's Island.*

- Gary Cooper buys a new car capable of doing 120 miles per hour . . . Barbara Stanwyck divorces Frank Fay, charging mental cruelty . . . Binnie Barnes sails for vacation in Europe . . . Jimmy Rogers, son of the late Will Rogers, suffers head injuries when he falls at a skating rink . . . Death comes to the father of Alice Faye.


ALL RIGHT! WHAT DID I DO WRONG TONIGHT?
SINCE YOU ASK ME...HERE IT IS! YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THE DENTIST —ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
THE DENTIST! WHAT IN THUNDER!
HE TOOK HELEN'S HINT
BILL, YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO.
RIGHT, DOCTOR! COLGATE'S FOR ME!
COLGATE'S SURE IS OKAY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH!
AT THE NEXT PARTY
DEAR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO POPULAR...I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL EVENING!
DON'T BLAME ME, HONEY... BLAME COLGATE'S!
NEVER HAD ANY TOOTHPASTE THAT MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN, EITHER!
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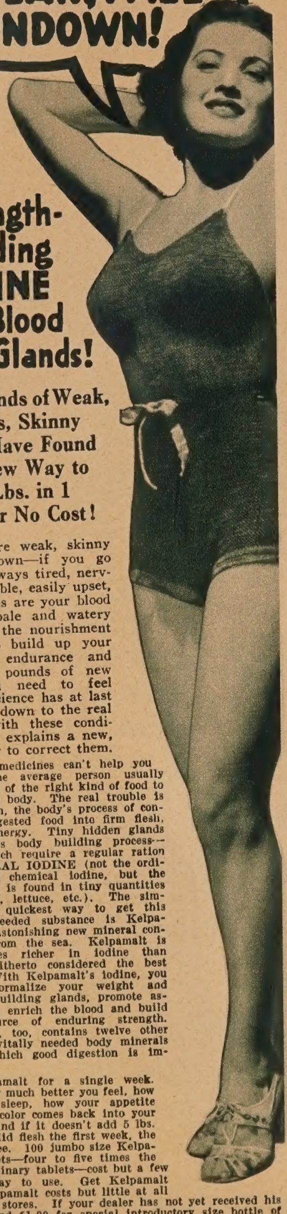

IF YOU ARE SKINNY WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN!

Get Strength-Building IODINE into Blood and Glands!

Thousands of Weak, Nervous, Skinny Folks Have Found This New Way to Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week or No Cost!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Kelpamalt's iodine, you quickly normalize your weight and strength building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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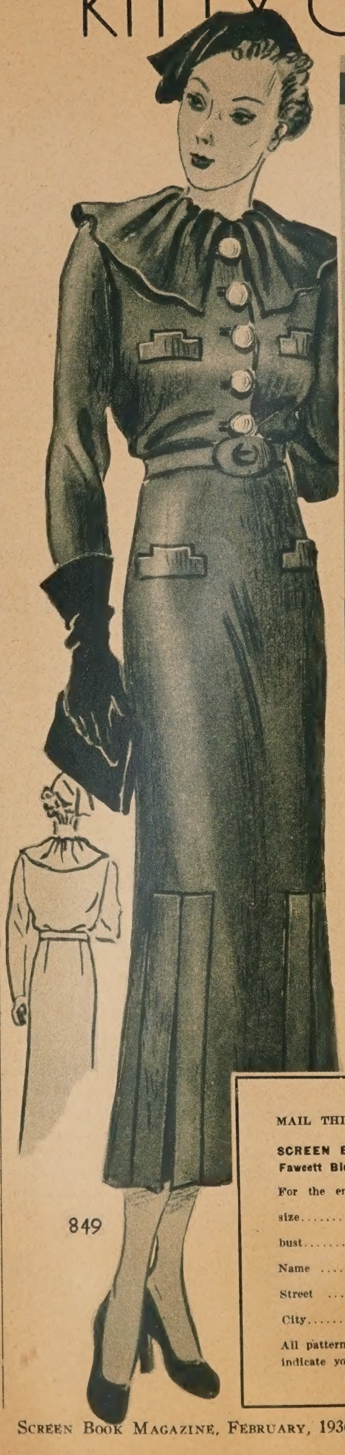
Be as Chic as KITTY CARLISLE



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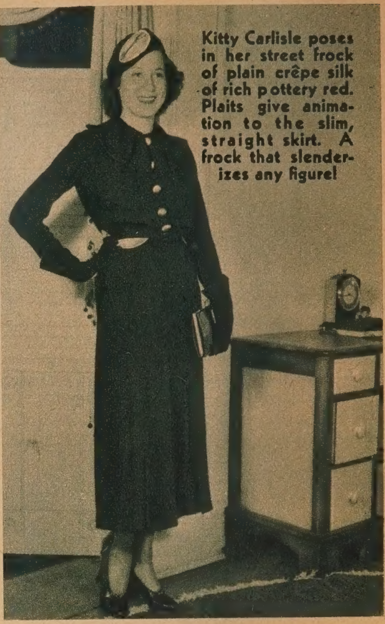

Kitty Carlisle poses in her street frock of plain crêpe silk of rich pottery red. Plaits give animation to the slim, straight skirt. A frock that slenderizes any figure!

KITTY CARLISLE, most recently featured with The Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera* offers patterns this month, at the request of Ginger Rogers, of two of her loveliest frocks. Style No. 849 is a simple, wearable model which can be made stunning in gay, vibrant silk prints. It is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

Style 845 is a dashing woolen creation. It can be put on with a tailored skirt of rose-raspberry crêpe and the jacket left open. It is designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

Screen Star Patterns are also available in department stores. If you live in Canada. mail the coupon below to SCREEN BOOK, Pattern Department, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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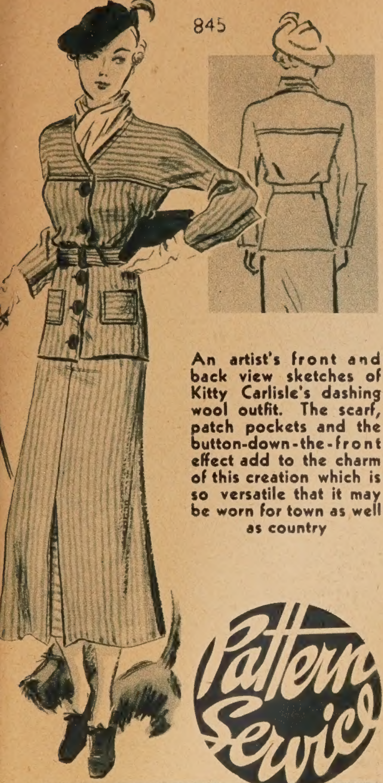
City.................................... State.............

All patterns 25c each. Place check marks in the squares above to indicate your order.



An artist's front and back view sketches of Kitty Carlisle's dashing wool outfit. The scarf, patch pockets and the button-down-the-front effect add to the charm of this creation which is so versatile that it may be worn for town as well as country

Pattern Service

The same frock as pictured above is worn by Kitty Carlisle as she starts for the studio. See what unusual effect the bright scarf has against the simplicity of the entire ensemble

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?

It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores.

It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

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Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

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The Key to Glamour

By Jane Woodard

In which Virginia Bruce is cross-examined about her theories on feminine beauty

"THE most beautiful blonde in Hollywood!" That's what the late Florenz Ziegfeld once called Virginia Bruce. And today Virginia Bruce is even more glamorous than in the days when Ziegfeld selected her for one of his important New York shows.

In view of Ziegfeld's comments about Miss Bruce, it is particularly interesting to note that she will next come to the screen in the rôle of "Audrey Lane," most beautiful of all Ziegfeld's show-girls, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lavish and important production, *The Great Ziegfeld,* based on the life of this famous theatrical producer.

Asked about her rules-for-beauty while resting in her dressing room suite at M-G-M, in-between scenes for this picture, Virginia smiled and said: "It puts one rather on a spot to talk about beauty, doesn't it? And yet there are some things I very definitely believe. A girl should be herself. She should know her type, and then have her make-up accentuate the loveliness of her particular type. Her clothes should be in keeping with her type of beauty. Personally, I feel that femininity is beauty's most ardent ally, and so I try to have my make-up and clothes emphasize femininity."

Virginia ran a comb through her long, blonde hair as she continued: "While we were walking over here from the set of *The Great Ziegfeld,* you remarked that when you saw me at lunch yesterday, you wondered for a minute if I had any make-up on at all, except a little lipstick. I consider that a lovely compliment, because it shows that the make-up I use isn't obvious."

As she combed her hair, she put the comb down and said very earnestly: "A blonde should be very, very careful about the make-up colors she uses . . . so as to avoid even the remotest suggestion that she might be artificial-looking.

"Max Factor emphasized this point, too, when I had a make-up conference with him. He recommended for me a make-up of Flesh powder, Flame rouge and Flame lipstick."

"What do you consider the greatest asset to feminine beauty, outside of femininity and naturalness?" she was asked.

"It's awfully hard to say," she pondered. "Of course there are those physical things, like eyes, skin, hands and features which you are born either with or without. These things, I suppose, are the standards by which most people judge beauty. I can't say that I agree. I know many girls whose features are far from perfect, but who appear more beautiful to me because of dynamic personalities. I would say that personality would be the most important asset.

"A conscious effort to develop a pleasing personality, a conversational power, and a soft voice, coupled with making the most of her charm and femininity, would be my recipe for beauty."

At this point Virginia was called back on the set, so we left the dressing room. As she took her place under the lights of the sound stage she looked more like a lovely painting than anything actually alive.

As I watched her I recalled comments made by former neighbors of hers in North Dakota and Minnesota. It seems that even from babyhood Virginia Bruce gave promise of the rare beauty that she possesses today. Her face was always framed in golden locks. Her eyes were always the deep, [*Continued on page 79*]

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 10]

Cooper, at the height of his popularity has never received within several thousand dollars of that amount, and her nearest competitor today, Freddie Bartholomew, earns only one-fifth as much.

MAE WEST, embroiled in another heated argument with Paramount, has hinted that as soon as her current contract, which calls for one more picture, has been terminated, she will definitely and permanently quit the screen. She wants to enjoy a little leisure and find time to author a new book which she has outlined.

By the way, did you know that the curvaceous lady receives from Paramount just as many dollars per week for her scenario work as she receives for her acting?

MARIAN MARSH, in *No More Yesterdays,* wears a wedding gown that is acclaimed as the most gorgeous creation ever designed for the screen. It is made of 12 yards of shimmering silver lamé and forty yards of tulle. When the wedding sequence was filmed, everyone in the studio who could leave his duties stood on the sidelines to observe—and marvel at—that gown.

HERBERT MUNDIN claims that the most embarrassing experience of his professional life occurred in England. Appearing with a stock company, he came out on the stage to discover that there was not a soul in the audience. As a gag he called out, "I say, are we all alone in here?"

"No," came a voice from the back row, "but you will be if you are here tomorrow night!"

MADGE BELLAMY, once one of Hollywood's greatest stars, is on her way back. She is now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox and doing exceptionally well in small rôles. Her latest appearance is in *Metropolitan.* She is still a beautiful personality, and has what it takes to make a real come-back.

RICHARD ARLEN reports that there is a fight every time his children get together with the Crosby young-

[*Continued on page* 87]

The Male Of The Month
Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 12]

at this time of year basking in the sun at Palm Springs, his favorite vacation spot. He plans soon to build a ten room house for himself, but will not admit that it is with matrimony in mind. He has a wide acquaintance among Hollywood's most charming ladies, but expresses a silent preference for Irene Hervey.

"Swell kids," he calls his leading ladies to date (Virginia Bruce, Jean Parker and Irene Dunne) and they, in turn, are willing to swear by him as Hollywood's Man of the Hour.

AFRAID?

"I'm so scared" . . . "I don't dare dance!" . . . Never again need those fears haunt you. A new kind of sanitary napkin is here. Modess—the one and only napkin that is *certain-safe!* The napkin that *stays soft—stays safe!*

JOIN THE CROWD WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—you're truly safe—with Certain-Safe Modess. *No striking through!*—as with reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body—and complete protection is yours.

Modess
This is the New Modess the "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic" —ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)
(At your druggist or department store)

MOTION PICTURE
Why Joan Crawford Married Franchot Tone

Why JOAN CRAWFORD *Married* FRANCHOT TONE

Big Stories *about* Big Stars

That's what you will find in the February MOTION PICTURE, *the big twenty-fifth anniversary number!* Read the intimate, revealing story entitled, "Why Joan Crawford Married Franchot Tone." The title of another big story in February MOTION PICTURE is "I Don't Want a Million Dollars", telling why Bing Crosby doesn't want riches. Other stories cover Clark Gable, Dolores Del Rio, Claudette Colbert, Grace Moore and John Boles!

You Too Can Be a Star!

New Names in the New Films—that's what studios are seeking today! And MOTION PICTURE is filling that studio need. Enter MOTION PICTURE'S Search for Talent! *A great future may be in store for you!*

On Sale at All Newsstands

A NEW SKIN!

Pimples
Blackheads
Coarse Pores
Freckles, Blotches
Wrinkles-VANISH!
with Blemished
Outer Skin

Read This Free Offer! In 3 Days

—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time, as stated by the legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new free treatise called

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 367-X, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell friends.

SCREEN BOOK'S FAMOUS FREE SERVICE DEPARTMENTS

COOKING—In addition to learning the secret of Sally Eilers' delicious crêpes suzette, Grace Ellis offers free recipes each month . . . page 54.

FASHIONS—Popular the country over for her Hollywood Shop Talk, Grace Mack advises her readers on fashion problems by letter. Details on page 71. Patterns of Hollywood's newest style creations appear on page 58.

BEAUTY—Janet Lynn has long been a favorite of SCREEN BOOK readers. Her expert advice on beauty appears on page 22. See page 67 for free letter service offer.

A CHANCE for AMATEURS in the MOVIES?

. . . . *Yes!*

Says Major Bowes

Major Bowes, ace showman

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES' two reel movies, which are "glorified screen tests of amateurs receiving the greatest amount of votes from millions of radio listeners," is his assurance to an ambitious younger generation that the screen shall not suffer from lack of talent.

Heretofore, the responsibility for choosing new talent has been left to the casting agents and producers, with the hope that their selections will coincide with the judgment of the audience. Millions of dollars have been wasted by "talent guesses" which failed to coincide with public preference.

Major Bowes, through his amateur film idea, offers a fool proof method of determining the audience appeal of untried talent, by allowing the film audience to determine beforehand just which performers you would like to see more of.

It is a comparatively simple matter to receive an audition for the Major Bowes amateur hour. Any amateur living in or within the immediate vicinity of New York City is eligible for a fair trial before the Major. Shirt sleeves rolled above the elbows in a business-like manner, the Major spends endless time in his N. B. C. audition rooms interviewing hundreds of aspirants. Those who survive the audition gong are eligible for one of the Major's Sunday night programs. And from those who survive the gong on the big Sunday night program are picked the performers for Major Bowes' two reel roadshows. Telegrams and votes from millions of listeners all over the country determine who will have a place in the film. Could any talent casting system be more accurate and just than this? And before an amateur is allowed a place in the picture he must submit to the cruel-est, yet most honest test of them all, the voice recording test. If this is passed satisfactorily, the amateur is then placed in the expert hands of the Biograph Studio (producers of Major Bowes' short films) make-up artists in preparation for their stint before the camera.

NOW and then we hear the Major bolstering up the courage of one of his more timorous amateurs who has suddenly developed "microphone knees." But so far in the making of amateur films, there has been no call for such assistance from the Major. The amateurs go through their paces before the cameras, singing, dancing and doing imitations with the fervor and self-assurance of a professional. Their initial success on the radio program was all that was necessary to insure self-confidence.

Fox Films has already signed Doris Wester, the "Cinderella" girl, whose plaintive voice and fragile beauty swept her overnight from a quiet suburban home to a six-week singing contract in the glittering Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, top of the amusement world, as proof even at this early date that amateurs really go places after they have been acclaimed by public vote.

A human interest story, typical of so many others in the present amateur scene, is that of the Youman brothers, three boy musicians who with the like amount of instruments, give imitations of well known bands: Wayne King, Cab Calloway, Guy Lombardo, etc. The boys traveled from Chicago with their father in a battered old car just to get on the program. With practically no money or the faintest idea of what they were going to use for such in getting back to Chicago, the three lads went on the Bowes program, pumping away on their instruments and radiating smiles that *caught* clear through the audience and into the glass enclosed control room.

The public virtually broke the voting machine in response. Major Bowes took them under his wing, saw to it that their immediate wants were taken care of and signed them up for a series of personal appearances in one of the Major Bowes stage units.

The incessant parade of aspirants marching before the Major each week come from every walk and phase of life. From the ranks of society came the Duchess of Torlonia, sister-in-law of the former Infanta Beatrice of Spain, and Mary Mumm, daughter of the Champagne King and prominent in Newport society. But the opportunity offered them was no more than that offered by the Major to Joseph Rogato, the Singing Garbage man. Regardless of how seemingly unknown or unique your job or profession might seem, it's a sure bet that the Major has met one of your professional kin during the regular course of his auditions.

So settle back in your seats, Mr. and Mrs. Movie-goer, and prepare yourself for one of the most exciting thespian revolutions that ever struck Hollywood. There will be plenty of changes made! And this time, thanks to Major Bowes' "Amateur Screen Test" idea.

And as conclusive proof that the Major and his amateurs is the most popular idea that ever struck show business, comes a prepaid cable from a Scotchman in Edinburgh with a vote for Major Bowes' amateurs!—*Such popularity must be deserved!*

—By WALTER SCHMIDT.

Doctor reveals what 774 Illinois people did to help

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

Test made under medical supervision for 2 full winters

The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE:

one half gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic; the other half did not!

Proof of results obtained with

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

CAN Pepsodent Antiseptic prevent colds? That was the question put before a reputable doctor noted for practical research. He was asked to find the answer in his own way. To take as much time as he needed. To spend as much money as was necessary.

This famous Illinois test is the result of his efforts. He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all.

The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

The results left no doubt that *Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce colds!*

The doctor's report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

What's more, the relatively few who caught cold, even though they used Pepsodent, *got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!*

Thus you have concrete proof of how Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds. Proof that it also cut the length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember this fact. The ordinary kind kills germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control!" Pepsodent's extra power keeps the breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.

BROWN BLONDES WANT GOLDEN HAIR?

Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

WHAT girl with dull, brownish hair wouldn't give a fortune to be the possessor of gloriously radiant, golden hair? Any girl, of course. But now, thanks to Blondex, the unique shampoo-rinse, the drabbest, most faded hair can be made to gleam with gold for just a few cents. If *you* want golden hair, try Blondex today. One shampoo with Blondex will wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. And *safely*, too, for Blondex is not a harsh bleach or dye. Start today with Blondex. Bring back the golden beauty of childhood. Be a true, alluring *golden* blonde. Get Blondex at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

Amazing! Sensational SILK HOSE GUARANTEED TO Wear Without Holes OR NEW HOSE FREE!

AGENTS: UP TO $32 in a WEEK

New, sensational free Replacement Guarantee on fine hosiery. Chiffons, service weights. Big line for men, women, children. Holes, snags, runs appearing in from 1½ to 8 months from ordinary wear, replaced free. R. Poirier, Maine, reports earnings $127 from August 17 to August 24, 1935. Ninety-six styles. colors. Selling equipment supplied. Agents write, give hose size.

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
9-B Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

YOUR OWN SILK HOSE FREE OF EXTRA COST

ALICE WHITE MOVIE ACTRESS WEARING WILKNIT HOSIERY

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Get RID of the Spectacle Handicap. The NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM makes Victory over Glasses Possible.

You are the Judge—your eyes the Jury—when the *Natural Eyesight System* goes on trial in your home for four months on our 100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 226-B, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

What 1936 Will Bring Shirley

[*Continued from page* 14]

throat and possibly make her lose her voice for a period; the other the threat of appendicitis, and an operation.

3—Danger of accidents, particularly in April, August and September.

More obscure are two other items that stand out in her 1936 horoscope—

There is the sign that some time during the year, family grief will come to Shirley. Whether it will come through death, illness or other causes, and how close to Shirley it lies, are matters that the planets do not state specifically, plainly.

The other not-so-plain indication is of some major professional change. There are signs that indicate a possible new contract—even one that may take her out of Hollywood, out of America, for a period that runs from six months to a year.

This prediction is strange, in view of the fact that only a month or so ago, Shirley's guardians and 20th Century-Fox films closed a new contract tying Shirley more securely than before to the pictures of that studio—and incidentally guaranteeing Shirley an income of *more than $4,000 a week!*

Whether the new contract or deal suggested by the stars would supplant this contract, or whether it will come in addition to her film work, is uncertain.

NOW, as to those three major threats against Shirley's happiness for 1936—the kidnap attempt, the illness, and the danger of accidents:

The time at which the kidnap danger will "break" is uncertain, according to the stars. However, the general picture for the year indicates that Shirley's guards will frustrate the effort.

Here it is no violation of confidence to reveal that Shirley is constantly guarded, today and every day. The chauffeur who drives her between her studio and her home is a detective—armed to the teeth, ready to guard Shirley with his own life, when the need arises. When she is on the set, she is guarded by an operative who never takes his eyes off her. At her home, certain precautions are in effect which would make any kidnaper's job a thousand-to-one certainty of failure.

And so, if the stars' prediction of a kidnap-try against Shirley work out, it is safe to say that somehow the effort will be effectually nipped in the bud, perhaps even before it reaches the point of overt action on the part of the would-be kidnapers. You see, Uncle Sam's G-men keep a particular ear and eye open for underworld plotters, and often they move in and ruin a plot which is still in the hatching.

As to the threats of illness before Shirley in 1936—

Her danger months are February, March, June, September and October. Especially in February or October is there danger of appendicitis. However, Dareos says the other signs in her horoscope warn *against* too hasty resort to operation to relieve her. An operation might develop into serious consequences, the signs suggest.

The other specific illness threat attacks her voice. Whether from overwork at speaking lines, or singing her songs, or from a cold that will develop into bronchial trouble of more serious nature, Shirley stands a bad chance of losing her voice entirely for a period of several months, unless extreme precautions are taken against the danger. Nevertheless, even if the danger does come true, her voice will return as lovely and sweet as before.

THE third major threat—danger from accidents—is particularly ominous in the months of April, August and September. She must be doubly careful in those months, and even triply careful on April eighth or ninth, August fifteenth or sixteenth, and September twelfth and thirteenth.

The nature of these accidents is not disclosed by the horoscope—whether in the studio, or while traveling in her car or perhaps an airplane, or from some totally unexpected cause—this secret is not revealed by the planets, so Shirley and her guards must beware.

In May or June, there is a slight danger that Shirley will collapse from overwork. Not because her studio or her family will force her to attempt too much, but simply because Shirley herself, loving acting and playing as she does, will throw her own self too deeply and too earnestly into her work—and suffer for it.

That, in general, tells the major points of her 1936 forecast.

NOW, here in brief is the month-by-month forecast for Shirley's 1936:

January—a fair month, with no outstanding events indicated. *February*—a month of adversity, with danger of appendicitis, and professional troubles. *March*—a better month, with particular indication that Shirley will achieve some signal professional honor or success. Her health will be endangered. *April*—her birth month. The signs are fair, for health, happiness and professional life, but with great danger of accidents on either the seventh or eighth. *May*—a good month, with particular indications of a development that will mean even greater financial gain for her. *June*—a month that will be, all in all, not so good. Her health must be carefully watched here. *July*—a good month, where signs of travel are plain. It is either now or next month that Shirley may go abroad for a long stay. In July, business matters concerning her will arise, and her business agents must show great care to guard her against some professional double-dealing. *August*—not such a good month. Travel signs still strong. The middle of the month, particularly the fifteenth and sixteenth, dangerous through accident. *September*—another good month, especially if Shirley has gone abroad. However, there is danger from both accident and sickness. *October*—a less favorable month, with another definite threat of appendicitis. *November*—not such a good month. This will be a period wherein Shirley's advisers will be wise to let her "coast" and to undertake no new work or fields. The latter part of the month, however, shows a definite indication of a great financial gain. *December*—an especially good month, with glowing forecast of great financial benefits to Shirley.

Follow the Fleet with Fred Astaire

[*Continued from page* 33]

"I would like very much to be able to retire in five years," says Astaire. "I would like then to spend my time between the United States and England. I once owned a racing stable. I would like to have another one. And if my dream comes true, I'll have a horse that I can enter in the Kentucky Derby."

More than anything else horse racing is Astaire's hobby. And while he bets on the races his bets are always conservative. He gets just as much of a thrill out of winning on a two-dollar bet as he would on a $100 bet. He plays his hunches but his hunches are usually backed up by a knowledge of the horse's history and past performance.

He's an enthusiastic football fan but seldom has an opportunity to see the games, for with him work always comes first.

He doesn't go in for Hollywood social life, and one of his pet fears is that sometime at a party someone will ask him to dance.

He has no particular superstitions but he clings to a frayed old bathrobe that has long since outlived its expectancy.

"The first time I ever wore it," he says, "was on the opening night of a new show. The show turned out to be a hit and it marked the turning point in my career. Since then I've worn it on opening nights of shows that have been flops but for the most part the old bathrobe has brought me luck—or at least I'm sentimental enough to think that it has."

I ASKED him what he considered the most essential requirements for the girl who would like to take up dancing as a career.

"I think the first requirement is a thorough understanding of rhythm and timing, combined with the ability to translate this into actual steps. And the girl who wants to take up dancing as a career must not only have physical vitality but the capacity for a great deal of hard work. It's no career for a lazy person."

"Do you think that a girl needs to have beauty in order to be a success as a dancer?" I asked.

"I wouldn't say that beauty is essential but it certainly is an asset. I believe that personality and the ability to put that personality over is really more important than beauty."

I tried to get Astaire to name the five best girl dancers he knows but Mr. Astaire is too much of a diplomat to do that. I might just as well have asked him to lead with his chin.

As soon as an Astaire picture is released the studio is swamped with letters from feminine fans begging for Freddie's worn out dancing shoes. Some of them even offer to pay for the privilege of securing this unusual souvenir. But to date Freddie's worn out Cinderellas have not left the lot.

Something tells me that you are going to like Astaire in the rôle of a sailor and that you'll soon be singing *"We joined the navy to see the world but all we saw was sea."*

Did you know that Bob Rose, ace movie stunt man, has made 570 parachute jumps and has wrecked more than 200 automobiles during his career?

Your chance for MOVIE FAME

SEARCH FOR TALENT

Extended!

Nancy McDonough was given a Search for Talent screen test at the Virginia Theatre, Champaign, Ill.

HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play extend the Search for Talent

to February 1st 1936

Due to the large number of entries the Search for Talent has been extended to February 1, 1936!! . . . and instead of guaranteeing 6 persons a trip to Hollywood, we are guaranteeing that *at least 7 persons* will be brought to Hollywood, *all expenses paid,* for a chance in the movies!

It's simplicity itself to enter the Search for Talent . . . just fill out the entry blank (or facsimile) printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photograph and send to the Search for Talent headquarters. A local committee will select from these photographs the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search for Talent truck arrives, those selected will be given a FREE screen test which will be forwarded to Universal Studios for final judging. Winners will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a final studio screen test.

Blossom Chan, petite Oriental, Search for Talent entry from Minneapolis, Minn., was selected for a FREE screen test at the Orpheum Theatre, Minneapolis, Minn.

A beautiful, Chicago, Search for Talent entry is Miss Margaret Hehn. She was given a FREE screen test and a chance for fame in the movies.

Remember, one of Hollywood's first requirements is a well groomed hairdress. Do as the movie stars do, use HOLD-BOBS, always. They insure a perfect hairdress because they have small, round, invisible heads; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped—and are available in colors to match your hair.

Be sure to get HOLD-BOBS. You'll know them by their Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards, on sale everywhere...and the entry blank to the Search for Talent is printed right on the back of the HOLD-BOB card!!

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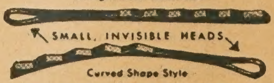

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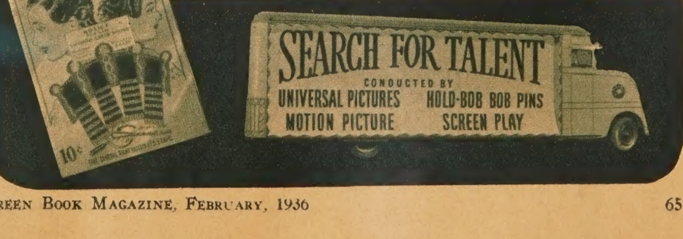

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THESE GAY *Clothes-line* BASKETS and 75 other novelties 10c

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Please send the 1936 Book of New Dennison Crafts. I enclose 10 cents.

Name ....
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Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
...*New Showers and Announcements Book*
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Dennison Crepe

GRAY HAIR!

The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

STOP IT! I can't stand that! It's driving me mad!

IF JANGLING NERVES, high tension days, and *sleepless nights* are ruining your disposition and spoiling your enjoyment of *life's normal pleasures,* send today for **Bro-Sal-Itas** Tablets. Here is the modern way to restore peace to lives distraught by nervous tension. *Restful nights, peaceful days,* are yours **WITHOUT NARCOTICS.** The World's finest ingredients, compounded by chemists of international standing. 100 tablets $2.00. Guaranteed. International Biochemists. Dept. R11 P.O. Box 715, Hollywood, Cal.

SKIN ITCH

Quick Relief or Money Back

When your skin is irritated with pimples, eczema and red blotches from external causes, and you're crazy with itching torture, here's quick, sure relief. Get a 35c box of *Peterson's Ointment* at your druggist and rub on this healing balm. Feel the relief! Itching stops promptly. Smarting disappears. Your skin will positively look better, feel better. And don't forget, Peterson's Ointment is wonderful to help heal itching feet and cracks between toes. Try it. **SAMPLE FREE.** Write Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. HK-62, Buffalo, N. Y.

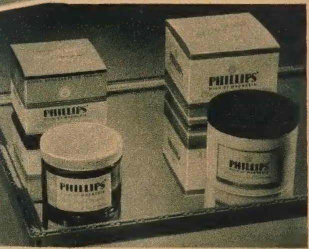
Beauty At Your Fingertips

[*Continued from page 22*]

CUTEX
OILY POLISH REMOVER

KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

Left: Cutex Oily Polish Remover is safe and economical. Above: Kleenex now comes with a decorative "slip-on" cover



New WINX
Creamy mascara
ready to use

Left: The smart new Tangee *Little Miracle* compact set. Above: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream and Milk of Magnesia Texture Cream. Right: Romance for your lashes in this new Winx Creamy Mascara

hangnails and becoming hard and calloused at the nail corners—unless it is softened by cuticle removers and oils and trimmed a bit, at the corners, with nippers.

To take care of your cuticle properly you need: a good cuticle softener (there are several fine ones in both cream and liquid form) which can be massaged into the skin; a pusher or orangewood stick with which to scrape away bits of cuticle that cling stubbornly to the nail; a tiny cuticle scissors to remove thin jagged edges that will not succumb to cuticle remover; and nippers to snip away the thickened cuticle at the corners of the nails.

THE rumor that liquid nail polish causes brittle nails is based on the erroneous belief that it has the power of penetrating the nail surface. As a matter of fact, nail polish acts as a *protective* coating for the nails and is not absorbed. If, after using liquid polish for a long time, you notice that your nails have lost their natural lustre, this is because the polish has shielded them from friction or rubbing, which naturally polishes them! If you will buff your nails before applying your liquid polish, you'll find their natural gloss returning in a jiffy.

You'll find a candidate for the Oily-Polish-Remover Hall of Fame nestling in that very luscious looking pair of hands illustrated in this article. The Cutex people were one of the first firms to bring out an oily polish remover and now they have increased the size to positively gigantic proportions. (If you change polishes frequently, you *can't* have too much remover on hand!) The outsize bottle of genuine Cutex Oily Polish Remover costs only thirty-five cents. You can't find a better bargain that that!

Those pretty, well-cared for nails in the picture are wearing a coat of Cutex Creme Polish in a pale shade—not because their owner doesn't *like* deep shades but because she's a business woman and reluctantly tore herself from her desk to have this picture taken. For social occasions she likes vivid, startling shades of Cutex polish—which only proves the old adage, "Scratch a business woman and you'll find a siren."

The smooth whiteness of her hands, she claims, is due to the fact that she uses Campana's Italian Balm at least six times a day—*always* after she has had her hands in water. She finds it as quick and economical to use as it is beneficial, on account of the handy dispenser cap.

It shouldn't be hard for you to recognize the box of Kleenex, also illustrated, but you might be mystified by the one in the foreground. It's Kleenex, too, in a new decorative beige covering which will make your dressing table or bathroom shelf look much more ornamental. This attractive and sturdy outer covering slips right over any medium size box of Kleenex (the 200 sheet size), and the slit down the middle enables you to remove tissues with the usual ease. You know, of course, how grand Kleenex is for removing face cream, but have you ever tried it for wiping excess nail polish off the tips and sides of your nails?

ALL Tangee Rouge and Lipstick fans must have sighed at not being able to buy their favorite cosmetics in compact, dressed-up form for evening and formal daytime use. But that omission has just been remedied—the Tangee people have introduced a "Little Miracle" Lipstick and Rouge Compact Set! The illustration shows you its interior, but doesn't, unfortunately, show you the exterior of this attractive silver-finished case containing a plaque for your monogram.

Admirable features of the compact are the large mirror, the "Tangee colored" silk moire rouge puff and the snug groove for holding the lipstick. The compact comes packed in the bright-colored gift box you see hovering in the background. Beside the compact is the familiar dollar Tangee Lipstick, put there to remind you that it's still superb for giving your lips a soft natural tint and also (on account of the cream base) for keeping them smooth. The compact set costs $1.50; rouge refills can be had for fifty-five cents and lipstick refills for thirty-nine cents. Isn't it a bargain?

You'll find a newcomer to the famous Winx family if you go nosing around ten cent store cosmetic counters these days. It's the new Winx Creamy Mascara, in a generous size green and white tube with black lettering, mounted on a card, as illustrated. To use this harmless, tear-proof mascara, you simply squeeze some on a dry brush, then transfer it to your lashes. It gives a very natural and yet dangerous beauty to the thinnest, lightest lashes. And it comes in three shades—black, brown and Parisian blue.

It's pretty well established that milk of magnesia is a good anti-acid when used both internally and externally. It is also well established that the pores secrete a fatty acid which, if left on the skin, is ruinous. So it follows, doesn't it, that creams containing milk of magnesia should be pretty effective in neutralizing these fatty acid accumulations on the skin so that they can do no harm?

Well, that's the line of thought that the Phillips' Milk of Magnesia chemists followed and it resulted in the two excellent new preparations you see in the illustrations—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Texture Cream.

I am particularly fond of the Texture Cream because it is the kind that sinks in rapidly and doesn't leave a greasy residue. Yet it has all the emollient or softening qualities you could demand—as you will see after using it for a time. If you have excessively oily skin with coarse pores and blackheads, you should find the use of these two creams, together with a bland soap and water and a complexion brush, very helpful. They cost only 60 cents each, which is another good reason for investigating them!

FREE ADVICE

For answers to your beauty problems, write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (U. S. Postage Only).

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Get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case — they are usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., brings a trial box in plain wrapper.

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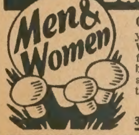

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HINTS from HOLLYWOOD

Evalyn Knapp displays one of her kitchen secrets—a handy new indexed recipe box

EVALYN KNAPP has discovered another "muss and fuss" eliminator in the form of her new tabbed indexed recipe box supplied to her by the makers of Pompeian Olive Oil. No cook book pages to fumble through now, everything is right in front of her. No more cook book pages to become soiled or torn by hurried fingers that are as apt as not to be covered with flour or something else that doesn't belong on the pages of a cook book. It is all that its name implies. The Handy-Quick Recipe Box will give you all the information you will need in cookery even to a measuring table that you will find invaluable.

• • •

ONE of the most unique lines of service pieces to make an appearance in Hollywood is the Kensington line of aluminum alloy products. This group of beautiful gifts is created from an entirely new metal, the base of which is Aluminum. Kensington Metal is free from fingerprinting, does not tarnish or stain, is hard enough to withstand normal wear and scuffing. Its soft lustre harmonizes perfectly with silver. They carry a most complete line of trays, cocktail shakers and canape plates.

• • •

JOAN BLONDELL happens to be one of the many users and endorsers of Lux Toilet Soaps. The manufacturers of Lux make one of the most popular soaps in Hollywood, both for the complexion and for the wash, in the form of Lux Flakes, a quickly dissolving washing soap that will not harm the most delicate silks or linens.

• • •

A MOST helpful kitchen gadget is the Rochester candy or deep fat thermometer. With it, you may accurately tell the temperature of things you are trying to keep warm on top of the oven, tell the temperature of the candy you are making, or the temperature of the deep fat, into which you are just about to drop your doughnuts.

• • •

"THE secret in repairing broken furniture," says Leo Carrillo who has furnished his house with old California pieces, "is to repair it in such a manner that the broken place does not show signs of being fixed." For this purpose, the Holdems Company has manufactured a little metal wonder-worker.

• • •

ONE of the leading manufacturers of linoleum, the Armstrong Cork Company, has some interesting information to pass on to those who have linoleum floor coverings. One of the surest methods of insuring a long life to your new linoleum floor is to wax it before you walk on it. In waxing, which is done to prevent dirt from being ground into the linoleum, best results will be obtained by spreading the wax in a thin even coat and then rubbing it in with straight strokes in one direction only. Once a floor has been properly waxed, daily care is simple. A special wax called Linogloss may be obtained for this purpose.

• • •

PATIO picnics! That is the way chic Mona Barrie, one of Hollywood's outstanding hostesses, prefers to entertain her friends. "It is so typically Californian to lunch outdoors in the sunshine," Miss Barrie told us, "that I always plan my parties in this informal way." Half-a-dozen guests gather round the table and serve themselves in the walled patio of Mona's lovely home in the Los Feliz hills. For her informal dinners, Dennison's paper doilies and paper napkins always grace Miss Barrie's table.

The first scene from *Anthony Adverse*, showing Fredric March as he appears in the title rôle. This picture is destined to be one of the new year's finest offerings

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Hollywood Shop Talk

[Continued from page 20]

Anita Louise, who has a leading rôle in "Anthony Adverse", suggests buds and blossoms, real or artificial, as a costume theme for evening gowns

Myrna Loy, appearing in "Whipsaw", with Spencer Tracy, introduces something new in a chic little overseas cap of brown tweed. Smart, isn't it?

several different outfits out of the one.

While we were looking for the cocktail costume we ran into the neatest pair of tailored pajamas which Anita simply couldn't resist. Because a number of you girls have written me asking where you could purchase certain pajama outfits you have seen on the screen I am going to tell you about these. Those you see on the screen are of course designed in the studios and cannot be purchased. But these are similar and are carried by this particular shop the year around and the price is only $8.95. They are tailored in China and are made of that lovely Fuji silk in oyster white. The coat is double breasted with a notched collar and colored frogs marching down the front. The trousers are made slack style with a wide cuff at the bottom. But the really grand thing is the long tailored robe of the same material. The price of the robe is $7.50. For another dollar the shop will put an embroidered monogram on the lapel or the cuff. The outfit comes in combinations of white with navy blue, white with green, or white with red. Anita chose the red and white combination.

I MUST tell you, too, about the clever cigarette case which Anita purchased. It is made of crystal (I believe the technical name is "Prystal") and it has little gold hinges and clasp. The cases are of course transparent and they come in the clear crystal or in green or amber. Some of them have a couple of gold bands across one corner. The price is unbelievably low.

If you want to know where either of the above can be purchased drop me a note and I will be glad to give you the name of the shop.

NOW to tell you about some of the clothes you'll soon be seeing on the screen.

The most thrilling things, of course, are the clothes for *The Great Ziegfeld.* I spent hours in the Metro wardrobe the other day oooh-ing and ahhhh-ing over them, but since they are strictly period things I won't take time out to describe them. I'll merely tip you off to watch for the lovely black velvet and ermine costume which Luise Rainer, who portrays Anna Held, wears; also the tiny turban of coq feathers worn by Myrna Loy who plays Billie Burke. A muff of coq feathers goes with the turban. I shouldn't be at all surprised to see a revival of some of these costumes for modern wear. They are the sort of things that make women look so lusciously feminine.

By the way, did you know that the Paris and London designers have recently labeled Myrna Loy the best-dressed woman of the screen?

Myrna is wearing a lot of nice sport things in *Whipsaw,* in which she is starred with Spencer Tracy. In the story Myrna is involved with a band of international jewel thieves and since they are usually just about two steps ahead of the law her clothes are styled for action. One outstanding outfit is a brown tweed suit with lapels and collar of brown suede. Instead of buttons, the coat has suede straps and buckles. With this suit Myrna wears a tweed cap fashioned like the overseas caps which the boys wore during the World War, trimmed with a gay feather cockade.

Out at Warner Bros. Studio, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are doing *Colleen.* This is the story of a boy (Dick) who falls heir to a number of properties left by a relative. Among these properties is a modiste shop managed by an Irish colleen played by Ruby. Yes, you've guessed right. This means that somewhere in the picture there will be a fashion show.

Personally, I like a sport outfit that Ruby wears. It is a tailored dress of tobacco brown crêpe with a narrow Peter Pan collar and a knife pleated skirt. Over this she wears a flannel jacket of pale yellow with orange and brown plaid and a yellow felt hat with a peak crown and tilted brim. The color combination is lovely and most becoming to Ruby.

MAYBE I just naturally have a weakness for sport things for they are the things which usually attract my attention. Over at Columbia, Lange has done a reefer coat for Rochelle Hudson to wear in *Rolling Along,* which is as cute as the proverbial bug's ear. The material is a Marine blue gabardine and the coat is double-breasted with high revers and fullness at the shoulders to give width. The most novel feature, however, is the collar which is an exaggerated turtle neck with an inner collar of heavy white ribbed bengaline which ties in front in a cravat manner. With this coat Rochelle wears a Marine blue felt pillbox hat with gloves and shoes to match.

And that's all for this time. I'll be telling you more next month.

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Grace Mack will gladly answer any and all questions you may care to ask her about new styles, clever accessories, and your own fashion problems. Write to her today, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage only) in care of SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. When you mail your questions, please fill out and include with your letter the following questionnaire:

The Fashion Quiz

Do you prefer to read about and see pictures of the stars' personal wardrobe or their picture costumes? ....

....

Are you interested in accessories? ....

Do you make your own clothes? ....

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What stars' clothes do you admire the most?

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2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

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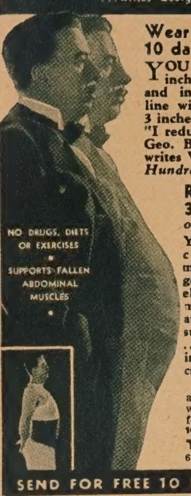
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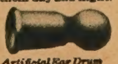
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My Real Pal—Janet Gaynor

[*Continued from page 27*]

the girl left off. She doesn't take the nice things that have happened to her for granted. She isn't brittle and "fed up with it all." She's more enthusiastic than ever!

If I had to describe her in a one-sentence word picture I think it would be: Swift, charming moods all touched with a brilliant color—that's Janet Gaynor.

When she reads poetry, for instance, she forgets time, space, people, everything. She's mad about it and the thrill of it is in her voice if you can get her to read some aloud. I remember one afternoon on the set when she read me Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." There was the confusion of lights being changed and cables shifted all around us but that faded into the distance. . . .

ANOTHER time, likely as not we'd go into a buck dance between scenes! Janet's an exceptionally good dancer and she dotes on learning new steps. I taught her a couple and she showed me a routine she'd learned in Honolulu.

Honolulu . . .that word spells magic to her. If you want to see a child's eyes at the mention of Santa Claus—just try it! Nothing could be as beautiful a fairyland as Janet's Honolulu. Someday I hope to pack my little grass skirt for a journey to this land of the ukulele and gardenia. *And* if I should find our Miss Gaynor is the silent partner of the *Honolulu, Honolulu, Honolulu & Co.*, I shouldn't be a bit surprised. . . .

If there was a moment that dragged through the whole time we were making *Change of Hearts* I never heard of it.

If anything went wrong—the "mike" acting up or something like that—Jimmy Dunn would say, "Let's go home and start fresh Monday!" It got to be a catchphrase with everybody. Janet took it up and how her eyes would dance! She has the most alive, mischievous eyes in the world, anyway. Always looks as if she were about to get into a jam or had something up her sleeve. We played a lot of games between scenes. "Squares" mostly, the idea in that being to keep the other person from finishing a square. Now I've worked at the game with any number of fanatic square players since then but none—if I must break down and confess—have had me going so completely in circles!

One of the loveliest, most home-like places on earth is that Irish cottage of Janet's there on the Fox lot. You enter by way of a flagged walk through a beautiful garden and, once inside, you forget there's a beehive studio-city of nearly five thousand people all around you. The entrance is on the order of a little library—and the main room! You know those homey, panelled rooms with an enormous fireplace you see in pictures around Christmas time? That's the kind Janet has. I lunched there with her often—incidentally she adores baked beans—and we'd talk of everything under the sun.

It was fun. Grand fun. And suddenly the thought came to me, "Why, maybe I *can* get along with girls after all!"

The odd part was that Janet had always felt about girls the same way I did. A little awkward with them. Margaret Lindsay and I were the first two she'd chummed with—and we did have a good time! Down at Janet's beach house, swimming or just lying in the sand. But that was after the picture was over, of course.

I was sorry when we completed it. It had been more like a holiday for me because Janet quit regularly at five o'clock—I'm not sure, but I believe that's part of her contract—and I'd been used to going on until eight or whenever the director decided to stop. It means so much to a player to have definite hours, a quitting time she can bank on. With Janet it's especially necessary, otherwise she'd drop in her tracks. Because when Janet works, *she works!* With everything she's got. And the five o'clock whistle is her release.

On our free days we played tennis or ping-pong. Once, Janet and her mother—"Gaynor" as she calls her—and Lela, that's *my* mother, and I went out to paint the town red. We started in at an Italian restaurant ordering food we couldn't pronounce but which tasted terribly good. And we talked . . . and talked . . . (Good grief, I just remembered . . . Whatever happened to the tickets we had for a concert that night? Certainly we never got there! We were still talking when they began putting out the lights. . . .)

One afternoon when neither Janet nor I were on a picture we went over to my house after a tennis game and I showed her my new drawing materials. Mrs. Ayres' little boy Lew had just sent them. It was funny about that—how he came to send them, I mean.

Lew is really a very clever musician and a composer as well. He'd been working on a symphony, "Autumnal Equinox," off and on for some time and I'd been trying to make him finish it—that was before we were married. (N. B. It's finished now . . . ahem!) Well, he decided if he was going to compose I had to paint. That's how he came to buy those materials for me. Paints, brushes, pencils and so on. I've always done sketching more to amuse myself than for any other reason. Janet first became interested in it when she saw me making a head of Jimmy Gleason on the set one day. But she never dreamed she had a gift for it.

"I don't think I can paint the side of a barn," she told me. But she finally *did*—on canvas and it was extremely attractive. Only that's ahead of the story. . . .

ON THIS particular afternoon we simply picked up the drawing things and started working in opposite corners of the room. It didn't seem twenty minutes before the lines suddenly began to grow faint. We looked up, and it was dark outside. We'd been there three and a half hours!

Even in that rough sketch of hers—the first she'd ever done—there was no mistaking Janet's talent. "It'll be Janet Gaynor, N. A., before long!" I assured her.

And maybe I wasn't so far from wrong because one of her oil paintings, submitted very surreptitiously to a Los Angeles art exhibition, recently won a prize. (She would probably shoot me if she knew I was telling this).

She hasn't taken lessons. She simply sent down for materials like mine and began working steadily. Later on she went in for oils and now she's far ahead of me.

JANET is always deep in a hobby. It's one of the things that's so colorful about her. When we first became acquainted, it was rug-making; she was working on a beauty for a Christmas present. But I imagine her painting is going to be much more than a hobby. She has converted her trunk room into a regular little studio with palettes and easels about, and some of the remarkably lovely things her fans have sent her. Then too, the room has a gable roof which gives it even more of an artist's atmosphere.

When I think of Janet, though, the picture of her that instantly stands out is the one in her yellow bridesmaid's dress at my wedding. She looked so completely adorable. I've caught half-minute snatches of her since then between our working schedules and her travels. And as I write this my tennis rackets are up there yawning at me, my paints and brushes are collecting cobwebs on the shelf. Writing about her makes me want to talk to her. Think I'll call her on the 'phone . . . excuse me, please!

A Close-up of Lew Ayres

[*Continued from page* 43]

dawn . . . comes breakfast time. And the same thing invariably happens—with a grunt of disgust he tears up his work. . . .

I would say the four most important factors in his life are his work, his home, his music, and his love of ferreting out strange fascinating details. We were up at Death Valley one time, for example, rambling about without any real destination when suddenly Lew looked as if he'd been handed a gold mine. As a matter of fact he'd *found* one; an old fashioned one that had been worked out a half century ago and forgotten. He had stumbled across the entrance to it. But of course that wasn't enough. The shafts were still up and Mr. Ayres had to go exploring. He spent four hours digging around, examining the veins or whatever they are. And the tag line to *that* is—he honestly discovered some gold. About enough to put under a fingernail! And he swears that some day he's going back and "re-work" that mine!

I think Lew practically built the planetarium in Griffith Park. We went up there day after day to "inspect" its progress until the telescopes were in and the concrete moon, and everything. He heard that Archibald Garner was sculpting figures of the great scientists of history for it. And, being Lew, he wasn't satisfied merely to hear about anything so interesting. He went to *see*—with the usual result that he and Mr. Garner are now very good friends.

But this remarkable curiosity of Lew's doesn't always result in anything so pleasant! Every once in a while he "inquires" into our radio, takes it apart with the certain idea he can remedy that static and at the same time see what makes the thing go. But it refuses to after an "inspection" by Mr. Ayres. And we have to call in the regular fixer.

Lew can be amusingly direct at times. There was the incident of my birthday just to illustrate. He'd given me a

[*Continued on page* 75]

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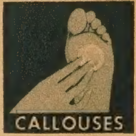
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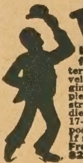

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George Brent—the Daring Young Man

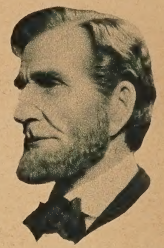
[*Continued from page* 36]

at any moment, from any sudden movement. It just "snaps out" and besides causing him excruciating pain, it's a fifty-fifty chance that it'll just kill him some day—or, worse, paralyze him for good.

"Cut out polo!" his bosses at Warners told him. "If you've got to play at something, play at something less dangerous."

"Okeh," said George, obediently — *and bought himself an airplane!* Today, he's one of Hollywood's best aviators. And that despite the fact that he's terribly afflicted with that disease which has some fancy name, but which means simply that from heights, Brent suffers from extreme dizziness and vertigo; actual nausea. When he has to play a scene that takes him ten feet off the ground, he's sick as a dog. And yet he's made himself an expert flyer! Then, one day, he ran into fog. He was lost—mountains all around him, and any moment he might crash one. He didn't know whether he was flying straight, down, sideways, or how. It's the top-terror of an airman's experience. Somehow, by sheer luck, he came out of the fogbank, heading in the opposite direction in which he'd entered it, and a few moments from a certain crash. Many new fliers have quit the game cold after one experience like that! But George — well, he merely grunted, fitted his ship with one of those blind-flying hoods that completely covers the cockpit so he can't see where he is — and learned blind flying! He took on that plane just exactly as he took on that wild bull in Spain—and licked it!

THE MAN WHO PLAYS LINCOLN



ONE of the most dramatic scenes in Shirley Temple's *The Littlest Rebel* is that in which Shirley comes to the White House to plead with the President for the life of her father, a Confederate officer doomed to the firing squad. In this remarkably human scene, Lincoln lifts her to his desk and they share an apple together as she presents her case. Frank McGlynn is the man who plays Lincoln, and it is not his first effort in this great portrayal. He reached the height of his fame as an impersonater of the Civil War President in John Drinkwater's play, *Abraham Lincoln.* McGlynn himself never met Lincoln, but his father knew the Great Emancipator and it was from him that the actor learned many facts which help his portrayal. Because there are more than eighty-four "spittin' images" of Lincoln alive today, McGlynn is proud that he was chosen for the rôle. "I think I know from my own experience," he says, "what it is to know sorrow and defeat. One must know these things to really play Lincoln."

That plane, by the way, is his only extravagance. In everything else, he's a self-appointed tightwad, and he not only admits it, but asserts it. And the answer is the only thing in life that George Brent fears. That is, the danger of stagnation, of "settling down." Of the possibility of that, Brent is intensely afraid. And so he's insuring himself against it.

"My idea of a swell time," he says, "is to bum around the world, see places, try things. On dirty little freight ships, *where you don't have to be photographed, dammit!* I want to go everyplace, anyplace, yet have no place in particular to go, and have all the time in the world to get there. I want to be free, to live my own life, to take on any and all thrills, anywhere, of any and every kind. . . ."

I grinned, and shot him the question he notoriously hates:

"But what place in that dream of dangerous freedom," I demanded, "will women — or *the* woman — occupy?"

George scowled. When it comes to talking about women—women in particular, like Garbo or Chatterton, or just women in general—George is a clam.

"Women don't have *any* place in that idea at all," he finally grunted, with none too good grace.

"But what about all this rumor of—that is, you're fair game for the women; you're a bachelor; you're handsome; you'll be well off—and you're a normal male human. How does the woman angle fit in with your plans to 'bum around the world'?"

"There isn't any woman angle at all," he repeated. Then he added: "—not now, anyway."

AND now that we're on the woman subject, you all, of course, know that it's current Hollywood rumor that Brent and Garbo will marry, soon. Brent says nothing, and no questioning or talking or prying will get a word out of him. As for other women in his life—well, there simply aren't any. On the one occasion in months when he has night-clubbed it for an evening, it was with his agent, Minna Wallis. And even that evening, he went home early to his books.

At that home, he rarely has any guests. His closest friend is his stand-in, Carter Gibson. Brent lives in Charlie Farrell's Toluca Lake house. But in a few months, he's going to move. Where to? He just doesn't answer. One of his studio associates said maybe he's going to move in with his wife.

Wife?

"Yeah, Garbo," they answer; "they'll be married by then." Brent doesn't even seem to hear gags like that. If he does, he ignores them.

In that Toluca Lake home, at present, Brent keeps a womanless bachelor hall. For companionship, he's got two of the best friends a man ever had. They're named Max and Whiskey. Max is a Dobermann-Pinscher; Whiskey is a lady bulldog—one of the underslung kind. Despite Brent's intense bachelorism, Max and Whiskey have had a romance. Brent's expecting an addition to the family any week, now. He says he can hardly wait to see what the pups of a Dobermann-Pinscher father and an Underslung Bulldog mother are going to look like!

Did you know that twenty retakes of a single scene were necessary in *Barbary Coast,* due to the necessity of cleaning Miriam Hopkins' gown after every shot which showed her walking along a muddy street?

A Close-up of Lew Ayres

[*Continued from page* 73]

diamond pendant, a really beautiful cross and crown piece, and naturally I was pretty happy. But when I woke up the next morning there was a Buick car, all tied with ribbons, sitting in the driveway! Going to dinner that night I gave a "pep" talk on the Necessity of Being Frugal or Why Actors Should Save Money.

Lew grinned and kept silent.

"Look here," I protested, "didn't you think that pendant was enough?"

"Yes," said Lew, "I did." Now what can a girl say to that?

The funny part about Lew is that he appears as casual and irresponsible as a gypsy—whereas he's the complete mainstay of the family. In that quiet way of his he's terribly thorough. When we moved into a new home recently *he* was the one who took control and saw that the trunks were locked and the samovar didn't stay behind. I was rehearsing and everything would have been skittle-skattle if he hadn't been a born organizer.

He's always on time. Maddening fact. I seldom am. Also maddening. And thereby hangs a tale. . . .

I've heard of these things happening, seen them in movies, but never thought they could in real life until—

It was the day we were going down to get our marriage license. Lew was working out at Fox Hills at the time and he had only two hours to get way down into Los Angeles and get back again. Consequently he asked me to meet him at the corner of Vermont and Beverly. "Right in front of the drug store, Ginger, at one o'clock sharp. *One o'clock*, mind you."

And at one o'clock I was there. For once I was on time. And for once Lew was late. I waited. One thirty came. A quarter of two. I went in the drug store and telephoned mother. "Where on earth are you?" she demanded. "Lew has been telephoning regularly trying to find out."

"Right where he told me to be," I assured her. "And if he calls up again you tell him so!" Then I went out to stamp my foot some more.

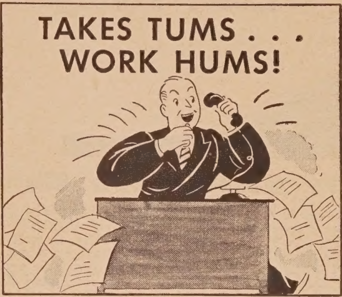
At two I rang her up again. "Lew's in a frenzy. You *can't* be at the corner of Vermont and Beverly!" she informed me.

"Well I am!" I told her. But this time as I went out there was Lew across the street pacing wildly up and down! There were *two* drug stores at that intersection and plenty of traffic in between and we'd timed our phone calls so that we continually missed each other.

P. S. We got the license but would Mr. Ayres believe I was there on time? Oh no! . . . And even as I write this a voice comes over my shoulder, *his* voice, "Well, I *still* think you were late!"

Curious Facts

During the shooting of *The Petrified Forest*, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis were discovered to be ailing from a mysterious throat malady. Investigation by a doctor proved the cause to be pollen from cactus transplanted in the studio. The dust irritated delicate membranes in the throat. Did you know that Peter Lorre, who scores such a hit in *Crime and Punishment*, stands-in for himself?



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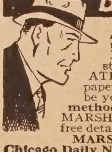

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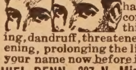

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Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Acids and poison accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. G. B. Knight

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is swift, safe and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look and feel years younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at all druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with neglect. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

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SINCE HER MARRIAGE FINDS RELIEF AT LAST IN SAFE

ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD!

It dated from her marriage—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, nervousness, headaches. Nothing gave her more than partial relief until she tried a natural plant and vegetable laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). She felt so much better immediately—more like living. Try NR's yourself. Note how refreshed you feel. NR's are so kind to your system. So effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. Non-habit-forming. Only 25c, at all drug stores.

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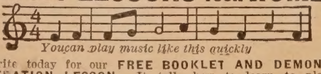

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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 40, 9430 Eberhart Ave., Chicago

Your Letter Page

[*Continued from page* 18]

Shearer, Myrna Loy and Ginger Rogers struggling through periods of drudgery, resolved not to stop short of the stars. Hollywood has gathered up people from the four quarters of the earth, and most of them have gone places because they had the bravery to laugh at despair. Their stories are oil for a good many lamps that stand in the darkness.—*Barbara Smith, 1827 Colden Ave., New York City.*

$1.00 Letter

Talent Overlooked

THOSE Hollywood "biggies" are making the mistake of their lives by overlooking one of the best bets they have had in years. They continue to scream for new talent, yet let one of the better actors slip through their fingers. Onslow Stevens may not be an Adonis, but his acting and personality always overshadows the rest of the cast, no matter who they might be. Stop wasting him in those "quickies." Give him a nice, juicy rôle to sink his ivories into. Then watch his smoke!—*Lillian Houtwed, 219 6th St., West New York, N. J.*

$1.00 Letter

Bouquets for Blore

WHY must all the bouquets for the phenomenal success of *Top Hat* inevitably be thrown at the feet of Ginger Rogers or Fred Astaire? True, Ginger was never more lovely and Fred never fails to fascinate, but in my opinion Eric Blore really "makes" the show. It isn't the exciting dance numbers, catchy tunes or exciting locale which marks the success of a picture. It is the comedy situations which drive away care and give us moments of side-splitting laughter.—*Buda Bronson, Box 475, Ronceverte, W. Va.*

$1.00 Letter

Bring Wally Back

IS THERE anyone present who wouldn't like to see Wallace Beery brought back into the element which he so magnificently proved to be his own in *The Big House?* He has never scaled the heights in the softer rôles. It's a case of keeping him soft and making us sick of his goofy grin or turning him hard again, letting us have the convincing "tough guy" we love so well.—*Joe Sherrod, 4422 N. Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

$1.00 Letter

Muni, the Magnificent

WHEN I read a particularly good book, the spell stays with me for days, and that's the way I feel about a Paul Muni picture. He makes every picture live and breathe. Every time I see the Muni label tacked on a picture, I know I am going to see a masterpiece. Any good-looking actor can make love to women, but when it comes to the matter of acting, Paul Muni has no equal on the screen today.—*Eleanor Sherman, 620 North Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.*

A Woman Who Fought For Love!

[*Continued from page 42*]

forget she is woman. One year later Jessie Matthews was married to Sonnie Hale, one of the greatest comedians in England.

When I think of that year through the eyes of Jessie Matthews, I am honest in saying I do not see how she lived through it. When I look at Jessie and Sonnie, today, living tranquilly, beautifully, happily in their lovely old farmhouse, close to Windsor Castle, with its modern nursery and an adorable adopted daughter—I realize rewards do come to those who go through hell upon earth, with heads held high and lips sealed tightly.

Jessie Matthews was cast in a play with Sonnie Hale. He was married to Evalyn Laye, who was far, far away from them. Neither Jessie nor Sonnie intended to fall in love with each other. Jessie knew Sonnie was married. That was the reason she saw him only on the stage. For a long time she told herself she didn't even like this man with whom she chanced to be playing. Then, appearing in Manchester, far away from friends in London, it rained. Now, there is nothing more lonely than rain in a strange city. There was nothing to do. After all, they were playing in the same show. Why shouldn't she accept an invitation for a little fun, a ride or something. Of course, there are no shows in England on Sunday.

I wish you knew Jessie Matthews. She is one of the most dynamic, fascinating and yet wistful women I have ever known. She is coming to America this winter to do a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. If you have a chance to meet her, don't miss it. It isn't beauty—it's that dynamo hidden behind a will-o'-the-wisp personality. And Sonnie Hale is perhaps the wittiest man I have known. When you see them together, you do understand a bit about Dan Cupid. To an American viewpoint, there is no doubt these two were intended to meet and to marry.

And that's what they wanted to do: to marry. From the moment Cupid finally managed to get them alone together. But Sonnie was married. And Evalyn Laye—well, wives have never been generous about men who show interest, even professional interest, in other women.

Again, in America, the fact that they had fallen in love so they wanted to marry and establish a home where they could have children would have been proof this was love. Perhaps we Americans understand love too well. Perhaps we forgive too much because we are incurably romantic. Anyway, we would have understood Jessie. And when she wrote a little note to Sonnie in which she said she wanted a man like him to be the "father of my children," we would have understood she was saying, "This is the real thing. I have discovered the Zenith of life for a woman. I want you to know I have never really loved before; will never really love again. You are the type of man whom I want to be the father of my children." The highest compliment woman can pay to love.

But a wife and an English judge did not interpret this letter in that way. Undoubtedly, Sonnie Hale kept that note because it meant so much to him. A man does not throw away the highest compliment paid him by a woman.

HOW it got into court is immaterial. It was there. And when the judge granted Evalyn Laye her divorce, he condemned Jessie Matthews as few women have been condemned in this world. Unfortunately, the English law allows the newspapers to print what a judge says but not why. There is no chance for a legal explanation. And Jessie and Sonnie refused to discuss this situation with anyone—to make explanations.

I believe I am the only woman to whom Jessie has talked about it. And I can tell you that even today that woman suffers from what the world read into the greatest experience God has brought to her. And yet, so big is she, that the name of the other woman never passes her lips! There is no condemnation—only regret. Sorrow.

For six months, Jessie and Sonnie did not see each other. This was while his divorce was coming through. The world thought this the only reason. It wasn't. "We wanted to know just how our love would withstand this great testing, this horrible nightmare which had come to it. If we added separation—"

Jessie came to New York in a Cochran show.

NOW, it is seldom I feel honestly ashamed of my own profession. But I tell you frankly the way the reporters of New York treated Jessie Matthews is something for which I blush—and I have been a reporter all my life. American reporters are supposed to be broad-minded. We are supposed to understand love and marriage and divorce in a different way than those working in nations living with traditions. Yet we accepted the obvious, without investigation, without knowing the English divorce laws and what they might do to innocently help misinterpret a situation. So it was suggested Jessie Matthews not be allowed in this country. It was suggested she be turned back at Ellis Island. It was suggested she not be allowed to work in this country. She was called an immoral woman without one shred of proof. And this to a woman who was a guest from another nation. I wonder how we would feel if England did this to one of our numerous divorcees who visit there?

But our government was just. She was admitted. She opened in her play. The audience gave her a terrific ovation. She could scarcely keep from bursting into tears as they called and recalled her. She is a magnificent dancer and a great actress and that audience appreciated the talent she offered. She sat up all night waiting for the first editions of the morning papers. At last, she had recognition. The American audience had adored—all this publicity was a horrible mistake. The people were going to make it up to her. The tears rolled down my cheeks as she told me how she waited for those papers. The man she loved was thousands of miles away. The horror of what love had done was still a huge Devil's head before her.

She opened the first paper. The play

[*Continued on page 83*]

Skin So Bad That
PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Rittingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion — it was so bad."

"Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."

"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

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Fully GUARANTEED
No Money Down

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Learn Touch Typewriting
Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money-Back Guarantee
Send coupon for 10-day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 218
Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10-days trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935. C.M.Co.

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... to ANY shade you desire ...SAFELY In 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it Cannot streak; Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application. $1

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Bill Powell Debunks Himself

[*Continued from page 45*]

(The grip's hand waved toward the luscious showgirls who were on the set).

"—but he got treating them to so many candybars that they began takin' on too much beef to be glorified, so the candybars are out!"

One day, there wasn't a woman on the set. That day, Bill treated to ice-cold ale and "hamburgers-with." His male co-workers, Bill reasoned, could take it, but he's too much the gentleman to ask any actress to listen sweetly to onion-breathed words from his lips, even for a scene!

It's fun to watch Bill on the set, any time.

The day I watched them making *The Great Ziegfeld,* he was helping Luise Rainer. Luise, you know, is foreign, and she sometimes stumbles over American words. Bill's always there to help her. Most of the time, he slips her a simple word to use instead of the difficult one in the script. Luise plays Anna Held, you know. She was trying to say "intoxicated."

"Eeentossy cats," was the way it fell from the lovely Luise's lips. Bill grinned.

"Make it just plain 'drunk,' Luise," he said. She did, and the line packed a lot more punch. Bill's always helping direct, too, and the directors love his help. He's got a marvelous sense of punch and drama, and often he and the director have rewritten a scene right on the set and improved the original script. Always, he does it with a sense of humor that delights, rather than offends. Like the line where I watched Luise try to say "bracelet."

"Brass-let," she made it.

"No, brace-let," yelled the assistant director.

"Brass-let," said Luise, again.

Bill horned in.

"Look," he said to her. "You know payday, don't you?"

"Oooh, but surely," said Luise, "I know *payday*!"

"Well, it's braycelet, like payday," stressed Bill.

She got it.

Incidentally, it's amusing, in view of the story of the buttinsky with which this story starts, that at the studio today, Bill isn't called "Mr. Powell," around the lot at all. Instead, everybody—fellow-actors, grips, executives, publicity man, waitresses, electricians, directors, truck-drivers—everybody calls him "Mister Ziegfeld." There's that indefinable under-cover thrill going round that electrifies a studio when one of those unusually swell pictures is in the making. It's an unexplainable grapevine code that seems to fly all over the lot, just as everybody knows too when a picture in the making is heading for a flop. *The Great Ziegfeld* has the whole studio aquiver with the sixth-sense certainty, even long before preview, that here's a *big* picture coming up. And so, it seems more natural that they call Bill "Mister Ziegfeld." And it seems natural to Bill, too.

BILL'S home isn't at all finished yet, even though Bill is living in it. Only his bedroom, den and bathroom, and his kitchens, are what you'd call finished. He lives in them, while the rest of the house is in the hands of decorators and artisans. It is significant that not only one kitchen, but several, are finished. Bill loves good food and he loves to eat. His cook is a gourmand's delight and his kitchen is the last word in what the well-dressed house will wear.

IN ADDITION to the chef's kitchen, Bill has kitchenettes sprinkled here and there. There's one off his bedroom, with a big electric refrigerator, so that any time he feels like it, he can get up and rummage in the icebox for a leg of cold chicken or scramble himself an egg or make a cup of coffee. There's another kitchen off his den! Wherever he is in the house, when it's done, Bill'll never be more than a hand-reach from an icebox and a range.

You might gather from this that Bill is something of a homebody. His friends know that they can pretty well depend on Bill himself answering the phone, anytime they ring the house while he's not at the studio. Rarely does he go out. He's still laughing at his most recent attempt to take a vacation anywhere else but in his own home—

"We'd planned a fishing trip to Mexican waters," he tells you. (The "we" includes Ronnie Colman and Dick Barthelmess.) "Well, we fished for several weeks, but it's funny, we never caught a fish!

"And do you know, when the fishing trip was over, I was so tired, that I had to extend my vacation two weeks, to go to Catalina Island to rest up.

"Well, darned if at the end of that two weeks' rest in Catalina I wasn't so tired from resting that I had to take another vacation at Arrowhead Springs, and rest!

"Why, it was a whole week more before I got back to work to recuperate from my third vacation after my second vacation after my first vacation!"

Oh, I could tell you a lot more things about Bill. I could tell you how he hates to gamble, because he's such a rotten gambler that he almost always loses, he says. So when he won $25 in a studio football pool, despite his "always losing," he gave the $25 to his stand-in, so as not to spoil his record. And I could tell you how he hates to be called on to be Master of Ceremonies, so he always is.

And I could, I suppose, tell you about how popular he is with the girls—what charm he has for them, and all that. I suppose you're wondering why I haven't devoted most of this story about him to that sort of thing, because most stories about him are about that sort of thing. Well, the reason is that Ginger Rogers, Editor *Pro Tem* of this magazine, warned me that she was tired of stories about how charming Bill Powell was to women, and that she didn't want me to mention how, why, when, where, etc., Bill felt about women.

But I can't help telling you. Because just the other day, an interviewer asked him if he'd tell, "What I Dislike About Women."

Bill was silent for a long time.

Then he replied:

"Nothing."

Gable—the Big Brute

[*Continued from page* 41]

Then I asked myself what my grown-up uncles would think of such babyishness. I closed my mouth. A few minutes later, with my hand wrapped up in a clean white dishcloth, I was back there watching Aunt Josie slicing cabbages and just as fascinated as if nothing had happened."

So this young Dutchman grew in stature and in favor with men. Running wild in summer over the hills, learning to hunt and fish. Hardly ever seeing a girl and when meeting such an alien creature, masking what amounted to fear with a brusque assumption of the masculine superiority he copied from his uncles.

"In the old Pennsylvania Dutch families," he explained, "the men were the dominating factor. It was a provincial, old-style existence and the women were kept in the background.

"Till I was six and went to school and had my first encounter with girls, about all I knew of the sex was that women took care of me, but the men stood out. They did things. Women were told what to do."

WHEN he came to marry, Clark followed the life pattern formed in childhood. He married Josephine Dillon, an energetic little woman several years his senior. He was married to her when they lived in the old house in the Hollywood hills. She was a product of the Little Theater movement and she was coaching him, while they lived in poverty, for a more determined onslaught on stage and screen.

The wife from whom Clark has recently separated—after a long, brave fight on both sides to make a go of it—was a wealthy widow, formerly Ria F. Franklin, whom he met and married in New York. In spite of his extreme masculinity, Clark Gable doesn't want a clinging vine to care for. He needs a woman to take care of him, and that in a rather impersonal way, as the grown-up aunts cared for a small motherless boy back on the farm in Pennsylvania. It is the extreme difficulty of finding such a made-to-order aunty which dooms Clark to marital failure.

The saga of Clark Gable's life struggle is too familiar to bear repetition. Years of labor in factories and oil fields and construction camps—the world of lonely men. Periods of unemployment and hunger, long cold rides on the rods under freight cars. Suddenly, as if a curtain had been lifted before his eyes, young Gable discovered that for which he had been unconsciously preparing himself—the career of an actor.

There was more poverty then, more hardship on the road, playing in fly-by-night companies on a percentage basis that failed to materialize. But the young Dutchman had learned courage. With the first stage part he landed he clicked on Broadway. And when he was offered a choice he took a chance on the picture part in *Dance, Fools, Dance,* though he had just attained security as a stage actor.

Through the factory smoke, through the murk of his long struggle, the character of Gable emerges, clear and honest. Walking with a masculine swagger as he makes Fletcher Christian walk through the harrowing scenes of *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

Like every success that is real, Gable's success in a chosen career is not due to luck, but to character developed as a child. He turned what was a childish weakness born of the fear of girls into a masculine superiority that has made him the idol of women; for that is the invariable female response to male aggression—since first a cave man swung his club athwart some skin-clad cutie.

But while this built-up attitude serves him well as an actor, it will fail him every time in real life. The most valuable asset that Gable acquired in his struggle to reach the goal of superiority was the courage learned as the child who cut his hand and wouldn't cry.

The unusual photograph of Clark Gable *sans* shoes was taken in Mexico City on the first lap of his recent South American jaunt. Clark had just stepped off a plane and in the few minutes he had to relax did what any man would do—discarded his shoes.

The Key to Glamour

[*Continued from page* 60]

pansy shade of blue; she was essentially feminine from her first step.

In writing of Virginia Bruce it is important to emphasize that she is personally as charming and gracious as she is beautiful. And she is not temperamental.

After visiting with Virginia, I was reminded, too, of something that her close friend, Dolores Del Rio, had told me recently. Miss Del Rio had said: "A woman should not dissipate her strength, nervous system or disposition by worry, bitterness or temperamental outbursts. These are the greatest hazards on the path to beauty—whether it be directed to figure or face."

Neither life nor people can disappoint or disillusion Virginia Bruce. Even after the break-up of her romantic marriage to John Gilbert, she wasn't at all bitter. She was just grateful for the happiness she had had. Maybe that is another reason why Virginia Bruce has such glamorous charm!

THE SALARIES OF MOVIE CHILDREN

Shirley Temple now earns more than $4,000 weekly on her movie contract. Freddie Bartholomew started at $150 a week, but recently was boosted to $250, with $150 weekly for the services of Aunty Myllicent. Mickey Rooney, who appears in *Ah Wilderness*, receives $400 every week whether he is working on a picture or not. Jackie Searle is paid $3,300 a picture. David Holt's salary check amounts to $175 every seven days, and Edith Fellowes, who did such a grand job with Claudette Colbert in *She Married Her Boss*, receives $150 weekly.

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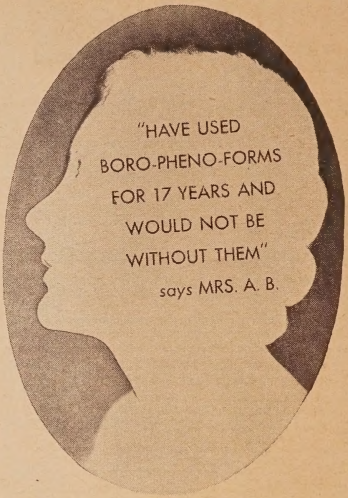

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New Film Notes

[*Continued from page* 25]

Pat O'Brien, standing at his desk overlooking the flying field, surrounded by weather and topographical maps, radio instruments and all the paraphernalia of a dispatcher's office on a big air-line was the composite character of every ground officer I've ever seen. It was hard to realize that metallic, static punctuated voice of Tex's was just Stu Erwin in a nearby sound booth as it came over the loud speaker in the office.

It wouldn't be fair to you to recount here the throat-tightening manner in which Dizzy, the same old gay, careless, wise-cracking Jimmy Cagney, comes back despite the ever-present and willing ladies who dog his path and winds up the picture with a self-sacrifice smash that will probably leave you as limp and, strangely exalted as it does Pat O'Brien when he—

But never mind. Take my advice and see that finale!

ROSE MARIE

Putting Together A Smash Hit

THE sandy point jutted out in the brilliant blue of the lake; chilled, sweet mountain air rustled the crisp pine needles. The huge war canoes were beached on the eastern side of the point. Over three hundred Washoe Indians moved about in ominous silence. From off-shore beyond the western side of the point came the muffled precision, the liquid chunking of paddles, hundreds of them, as they were driven deep by the approaching Piutes.

As the Piute war canoes touched ground a small band of the younger braves, headed by old Chief Black Hawk leapt ashore and formed a casual appearing protective semi-circle about their canoes, goods and families. Mid-way on the point between the two tribes stood a veritable forest of totem poles under which waited Director Van Dyke, his crew, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. With steady, solemn suspicion Black Hawk and Chief Red Bear of the Washoes approached, followed by a picked crew of their own warriors.

It was a delicate moment.

Both tribes are proud, quick to take a slight, and this was the first time in years that they had encountered one another *en masse*—and memories of ancient battles stirred the blood of the young men. With supreme tact and diplomacy "Woody" opened the pow-wow. MacDonald and Eddy were introduced to the stolid-faced men whose only show of feeling came from now twinkling eyes.

Thus it was that two ancient tribes lived amicably together for five weeks on a small point in a mountain lake—and went into the movies!

A few of them broke down and grinned with delight when part of the company was moved to a small valley noted for its five clear and distinct echoes, a perfect spot for Jeanette to sing her *Indian Love Call.* There was something they could understand—sheer beauty. All this business about precious black boxes that white men fussed with and their big lights and silver reflectors was a lot of bunk to them, but they did get a wallop out of Jeanette singing, and out of Nelson Eddy releasing his powerful voice in Friml's melodies—even if they didn't know or care who Friml was.

"The Indians did get a wallop out of Jeanette singing and out of Nelson Eddy releasing his powerful voice in Friml's melodies, even if they didn't know who Friml was."—Scene from *Rose Marie,* a Metro film

"When Claudette did her fainting scene, I could hardly keep from rushing to her side, cameras or no cameras. She brought out the Walter Raleigh in me."—Scene from *The Bride Comes Home*

THE BRIDE COMES HOME

When It's Colbert It's Real Comedy!

THE elevated train rumbled and screamed around the curved tracks, passed tenements and lofts and jolted into the station. Below on the street were hurrying crowds, trucks, taxies, cops, an armored car and side-walk vendors. Standing at every point of vantage on the "L" structure, guarding every exit in calculatedly unobtrusive manners, stood over a dozen detectives.

As the train stopped and the doors flew open there was the usual rush and jam. Stenographers hurrying to work were pushed back into the cars by salesmen trying to find a prospect somewhere in the Windy City; guards shouted imprecations at the sluggards. It was nine a. m. in Chicago—all except for one little thing, one little thing with large liquid brown eyes who answered to the name of Claudette Colbert.

When Claudette did her fainting scene, I could hardly keep from rushing to her side, cameras or no cameras. She brought out the Sir Walter Raleigh in me.

As soon as she fought free from the crowd jamming the platform of the "L" built on the Paramount lot, got her clothes rearranged and started for the stairs, Director Wesley Ruggles called "Okay!" and the cameras stopped.

Outside of that one duplicate of a Chicago street set, even down to—or, rather, up to—the elevated structure, there is little that is startling about *The Bride Comes Home,* but there is a tremendously fine piece of entertainment wrapped up in it. Fred MacMurray and Bob Young round out the bickering, comradely trio that argue and make love through another of Claudette's successful light comedies. They even had fun making the picture, which is something unusual in these days of short shooting schedules.

But the only thing that Claudette will really remember about the picture was young Wesley Ruggles, Jr's. visit to his daddy's set. His huge, two-year-old eyes, borrowed direct from his mother, Arline Judge, swept the set. Claudette saw him, rushed over, exclaimed, "What a darling baby! Oh, please, come over here and see me!"

Little Wesley regarded her gravely, stepped back a pace, looked quickly around and, finger on lips, hissed:

"Sh-h! Don't talk on set! Daddy doesn't like it!"

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Bartholomew And McLaglen—Tough Guys

"FREDDIE! What on earth are you doing?"

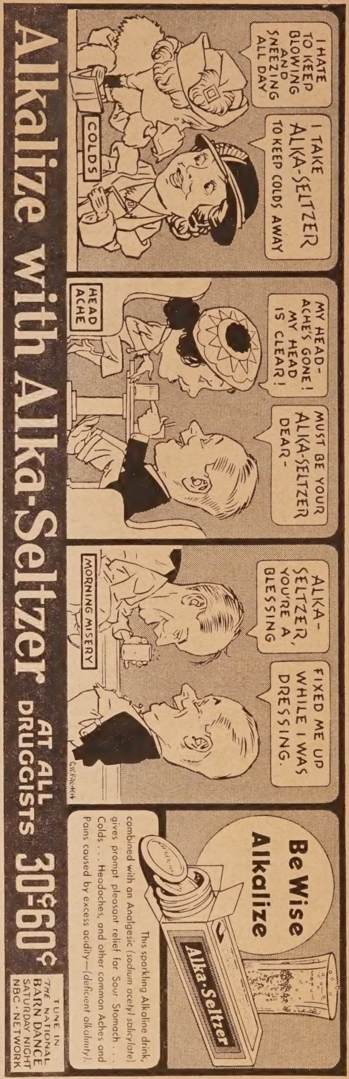
"Oh, it's quite all right Aunty Millicent! I'm just shooting craps, a lovely American game that Mr. McLaglen taught me for the picture."

So Freddie Bartholomew doesn't shoot craps any more, on or off stage.

Little Lord Fauntleroy has gone American in a big way. He wouldn't budge from the set whenever there was any chance of watching Vic handling a tommy gun or a heavy typewriter. He wants to be a soldier of fortune and considers almost any other job as "rather dull, you know."

When Vic pulls one of his dashing escapes from the legendary castle of a mythical Ruritanian Kingdom and mows down dozens of fancy-garbed soldiers whose aim is singularly bad, Fred hollers his head off in glee. There is one long shot in the palace court-yard; Vic is kidnapping Fred, the boy King who has been kept prisoner in his own palace by an unscrupulous regent who is ruining the country. Fred is tickled to death to be kidnapped and hopes against hope that Vic is really Dillinger in disguise. Soldiers surround them in the yard, on roof and wall tops, everyplace. Vic backs away, his tommy gun chattering death; men drop like flies, fall from Chauteau roofs and pin-wheel through the air; and the little boy-King, Fred, hops from one foot to the other yelling and cheering. Golly! It's action! This is *really* like being in the movies!

Follow the New Film Notes Reporter behind the scenes in Hollywood each month. This feature appears exclusively in SCREEN BOOK.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Hollywood's Unique Charm School

[*Continued from page* 16]

a word spoken or used incorrectly in her class without being openly discussed. At all times, the Webster Dictionary is the only authority—no matter what the college professor might say—Mr. Webster is always correct.

The pupils must learn to read so well that they can turn their backs to the class and make the class *feel* everything they read.

"That is good radio training," she explains, "also, no one can ever tell when a player on the stage or screen may have to turn his or her back to the audience and still put over the full meaning of the speech."

She also teaches them to read "cold." That is, to read aloud something they have never read before and to put all the feeling into it that they would into something they had rehearsed.

"That comes in handy when a director asks a player to read a new script for him. Too often, really good players lose out on parts simply because they cannot read 'cold'."

In addition to the voice, she emphasizes mobility of expression, centralizing upon the eyes. The eyes should speak as clearly as the voice and if the eyes speak as they should, it isn't necessary to screw the rest of the face up into all sorts of horrid knots to express an emotion.

AFTER all this is mastered, then comes actual work upon the stage. "One might not think that, with all the preliminary training, any actual stage experience was necessary, but it is! The greatest cook in the world, in the most adequately equipped kitchen couldn't turn out a dinner without actual food to prepare, so it is with my pupils. They might know how to read lines but until they have actually read them before an audience, they cannot feel at home upon the stage."

Mrs. Rogers does not choose her own pupils. The casting director signs young people that he feels have promise. They come from all over the United States—mostly from small stock companies or local home-talent plays. After they are signed under contract, they are turned over to Mrs. Rogers.

Doesn't she teach them how to enter a drawing room, how to meet people, how to conduct themselves in public, how to dress and how to make up?

No! If they want to learn that, she refers them to *Emily Post,* some well known modiste or prominent make-up artist. Physical culture or dancing lessons will give them the necessary bodily grace.

Mrs. Rogers is interested only in the mental and spiritual side of charm. *"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."* It shall never be said of one of the Rogers' graduates, "She was *charming* until she opened her mouth to speak," for that pupil will not only have learned to have *something* to say, but *how* to say it.

"WITH the mind and the heart right—appreciative, and able to express that appreciation, all other complements of charm will come naturally and easily. A person with a bright, active, eager mind will not walk slovenly, he will not slouch in his chair, he will not enter into petty discussions nor gossip. He will not have untidy hair or nails, unpressed trousers or unpolished shoes. His sense of fineness would not permit such incongruity.

"Just recently, I was invited to a gathering of very cultured people. It so happened that I could take one of my pupils. This particular girl had been most difficult. At times, it seemed impossible for her to grasp the full significance of my teachings. However, she was diligent and I was patient and the combination never fails. I was so anxious to give her just that one glimpse of charm *en masse.*

"I did not tell her what to wear, nor how to conduct herself. I merely invited her to accompany me. She was beautifully and appropriately dressed and I was so proud of her. I turned her loose with the other guests and from a distance, watched her. She was perfectly at home and happy. Only once during the evening did she drop to her former self and that was when she whispered in my ear, "How'm I doin'?"

"I forgave her that one slip and whispered back, "You're doing all right—you are charming!"

—By HARMONY HAYNES.

Eric Ergenbright, SCREEN BOOK'S Hollywood Editor and a veteran journalist, in conference with Ginger Rogers in the office at Radio Pictures Studio where, between scenes for *Follow the Fleet,* she directed her editorial staff's work on this issue. Ginger's editorial appears on page 90

If You Were Joan Crawford

If you had fought your way to the top as Joan has—if you had her eagerness for life, and her honesty—and if you faced the problem she recently faced—what would *you* do? Read the great story about Joan Crawford in February MOVIE CLASSIC and answer that question frankly!

AND DON'T MISS

One of the greatest prophecies ever made in print: "Shirley Temple's Teacher Predicts Her Future"—also in February MOVIE CLASSIC. Or Ginger Rogers' own rules for style and beauty—rules that every girl would like to know. Or vivid, exclusive stories about such film favorites as Katharine Hepburn, Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Harold Lloyd, Marian Marsh—and others.

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If You Were Joan Crawford

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Everywhere

A Woman Who Fought For Love

[*Continued from page 77*]

was written up—but her name was not mentioned. She opened the second. The same thing. The papers had enthused about a production but had not even written the name of the woman who starred in it!

THERE is no insult so great for an artist as the insult of silence. I doubt if many women would have returned to the footlights under those conditions. I have already mentioned courage. Jessie Matthews returned to her next performance and she did not miss even a matinee.

The girl whom Sonnie Hale married, as soon as the divorce made him free, was one who had walked through fire not once but again and again and he knew it. His adoration for her is the kind few husbands give; few wives receive; perhaps few merit. Immediately after the ceremony, they *opened together* in *Evergreen* in the West End of London. No need to recount the fear, the dread of these two for that opening. It was either the end or the beginning—of Success and Fame. They knew they had happiness but they knew nothing of what the public might do to them professionally.

It was a sensation. They were a sensation. Somehow, the depths of their love and their sorrow had reached through every obvious opposition. Somehow the people—the people who had themselves known love and sorrow and the ability of a world to condemn—had felt the truth despite what reporters had told them.

Today, Jessie is the highest paid and most popular screen player in England, except Gracie Fields. This winter she is coming to America. She and Sonnie have been married four years. They have lost their first baby, adopted one and are planning on having another of their own in another two years. They have refused huge sums to tell this story. I assure you I went into it most thoroughly. I am hoping I may meet Jessie at the boat when she arrives in America. I am hoping my fellow reporters will meet her. Here is a woman who has suffered as few women have suffered; here is a woman who has conquered as few have conquered. Here is a woman who has loved—a woman who has walked through Hell Fire into Heaven.

Curious Facts

Movie-goers who see *Ah Wilderness* will marvel at the beauty of the evening scene which shows Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden strolling home together after a high school graduation party. Strangely enough, the scene was taken in broad daylight under a bright sun. A filter over the camera lens produced the unusual effect of twilight. In the same picture, the scene in which Eric begged Cecelia for a kiss, eleven re-takes of the scene were needed before Director Clarence Brown said, "Print that." The eleven re-takes of this vivid screen moment must have had something to do with the fact that the two players have been romancing ever since and may make their affection permanent by having it blessed at the altar. Much of *Ah Wilderness* was filmed at Grafton, Mass., where the studio paved an entire street and presented it to the town.

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The Truth About Captain Blood

[*Continued from page* 47]

greatest water battle scenes ever photographed had just taken place before their eyes! Those spectators weren't just cheering because "Loud Cheers" were interspersed through their scripts. What they had actually seen on that long sequence was enough to make anybody cheer. In these days of realism on the screen you don't get effects like that in an action adventure story unless the action is the real McCoy.

THE ships, the cannon, the muskets were all the real thing, or as the property sheet lists them, "700 practical muskets." Naturally they didn't shoot ball and shot, but, take my word for it, if you're accidentally hit by even the paper wadding from a blank charge you know darned well that it isn't a bean bag.

Another piece of realism in the picture is Errol Flynn, who plays the title rôle. That guy *is* Captain Peter Blood! To call him an actor in this rôle is quite unfair to him. If Blood was an adventurer, a man of dash and action, so is Errol Flynn; if Blood lived a riotous life with head and steel drawn in search of danger, well, Flynn is his reincarnation three hundred years later.

For example, you've probably noticed the picture here of Flynn and Basil Rathbone dueling on the cliff edge. You have seen enough pictures and read enough about them to know of the phonies so often perpetrated in the name of drama; well, this one is no phoney. Those rapiers are the real thing and no doubles were used. Flynn wouldn't have it, even though he sustained four wounds in the process—not scratches, wounds—a lacerated neck, a gash over his right eye and two slices on the right forearm. It wasn't a question of two valets, a sweetheart and three doctors rushing on the set at the first sign of blood to treat a noble leading man. Flynn kept right on fighting, harder if anything, and the cameras kept on grinding to the end of the scene.

In one take of that same scene on the edge of the sea cliff, forty feet above the sea with a twelve foot beach immediately below, it was necessary to work over near the edge. The unexpected happened; Flynn's foot slipped on a loose stone. He started sliding. It was instantly apparent to a mind used to emergency decisions that no power on earth could keep him from going over the edge—a forty foot drop to the beach.

Had he been a moment slower or a bit less powerful he would have lit on the beach and many a day would have passed before Errol Flynn would have felt like fencing. However, with a tremendous heave he added that necessary impetus to his fall and hurtled out over the beach and into the comparative safety of the deep water beyond.

THE risks and action that went into making a thriller out of *Captain Blood* didn't all take place on the water. For some of the close shots it wasn't feasible, due to time and weather conditions, to make them on the sea. Exact, life-size duplicates of two of the boats were reconstructed on a huge sound stage, the background given color by a huge cyclorama. Stunt men did some of their daring jobs on the ropes there. Swinging and dropping with swift precision from their high-strung ropes and performing all manner of dangerous feats that could not have been photographed over water, they encountered some of the biggest thrills in the production of the picture. They were the "men on the flying trapeze," but without the benefit of the trapeze. Flynn came on the set one morning to find the company already working on some of this aerial stuff. A man very much like himself in general build and make-up was rehearsing a rope swing and jump from the high quarter deck of the Arabella to the low and far away main deck of the Cinco Llagas. Flynn asked a couple of suddenly embarrassed assistant directors who the chap was. He got evasive answers until he pinned Mike Curtiz, the director, down to the fact that he was a double, quietly hired to do these few scenes.

It was the only time on the picture that the easy going young Irishman came close to blowing off. A double to do his stuff for him? Ridiculous! "And anyway, Mike," he added, "It's not fair! Here I do all the hard work, sitting around under lights and in front of the camera and doing not much more than talk, talk, talk for weeks and then when the real fun comes along you give that to a double! No, Sir! Absolutely not! I want some fun, too! That looks grand—why—why *that's* action!"

THE unexpected action on the picture apparently wasn't enough for him. Not that the incident that occurred during his escape from the slave quarters and down past the huge water wheel on the plantation set was exactly innocuous. Casey Robinson, the script writer, played fate when he wrote in a piece of business where Flynn swiped the steel helmet from a dead soldier as a disguise in that scene. If it hadn't been for the helmet, Mr. Flynn wouldn't have been interested in action after that scene was canned. A heavy timber, a break-away, fell from a high balcony just a split second before it was "cued" to do so. And the helmet he'd just donned as a disguise in the story saved Flynn's skull. As it was he was knocked down and all but out. Upset? Not a bit of it! "Just the breaks!" he grinned, "Or was it 'just the break-aways'?"

Rafael Sabatini, himself, could have wished no greater thrill than to have witnessed this filming of one of his greatest books. It will be a thrilling picture on the screen not only because of story and acting, but mostly because it was a thrilling picture to make. Exhausting at times, but of that grand kind of exhaustion that leaves the mind exhilarated and the nerves trembling.

It is *Captain Blood*!

CONTEST WINNERS!

Watch for a complete announcement of contest winners in SCREEN BOOK'S picture contest series in the March issue!

LOY and POWELL Score Again!

Myrna Loy and William Powell, stars of the famous *The Thin Man*, are making a new picture titled *The Great Ziegfeld.*

The complete fiction story of this new picture, illustrated with actual scenes from the production, is featured in *Romantic Movie Stories Magazine.*

Other movie fiction stories include *The Petrified Forest*, starring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, and other movies in story form featuring Warner Baxter, Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Richard Dix, Ross Alexander, Patricia Ellis, Ann Loring.

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Charles Boyer Answers His Admirers

[*Continued from page* 50]

What are the most important things to remember in acting?

To forget that you are acting, and to be as natural as the lines themselves are.

Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?

Blondes.

How did you learn English?

In school in France.

What is your hobby?

Books and the study of philosophy.

Do you play classical music on the piano? If so, please tell me your favorite composition.

The violin is the only instrument I play. Debussey and Stravinsky are my favorite composers.

What is your idea of a perfect woman?

My wife, Pat Paterson.

In one article in a magazine it was stated that you are interested in philosophy. Have you ever looked into the scientific philosophy called Anthroposophy?

I have read of it but never studied it deeply.

Did you see action during the World War?

Yes.

What do you consider your biggest drawback as a husband?

Ignorance of Anglo-Saxon traits and customs.

Have you any desire to portray a character similar to that of Yorisaka in The Battle?

I would like nothing more than to find a story which would give me a rôle as strong as was that one.

Who is your favorite movie player?

Claudette Colbert.

How many times have you been married?

Once.

How did your career begin?

In the conservatory, and in unpretentious Paris stage productions.

What is your real name?

Charles Boyer.

Do you love children and do you wish for some of your own?

Yes, to both questions.

Do you intend to stay in Hollywood more than six months a year?

Not if my contracts can be arranged otherwise.

What has been, in your opinion, your best picture rôle so far?

That of Dr. Monet in *Private Worlds.*

What is the difference between American and foreign audiences?

Foreign audiences are more critical but more loyal. They support favorites of other decades indefinitely. In this country, they are forgotten after they have been in one or two bad productions.

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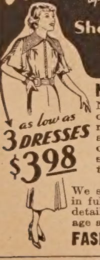

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PICTURE TIPS

Follow these rating—★★★★ Hit Picture ★★★ Good Show ★★ Fair Film ★ Mediocre

Current Films

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—★★★★—Gladys Swarthout makes her début opposite John Boles in a splendid picture which recounts the adventures of early California families in their battles against the land-grabbers. Miss Swarthout's songs are a sparkling contribution to the finer things the screen has to offer.—*Paramount.*

FRISCO WATERFRONT—★★—Somewhat implausible, but with Ben Lyon as the young dock worker who fights his way to success with the help of his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, the film has its exciting moments.—*Republic.*

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—★★★—Gene Raymond as an author who spends a night in a deserted hotel to win a bet and finds himself mixed up with a gang of jewel thieves. Interesting and swift-moving, with Eric Blore, away from his usual comedy characterization, making good in a detective rôle.—*Radio.*

KIND LADY—★★—Crook story revolving around the attempt to steal famous paintings, with Aline MacMahon, Basil Rathbone and Mary Carlisle in the cast.—*Metro.*

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—★★★—Thrilling kidnap story with Rochelle Hudson, Bruce Cabot and Cesar Romero.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TWO FACES—★★★—Comedy and drama intermingled in the story of a gangster who has his face remodeled and turns movie actor. Wallace Ford, Molly Lamont and Phyllis Brooks in the cast.—*Radio.*

MILLIONS IN THE AIR—★★½—The story of what happens backstage in an amateur radio hour, performed in a whirlwind of hilarity with John Howard, Wendy Barrie, Willie Howard and many others.—*Paramount.*

SPLENDOR—★★★—The story of a girl sacrificing almost but not quite all for money to save the pride of the snooty family into which she has married. Miriam Hopkins turns in a fine performance opposite Joel McCrea.—*United Artists.*

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—★★★★—The story of a man who commits a murder in getting money for his destitute family and is finally driven to surrender by his own conscience. Beautifully filmed and directed heavy drama with Peter Lorre, Marian Marsh and Tala Birell.—*Columbia.*

THE CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—★★—In which a clever newspaperman solves a crime by means of his trusty camera. Roger Pryor and Joan Perry featured. — *Columbia.*

CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS — ★★—A famous Harold Bell Wright story dealing with the man who comes out of the New York slums to crusade against vice. Richard Arlen, Douglass Dumbrille and Charlotte Wynters in the cast.—*Columbia.*

CORONADO—★★—Musical comedy with slight plot about a wealthy young song writer and his romantic troubles with a pretty vocalist. Aside from the story, the film is peppy and amusing. In the cast are Betty Burgess, Johnny Downs, Andy Devine and Alice White.—*Paramount.*

NEVADA—★★—A better - than - average western with novel twists to the familiar two-gun plot, featuring Buster Crabbe, Kathleen Burke and Sid Saylor.—*Paramount.*

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—★★★—Sylvia Sidney does a fine job as the girl whose life is smirched by one unwitting association with a gangster. Thrilling, moving picture throughout, with Melvyn Douglas stealing a great share of the honors.—*Paramount.*

SO RED THE ROSE—★★★—The story of a fine Southern family's tribulations during the Civil War, dramatically portrayed by a fine cast which includes Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly and Randolph Scott.—*Paramount.*

THE PAYOFF—★★½—Entertaining story of a newspaper columnist whose wife keeps him continually in debt. His arch enemy, a crooked gambler, finally manages to buy up I.O.U.'s given by the columnist's wife, putting him on the spot. Well played by James Dunn, Claire Dodd and Patricia Ellis.—*Warner.*

WHIPSAW—★★★—Myrna Loy as a member of a jewel thieving gang abandons her life of crime just before the G Men, headed by Spencer Tracy, catch up with her. Pleasing excitement, with Myrna Loy doing her usual excellent job.—*Metro.*

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—★★—Nothing particularly unusual in this film which follows the usual romantic pattern, but with the help of the Navy and an amusing beauty contest, it is fair entertainment. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins together again. —*Warner.*

Previously Reviewed Hits

THANKS A MILLION—★★★★—Superb musical comedy based on the silly business of politics. A grand cast, including Dick Powell, Fred Allen and Ann Dvorak, turn out perfect entertainment. —*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—★★★★—The dizzy Marx Brothers return to the screen after a long absence in one of the funniest pictures ever filmed. Groucho racketeers in opera, with Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones as foils for his crazy antics.—*Metro.*

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—★★★★—A bloody page from the annals of British naval history, so perfectly filmed that it cannot help but be chosen the best picture of the year. The cast includes Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

THE FRISCO KID—★★★—Cagney as his admirers love him in the rôle of a young adventurer who becomes the boss of San Francisco's infamous Barbary Coast. The cast includes Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods and Ricardo Cortez.—*Warner.*

PETER IBBETSON—★★★★— Exquisite fantasy with Ann Harding and Gary Cooper delivering beautiful, sensitive performances. — *Paramount.*

$1,000 A MINUTE—★★★—Highly improbable though the plot of this picture is, this film is excellent entertainment. Roger Pryor, after being fired as a reporter, is given the job of spending $1,000 a minute. And he has a hilarious time doing it!—*Republic.*

GO To These Fine Pictures!

Now showing at neighborhood theaters

REALLY good picture treats include—James Melton's début in *Stars Over Broadway* . . . the thrilling *Transatlantic Tunnel*, with Richard Dix, Madge Evans, George Arliss and Walter Huston . . . *Three Kids and a Queen*, starring May Robson . . . Lawrence Tibbett and his great songs in *Metropolitan* . . . Ronald Colman as the cheerful spendthrift in *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo* . . . Barbara Stanwyck as the famous gun woman in *Annie Oakley* . . . and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* . . . Other interesting picture fare includes Carl Brisson as the singing ship stoker in *Ship Cafe* . . . Ginger Rogers and George Brent in *In Person* . . . Jack Benny and Una Merkel as amusing clowns in *It's in the Air* and Paul Muni with Ann Dvorak in *Dr. Socrates* and William Powell in *Rendezvous.*

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Clark Gable chats with Jean Parker at a recent benefit show in Hollywood. Jean is just back from England, where she appeared in *The Ghost Goes West,* with Robert Donat

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 61]

sters and say that his wife or Bing's always steps in to halt the battle. Neither he nor Bing can understand it; they'd like to see who can lick who, just for the fun of it.

BING CROSBY spends almost all of his time away from the studio grooming his three horses for competition at Santa Anita Park, the most elaborate race track in the world. When his nags gallop for the finish line, they will carry half the film colony's money on their backs.

DICK POWELL won't admit that it's anything more than friendship between Joan Blondell and himself. Yet, they go everywhere together, call one another on the phone a dozen times a day, and now Joan has rented a house next door to the one Dick built near Toluca Lake.

OTTO KRUGER'S house in the hills is entirely surrounded by trees, and almost everyone bears the carved initials of some friend. On one of the trees can be noticed the initials of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, around which a large heart has been carved.

LESLIE HOWARD has confided to a few friends that *Anthony Adverse* may be one of his last pictures. Howard wants to quit acting and turn director. To further his knowledge for the proposed future job, he has taken to a study of camera angles. He is one of Hollywood's best amateur cameramen, and from his long experience as an actor should prove an able director.

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5.25-17	2.60	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10	1.15
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The Secret Of Claudette Colbert's Charm

[*Continued from page 29*]

And the incident was closed, almost. . . .

"Did you actually *want* to take that dirty child?" I asked.

"No," she said softly "but it was a *baby*! And the look in the mother's eyes! Did you see that? Isn't it worth a few spots on my gown, to make a woman's eyes shine that way?"

Sounds like sentimental nonsense? Not if you know Colbert! And it wasn't said for publication. She'd probably shoot me for printing this incident, at all. Or for mentioning that she once risked her life to save a dog which didn't even belong to her. A good thing the studio didn't know about that, because studios pay high rates for accident insurance on their stars and think Miss Colbert is a lot more important than a small boy howling with grief and terror because his four-legged pal is in the path of a heedless motorist!

But bravery and kindness are a part of that charm you so admire.

One rather amusing instance of Claudette's power of fascination occurred when she turned up unexpectedly and I had as guest, a lady who thoroughly disapproved of the actress. My elderly friend whom I shall call Mrs. M. is over sixty, very narrow and like a certain large class of Los Angeleans, thinks all motion picture people are headed straight for perdition. I had heard Mrs. M. condemn Claudette as a "wild modern—doesn't live under the same roof as her husband." Mrs. M. had never met the lady in question or seen her on the screen, but now she was about to meet her, come what might! On impulse I mumbled Claudette's name indistinguishably while Mrs. M. gave Claudette's smart little hat a disapproving glare. I left them in fear and trembling to greet other guests, and a little later saw their two heads close together and overheard Claudette saying "a pinch of bicarbonate in the beans keeps them bright and green." You can't beat that girl! Mrs. M. was fascinated. When she got me alone she wanted to know who "the dear domestic little woman" was. I wish you could have seen her face when I broke the news that it was Colbert.

ANOTHER story which I have on good authority also has to do with this willingness of Claudette's to put herself out for old, uninteresting-looking people. In the early days of her Hollywood beginnings, she noticed a dour, lonely-looking old man around the studio. He appeared to snap at everyone who came near him and Claudette decided he must be suffering from indigestion. She chatted with him as blithely and naturally as a daughter with an ailing father, although for a while he only grunted in reply. She was right about the indigestion, and when she herself actually ran out to the drug store and brought him her favorite remedy, standing over him until he'd taken it, she finally drew a smile. It is noteworthy that her fate at the studio was rather uncertain at this period but she could take time out from her own worries to help a sick old man. With the result that one day he wrote "okey" on a very important piece of paper bearing her name. Her lonely old man happened to be one of the most important executives from the eastern offices, and he has since then done more perhaps than any one person in the way of spreading the word that "Colbert is all right."

I think that a great part of Colbert's charm comes from her personal habits. Few French women, no matter how prettily dressed, look really clean. In fact the French as a race are seriously convinced that bathing often is injurious to health. Well, Claudette certainly is the shining exception which proves this rule. She is the cleanest woman I have ever known. Her hair is washed very often—many women would think too often, but Miss Colbert has a theory that cleanliness chases germs, and soap and water never did any serious damage when applied to the person. The camera has a way of making women's faces look dull. The greyness of the silver sheet enormously accents the slightest lack of freshness. Think of how comparatively few actresses, even blondes, look convincingly dainty—compared to Colbert!

On the screen she always appears to be absolutely immaculate. She looks as if she smelled good. Well, she does. By a judicious use of cosmetics and perfumes and with plenty of delicate soap and water. Her clothes have an indescribable freshness about them, and I cannot resist again stressing a fact I have often proclaimed; to wit: that Claudette Colbert is far prettier and more smartly dressed in actual life than on the screen. You have never seen the real Colbert until you've seen the peculiar high-lights in her hair, the changing colors in her enormous eyes, the fine texture of her skin and, last but not least, the astounding skill with which she chooses her clothing.

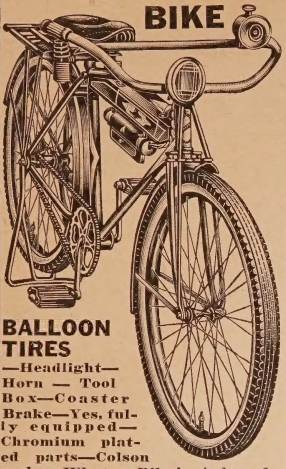
These things, then, are in my opinion the ingredients of Claudette's charm: the will to please, kindness, perception of others and a rare physical freshness. But behind them lies the soul of the woman. It is a brave thing. Claudette has wanted to learn about the world and its people and has honestly tried to do so. And from that honestly acquired knowledge she has woven the soft web of her enchantment.

"The women of the Orient learn it," she told me. "They practice charm—they study it deliberately, consciously. Their very existence depends on being charming—otherwise the Sultan will perhaps chop their heads off!"

We American women don't get our heads chopped off by our husbands—not as a usual thing, anyway! But we do get our heads "snapped off" quite often. How would you like it if, at the mention of your name, your husband threw away his newspaper and smoothed his hair, wanting instantly to look his best for you—as he does when you take him to see Colbert's lovely shadow on the screen? Well, let's see. The recipe isn't very elaborate—go back and read it over and then let's start by washing our hair! And if we can't quite come up to Claudette Colbert's standard, I'm sure we can acquire quite a lot of charm by following her precepts, with some of her magnificent persistence!

GIVEN SEND NO MONEY

BIKE



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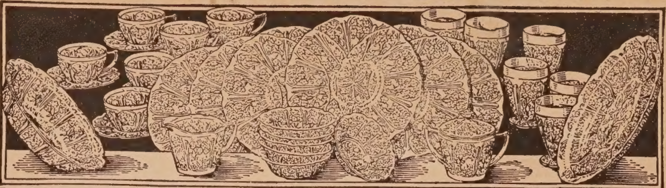

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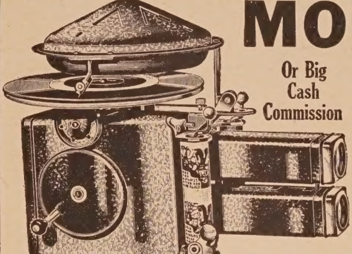

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A combination Movie and Talkie Machine showing clear colored pictures of famous movie stars, etc., with sound. Variety of pictures and records available. What a show! What a sensation! Really remarkable—Amazing and practical. You can easily get one of these outfits by **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** beautifully colored art pictures with our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE**, used for cuts, burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you sell to your friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per new big premium catalog and plan book. Also choice of 25 other valuable premiums for selling only twelve boxes salve and returning only $3. Our 40th year. We are reliable. For proof, write Tyrone Bank. Be first in your town. Order Salve NOW! MAIL COUPON! **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., INC., DEPT. FG-503, TYRONE, PA.**

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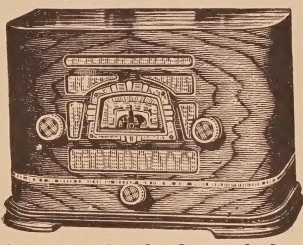

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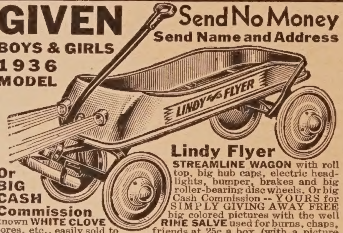

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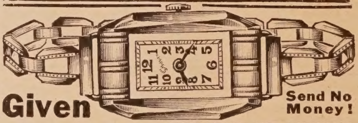
Lindy Flyer

STREAMLINE WAGON with roll top, big hub caps, electric headlights, bumper, brakes and big roller-bearing disc wheels. Or big Cash Commission -- YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with the well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with a picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL -- Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3. Our 40th year. Be First. Write today for 12 boxes Salve. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc., Dept. FG504 Tyrone, Pa.**



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BIG GUITAR or MICKEY MOUSE WATCH

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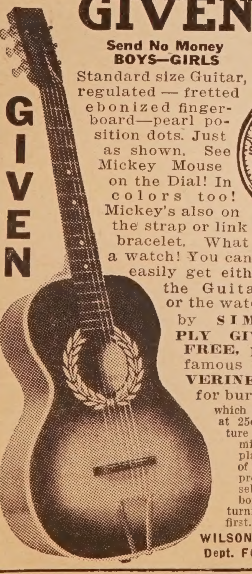

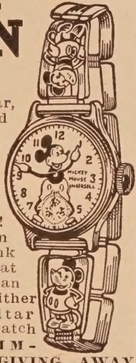

Send No Money BOYS—GIRLS

Standard size Guitar, regulated — fretted ebonized fingerboard—pearl position dots. Just as shown. See Mickey Mouse on the Dial! In colors too! Mickey's also on the strap or link bracelet. What a watch! You can easily get either the Guitar or the watch by **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE**, pictures, with famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, etc., which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan catalog. Choice of twenty-five valuable premiums given for selling only twelve boxes salve and returning only $3. Be first. Mail Coupon.

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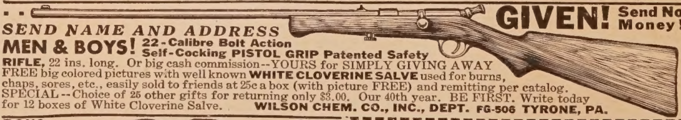

GIVEN! Send No Money!

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS

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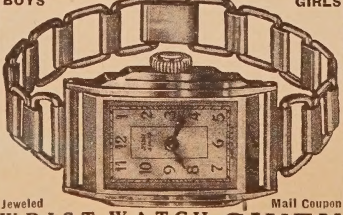
22-Calibre Bolt Action Self-Cocking PISTOL GRIP Patented Safety RIFLE, 22 ins. long. Or big cash commission -- YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL -- Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3.00. Our 40th year. BE FIRST. Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., DEPT. FG-506 TYRONE, PA.**

BOYS **GIRLS**



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WRIST WATCH GIVEN

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Link band—chrome case—hugs wrist—gilt numerals—silvered dial—quality parts—keeps good time. GOOD LOOKING! You can easily get one of these watches by **GIVING AWAY FREE** pictures with **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, which you sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as per premium plan catalog. Pictures sell salve on sight. BE FIRST. MAIL COUPON NOW! **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. FG-509, Tyrone, Pa.**

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Gentlemen: Please send me 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** to sell at 25c a box (giving picture FREE). I will remit within 30 days, select a premium or keep cash commission as per new premium plan catalog sent with order, postage paid.

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Town ....State..........

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With the Editor IN HOLLYWOOD

Ginger Rogers takes a turn at the editor's duties. She wants a word with you!

EVERY editor has his "just-between-you-and-me" page where he gets right down to business and talks to his readers. And that's what I'm going to do. My heartiest thanks to SCREEN BOOK, and its editor, Carl A. Schroeder, for giving me the opportunity!

It isn't very often a player has a chance to speak out in quite this way. And am I going to take advantage of it? Watch me!

Frankly, I'm tired of the piffle that's been printed about Hollywood. You pick up the paper and what do you see? Big headlines about "HOLLYWOOD STAR INVOLVED IN SCANDAL!" Or maybe it's a murder even. Another black eye for the old town. And when you come to find out the truth, the person implicated played extra for one day and actually lives in Sherman or West Los Angeles.

It's usually the outsiders, the "hangers-on," who create the real trouble in Hollywood. Not those in the movie business itself. All the records prove that. Naturally there's a certain glamour about the place and people do things here they wouldn't dare do at home. They come to Hollywood to have a fling—and it's essentially a working town . . .

- You hear it called an "abnormal city." That, to me, is the best joke of all. I find myself and everybody I know taking much better care of themselves here than they do any place else. I've been at a good many parties where business men and women were and I haven't heard one of them say, "Well, I've got to leave early. Have to be at work the first thing in the morning." But actors say it constantly. They *have* to keep regular hours. They have to lead the most normal and regular kind of life or the camera turns tattle-tale.

The guest editor at her desk

- Another thing I resent—and I think you do too— is what actors themselves sometimes say about this place. They say it's "mechanized" and "no one can call his soul his own." That seems to me pretty much like biting the hand that feeds you. It's quite true that Hollywood *is* exacting. But where on earth would you get such returns? If you can take advantage of all it has to offer, it's the best place in the world to develop. One reason is because the spirit of competition is so keen. You're surrounded by brilliant, clever people and you have to develop your personality to the nth degree or be lost in the shuffle.

- The trouble is that a great number of persons blame the old town for everything and anything that happens to them. And it's so wrong, wrong, *wrong!*

It's wholly up to them whether they're going to adapt themselves or not. The smart folk are that ones who know that Hollywood isn't permanent. The very nature of the business precludes that. But at the same time, if you use it right, it can be your bulwark for the future.

- *The one thing I have against Hollywood is this: Its doors are so hard to crash.* Every studio gets an everage of nearly five thousand letters a week from people wanting to get into the movies. Asking how to go about it . . . what to do.

It may sound queer but here's what I'd suggest—if you want to break into Hollywood, *keep away from it.*

Anyone coming here "cold," and unknown has—to get statistical for a moment—one chance in 59,000.

The thing to do is to get background. To get as well known as you can in theatrical or radio circles elsewhere. Then you stand a much better chance of getting somewhere when you do come to Hollywood.

- The studios spend somewhere near $850,000 *a year* making tests of newcomers. They give them expert coaching, the services of famous make-up men, a good director—and three-fourths of the tests are thrown away because the subject lacked training.

Do anything to gain experience—play in one night stands if it's necessary. Then try to meet the biggest theater exhibitors in your city so they can give your name to studio scouts when they come through.

- And don't expect too much when you do come out. I know a girl in Santa Ana who thinks if she could just get a stock job in a studio she'd be all "set." Why, that's only the start of the real contest! I wish you could see the way girls around here with an *actual foothold* and a *signed contract* have to struggle and work and study to get bigger rôles and more recognition. That's what I mean by saying Hollywood's doors are so hard to crash. The newcomer has to work so hard, sometimes for years, before she gets a break.

- So watch out for the new faces on the screen. Even if you yourself are not interested in a movie career think of what it means to them. Support them by your letters and that way you'll encourage the producers to give them better parts.

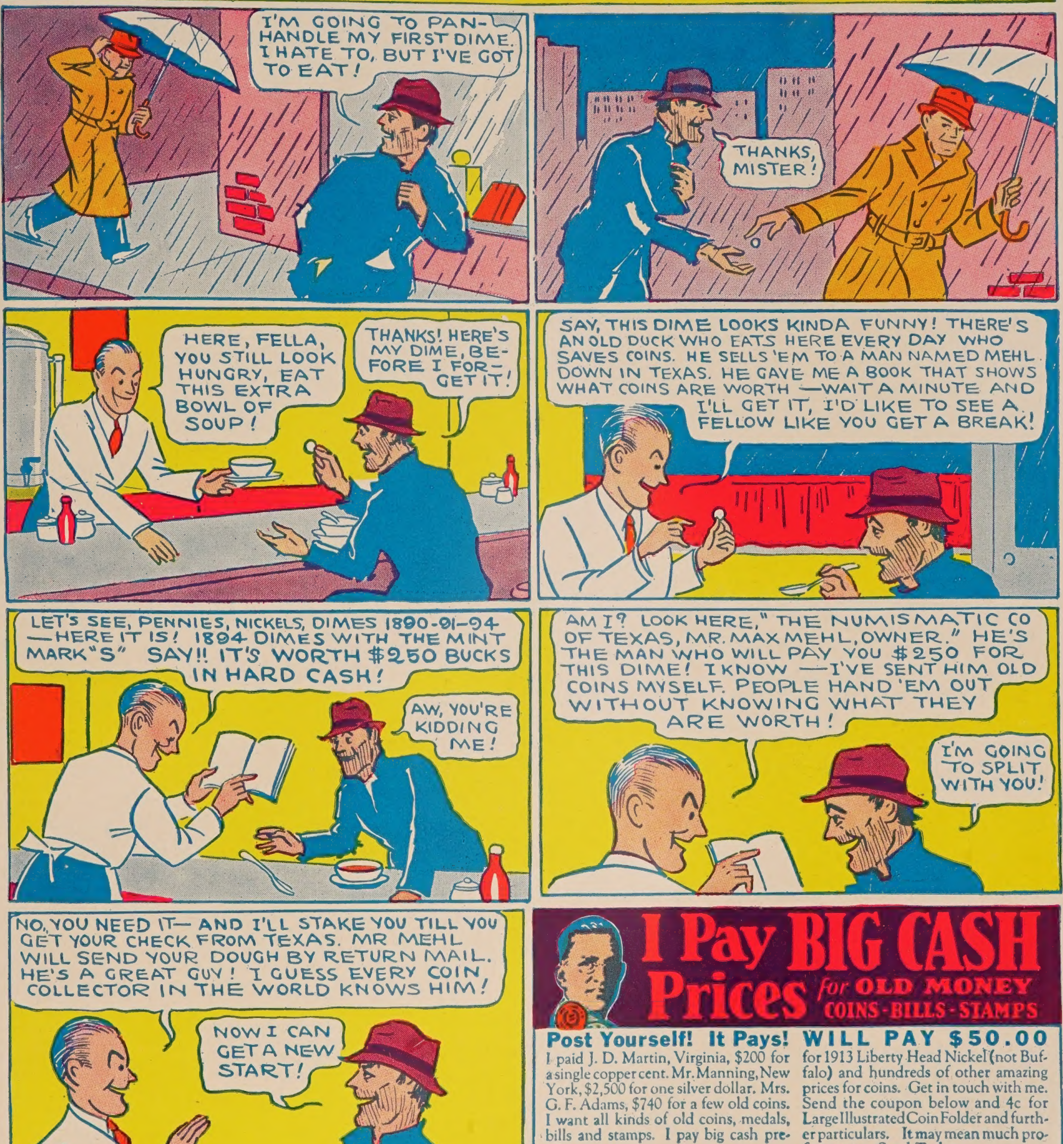
- I've had a lot of fun as Guest Editor of SCREEN BOOK. Perhaps one reason I have enjoyed it so much is the fact that my mother was once a newspaperwoman, and the journalistic bug is in my blood too. Some day, a long time hence, I hope to turn to writing as a profession.

Anyway, if you have enjoyed this issue half as much as I have working on it, we've all had a good time. Remember, when you see *Follow the Fleet,* that much of the work on this issue was done between scenes. So between the magazine and Fred Astaire I've about danced myself out for awhile.

I thank you!

Ginger Rogers

THE ROMANCE OF A DIME


I'M GOING TO PAN-HANDLE MY FIRST DIME. I HATE TO, BUT I'VE GOT TO EAT!
THANKS, MISTER!
HERE, FELLA, YOU STILL LOOK HUNGRY, EAT THIS EXTRA BOWL OF SOUP!
THANKS! HERE'S MY DIME, BEFORE I FORGET IT!
SAY, THIS DIME LOOKS KINDA FUNNY! THERE'S AN OLD DUCK WHO EATS HERE EVERY DAY WHO SAVES COINS. HE SELLS 'EM TO A MAN NAMED MEHL DOWN IN TEXAS. HE GAVE ME A BOOK THAT SHOWS WHAT COINS ARE WORTH —WAIT A MINUTE AND I'LL GET IT, I'D LIKE TO SEE A FELLOW LIKE YOU GET A BREAK!
LET'S SEE, PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES 1890-91-94 —HERE IT IS! 1894 DIMES WITH THE MINT MARK "S" SAY!! IT'S WORTH $250 BUCKS IN HARD CASH!
AW, YOU'RE KIDDING ME!
AM I? LOOK HERE," THE NUMISMATIC CO OF TEXAS, MR. MAX MEHL, OWNER." HE'S THE MAN WHO WILL PAY YOU $250 FOR THIS DIME! I KNOW —I'VE SENT HIM OLD COINS MYSELF. PEOPLE HAND 'EM OUT WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT THEY ARE WORTH!
I'M GOING TO SPLIT WITH YOU!
NO, YOU NEED IT— AND I'LL STAKE YOU TILL YOU GET YOUR CHECK FROM TEXAS. MR MEHL WILL SEND YOUR DOUGH BY RETURN MAIL. HE'S A GREAT GUY! I GUESS EVERY COIN COLLECTOR IN THE WORLD KNOWS HIM!
NOW I CAN GET A NEW START!

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COINS-BILLS-STAMPS

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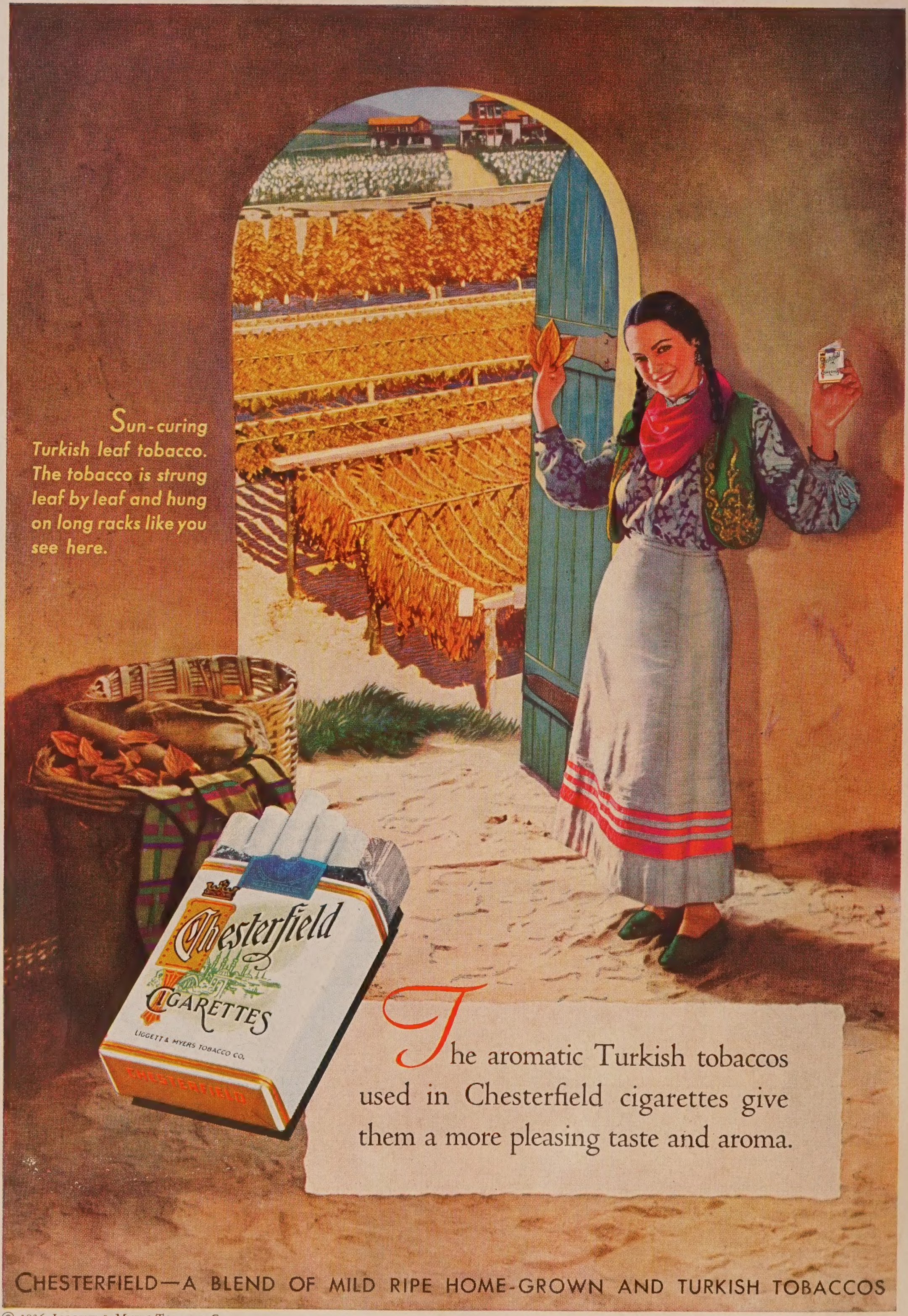
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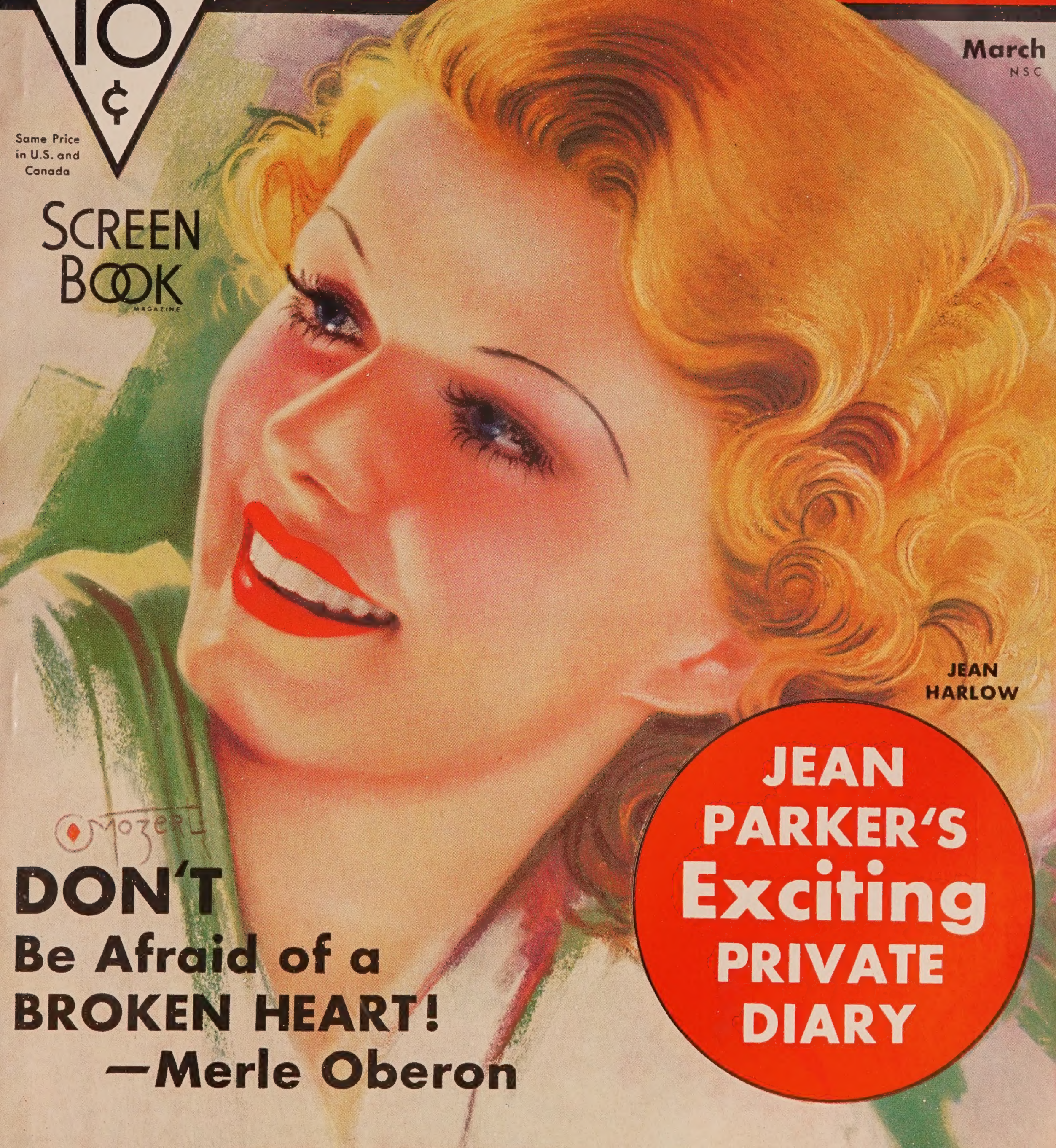

JEAN
HARLOW

DON'T
Be Afraid of a
BROKEN HEART!
—Merle Oberon

JEAN
PARKER'S
Exciting
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DIARY

WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds *safely* lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

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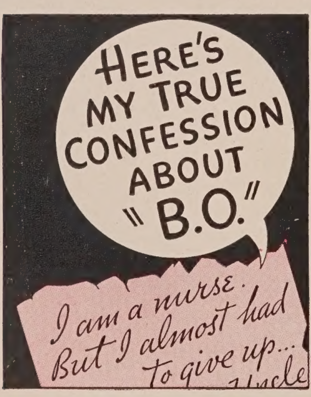
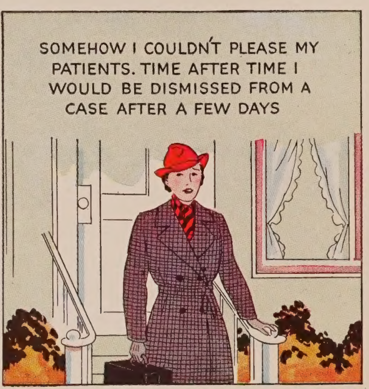
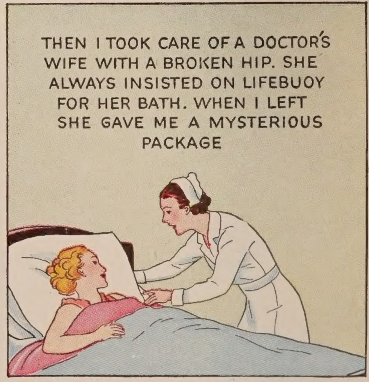
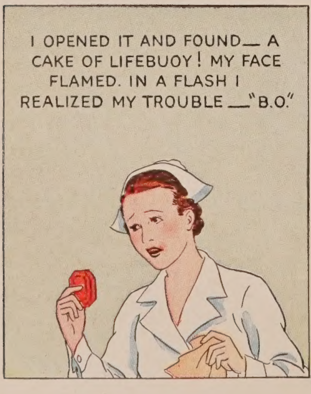
THE GRANULATED SOAP

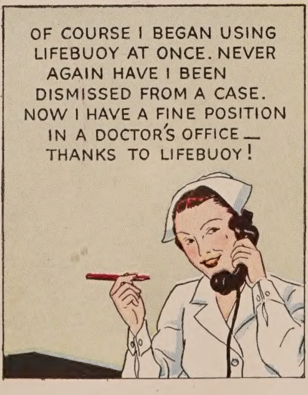
THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA


HERE'S MY TRUE CONFESSION ABOUT "B.O."
I am a nurse. But I almost had to give up... Uncle


SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS


THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBUOY FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE


I OPENED IT AND FOUND— A CAKE OF LIFEBUOY! MY FACE FLAMED. IN A FLASH I REALIZED MY TROUBLE—"B.O."


OF COURSE I BEGAN USING LIFEBUOY AT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN HAVE I BEEN DISMISSED FROM A CASE. NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE— THANKS TO LIFEBUOY!

MISS X, I NEVER CEASE TO MARVEL AT THE FRESH CLEARNESS OF YOUR COMPLEXION!
I CAN THANK LIFEBUOY FOR THAT!

PROTECT *your* complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy lather! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!

This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a *real* warning to all to use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Savage!

SAYS DEBUTANTE

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Sensible!

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad . . . And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

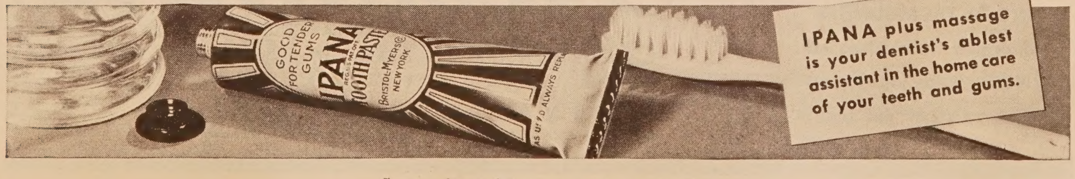
In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage . . . You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

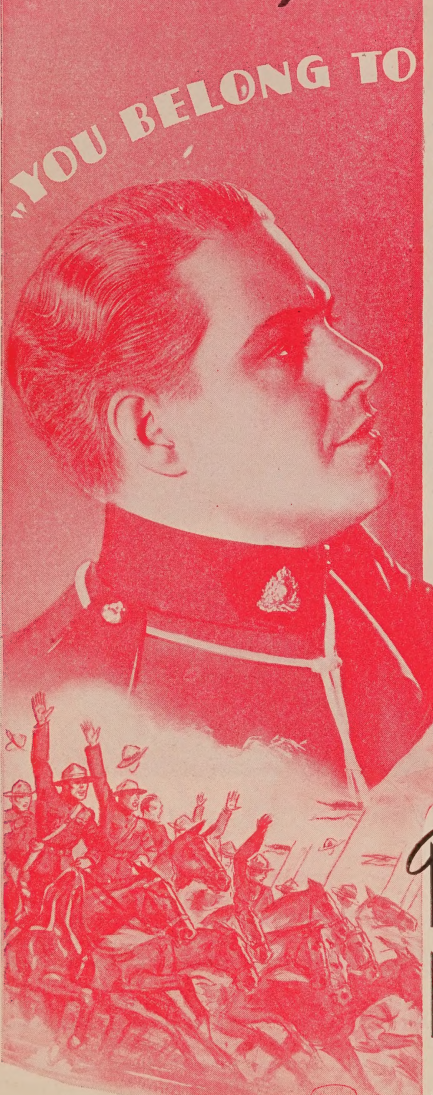
For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.

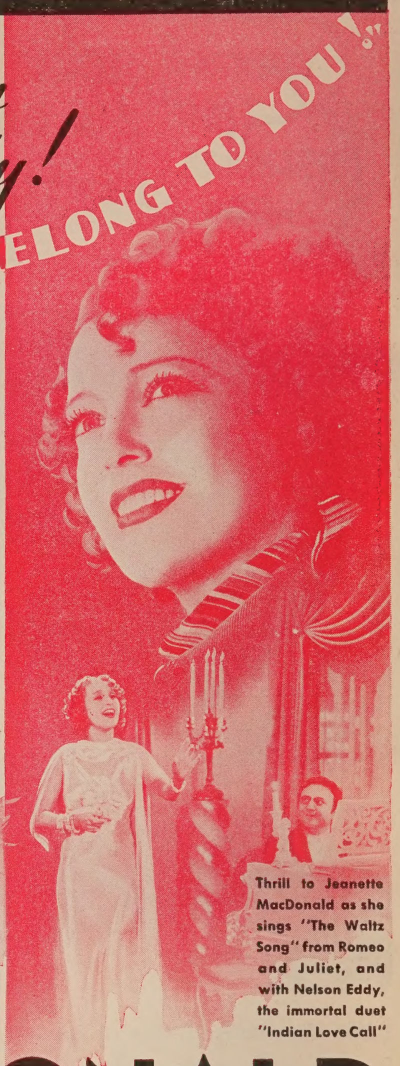


IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!


"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" . . . The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky . . . How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with *your* love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!



Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

Jeanette MacDONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with
REGINALD OWEN · ALLAN JONES
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke · Produced by Hunt Stromberg

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!'
300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!

MARCH,
1936

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

Vol. XVI
No. 2

The News Magazine of the Movies

CARL A. SCHROEDER, Editor

DOUGLAS LURTON,
Supervising Editor

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By Veteran Hollywood Reporters

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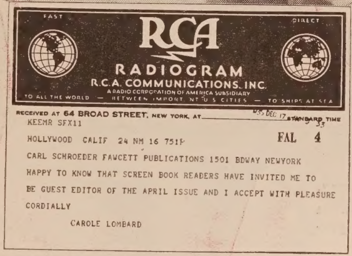

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CARL SCHROEDER FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS 1501 BDWAY NEWYORK
HAPPY TO KNOW THAT SCREEN BOOK READERS HAVE INVITED ME TO
BE GUEST EDITOR OF THE APRIL ISSUE AND I ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE
CORDIALLY
        CAROLE LOMBARD
```

Carole Lombard Is Next Month's Guest Editor

HEEDING the majority demand of countless fans who wrote Ginger Rogers last month nominating a second star to become guest editor of SCREEN BOOK, Carole Lombard wires her acceptance for the April issue.

Known all over Hollywood for her breezy witticisms and her frankness, Carole should produce a magazine to delight every movie-goer. Watch for the continuance of the most novel idea ever conceived for movie magazines—a complete star-edited issue. Don't miss April SCREEN BOOK, an all-star issue filled to the brim with romance, humor and lively stories, all inspired by Carole Lombard!

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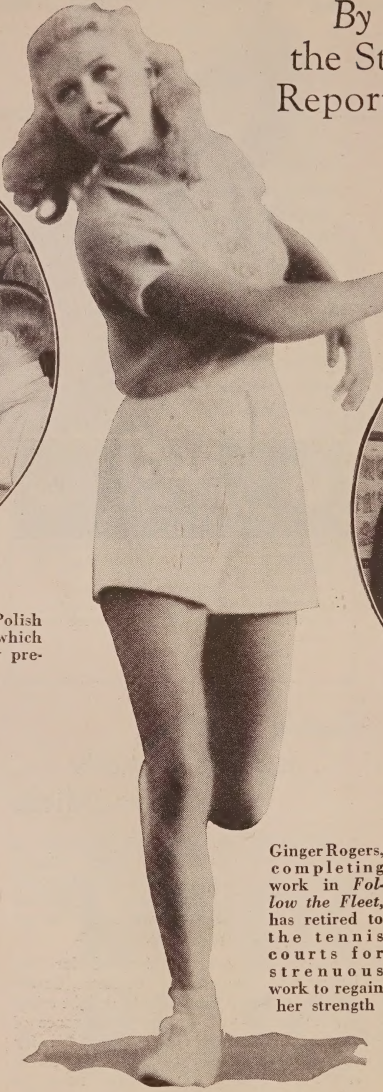
TODAY'S GOSSIP

What's going on all over Hollywood

By
the Star
Reporter

Gene Raymond poses with Stan Poray, noted Polish artist, who painted the remarkable portrait which the star of *Seven Keys to Baldpate* recently presented to his mother as a gift



Ginger Rogers, completing work in *Follow the Fleet*, has retired to the tennis courts for strenuous work to regain her strength

Clark Gable, Arline Judge and Edward G. Robinson arm themselves for a game of billiards at Arline's recent cocktail party, attended by the élite of Hollywood

DICK POWELL just cast a score of rumors into the discard when he made a statement to a friend, with this writer as a witness, that he certainly intended to marry Joan Blondell and expected she would name the definite date at any moment.

Which disposes of one subject the film colony has mulled over for, lo, these many weeks.

DARRYL ZANUCK, production genius of Twentieth Century-Fox, claims that, within twenty-four hours of the publicity break anent the right or wrong of mercy killing, his studio received exactly twenty-three stories, suggested for screen plays, and each based on the aforesaid theme.

Sad to relate, Mr. Zanuck was not interested in any of them.

ELAINE BARRIE, the young lady who occupied considerable of the front page space in the press recently, due to her John Barrymore affiliation, found the California climate very icy when she arrived in Hollywood hoping to do some picture work.

AL JOLSON has a suggestion to make to those who would argue that Ruby Keeler cannot possibly tap dance at the rate of 840 taps a minute, as claimed for her in a recent studio statement.

Al suggests that doubters sit in and count the steps while holding a stop watch. And that would be a stunt in itself.

TAY GARNETT, ace director, now on a tour of the world and currently in the Orient, with his sea going yacht docked at Shanghai and his camera crew piling up footage, will bring back to Hollywood something really novel in the way of film.

Garnett's wife, on the trip, is personally supervising the filming of fashions of all countries for a special feature length picture.

Which means that she will parade the belles of Samoa, Tahiti, Hawaii, China, Japan and twenty other countries arrayed in their best dress or undress.

COLLEEN MOORE is leaving Hollywood and her palatial Bel-Air home is on the market.

Not so much because of excessive taxation is Miss Moore establishing her residence in New Jersey, but mostly because the prohibitive rental the the home entails finds it unoccupied and the overhead piling up is her real reason. And again, Colleen expects to marry her business partner, John Hewlett when the law allows.

Strangely, Colleen's former husband, John McCormack is trying to aid her in finding a purchaser for the Bel-Air home.

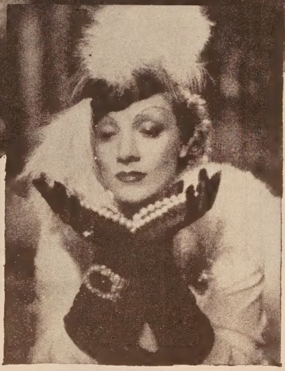
CLIFTON WEBB, one of the most versatile stage stars of the past decade, has certainly found Hollywood to be a jinx, insofar as his film career is concerned.

[*Continued on page* 8]

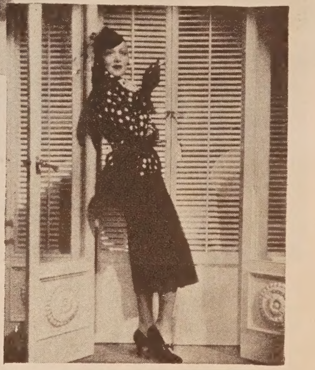
"DESIRE"

• **MARLENE DIETRICH,** more alluring than ever, **GARY COOPER,** more casually exciting than ever, in their first picture together since *Morocco* . . . a yarn about a beautiful lady with a very bad habit of stealing very expensive jewels and a young American motor car engineer who steals the lady's heart.

Just an old European custom . . . but we'd like to be John Halliday, the gentleman who's doing the hand kissing.



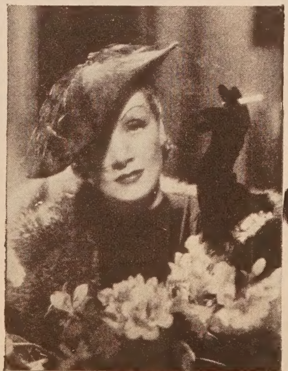
Marlene seems to be going in for jewels in a big way . . . also note the pom-pom hat. It'll set a style.



This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.

. . . A Paramount Picture
Directed by Frank Borzage
from a comedy by Hans
Szekely and R. A. Stemmle.

This shot is from the picture. Gary apparently has said something pretty tough, for that's a real handkerchief and those are real tears.



Marlene shows she's still loyal to the beret, this time, a novel black antelope affair, designed by Travis Banton Paramount's Fashion Expert.

Frank Borzage talks over a scene from "Desire" with Marlene and Gary.

Advertisement

"My complexion cleared up like Magic!"

THE 3 MINUTE WAY

"I RELY ON THIS TRULY MODERN LAXATIVE"

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

better because you chew it

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
Feen-a-mint

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page 6*]

Webb has been in Hollywood under contract to a major studio for nearly a year and has not been before the camera other than for screen tests.

Recently he was assigned his first lead. On the first day on the set Webb suffered a severe injury to his toe while dancing, putting him on the shelf for several days.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY, the Selznick production, we mean, will have to struggle along without the aid of Mae West.

Seems the publicity department decided to print a series of pictures of those who had played the title rôle in the past, that is, those who are now prominent and the picture they most wanted was one of Mae West, who really did play the rôle in stock.

But Auntie Mae had long since purchased all photos and negatives of her in existence as Fauntleroy and they happen to be in her safety deposit vault, where they will remain.

CARY GRANT and Virginia Cherrill certainly crossed up the London scribes when Cary arrived in London recently to star in the British picture, *The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss.*

Seems the scribes anticipated some sort of a reconciliation between Cary and his ex-wife. They met Cary at the dock, ganged on him, followed him to his hotel and then trailed him for days.

Eventually Cary and Virginia happened to be in the same night spot one foggy evening. Cary came in with friends, passed by a table where Virginia was seated, also with friends.

Anita Louise, who has played a great variety of rôles for the screen, poses as Peter Pan, a rôle she would like some day to have

A pair of very hard-boiled gentlemen—Wallace Beery and John Boles, who relax for a smoke on the set of *A Message to Garcia*

"Hi, there!" Cary waved to Virginia.

"Cheerio," returned Virginia.

And nothing else happened.

Cary later did call Virginia up and expressed his disappointment at the news that she had been replaced in the stellar rôle of *Sleeping Beauty,* the musical she had rehearsed for weeks.

FRANCES LANGFORD, radio and screen star, and Tony Martin, a handsome young chap likewise with a really fine singing voice, are as close as the hands on the clock at noon or midnight, despite reports to the contrary.

After Frances finishes with Bing Crosby in *Rhythm of the Range,* she may have a statement to give out.

MAE WEST, always in the news, furnished Hollywood with one more innovation, one which is being copied.

[*Continued on page 88*]

"Marlene has become a new person. When I first knew her, she was completely unpredictable. But not now."—Scene from *Desire*

NEW FILM NOTES

A veteran reporter covers the Hollywood picture front and presents a remarkable story

By Bill Ulman

"Marlene had been Europe's most accomplished jewel thief and Gary was an innocent American engineer. They become involved with one another as a result of one of Marlene's most daring exploits."—Scene from *Desire*

DESIRE

A New Dietrich Comes to the Screen

THE lustrous Marlene Dietrich and smiling Gary Cooper were in each other's arms in the charming vineyards of a Spanish villa. Marlene had been Europe's most accomplished jewel thief and Gary was an innocent American engineer. They become involved with one another as a result of one of Marlene's most daring exploits and even after Coop learned the truth love burgeoned forth. In the middle of this rather swell love scene between the two, a grazing ewe on the hillside gave an anguished bleat and sank to her knees. The love scene that was the result of months of preparation stopped. Both Coop and Marlene rushed to the stricken sheep.

"What is it, Gary? What is it?"

Gary grinned and motioned her away, "It's okay, 'Lene . . . looks like we're about to have a new lamb hereabouts. Leave it to me. Ask Frank to call time out, will you?"

And thus Cooper, the lover, once again became Cooper, the rancher. After it was all over Marlene took one look at the knock-kneed lamb and went weak all over. She had to have it for Maria. She begged Coop for it. Once more he grinned, "Sorry, lady! You'll have to ask the mother." Involuntarily she turned and caught the look of almost human understanding in the ewe's eye. "Ah! The mother! Of course! I couldn't take a baby from the mother, Gary! Come! We'll buy both of them!"

Marlene's chauffeur had an awful time with two live sheep on the way home.

This picture is the first one since *Morocco* in which these two people have played. *Desire,* despite its title, is a story packed with action and suspense as well as la belle Dietrich. When Marlene goes crooked and lifts a hundred grand worth of pearls in the neatest bit of outwitting you'll see in many a night at the Bijou, ropes Gary in as her unsuspecting stooge to get them across the border one jump ahead of an

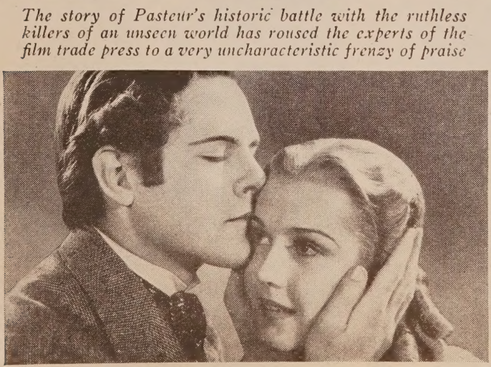
[*Continued on page* 77]

EXCITEMENT RIDES THE *Hollywood* RANGE . . . AS THE "TRADE" CRITICS *Preview*

*"THE LOUIS

PAUL MUNI'S sensational new success throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur.*

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Alicoate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that *"The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*

STORY OF PASTEUR"

Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live

JACK ALICOATE

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula....There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality. . . . Expertly acted and directed, . . . its power to create and hold interest immediately gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. . . . Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

MARTIN QUIGLEY

At the same moment *Motion Picture Daily* under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous *Variety* chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. . . . It stands among the significant works of the screen. . . . Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. . . . Muni is superb. . . . Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

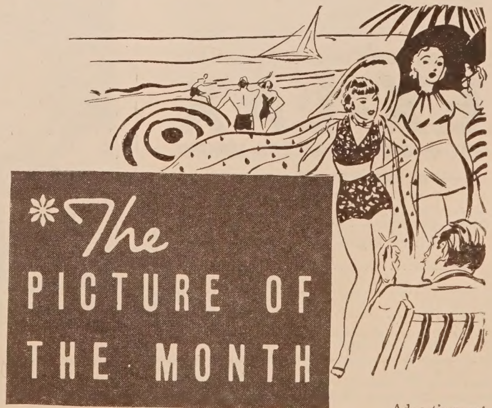
MAURICE KANN

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the *Showmen's Trade Review* informed his followers that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal."

"CHICK" LEWIS

THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And *you're* going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.



*The PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Advertisement

Unprintable ... but TRUE!

[*They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description*]

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW . . . for your health's sake . . . what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you . . . that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused. But, we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine, not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed.* Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief.

A joy to take!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest.

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Don't ever again offend your palate with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative!

Get a box of Ex-Lax today. It costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, avoid drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular,* with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard) F.G.36

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..

Address.......................................

City.................................Age..........

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

The Girl GINGER ROGERS *Helped to Fame*

How Harriet Hilliard stepped into the spotlight with the help of Fred Astaire's leading lady in *Follow the Fleet*

IN EVERY Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire picture at least one new screen personality has been discovered. In the *Gay Divorcee* it was Eric Rhodes and Eric Blore, in *Roberta* the fans discovered a "new" Randy Scott, *Top Hat* brought Helen Broderick from the New York stage . . . and now in *Follow the Fleet* the fantastic pair's latest film, we have the lovely Harriet Hilliard, who for three and a half years has been the featured vocalist with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.

Harriet arrived in Hollywood a thoroughly excited girl. She was a bride of less than a week, having made the proverbial story of "She Married Her Boss" come true by becoming the bride of orchestra leader Ozzie Nelson three days before she left for the coast. She was telegraphed enroute that, instead of having her play the rôle that she had originally been signed for, she would be "tested" for a more important part, that of Ginger Rogers' sister in *Follow the Fleet.* She was met at the train in Pasadena and hurried to RKO Studio, where they handed her some scenes to learn while she was being made up. She was introduced to Mark Sandrich, the director, and to Ginger Rogers. Before she had been in the Cinema town for two hours she was caught in the rush and whirl of the Hollywood maelstrom.

"I was never so frightened in my life," Harriet says. "I don't know what I would have done without Ginger during that test. She worked in it with me, you know. They tell me it's unusual for a star to make a test with a person who isn't established, but she stayed with me until I finished at nine o'clock that night, giving me tips about the microphone, and showing me camera angles. I think she's greatly responsible for my getting the coveted rôle, and I'm certainly grateful to her for it. She's always been my favorite actress, and now she's my favorite person, too."

Harriet,

[*Continued on page 54*]

By Phyllis Fraser

Who is Ginger Rogers' cousin and an actress in her own right

Ginger Rogers helps Lucille Ball and Harriet Hilliard (in brunette wig) master their lines from the script of *Follow the Fleet.* Now the girl who played her first speaking rôle when she was three years old is at last on her way to stardom

★ FLORENCE RICE in COLUMBIA PICTURES ★

Double the beauty of your hair with a DUART wave

It's Hollywood's choice - it can be yours, too!

When you see a beautiful permanent wave on the screen, don't envy it — copy it! Simply follow the advice you would get from any Hollywood star. Ask for—and insist that you get—a genuine Duart Wave. It is easy to be certain. Duart waving pads come in individual **SEALED** packages. One for each patron. Your permanent waver will let you break the seal yourself. Then you'll know the pads are fresh, clean, never used on another person's hair. You'll know that *your wave* is to be a *genuine* Duart — the choice of the Hollywood stars. The same snug little curls, and soft lustrous waves, that everyone admires on the screen, will adorn your own pretty head.

To copy a screen star's hairstyle, send for the **FREE BOOKLET** showing the Hollywood stars' newest spring coiffures. Sent free with a full size, two rinse package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. It adds attractive glint and sparkle. Choose from 12 lovely tints. Not a dye. Send 10 cents to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

- ☐ Dark Brown
- ☐ Chestnut Brown
- ☐ Titian Reddish Brown
- ☐ Henna
- ☐ Golden Brown
- ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
- ☐ Black
- ☐ Ash Blonde
- ☐ Medium Brown
- ☐ Golden Blonde
- ☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
- ☐ Light Golden Blonde

Name..

Address..

City............................*State*............

"I know now why HOLD-BOBS *are accepted by Hollywood. The movie camera "picks up" those straggly ends that mar an otherwise perfect picture," says charming Ruth Martin Chrastka of Chicago.*

Miss Chrastka was given a screen test recently, in the nation-wide Search for Talent sponsored by Universal Pictures, HOLD-BOB *Bob Pins, Motion Picture and Screen Play.*

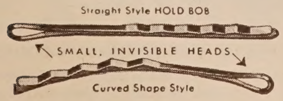
An attractive, well-groomed hairdress is just as important to a movie star as her make-up or clothes. That is why HOLD-BOBS have been chosen by Hollywood as the only bob pin that will keep their hairdress lovely at all times.

You, too, can have the lovely, well-groomed coiffure of the movie stars by using HOLD-BOBS—the only bob pin with these exclusive, patented features: small, round, invisible heads that cannot show in the hair, smooth, round points that cannot scratch the scalp, flexible tapered legs, one side crimped, which hold the hair securely in place. And—only HOLD-BOBS come in all colors to match every shade of hair.

Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your assurance that your coiffure will be lovely always. Try HOLD-BOBS today.

Final winners of the Search for Talent will be announced shortly.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-36
Chicago, Illinois



HOLD-BOBS are available everywhere . . . they're easily identified by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards. Also sold under the brand name of BOB-ETTES.

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LETTER PAGE

"Porky" Lee, popular new member of *Our Gang*, tries his hand at using the typewriter in answer to his first fan letter

Win a cash prize! Address all letters to The Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City

$15.00 Letter

Prelude to Triumph

UNDER the date of December 31, 1933, I received from Papeete, Tahiti, the following note:

"Dear Mr. S:

"My friend, Charles Nordhoff, and I were much pleased to learn that you have enjoyed our *Bounty* Mutiny tales, and it was kind of you to take the trouble to tell us so. The "Men Against the Sea" tale was much abridged in the serialization, but I imagine that no one could have known that except the authors themselves.

"The *Bounty* story divides itself naturally into three parts, and our intention has been, from the first, to write the three in turn. We are now at work on the Pitcairn Island chapter. This is, to me, the most interesting part of the *Bounty* history, but, as you have guessed, it is far the most difficult to write. I am afraid that, for all our efforts, we will end by making an awful mess of it.

"With all good wishes,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) James N. Hall."

Of course, all who have read *Pitcairn's Island* know that Hall and Nordhoff by no means made "an awful mess of it." It is a powerful tale worthy of taking its place in screen history alongside the epic-making *Mutiny on the Bounty*. I think I'm expressing the hope of millions when I voice a wish that it may be produced in the near future.

A point of interest to residents of this town and alumni of Miami University, which is located here, is the fact that Talbot Jennings, who did the screen story of *Mutiny on the Bounty* was a member of the English Department of Miami University before resigning to take up screen work in Hollywood.—*E. H. Switzer, 111 East Walnut St., Oxford, Ohio.*

As readers now know, *Pitcairn's Island* is now in preparation at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Clark Gable starred. Mr. Switzer's letter therefore is particularly timely.

$10.00 Letter

Worthy of Praise

CHARLES LAUGHTON is one of the screen's greatest actors. He has never been praised as highly as other actors because of the rôles to which he is assigned. But, as any other actor, he deserves recognition and due praise. His portrayal of Javert in *Les Miserables*, and Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, pictures him as a real actor in every sense of the word.

Because he plays mean and hateful rôles, he has made many enemies among audiences. Now, let's remember Laughton as a "regular guy" and have him cast in a picture that will do him justice. Why not let him be the sane and human individual he really is?—*Miss Ella Schure, 214 Division Street, Amsterdam, New York.*

Outstanding among many similar letters, Miss Schure heads a campaign to "humanize" Charles Laughton.

$5.00 Letter

Hatred Revived?

I AM a true Southerner and lost many of my near and dear ones in the Southern Cause. So I have heard from

[*Continued on page* 82]

The Happiest Girl in the World...

AND why shouldn't she be . . . for she holds romance in her hands —hands that reflect the perfection of her grooming and the fastidiousness of her nature. For hands *do* express things that mere words cannot say. If you would be irresistible (yes, hands *can* be irresistible) with graceful, tapering, satin-smooth nails, then use PLAT-NUM, the favorite nail polish of millions of lovely women. Whether you prefer a creme or transparent polish, you may choose from 12 different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. PLAT-NUM is really a superior polish. It goes on smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting quality. It conceals nail imperfections and does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Gives to your nails a soft, shimmering, shell-like surface. Try a generous, oversize 10c bottle of your own particular shade today. PLAT-NUM is on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store. See the newest shades.

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CREME
Nail Polish
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FREE *this booklet*

This interesting, informative stiff cover bound booklet will be sent to you upon receipt of 4c in stamps to cover postage.

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"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"

SAID **GARY COOPER**

Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire", a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore *the ordinary lipstick*...one, no lipstick...the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because *Tangee isn't paint.* If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**... *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F-36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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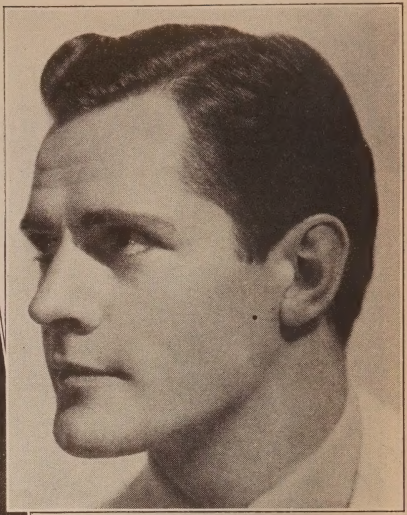
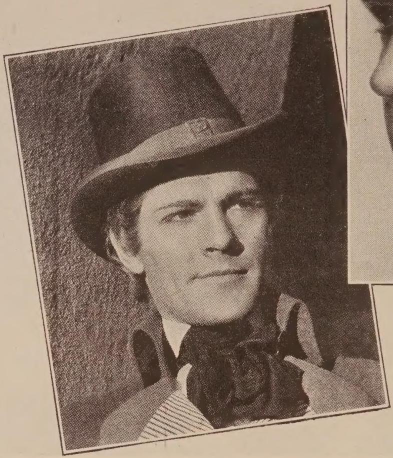
The Male of the Month

DONALD WOODS





Above: Donald Woods' most recent portrait. He looks like an actor who has never missed a meal, and that's just what he is. Left: Donald Woods as he will appear in *Anthony Adverse*. Recent pictures in which he has scored hits are *The Frisco Kid* and *A Tale of Two Cities*

By Hal Conrad

DISCOURAGING remarks by old troupers and the usual tales in newspapers and magazines about actors who had to fight their way to fame, have people fairly well convinced that empty stomachs are an iron-clad tradition of the theater.

Knocking all these legends into a "cocked hat" is the story of tall, dark and handsome Donald Woods who is making Hollywood sit up and take notice with a repetition of fine performances in current films. For young Mister Woods, so the film colony learned to its profuse embarrassment, is one actor who never missed a meal, and was never broke.

"Why," the old stand-bys will shout. "it simply isn't artistic! Who ever heard of an actor riding to fame on a full stomach?"

But Donald, sitting on the cool patio of his Beverly Hills home, parks his feet in a convenient chair and scoffs at the idea of having to "starve your way to stardom."

"Whenever I've been out of a job and down to my last few dollars," he told me, waving me to a chair, "I'd splurge—go out and buy something by way of a luxury. Something to give me a lift—a sense of prosperity. It might be a new hat, new shirt or a pair of new shoes—but the best I could find. Doing this gave me a certain mental stimulation that anyone needs who is looking for a job. I can't analyze it but it gave me confidence in myself. Believe it or not, something always turned up at the crucial moment."

"Why that sounds plain crazy," I said, moving to another chair so I could get a better view of this man Woods.

"Well, it probably would be for a lot of people," laughed Donald, running his hand through his hair with that peculiar gesture that women rave about in his fan letters. "But you see, I found out about it sort of by accident. After I finished high school and the first two years of dramatic study at college, my father informed me one morning that our money was gone and I'd have to get a job.

"I was willing—but how to find that job? My capital was exactly one dollar. I wanted to finished another year of drama and English at the University of California where I was studying. And incidentally, there was a fraternity dance at the local hotel that very night.

"I spent that last dollar to go to the dance. And the way it turned out that night, I landed a job and met the girl who is now my wife. Sure it's crazy, but this is what happened next. As the couples were getting their wraps to go home, the clerk

[*Continued on page 76*]

"Strictly Personal...

but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex can't chafe . . . can't fail . . . can't show"

Mary Pauline Callender *Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"*

Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

Wondersoft
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NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX
All at the Same Low Price

IN THE BLUE BOX—*Regular Kotex.* Ideal for the ordinary needs of most women. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX—*Junior Kotex.* Somewhat narrower than Regular. Designed at the request of women of slight stature and younger girls. Thousands will find Junior Kotex suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX—*Super Kotex.* For more protection on some days it is only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

Cut yourself a
SLICE OF SUMMER
GREYHOUND

from the heart of
WINTER!

Help yourself to a heart-warming slice of summer sunshine —*without* the frigid icing of winter—and for little more cost than staying home! Greyhound's economy, its warmth and comfort, its wide choice of scenic routes, make a glorious midwinter vacation easy to take—and so very welcome! Send for information.

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New York City . . . . Nelson Tower
Boston, Massachusetts . . . . . 230 Boylston Street
Washington, D. C. . . . . 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
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St. Louis, Mo. . . . . . . Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn. . . . . 146 Union Ave.
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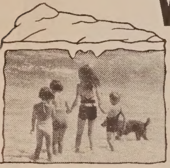
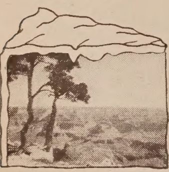
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . 630 Walnut St.
Lexington, Ky. . . . . 801 N. Limestone
Richmond, Va. . . . . 412 East Broad St.
Windsor, Ont. . . . . 1004 Security Bldg.


FLORIDA

GULF COAST


SOUTHWEST

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GREYHOUND Lines

SEND FOR PICTORIAL FOLDER, INFORMATION

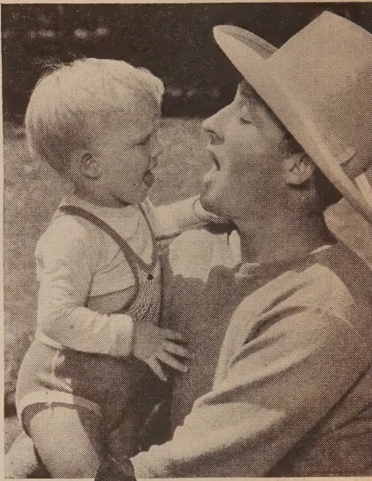
Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed above, for pictorial booklet, rates, all information on any winter trip. Be sure to jot down place you would like to visit, on margin, below.

Name ______________________

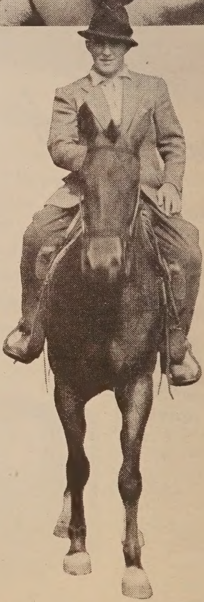
Address ____________________ FG-3

BING CROSBY *Plans His Future*

Soon there will be no more movies or radio for Bing. Read why!



Gary Evan Crosby with his famous dad who has invested in insurance heavily enough that his sons may be guaranteed a college education. After that they will have to scratch for themselves



Bing Crosby astride one of his race horses. "I'm supporting sixteen horses now," he says, "but I expect them to support me in my old age"

IF YOU'RE a Bing Crosby fan (and who isn't?), you'd better rush right over and see his newest picture, tune in on his weekly broadcast and lay in a supply of phonograph records, because you're not going to see or hear much of him any more three years from now!

It was just recently, when Bing was presented with his new Paramount picture contract and the Kraft radio contract, that his plans came to light. And it was only after the usual five-year clause had been written into the contracts that Bing's deep-laid plot was discovered.

"Okay," said Bing to studio and radio officials, "if you'll just change that clause to read 'three-year,' I'll sign."

"But," the executives argued, slightly bewildered, "why 'three years?' After all, you've always signed for five years before."

"Well," was the Crosby's calm response, "I figure on retiring at the end of three years—for good."

And that was that.

Of course, the whole thing seems absurd. Actors don't just up and retire of their own accord in the middle of a successful career. It's practically unheard of! But then, Bing has never considered himself an actor—in that sense of the word. "I am," Bing has said, again and again, "a crooner. That's all—just an old gravel throat."

And in the back of his mind there's been the hope that some day—not too far in the future—he could pack up his make-up box for keeps, put on his old orange sweater and cap (without any comments from his family or the studio) and really do the things he's had his heart set on.

Quietly and calmly, he's been making his plans for that day—investing his money in a few good, sound stocks, buying real estate and going about the business of preparing for the future—his and Dixie's and the three kids.

What's he going to do, you ask?

Well, you'd never in the world guess. Bing wants to write!

Very casually, he's taken more and more to writing lengthy replies to fan letters, batting out articles for this and that magazine, without saying much, but obviously trying his hand at becoming an author. And darned good, too, if you ask me.

Of course, that isn't all Bing plans to do. During the past year, he's been getting things in ship-shape order down at his ranch in Southern California so the

By Virginia Wood

family can move there to settle down. And there's an eight-stall stable all ready to receive his breeding mares, built in a U-shape so it can be enlarged, if necessary, to accommodate more horses.

For Bing's race horses haven't been just a fad with him, as many people have thought. In his own placid, non-committal fashion, Bing has been looking to the future.

"I'm supporting sixteen horses now," Bing said the other day, "but I expect them to support me in my old age!"

There'll be fields of alfalfa soon, for feed for the young colts. There's a small orchard on the property which will supply fruit for the three boys. There's a swimming pool for hot summer days and there'll be a real home life for the Crosbys when they're ready to settle down.

THERE'S a new house in town under construction, too, when they crave a taste of city life. My guess is that it will be seldom. But, at any rate, it will be there if they want it.

And then there's the golf situation. You've all heard about how Bing sneaks away at every opportunity for a couple of rounds on his favorite course. But he's never had time to really go into it in a big way—and that's what he wants to do. Some day, he hopes, he'll be good enough to enter the national tournaments. But that takes practice, and by golly, that's what he's going to have! And what, you're bound to ask, about the

[Continued on page 87]

Sylvia
Joan
Gail

They also were lovely to look at... but

She was so Dainty... so Alluringly Fragrant

She knew this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . fragrant baths with Cashmere Bouquet!

HOW wise to guard your personal daintiness this lovelier, more feminine way! Bathe with this exquisite scented soap that keeps you always *fragrantly dainty!*

Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather frees you completely from any danger of body odor . . . Makes you so *immaculately* sweet and clean.

Then—long after your bath—the delicate, flower-like perfume of this creamy-white soap still lingers . . . Clings about you glamorously, giving you new, appealing charm.

You will want to use this fine, pure soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order three cakes today? Sold at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
COLGATE

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Do you know the 8th WOMAN ?

Why be miserable, or even uncomfortable certain days of every month? Be that eighth woman who lets Midol carry her serenely through those difficult days. There used to be eight million sufferers every month. Today a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take. *Not* narcotic. A merciful medicine which specialists recommend for regular pain. Nature doesn't make the woman who uses Midol give up a cherished "date" for the theatre — or even a dance. It means freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain, to avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them —they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, clip coupon:

An enjoyable evening, no trace of pain; the time of month forgotten—thanks to Midol.

Try it MIDOL *free!*

For the proof that Midol does relieve periodic pain, send for a free trial box to MIDOL, Dept. C-36, 170 Varick St., New York.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*P. O.*____________________

Visit the STARS!

Announcing the 1936 Movieland Tour, a gala event for all who wish an inexpensive vacation

Introducing Simone Simon, sparkling young French actress who will help entertain guests of the Movieland Tour

Alice Faye

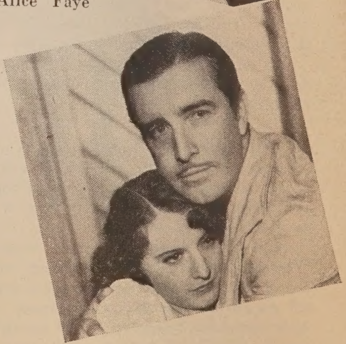
IMAGINE the thrill of meeting Shirley Temple face to face! The pleasure of chatting with Janet Gaynor, lunching with Alice Faye and many other popular favorites! These, and many other exciting adventures, await those who join the Movieland Tour of 1936.

A big special train will be made up in Chicago, with the most exciting journey any vacationist could imagine being planned for the two hundred or more travelers who register for the trip to Hollywood. The tour will leave Chicago on July nineteenth, travel through the colorful Northwest with stops in the Twin Cities, Yellowstone National Park and Seattle, and then whirl away down the Pacific coast to Hollywood.

In Hollywood the Movieland Tour will make its headquarters at the famous Roosevelt Hotel. Arrangements have been made to open the gates of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios to the visitors.

Stars any movie-goer would want to meet will be on hand to welcome you. Per-

One of the beautiful sound stages at Twentieth Century Fox studios, where Movieland Tour guests will watch their favorite stars work before the camera



John Boles, who appears with Barbara Stanwyck in *A Message to Garcia,* will help play host

Shirley Temple, too, plans to be hard at work on a new picture when the special train arrives in Hollywood. Will you be among those on the Movieland Tour?

haps the most beautiful of all Hollywood studios, Movietone City, occupies 110 acres. Here the visitor is privileged to see the biggest dry land ocean liner ever built, castles and mansions built for famous pictures of yesteryear, the canal set used for Janet Gaynor's *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, the dressing room of the late Will Rogers, Shirley Temple's cute little cottage and many other interesting sights.

Twentieth Century-Fox has one of the biggest programs ever launched by a major studio and there will be much activity when the Movieland Tour arrives about July twenty-seventh. Shirley Temple, whose next picture is *Captain January*, plans to be at work on a new picture about that time. Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, John Boles, Victor McLaglen, Loretta Young, Rochelle Hudson and many other popular favorites will be facing the cameras, too.

This is your opportunity to plan a vacation you will never forget. Reservations will be filled long before the special train is ready to leave for Hollywood, so write now for details about the tour. Address Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, SCREEN BOOK, 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., for full particulars. Complete information explaining the itinerary, costs, and description of the luxurious train will be sent you free. Simply send a three-cent stamp with your letter asking for information.

Max Factor, famed studio make-up artist who for a quarter of a century has been cosmetic expert for the stars, has invited tourists to be his guests at a reception to be held in his new beauty salon, and to meet prominent screen favorites.

This glorious two weeks vacation is planned at an amazingly low cost. You may never have another opportunity to visit the stars in this way—so all aboard for Hollywood! And remember, if you are not able to arrange your vacation for the first "Movieland Tour," another tour is being planned—an equally exciting adventure called "The Movieland Special."

Next month you will learn about plans for a big private party which will be given in your honor. Watch for it!

Reduce . . .
your WAIST THREE INCHES
AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost you one cent!
. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 East 42nd St., Dept. 73, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

■ *Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Post Card.*

Lovely hands

DEMAND A POLISH THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL

GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

Just 20 CENTS

GLAZO

. . The Smart Manicure

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
SHELL

Mary Pickford's CASH PRIZE Contest

Find a Trademark For Her Studio!

$600 in cash offered for a simple, original idea. Send your entry today!

SHARPEN your pencils, you readers of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, and let's all help Mary Pickford devise a trademark for her new studio! When Miss Pickford decided to start making pictures instead of acting in them, she asked the Editor of SCREEN BOOK what to do, and he suggested asking all our readers.

"And I'll offer prizes!" Miss Pickford promised.

First of all, there'll be a prize of $100 for the SCREEN BOOK reader whose entry is considered best of all those received. Next, this prize winner will compete for a grand prize of $500 against the winners of similar contests conducted by Screen Play, Hollywood, Motion Picture and Movie Classic Magazines. So you stand a chance to win $600 in cash—if you win both the SCREEN BOOK prize and the grand prize.

Now for the particulars, and then you'll be ready to go to work. Mary Pickford and her friend and long time business associate, Jesse L. Lasky, who founded what is now Paramount, have become partners in a huge studio and have signed up stars, bought stories, and are ready to turn out splendid pictures. The company name will be Pickford-Lasky Productions.

Only the finest product will come from their studios. Therefore your trademark should indicate quality. It might show the name of the company or the initials. It might carry some slogan.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW THE TRADEMARK.

That's important, because few of us are artists, anyway. And even if you drew a trademark the final entries will be done by a high priced artist. Therefore, just *describe* your entry, with perhaps a rough pencil sketch to help explain your idea. The idea is what counts, not the art work. After the judges have chosen the idea for the trademark, an artist will be called in and drawings will be made. So remember, please, that you don't have to draw your entry.

And of course you don't have to send in a fanciful or decorated entry—just write your idea on anything that is handy, and mail it to Mary Pickford, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

Here are the rules:

Contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes April 15, 1936, at midnight. Judges are: Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky, and Roscoe Fawcett, Editor-in-chief of all the Fawcett

IMPORTANT TO ALL CONTESTANTS!

Remember the closing date, April 15, 1936, and send your entry in early! All trademark ideas should be mailed to Mary Pickford, *Screen Book*, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. Results of the contest will be announced as soon after the closing date as possible.

and Motion Picture publications. Any reader of these magazines can enter, except employees of Fawcett Publications and its affiliates, or their relatives.

It is not necessary to draw a trademark; you can describe it.

In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Prizes are: Five prizes of $100 each, grand prize of $500; total, $1,000.

There, are you ready? Then let's go! First of all, what sort of trademarks do other studios use? Naturally, we can't suggest an idea for a trademark that will be too similar to one already in use.

Everyone is familiar with the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion. Old Leo growls at you at the start of each Metro picture. Sam Goldwyn, now head of his own studio, thought that one up, because a lion was the symbol of Columbia University where he studied.

Universal's world is also known round the globe. The airplane that circles the world is a recent addition, since the original trademark, designed by Carl Laemmle, Sr., in 1907, came before airplanes filled the skies.

Then there's the Paramount mountain, which fits well with the renowned name of this studio. You guessed it—a man from the Rocky Mountains thought that one up. He was W. W. Hodkinson, who in 1914 was a leader in the organization of this studio. No one could think of a name until he noticed an apartment building named Paramount.

YOU can't use a radio tower, because RKO-Radio pictures is making that device famous. Here again the trademark is most appropriate to the studio name.

The name Columbia naturally suggested a trademark showing the Statue of Liberty—gem of the ocean. The emblem for 20th Century-Fox is as modern as the twentieth century, with skyscraper letters looming big on the screen.

Darryl Zanuck, head of the 20th Century-Fox, instructed his artists to make his trademark as modern as today's newspaper, and they succeeded.

Warner Brothers use their own name as a trademark for pictures that stand for high quality of entertainment. Walter Wanger uses his own name, also, for his studio.

Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky will want a trademark that is distinctive, indicates high quality, and that is easily pictured and remembered. We'll admit that's not easy, but the prizes are worth working for.

You have until April 15 to get in your entry, but do not put off gathering the family around the table and making everybody work toward one of those prizes. Meanwhile, we'll supply you with other data about the Pickford-Lasky Pictures company next month.

Do This to Ease Sore Throat *Instantly*

Relieve Soreness in 3 Minutes This Easy Way

1. The moment you feel a throat irritation, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. Do not rinse mouth.

2. If you have a cold, take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat if necessary, according to directions in package.

If you want the most astonishing and quickest relief from sore throat, you have ever experienced, just do this:

Crush and dissolve three Bayer Aspirin Tablets in ⅓ glass of water for use as a gargle.

Gargle your throat *twice* with this medicated mixture, holding the head well back to allow its going deep into the throat.

That's all! Relief will come almost instantly. For the Bayer Aspirin will act like a local anesthetic to ease throat pains. And, at the same time, will soothe and quiet irritation.

People by the tens of thousands are combating sore throat this way. Doctors endorse it. And scientists acclaim it as perhaps the most effective gargle yet discovered — *for it provides a medication, and it takes medicine to combat a sore throat.*

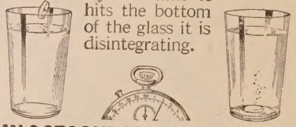
If you have a cold with your sore throat — take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water at the same time you gargle.

When you buy, though, be sure to get real BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS. They dissolve fast and work fast; bringing quick relief.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

Bayer Tablets
Aspirin
Genuine

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Now! *two forms of Winx Mascara which gives you*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

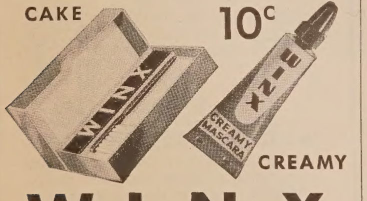
FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.★



WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State .... F 3-36

HOLLYWOOD SHOP TALK

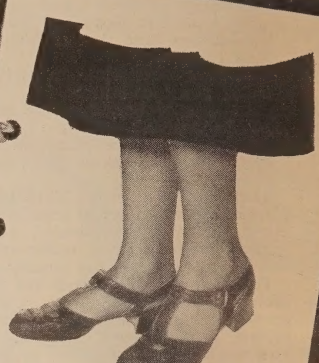
FASHION POINTERS

Zodiac jewelry is Hollywood's newest fashion fad.

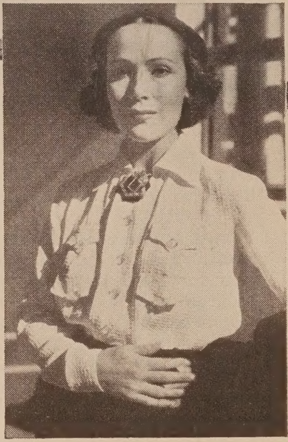
If you're a business girl, dress to please the boss' clientele as well as the boss.

Square-toed shoes are the newest thing in footwear.

An all-white costume is smart for evening.



Dolores Del Rio's smart footwear—square-toed, low heel shoes of black alligator



Left: A close-up of Dolores Del Rio in her white silk vest, with its four tailored pockets and turn-over collar

WHEN foreigners come to our United States they are always impressed by how well-dressed the American working girl is. There are several reasons for this. First of all, our shops carry inexpensive clothes which are both smart and in good taste. And, second, the American girl, no matter how much or how little she has to spend, is learning to think and plan before buying. Undoubtedly the movies have had a great deal to do with this. They show you how certain types of clothes look "in action," how they "characterize" the girl who wears them and accentuate her charm and personality and give you advance ideas which you can adapt to your own particular needs. Of course the Hollywood designers frequently complain that you copy the wrong things but we won't argue about that.

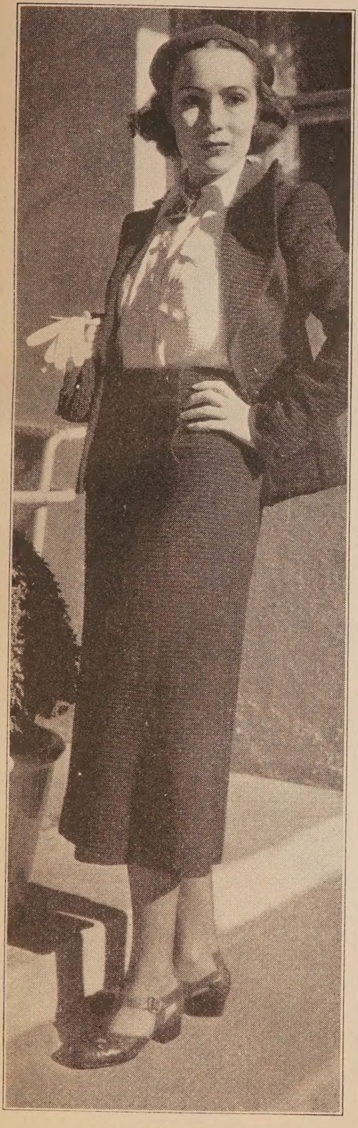
Over at Metro they are doing a picture called *Wife vs Secretary.* Myrna Loy plays the wife and Jean Harlow, the secretary. I'm sure that every young business girl will be interested in the clothes Jean wears. Dolly Tree designed them. She and Jean got together and decided that a smart secretary should dress not only to please the boss (who in this case is Clark Gable) but to please his clientele. And this, by the way, is darned good logic for any business girl to follow. Of course Jean plays one of those indispensable secretaries whose salary is somewhat above normal—or maybe her boss is just generous. Anyway, her clothes budget is large enough to enable her to have a slightly more extensive wardrobe than the average business girl can afford. But they are all practical, in good taste, and suitable for office wear.

First, there's a tailored suit in slate blue. With this a very feminine blouse of white handkerchief linen and a tailored hat made of the same material as the suit. Then

[*Continued on page* 52]

Fashion notes on the newest frocks worn by Dolores Del Rio, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and other of your favorites

By Grace Mack



Dolores Del Rio wearing her smart frock of black corded wool. The skirt has two side fastenings, like slacks, and the coat is single-breasted with wide lapels. The shops will be featuring suits like this soon

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (21) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*______________________________

*City*____________________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Competing against hundreds of others seeking the rôle of Delilah in Cecil B. DeMille's *Samson and Delilah*, Grace Bradley makes herself up like the famous temptress and poses with a picture to prove her resemblance

What may seem funny t
you is tragedy to Spank
McFarland, who tear
fully parts with a toot
on the set of *The Trai*
of the Lonesome Pine

Photo News!

Left:
A new sensa
tion! Dixi
Dunbar, wh
scores a grea
hit with he
dancing in *Kin*
of Burlesque

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, who are romancing in the general direction of the altar, help Sybil Jason celebrate her seventh birthday. Her first took place in Africa

James Braddock, world's heavyweight champion, visits Mae West and her director on the set of *Klondike Lou*

SCREEN BOOK

MARCH, 1936

Behind the Mystery of MYRNA LOY

The most searching story ever written about the fascinating heroine of *The Great Ziegfeld*

IF, KNOWING nothing of her history, you were to meet Myrna Loy and talk to her for ten minutes, and were then to be told what her profession was, the chances are that you'd drop your jaw and mutter: "*Not* a movie star!" Which would imply no shadow of disrespect on your part toward movie stars, but only your recognition of a generally accepted type, to which this clear-eyed, self-contained girl does not conform.

She has none of the attributes we associate with the genus *actress*—nothing flamboyant, nothing exaggerated or bizarre—and this despite the Oriental rôles in which for so many years she was cast or miscast. More than anything else perhaps, she creates an impression of inward strength—of dignity and simplicity and the kind of pride that has nothing to do with vanity. She's been called stiff and cold—not on the screen, heaven forbid, where her warmth of spirit glows all the more convincingly for being uneffusive—but by short-sighted folk who have met her casually.

"I have the reputation for not being good copy," she will tell you herself, a little smile on her lips, a deeper one in her gray eyes. "I've been generously bawled out on that score by my well wishers—advised to develop colorful eccentricities, since I don't come naturally by them." No point in asking her what she does with advice of that kind. It's obvious enough that what she doesn't come by naturally, she won't pretend to.

"People," scoffed a friend, "think she's high-hat because she's got this cute little sort of tilted nose and walks with her head in the air. Her nose is like that because that's the way it was made, and she walks with her head up, because, thanks be, she knows how to carry herself."

In Hollywood, where the ruling atmosphere is hail-fellow-well-met and strangers start using each others' first names on five minutes' acquaintance, the measuring-rod of "stiffness and coldness" is not as in other places. If, like Myrna Loy, you're a person innately reserved, not given to back slapping nor free and easy raillery with all comers—if you're not much good at chit-chat and feel more comfortable saying nothing, when you've nothing to say—if you shrink from opening up to the whole world and his brother and prefer to keep your intimacies for your intimates—then you run the risk of being called stiff and cold by those who recognize only one kind of friendliness, and that their own. Not that the label bothers her. She takes it, as the children say, "whence it comes," and gets her own quiet brand of fun out of exploding the ice queen myth, as occasion arises.

[*Continued on page 70*]

By
Ida
Zeitlin

Myrna Loy has one of the most unusual acting assignments ever given to an actress. In *The Great Ziegfeld*, she takes the part of Billie Burke, who in real life was the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, the famed theatrical producer. Billie Burke now has the unique emotional experience of watching Myrna re-live on the screen the episodes in her own private life

Stardom *for* the

Left: Emilie
Left: Annette
Right: Marie

World Copyright 1935 NEA Service, Inc.

By John R. Baldwin

AS CUTE as five Shirley Temples, and just as popular, the Dionne quintuplets are miracle babies in every sense of the word. In the first place, quintuplets occur in but one birth out of 57,000,000, and until Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne appeared on the scene not one set of quintuplets ever survived more than an hour.

But the miracle of their birth is only a start. These five have set a record that can never be equalled. Before they reach their second birthdays, they will have acquired future wealth for themselves that will be many times over the life income of most human beings. They are the most photographed and discussed babies the world has ever known. They are the first children ever to appear in a motion picture without benefit of direction or Kleig lights. They are the first actresses in Hollywood who, without even demanding special attention, made it necessary for a whole picture company to travel to another country to secure the benefit of their histrionics.

The Country Doctor, which stars the quintuplets, might never have been filmed had it not been for a Chicago newspaperman by the name of Charles Blake, who conceived the idea, and alert Darryl Zanuck, who arranged that it be produced under the banner of Twentieth Century Fox.

On a bitterly cold day early in December, a company of twenty-one actors and studio workers poked their soft Hollywood noses from two special cars at North Bay, Ontario, sniffed the snow-filled below zero atmosphere and fervently wished they were back in the land of sunshine.

In the group were Director Henry King, Jean Hersholt, who plays the rôle of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe; Dorothy Peterson, who portrays a nurse; Dan Clark, an ace cameraman, and various script and technical workers. Director King

Jean Hersholt, who fell and was injured while pursuing amateur photography off the location, is visited by Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe. The two have become fast friends

How *The Country Doctor*

	Weight after filming
Marie	19 lbs.
Emilie	21 lbs. 13 oz.
Cecile	22 lbs. 8½ oz.
Annette	22 lbs. 11 oz.
Yvonne	23 lbs.

QUINTS!

The story behind the making of *The Country Doctor*, a picture which stars the world's most famous babies

Left: Cecile

Yvonne

Dorothy Peterson in the rôle of the nurse in *The Country Doctor* fell in love with the quintuplets and sadly misses them now that she has returned to Hollywood

and Clark hurried to the comfortable home of Dr. Dafoe immediately for consultation on the picture. Here they learned that the appearance of the quintuplets on the screen, as far as they were concerned, would be a far different task than any baby-shooting they had done in Hollywood. In the first place, the quintuplets were no respectors of shooting schedules. They had their regular eat-sleep-play routine that couldn't be disturbed no matter what the exigencies of picture-making demanded.

In place of the usual strong lights employed in Hollywood studios, Dr. Dafoe inspected and approved especially constructed lights, equipped with blue filters. These lights, clear enough for filming, would not endanger the eyes of the world's prize babies.

affected the Quintuplets

Change over previous week

- - - - - -	1	ounce gain
- - - - - -	5½	ounces gain
- - - - - -	10½	ounces gain
- - - - - -	8	ounces gain
- - - - - -	7½	ounces gain

Similarly, the unconscious temperament of the Mlles. Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne would not permit shooting any earlier than eleven o'clock in the morning, although the quintuplets have a habit of waking at five-thirty in the morning. They breakfasted at six on cod liver oil and tomato juice. Then, until seven, they sat around yawning, sorting over their rattles and chewing chubby fingers until eight o'clock, time for a second breakfast. After indulging in bread, butter, milk and a soft-boiled egg apiece, their royal persons were escorted outside for a nap which usually lasted until eleven o'clock—just time for their picture work to begin. They always sleep outside, unless the weather hits twenty below, a fact that was a source of amazement to the picture company which admitted being frozen to death most of the time.

CONTRARY to reports, the picture company had no trouble shooting the quintuplets, except on one occasion when they slept twenty-five minutes past their usual time. But to a Hollywood director who is used to adult stars, their late arrivals and bursts of temperament, this was nothing.

Actually, the cameras did not grind on the babies more than twelve minutes a day. At ten-thirty each morning the camera crew set up its equipment ready for operation, and waited for the stellar appearance of the quintuplets at eleven. All work was promptly halted each day at ten minutes to twelve.

The first scene filmed shows Dorothy Peterson dressing the quintuplets, with Jean Hersholt standing by and attempting to help, and oddly enough this was the only shot which necessitated a retake. When Dorothy leaned over the crib and baby Cecile stretched up her arms in a plea to be picked up, both she and Hersholt were so moved that they forgot their lines.

After that, however, everything went smoothly. The five cherubic stars never knew that they were in the movies, and behaved perfectly. They accepted Jean Hersholt just as they do Dr. Dafoe and Dorothy

[*Continued on page* 65]

FRED ASTAIRE

in Person

Ginger Rogers broadcasting: "He's back again! Fred Astaire at his whirlwind best in "Follow the Fleet," doing the trickiest dance you ever saw, and part of the time strutting his stuff with a whistle that emits the darndest tune you ever heard. Words fail me—they really do!"

JEAN PARKER'S Private DIARY

By Ruth Biery

There is a thrill in every word of this unique story!

Robert Donat was Jean Parker's favorite actor long before she met him. Playing opposite him in *The Ghost Goes West* has been the greatest thrill of her career

JEAN PARKER was clowning in her shower. "Oh, Jessie," she called to her legal guardian, Mrs. Jessie Wright, "ours is a horribly stilted existence. Just think, if we devoted the rest of our lives to travel, we couldn't spend twenty-four hours in every interesting part of the world. I'm simply longing to get away. I want to *live* and *experience* that I may look at myself and my career with a different perspective. I want to get East of California; I want to go to Europe—"

And because this is a true story about Hollywood's real fairy-princess who was literally swept from washing dishes for her "board" to acting in motion pictures, the telephone rang just at that moment. The studio wished Miss Parker to report immediately.

"Hello, Jean," casting director Ben Thaw at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer smiled at her. "How would you like to go to London? You are to catch the three o'clock plane tomorrow, sail on the *Berengaria* and make a picture for London Films. Think you can get ready?" Oh, life was good! To be going to England at eighteen—why, she'd have her nineteenth birthday in London.

I met Jean in London when she had been there a month. Never have I seen anyone so happy. She had kept a daily diary. She spent hours telling me additional stories. I am going to quote freely from her diary so you can hear in her own words the excitement of this young girl's first trip to Europe. How many of us have longed, at eighteen, to cross the ocean; how many of us look back and wish our lives had been like a fairy story?

Jean was born in the West; she had not been further East than Salt Lake City. Her diary for July 3rd says: "I can say, with all my heart, that I've never experienced anything more glorious. A thunderstorm in the air! Up to now, I've seen only branch lightning but tonight it was like a great burning sprout that illumined the whole countryside. Waiting for each burst of thunder, I had my nose glued to the window—peering at the wings as they seemed to give submissively, like a human being. Such an abundance of beauty in sight and sound left me thrilling to my very toes."

July 4th: "This morning—out of a dream of pink and blue and sunlight, we arrived in New York. I wanted to continue flying but, then, New York is so impressive. I enjoyed the trick Mr. Cohn played on me."

Although Jean was in New York only one night, producer Harry Cohn, of Columbia pictures, arranged a dinner for her at the fashionable Rainbow Room, atop Rockefeller Center. A man, who was not in evening dress, came to Jean's table. Evening dress is required. "How did *he* get in?" she asked.

"Sh! He used a gun to persuade the head waiter. He's one of New York's most notorious gangsters. You must not dance with him," they told her. Jean hurriedly tore the buckle from her slipper and held it up as her excuse for refusing. Then, she was sorry. A chance to dance with a real gangster! Surely, she'd be safe here. She was going to snatch every adventure this trip offered! She glanced at him. He asked her

[*Continued on page 66*]

EXCITEMENT in the AIR!

By Edward R. Sammis

Joan Crawford, in her stocking feet, rehearses the script for a recent radio broadcast

A remarkable behind-the-scenes story telling what goes on in the radio studios from which the stars parade into your own home

Joan Bennett is one of many actresses who is profiting by taking to the air

Charlie Ruggles, who appears with Bing Crosby in *Anything Goes,* is baffled by the mike

WALLACE BEERY was gone. He wasn't in his hotel. He wasn't at the broadcasting studio. He seemed to have vanished from sight.

The producers of the Lux Radio Theater were going wild. They wanted to check over some lines with him. He was due to go on the air the next evening. And he had completely disappeared.

A few hours later the phone rang. It was a long distance call from a little town in Maryland, and the voice coming over the wire was Wally's.

"Say—I just went out to get a breath of air in my plane," said he, "and I was down here in Maryland before I knew it. I'll be back before midnight. Just didn't want you boys to worry."

Little surprises like that are all in the day's headaches for those who are concerned with the business of bringing important Hollywood stars to the microphone for this weekly dramatic show.

Radio is an exacting business. Everything must go off "on the nose." Hence, a cold in the head, a case of laryngitis, or plain jitters, a delay in train, boat or plane schedule becomes a major catastrophe.

Take the time Clark Gable was starred in the air show, *His Misleading Lady.*

Clark was just coming in from a vacation jaunt through South America. But the boat was delayed by fog. There was an anxious exchange of radio messages. Clark insisted that he'd be at the studio on time.

It was several minutes after eleven when word was received that the boat had finally docked down on the Brooklyn waterfront, a good many miles from the studio. The cast was assembled. Rehearsals were due to start at twelve.

And Gable had to clear his luggage through the Customs, meet officials, and submit to interviews. Everyone thought he'd be doing well if he turned up by dinner time.

At the stroke of twelve, the elevator door opened in the Columbia Broadcasting Studios, and there was Gable.

"It took a motorcycle escort to clear the way," he said with a grin, "but you said twelve—so here I am. I'm never late for a rehearsal, no matter what. Likewise, when five o'clock comes, I put on my hat and go home—even if I'm right in the middle of a line."

Gable may be a strong silent he-man on the screen, but to those who worked with him in the studio, he is just a big enthusiastic kid.

Radio theater was to be his first real crack at radio—and he wanted to make good! All the way through rehearsals there was a line which he kept muffing. When he came to the line during his air performance, he got it off perfectly. He turned to the director in the control booth and gave him a triumphant salute.

JOAN CRAWFORD, in common with Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert and several other actresses, likes to broadcast in her stocking feet. It makes her seem smaller and eases the nervous tension.

Altogether, appearing on the air in *Within the Law,* was difficult for Joan. She was married on the morning she started her rehearsals. But she worked right through from Friday to Monday without sparing [*Continued on page* 84]

At the moment, Irene Dunne is the talk of Hollywood because of her performance with Robert Taylor in *The Magnificent Obsession*, yet she dislikes the consequences of fame

IRENE DUNNE—*the Magnificent Lady*

She doesn't like the title, but this story reveals the traits of character that make her a beloved star

By Clark Warren

THERE is one thing about being a movie star that Irene Dunne cordially dislikes—the consequences of fame. She doesn't mind signing autographs, and of course she gets a very human thrill out of being admired by legions of theater-goers. But there are other things, for instance . . .

How would you like to look at a vicious gun aimed squarely in your direction?

Irene Dunne has had that experience, and it would not have happened had she been a nobody. It was late at night and the car had just been put away. She was accosted in the driveway by two thugs, backed against the wall by the menacing sheen of blue steel. All available cash went to the bandits. Strangely, they did not ask for her jewels before gliding away in the darkness. Thrilled? Not exactly. She was more frightened than anything else. Frightened partly with the realization that here was a consequence of fame.

How would you like to be rudely stared at everywhere you go? It happens to all of filmdom's favorites. Some of them, like Irene Dunne, never become accustomed to it, and privacy becomes the dearest thing in life.

How would you like to have your home ransacked? Or your clothes torn by eager crowds trying to get a glimpse of you? More consequences of fame, and a film star has to face them every hour of her life!

Irene Dunne has tried to ignore the more unpleasant things in Hollywood. She has found happiness of a kind here, and fame scarcely without asking. She has maintained a placid sort of dignity. As a result, she is often called the First Lady of the screen. (Miss Dunne is just a little tired of her reputation as a "lady." She would just as soon her interviewers would forget the appellation, and likewise overlook her obviously ideal marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin, a New York dentist, who prefers to remain in the background.)

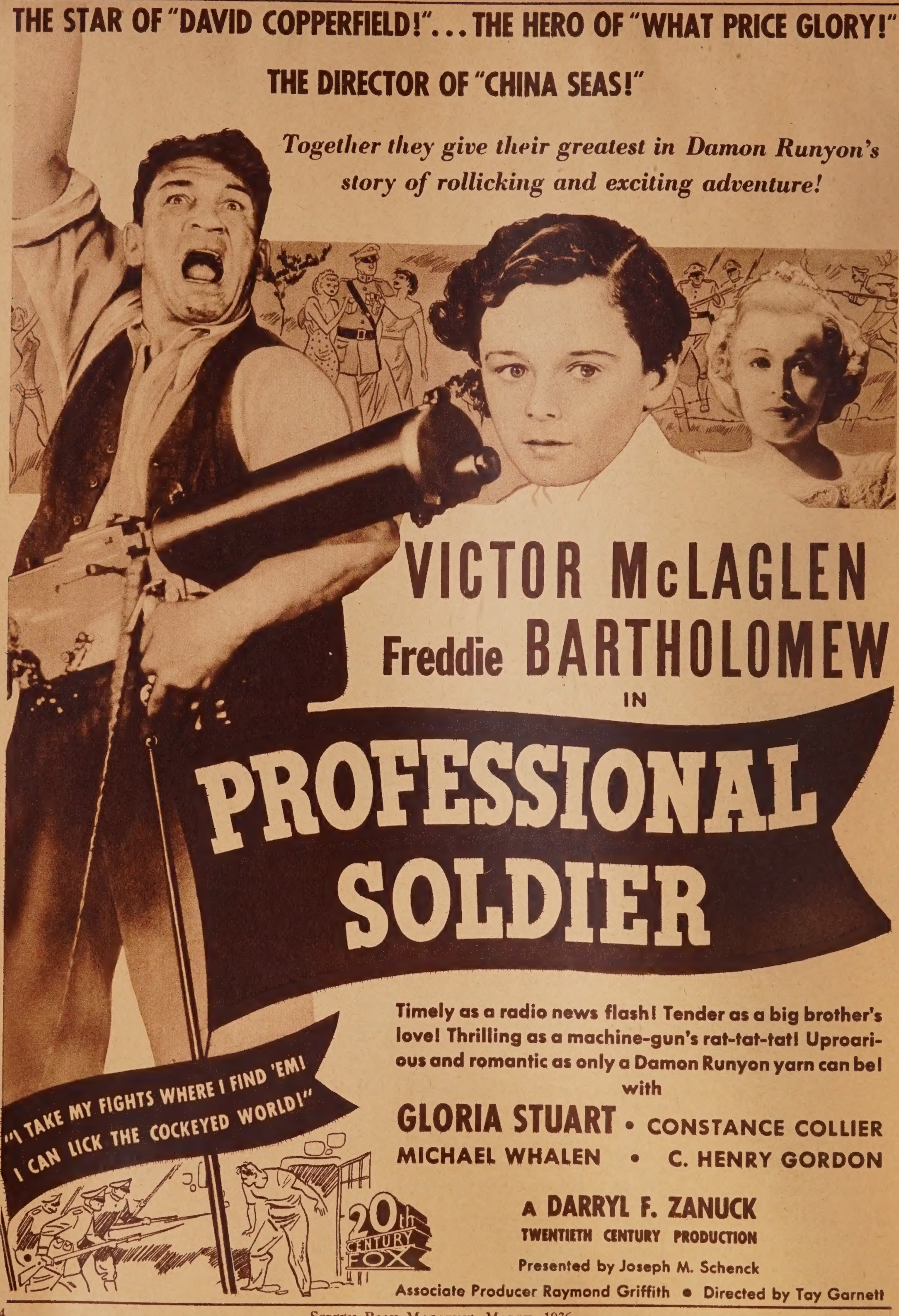
DON'T think that she is forever dignified. She is as human and amiable a person as you could ever want. The other day she was entertaining some visitors in her dressing room. One of them had a severe cold, and thereby started a lot of fun.

"I know a grand cure for colds if they haven't gone too far," Miss Dunne announced. "Want to try it out?" The patient nodded assent.

So the star disappeared into the kitchen and returned presently with quite an assortment: A glass half filled with hot water, another with cold water, juice from a lemon, some bicarbonate of soda, and perhaps a few other odds and ends.

"Now as soon as it starts fizzing, grab the hot glass and drink it down, then follow with the

[*Continued on page 75*]



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VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW
IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

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I CAN LICK THE COCKEYED WORLD!"
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A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett

Star Portraits

WHICH IS HEPBURN?

- The answer obviously is that both portraits on this page were posed by the star of *Sylvia Scarlett.* On the screen, Katharine Hepburn can be a beautiful pagan or a fragile, lovely young Madonna. Similarly, in private life she can be a gracious lady or a fun-loving, typically Hollywood actress who brawls with cameramen because she bet one of them a thousand dollars that her picture couldn't be taken during her trip to New York. Whatever she is, or decides to be, there is no denying that the screen boasts of no personality more fascinating

—*Portrait by Hurrell*

JEAN HARLOW

- Ten years ago, she was but a pretty school girl in Kansas City, with no thought of becoming an actress. Five years ago, she became an overnight sensation in *Hell's Angels* Today, there are few more popular actresses, and none who could have played more perfectly her rôle in *Wife versus Secretary.* Despite her lovely appearance as a "brownette," and her expressed wish to have done forever with platinum hair, admirers sent a deluge of letters in defense of the latter when last month's guest editor, Ginger Rogers, asked whether they preferred the dark or the dazzling silver for Jean's tresses. Pertinent points about Jean Harlow include the fact that she wed for the first time at sixteen; that she is the siren of sirens on the screen, but the "good fellow" type of girl in real life; that her diet seldom includes meat; that she has an ambition to write

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

- Camera artist William Walling spoke the truth when he stated that this portrait is the loveliest he ever snapped of Claudette Colbert. That is a strong statement in view of the fact that Claudette never takes a poor picture, and is rated as the most easily photographed star in Hollywood. At the right, she may be seen with an architect, studying the plans of her new home in Holmby Hills. Now completed, the snow white mansion is one of Hollywood's show places, and just the place for Claudette to begin a new chapter in her life as Mrs. Joel J. Pressman. Previously, she has lived in rented houses and apartments, and the fun of planning her new home has been almost as much a thrill as her second honeymoon, the first being with Norman Foster, from whom she was divorced last year. Foster has since wed Sally Blane, but the two remained friends. Thus, life goes on for Claudette in new channels, but on the screen she remains the same, a universally loved comedienne

—Portrait by William Walling, Jr.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

● As genuine as a flawless diamond, Shirley defies the laws of gravity which send child stars up and down the ladder of popularity with amazing swiftness. *The Littlest Rebel,* her current picture, is breaking records everywhere, and the same should be true of *Captain January,* in which she appears with Guy Kibbee (photo at the left). From the movies and various commercial products which carry her name, Shirley now earns in excess of $5,000 weekly, and there is not a man, woman or child who begrudges her this wealth. No star has more completely earned her money. Miraculously, Shirley is as natural as the day the movies found her, the only apparent change being the improvement in her dancing and acting. She learns her lines more rapidly than any veteran star and to date has not registered one iota of that thing called temperament. Your editor thinks the above picture is the loveliest he has ever seen of Hollywood's Crown Princess, who is the heir apparent to many happy picture events still to come

The Man Who Is NELSON EDDY

By Harry Lang

A frank story which clearly disproves the many false rumors which have spread about the hero of *Rose Marie*

Jeanette MacDonald knows how gallant Nelson Eddy can be, even when not before the camera. But Eddy has a private romance which he never has revealed

Horn-rimmed glasses hide the identity of Nelson Eddy off-screen, but cannot disguise his appeal. Unlike many singers, he is strong as an athlete, an expert rider, a practical joker, and with all his talent perhaps the most democratic star in Hollywood

YOU have never heard the yarn about how Nelson Eddy deflated that pompous, know-it-all newspaperman from the East. . . .

It was on location with the *Rose Marie* company, 'way up a mile high in the Sierra mountains, at Lake Tahoe on the border line between California and Nevada. Down a bit from the lake is a dell called Echo Valley—for the sufficient reason that a man's shout comes back to him in four successive echoes there.

That's where this happened. There stood Nelson Eddy and this self-important scribe, visiting the place to see how a movie company acted "on location."

"You know," said Eddy, seriously, "that this place has the most remarkable, the most amazing echo that you can find anywhere in the world?"

The other drew himself up. "Tush, tush," he tush-tushed; "I've been in the Alps, my dear Mr. Eddy, and I've heard *echoes* there. And besides, I've been in El Escorial near Madrid, where they have the famous echoing gallery."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Eddy; "but *this* echo here is *different*. I know you've travelled all over, but the famous echoes you have heard merely repeat back the original words, don't they? Well—this echo here has *intelligence*. It *learns* things.

"Are you twitting me?" demanded the pompous visitor.

"Perish the thought!" remonstrated Eddy. "Here, let me prove it to you. For the past many days, I've been singing the song *Rose Marie* here. At first, the echo merely gave back the song as I sang it. But bye and bye, it learned the song—and now when I start it, the echo carries it right on for me. . . ! Listen!"

Nelse strode to a jutting rock, faced a far rock wall, and let loose that gorgeous, tremendous voice of his in the opening bars of the song—

"ROSE MARIE, I LOVE YOU—"

He turned to the newspaperman. "Now, wait—and listen," he said. A moment passed. Then, from the far rock came the echo—

"*—I'm always dreaming of you!*" And from there on, the echo sang the rest of the well-known chorus, while the newspaperman stared pop-eyed in astonishment!

"My heavens!" exclaimed the scribe; "this is wonderful. Let me try it." He strode to the rock point, too, and yelled the first words of that famous nursery-rhyme—

"LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER—"

Then he waited. In a moment, clear and sharp, came the echo's voice. *"Hello there, you're a sucker!"*—and with that, while Eddy bellowed in roaring laughter beside the newspaperman, the head and shoulders of a stranger lifted over a rock in the distance. It was Bill Steinkamp, one of the sound men on the company. He had been the "echo," and Nelse and he had rigged up this gag on the know-it-all. The visitor left the location that afternoon, and hasn't been heard from in Hollywood since. [*Continued on page* 50]

"Don't Be *Afraid* of a Broken Heart!"

Merle Oberon's message, based on her own unusual experiences, will strike home in the heart of every woman

"WHO'S afraid!" Two challenge-ridden words . . . Merle Oberon stopped, then, and looked away toward the sea on that misty, silver-grey day when we went walking along the Palisades at Santa Monica. She wore tweeds, heather-hued like her eyes, and woolen stockings and brogans. Her brown hair was rough in the wind and her cheeks pink. She was young and buoyant and very, very lovely. And gallant, somehow.

We had been talking about love that day. A casual conversation at first, but it was serious now.

"Love makes you vulnerable," I said.

Quickly, Merle caught up the words. "Yes, but who's afraid? I am not afraid!"

"Not even of a broken heart?"

"Not even of a broken heart. If a woman has courage she will come through such an experience more of a person than she was before it happened!"

We walked on, then, down the long, winding slope of the Roosevelt highway to the beach below. The wet, strangely warm fog came in closer and the gulls wheeled above or dropped to the waves, there to ride quietly, like bits of driftwood.

Left above: A delightful informal picture showing Merle Oberon with David Niven, former British Army officer, to whom she is reported engaged

Above: Stripped of her glamour, Merle plays a remarkably frank, down-to-earth characterization in *These Three*

By Marian Rhea

"I never have believed that in all of life there can be just one love for each of us and to lose this is to lose love"

Right above: Merle Oberon with Miriam Hopkins in *These Three*, one of the year's finest dramas

Striking Facts About MERLE OBERON'S Newest Picture

These Three, the screen version of *The Children's Hour*, a stage play purchased at a cost of $100,000 by Producer Sam Goldwyn, cost approximately $1,000,000 to film. The problem of possible censorship caused the change of title and changes in the plot, yet the screen version remains a vital drama. No expense has been spared in making the picture. The cost of one day's filming on location reached $12,000, and for the sake of realism Goldwyn did away with the usual "false front" idea for sets, practically all of the buildings which are seen in the picture being built of good sound brick, stone and wood. The story concerns two girls who run a school in a New England farm house. A young doctor comes to town, falls in love with one of the girls and the film takes on its dramatic aspect when an old lady who originally befriended the young teachers turns against them because of vicious lies told by her granddaughter. Joel McCrea has the leading male rôle.

It was a day for confidences, a day for introspection. We spread out the thick, soft auto robe we had brought and sat down on the sand.

Merle spoke. "I've thought a lot about love, as what girl hasn't? When I was little, I dreamed of a Prince Charming who would carry me away on a snowy white steed to a fine castle. As I grew a little older, my Prince Charming changed to a dream lover who, in my romantic imagination, would care for me so much that he would scarcely dare to breathe my name, worshiping me until I gave sign of my own affection. . . ."

The attractive Samuel Goldwyn star whom you'll soon be seeing in *These Three* — laughed a little, reminiscently. "Girls are romantic things, aren't they? Still, I wouldn't trade those dreams of mine for a king's ransom, today.

"Of course, as time went on, my ideals changed and developed and now that I am a woman grown, I have a definite philosophy of love—but romance is still a part of it."

I interrupted. "A workable philosophy?"

"I think so," she said, simply.

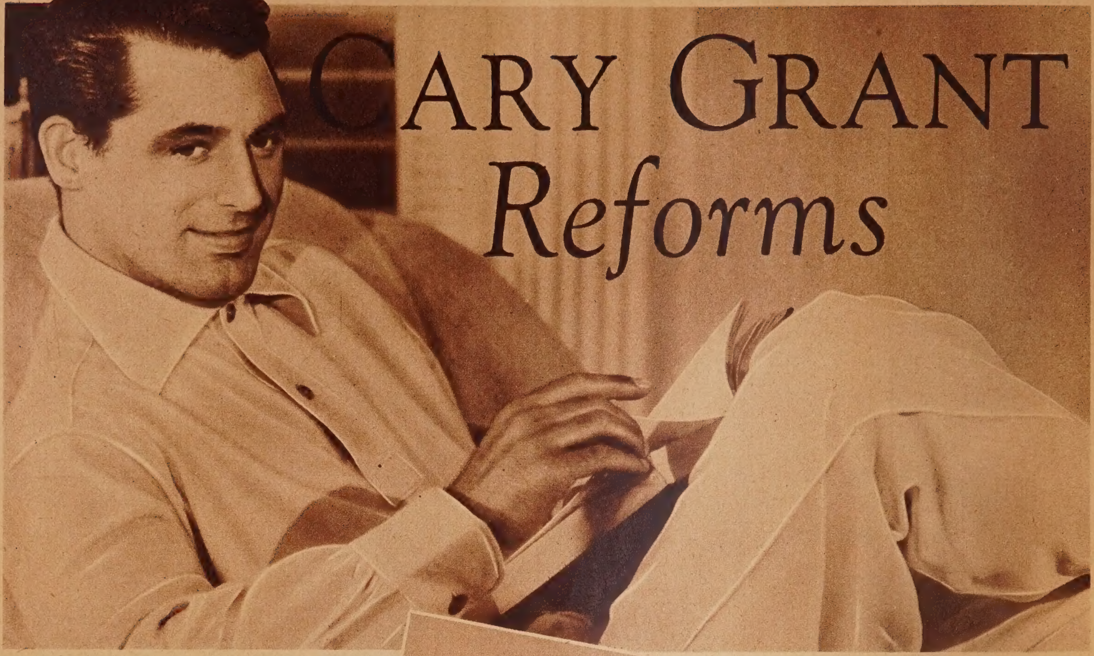
"A philosophy that will save you from a broken heart?"

"No. A philosophy that will help me to be a wiser, better, more truly happy girl for having had a broken heart. You see, I think a broken heart is worth having if"—with a smile at my startled surprise—"you can 'take it.' If not—" she shrugged, eloquently, and left the sentence unfinished.

"You know," she went on after an instant's silence, "I am reminded of two women, both friends of mine, each of whom has been hurt by a man she loved. And the way those two women have reacted to this tragedy has been to me a lesson I shall never forget.

"THIS happened to both about a year ago. Today, each is a changed woman, but while one has been licked by tragedy, the other has triumphed over it. For one, life seems to have ended. She is so unsporting about it all! She never stops talking about it. Honestly, her conversation when you meet her is like that of the proverbial pest who insists upon talking about her operation.

"But the other is different. The man she loved was a cad, too. He wrecked her pride and broke her heart. But you'd never know this from anything she says. She doesn't talk about it at all, in fact. Yet you can tell she has gained, not lost, from the experience. There is a new kindness in her, a new thoughtfulness, and new depth. [*Continued on page 60*]



CARY GRANT Reforms

In Sylvia Scarlett, with Katharine Hepburn, he enters a new field . . . and plans to stick to it!

By Carol Craig

IN *Wings in the Dark,* Cary Grant was an aviator who went blind—so realistically blind that he wrenched hearts loose from their moorings. In his latest picture—*Sylvia Scarlett,* starring Katharine Hepburn—he is something entirely different, a fast-talking Cockney, a likable small-time smuggler who turns showman. And he is so convincingly Cockney that he will be suspected of having been born without his "h's"—which he wasn't. Next, in the English picture, *The Curious Quest,* he will play a chap who has too much money and doesn't know what to do with it all.

"Now, there's a rôle that ought to be different," he says with enthusiasm, adding, with mock dismay, "Having too much money is one situation I'll never face in real life—yet I'm supposed to live the rôle!"

He won't admit that his search for a reputation as a character actor is a curious quest. He won't subscribe to the notion, held by thousands upon thousands of female movie-goers, that he is a "natural" as a screen lover. Pin him down—tell him that his looks are the handsome, romantic kind—and he will try to put up an argument about *that,* too.

In short, he isn't fooling. He's serious about this business of becoming-a-many-sided-actor.

"Yes," he says, "I'm a reformed Romeo. I didn't want to be one in the first place, you know. That was Hollywood's idea, not mine. Character rôles are more varied, more fun, more satisfying. Straight leads are always the same; they never get you anywhere—and they aren't so lasting. I happen to like my profession and I want to stay in it. That's why I want to do more character acting. Character actors have a habit of staying around.

"Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that a man can't act if he has to play straight leads. He can, and he usually does . . . more than most people realize. But people get tired of seeing him doing the same old things, in picture after picture. Pretty soon, they turn thumbs down on him and take to some other fellow whose looks they like. That's human nature. But you never saw them turn thumbs down on Lon Chaney, did you? The public likes suspense, and Chaney gave it to them. They never knew what kind of rôle he might do next.

"I'd like to be a younger Chaney, without the make-up tricks. You know, a perfectly normal face can register innumerable flashes and flickers of character. Vary those flashes and you can vary the characters you portray. Especially if you change your voice, the kind of clothes you wear, your haircuts, your body motions."

WHEN Cary Grant is at work on a picture, most of his evenings are spent right at home, studying the next day's assignment. And that brings up an interesting point:

"By studying I don't mean just memorizing lines. That's the easiest part of preparing for a scene. Remembering all of the mechanical details is the tough part. Especially, the lighting. Before we ever walk into camera range on a scene, we know that we've got to take a certain number of steps to reach a certain mark that is faintly outlined on the floor. And if we miss that mark, the scene has to be shot over—for if we miss it, we are out of focus and the lighting isn't correct. We have to remember to hold our heads a certain way or we'll have ugly shadows right where we don't want them. We have to remember to keep our hands down in close-up shots. Suppose, unconsciously, I run my hand through my hair in a close shot. The chances are that I am putting a long black shadow under Joe Doakes' nose, if Joe is standing beside me—and my elbow hides some Travis Banton costume worn by a girl in the background. . . . On the stage, an actor can do anything with his hands that may be natural to him. But a screen actor has very little

[*Continued on page* 64]

BETTE DAVIS *Gives Lessons In Acting*

By Linda Heath

Leslie Howard with Bette Davis in *The Petrified Forest*

THERE is no such thing as a "natural born actress"—or actor. That's what any well-trained, experienced actor will tell you, anyway. Mothers, of course, will tell you something different, for it seems a tradition that most of them think their children are "natural born Thespians."

Just as a pianist falls short of greatness when he plays by ear with stiff, uneasy fingers, so does an actor depend on projecting emotion by the very thing that pianist also needs: technique. Technique—what is it? Why, the rules, or manner of artistic performance. And no one, it follows, can be artistic without knowing the rules, talent or no talent.

Let's take the case of Bette Davis, Warner Brothers star, as a good one in point. If any mother ever came close to truth when remarking that her daughter was a "natural born actress," it must have been Mrs. Ruth Davis, Bette's mother. A young woman who can give such immortal performances as hers in *Of Human Bondage, Dangerous,* and *The Petrified Forest,* must have talent bordering on genius. But could Bette Davis have given those performances without training, without technique? And does she have that knowledge? Let's examine her background a moment.

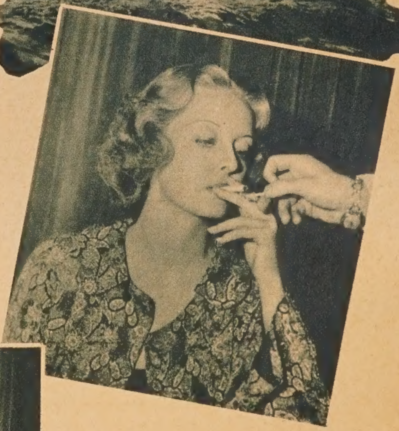
As far back as her high school days, Bette Davis was both studying dramatics and playing in the school theatricals. Upon graduation from Newton, Massachusetts, high school and Cushing Academy, Bette went to New York, and enrolled in the John Murray Anderson dramatic school, where she won a scholarship and high honors. Still more training in Provincetown stage plays followed before she was ready for Broadway—and several Broadway plays finished the preparation for the screen. And even then Bette's apprenticeship was not ended, for she played bits and minor rôles for many months before at last she scored.

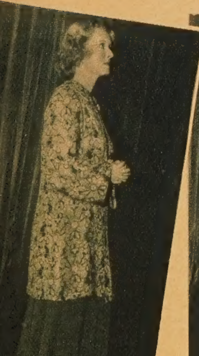
Undoubtedly, Bette Davis knows her technique.

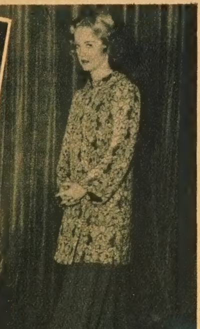
What, then, are some of its expressions? How do you know technique when you see it?

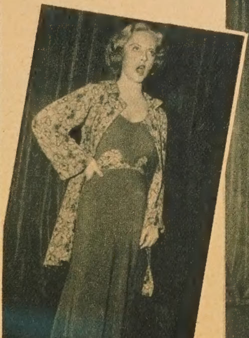
Quite a stumper, that, for the average actor. Technique, perhaps, is something like personality—you can't define it, but you know whether it's there or not, all right. There are, however, a few "Dos" and "Don'ts" that may be easily expressed, and Bette Davis, following her final fadeout in her latest picture *The Petrified Forest,* took time to illustrate, in the

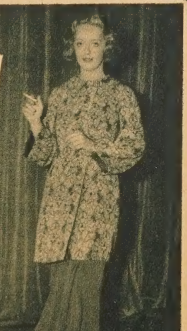
[*Continued on page* 81]











Explaining The Photos—

1. Bette Davis shows the "stage" way of lighting a cigarette. The man is careful not to hide her face.
2. Showing how, on the stage, a scene always is played to the balcony.
3. Posture — in standing, one foot should bear the weight. When there is nothing to do with the hands, such as holding a cigarette, they are better clasped lightly together.
4. An interesting point. A yell or scream should be uttered with the body held upright—not in a forward position.
5. In walking, a good actress never will slouch, but definitely approaches her objective. Learning "to walk" on the stage and screen is difficult.

PLAIN TALK About Beauty

Beauty Service

Intimate Beauty Secrets

If you want to learn of intimate beauty secrets which will solve your own problems, write to Janet Lynn. She will also be happy to supply you with facts about beauty products she mentions in the accompanying article. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. postage only) and write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

By Janet Lynn

Lovely Betty Burgess, featured in "Coronado", demonstrates an important beauty necessity—cleansing cream

Now Betty removes cream with tissues

"Scrub" with soap, water and brush

Cotton application of good skin tonic

Next comes use of a liquid powder base

THERE is no one beauty asset so important, it seems to me, as a skin that has a look of cleanness and freshness about it.

Lovely hair, hands, waistlines and eyelashes charm me, it is true, but I become quite rapturous over a fresh, dewy looking complexion.

And I happen to know, from years of questioning them closely about their beauty preferences, that *men* feel the same way. Not even a superbly-turned ankle can compete with a clear skin for a man's favor—and we all know what fools they are for a pretty ankle!

Although I have witnessed miracles performed by Hollywood make-up, I have yet to see any *real* improvement made in a dingy, blemished skin by the heavy application of cosmetics. This type of concealment just doesn't work!

Many girls *think* they are cleansing their skins completely when they really aren't . . . They would shudder at the implication that they were lax in cleanliness; yet their skins are mute witnesses to their incorrect cleansing methods . . .

This is especially true of the oily type of skin. I want to warn those of you with over-oily skins that you can do much toward lessening the oil output by close attention to your diet. Cut down on rich, greasy foods, for they are oil-producing. Eat lots of fresh fruits and vegetables. Fruit juice is grand for your complexion, too.

You can't be too thorough in cleansing an oily skin. [*Continued on page* 68]

Betty Burgess pats powder on lightly

Blend cake rouge with a bit of cotton

Use liquid for those quick clean-ups

Massage with tissue cream every night

Drink plenty of water and fruit juices

Filming a Great DRAMA

An adventure on the set of *The Prisoner of Shark Island*

Warner Baxter, in the rôle of the doctor who unknowingly aided the escape of Lincoln's assassin, plays one of the screen's most dramatic moments as he hears his terrible sentence after being tried by a hysterical court

Despite its stark realism, *The Prisoner of Shark Island* is the story of a great love, with Gloria Stuart as the wife who sacrifices everything to help her husband escape from the horrors of military prison

By Bill Ulman

"THERE it is!" muttered the Captain. Far across the blinding reflection of a flat, pale sea rose the walls of the Fort, sheer from the turgid waters of the Caribbean. Scores of miles from the nearest inhabited land, it lay there like a vast, wallowing sea-beast—anxious to devour but too slothful to make the effort.

The Government Light-House Tender *Ivy* upon which we were riding the Spanish Main put in at the ramshackle, decaying stub of a pier. There was no rush to be the first ashore. Clearly visible from the deck was the stone-graven name over the maw of the Fort—*Arcadia.* The irony of that name struck us later as we staggered about in the crushing heat of the parade grounds, alone with the echoes that made us feel like squeaking mice. We didn't like it, but we were there on business; we had to photograph the God-forsaken place for the country's screens. The name of the deserted fort had been changed to Fort Jefferson but no one was on the burning sand and rock of the island of Dry Tortugas with sufficient energy to chip the new name over the portcullis.

We were relieved to see the last of that hell-hole, but we all understood clearly the full significance of that casual phrase, "—your name will be Mudd!"

Nearly three years later, SCREEN BOOK asked me to go out to Twentieth Century-Fox and talk to Warner Baxter and John Ford, star and director of *The Prisoner Of Shark Island*, respectively. I went out on the stage where they were working and found myself once again amid all the nameless horror of Fort Jefferson. Three tiers of dark galleries rose from the parade grounds, deep in dry-rot shadows.

The picture employing this grim and forbidding background—America's first true Devil's Island—concerns itself with the bitter persecution of a hapless country doctor whose name was Mudd—in more ways than one. The harrowing fury of the Civil War was just over. President Lincoln went to a play. A maniacal actor assassinated him and escaped from the theater with a broken leg. Far south of Washington he could ride no further and was taken to the home of Doctor Mudd for treatment saying that he had fallen from his horse. The good doctor set the leg and Actor Booth was on his way. Mudd, of course, was quite innocent of any complicity in the assassination, but he was afterward convicted to life imprisonment. [*Continued on page* 61]

FASHION TIPS

Comely Hollywood favorites parade the newest styles for early spring

—*Frocks designed by Lettie Lee*

Joan Blondell in her velvet toque with a romantic wisp of veil to enhance the beauty of her eyes

Anya Taranda, who is seen with Eddie Cantor in *Strike Me Pink*, models a distinctive grey crêpe dance frock trimmed with matching lace

Evalyn Knapp is proud of her new street outfit of navy crêpe, with crisp white pique collar. Left above: With dark tailored sport frocks, Ida Lupino prefers a jaunty white beret to emphasize her blonde loveliness

Anne Grey achieves smart simplicity in this Lettie Lee ensemble of navy sheer with its prim collar of white pique. Full-shirred sleeves have a slenderizing effect

The Unknown Side of RONALD COLMAN

Above: Elizabeth Allan with Ronald Colman in a scene from *A Tale of Two Cities,* the new season's most outstanding picture. The accompanying story explains many unknown facts about the picture's famous star

By Harmony Haynes

EVER since the summer of 1922, when Ronald Colman was introduced to motion picture audiences as the tender, faithful lover of Lillian Gish in the silent version of *The White Sister,* he has been looked upon by the entire world as the *beau ideal* of the screen. And so he is—but in his private life, he is the *bachelor ideal,* living in simple comfort, without a woman on the place!

In his pictures he is ever a gallant with the ladies—in his private world he is a man among men. Accepted generally as an Englishman, he is in reality, a Scotchman and has inherited from his ancestry that stubborn Scotch will, so often called "hard-headedness." He is long in making up his mind but once it is made up, nothing in the world can change it.

Born to luxury and reduced to poverty at the age of sixteen, he has learned the value of a dollar and none of the Scotch jokes about thrift are funny to him. Although he has been earning a large salary for the past fifteen years, he has not yet forgotten that he landed in America with $57.00, three clean collars and two letters of introduction. The money was gone and the collars all soiled before the letters did him any good. Colman's servants are all men—there's the cook, the secretary, the gardener and the house boy. He employs no valet and no chauffeur. He needs no "man" as he terms it because he doesn't like to dress and anyone fussing about his collar buttons would only annoy him.

On the screen, he is associated with smart clothes, uniforms and *tails* being his long suit. Off the screen, he prefers comfort to style and dodges all the "dress" affairs he possibly can. Hollywood hostesses have learned that if they wish Mr. Colman to accept their invitations they must be informal.

HE LIKES to travel and takes trips whenever he can, but seldom does he go first class. He climbs into his car and drives all over the United States visiting any spot that may interest him and stopping at odd places along the route.

He does this for two reasons—first he likes the careless, vagabond life—and second, he is less apt to be stampeded by fans. He has tried various forms of disguise, such as cutting off his moustache or wearing goggles but

[*Continued on page* 63]

Warner Baxter with Alice Faye in one of the best of all movie musicals

KING OF BURLESQUE

★★★★

THE magic hand of Darryl Zanuck again turns out another screen masterpiece in this breezy musical which features Warner Baxter in the rôle of a show producer who climbs from burlesque to Broadway success, only to lose all when he weds a woman who thinks more of money than she does of love. Alice Faye deftly plays the rôle of the blonde darling who always has loved Baxter and who in the end secretly contrives to save him from himself. Comedy situations are in the masterful hands of Jack Oakie, as Baxter's stooge, Gregory Ratoff and Herbert Mundin. Dixie Dunbar steals a great portion of the show with her whirlwind dancing. The songs are catchy and the plot never lags. It can't be denied that this is top notch entertainment. — *Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

For additional pictures, see reviews of new page 80

Paulette Goddard, the penniless gamin, teases her benefactor, Charlie Chaplin, who has just emerged from jail. For unusual facts about this film see page 89

Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien as seen in the tremendously thrilling drama

Anne Shirley, stage-struck, confides in her young admirer, Phillips Holmes

Cary Grant encounters a weeping youth who is really Hepburn in disguise

CEILING ZERO

★★★★

AS A stage play, *Ceiling Zero* was a hit; as a movie it will prove to be one of the season's most talked of pictures. This dramatic story of the hazards of commercial aviation has Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in leading rôles. Cagney plays his familiar rôle as the fickle Romeo who runs into rough weather when another flier takes his place and is killed in a crack-up. Blaming himself for the pilot's death, Cagney takes a plane up to test an ice-resisting invention and plunges to his own doom, a hero. June Travis, in her first big rôle, is unusually good. Effective, too, are members of the supporting cast, which includes Stuart Erwin, Garry Owen and Isabel Jewell. There has never been a better air drama.—*Produced by Warner Brothers.*

CHATTERBOX

★★★

IF YOU are interested in the sweeter things of life, there is much to applaud in this nice little picture which concerns a girl who inherits from her mother a great love for the theater. Anne Shirley, as the girl, finally gets her chance despite the opposition of her grandfather, and appears in *Virtue's Reward,* the same play in which her mother had starred years before. Innocently, she is unaware that her theatrical efforts are mere burlesque and that she only amuses the audience. When she discovers the true situation, she returns to the farm. Phillips Holmes plays the boy who can't bring himself to shatter her illusions, and Erik Rhodes delivers his usual fine performance. An excellent family picture.—*Produced by Radio Pictures.*

SYLVIA SCARLETT

★★★

IN THE rôle of the French girl who turns boy to help her father escape the consequences of his thievery, Katharine Hepburn gives a performance that is outstanding both for its dramatic and comedy values. Cary Grant, however, escapes with the largest portion of the picture's honors as the cockney swindler who becomes an actor. Edmund Gwenn is also realistic as the selfish father who comes to no good end after a hectic romance with a house maid. The picture is a bit slow in spots, but has individual fine performances to offset the feeling that it is somewhat too long. Admirers of Katharine Hepburn will be particularly satisfied with her fine work; others may not be so enthusiastic.—*Produced by Radio Pictures.*

FRANK REVIEWS

MODERN TIMES

★★★★

ANY event for which one waits for long with great expectation is liable to be an anti-climax. So it is with Chaplin's new effort. That it is a film worthy of top rating is unquestionable; that it is a splendid comedy no one can deny, but, despite Charlie's rugged, silent individualism, there is the feeling that he might have done better had he talked. One scene in which he plays a singing waiter who, because he can't remember the words, indulges in a meaningless mixture of hog latin and foreign words is proof enough that Chaplin would be even more the great comedian should he find voice. The story is his usual formula about the downtrodden waif whose troubles multiply as he attempts to aid a penniless girl. Paulette Goddard is an adequate leading lady. Chester Conklin and Hank Mann stand out in supporting comic rôles.—Produced for United Artists.

Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen dare each other to fight

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

★★★

ALL this simply couldn't have happened, yet the story of the hardboiled gent who continually looks for trouble and finds it when he kidnaps a king is exciting. Victor McLaglen is the kidnaper and Freddie Bartholomew the young king who is captured and recaptured in a series of thrilling scenes filled with comedy and suspense. Outstanding in the picture is a young man by the name of Michael Whalen who has a great deal of charm and a fine flair for comedy. Gloria Stuart is startlingly lovely, and the supporting cast does a good job. Although this is light entertainment, it is just one more jewel in the crown of Darryl Zanuck, who is rightfully considered the screen's foremost genius. You won't be wasting time on *Professional Soldier*! *Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

Conrad Veidt, in the rôle of Christ returned to earth, with Rene Clare

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK

★★★★

A BEAUTIFULLY filmed story with a moral, the plot of this picture concerns Christ's return to earth as a man. He comes into the lives of a group of commonplace people residing in a boarding house, replacing cruelty with kindness and straightening out disordered lives. The play is ably interpreted by Conrad Veidt, Anna Lee, Frank Cellier and Rene Ray. Done with a natural touch, this picture has no "preachy" atmosphere; it is remarkably powerful in dramatic quality and one of the finest English pictures ever to reach the American screen. Conrad Veidt's vivid, sensitive performance is one of the new year's finest entertainment highlights.—*Produced by G-B.*

Villain Joseph Calleia in the act of still pursuing the lovely Jean Harlow

RIFFRAFF

★★★★

A COLORFUL, hearty story in which Jean Harlow, queen of the tuna fish canneries, weds Spencer Tracy, king of the tuna fishermen. Tracy, a trouble-maker, loses his job, runs out on Jean and turns hobo. In an effort to save the erring husband, Jean runs afoul of the law and lands in prison where her baby is born. There is the usual happy ending, but plenty of fireworks before the fadeout. Also in the picture are Una Merkel, J. Farrell MacDonald, Mickey Rooney and Vince Barnett. Jean Harlow does one of the best jobs of her career. Joseph Calleia stands out as the menace. For an interesting sidelight on the film, see Una Merkel's Minute Interview on page 75.—*Produced by Metro.*

Colin Clive appears astonished at Dolores Del Rio's startling gown

THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO

★★½

ANOTHER of the month's light comedy offerings, this pleasant screen story of a young widow who can't forget a kiss she receives from a fast worker, is diverting. Despite a thin plot, the cast goes skating on to many amusing moments, due mainly to the fine work of Louise Fazenda, comical tough guy Warren Hymer and the sad-faced Herbert Mundin. Warren William plays the male lead with his usual finesse, being the man who bobs up in the life of Miss Del Rio more often than a guilty conscience. The cast also includes Colin Clive, E. E. Clive and Viva Tattersall. A nice picture to while away the time, but not too important.—*Produced by Warner Brothers.*

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That Man Who Is Nelson Eddy

[*Continued from page* 39]

And that, I may as well tell you, is only one of the many stories that could be told about Nelson Eddy, the clown, rather than Nelson Eddy, the dry-as-dust, serious-as-death, glorified gramophone which he's generally misbelieved to be.

For it's true, that thanks to his intense devotion to and his steady application to his music, there has risen around Nelson Eddy a reputation that has virtually dehumanized him. Read or hear about Nelson Eddy and you read or hear about nothing but his singing, his voice, his opera. Little by little you forget that he's also a regular guy, and a swell one at that.

AS A matter of fact, although singing is his one over-powering interest in life, there are so many other facets to the man's character that he's easily one of the most interesting men in Hollywood, completely aside from his voice. His tendency to clown, to play practical jokes, is one of the most revealing, human things about him.

The whole *Rose Marie* company was the butt of his very first gag on that Tahoe location trip. They'd arrived there late, gone to bed dead tired, looking forward to a late sleep in the morning.

Exactly at five a. m., the still dawn air of the lake was shattered by a great voice bellowing the *Indian Love Call*. Startled heads lifted from crushed pillows; sleepy technicians muttered assorted damns; Jeanette MacDonald stirred in her lacy pajamas and wondered who was on the warpath. A bunch of the boys got up and investigated—and found Nelson Eddy sticking his head out of his hotel window into the icy air, throwing the full power of his lungs into the song.

They had breakfast that morning at six, not eleven. But the company got their laugh back at Nelson later on. That was when Nelse learned to mount a horse.

His instructor was Inspector W. G. Grennan, imported from the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police by Metro to give complete verity to the *Rose Marie* scenes.

"Now you vault lightly into the saddle, like this, Mr. Eddy," directed Grennan, and light as a feather, he swung across his horse and into the seat.

"Cinch," muttered Eddy to himself, taking the proper beginning stance beside his mount. "Now—*UP!*" directed Grennan. Eddy gave a prodigious leap and soared into the air with the greatest of ease. "Cinch," he muttered to himself in mid-air, as he prepared to light downily in the saddle, as Grennan had.

But something had gone wrong. He had miscalculated. He had done not well, but too well. His leap carried him right over the horse's back, and he landed like a sack of potatoes on the other side. The company tittered. Grennan grinned. The horse laughed out loud.

And now comes a phase of Eddy's character that is one of his facets, too. He might have demanded a double do his stuff on the horse. But not Eddy. "I," he muttered, "will show you!" So he went back to the other side, and vaulted again. This time, with the methodical deliberation that marks him, he calculated carefully and well—and came down in the saddle with, if not neatness, at least accuracy. The rest of that day, he kept at it. By nightfall he could vault into his saddle with the same aplomb with which his instructor achieved it.

And that—his unwillingness to be licked, and his calm deliberation at achieving anything he wants to do—marks Nelson Eddy, too.

ARE you beginning to get a better picture now of Eddy than the painfully serious one that's been built up around him? A picture of a fellow who's human enough to collect autographs and yet so shy that he didn't dare ask Jeanette MacDonald for hers until after he'd gone through passionate love scenes with her? A fellow who plays jokes on his best friends, and draws funny cartoons of them—hangover of his days in the art department of a Philadelphia newspaper? A fellow who sings at the top of his voice in the bathtub and despite knowing thirty-two opera rôles in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish, yet prefers the old folk-song *Songs My Mother Taught Me*—simply because his own mother *did* sing them to him as a youngster? A fellow who has somehow attained the reputation of being a virtual "woman-hater," and who is yet so gallant that not once during the *Rose Marie* location stay did the five stock women in the company lack for fresh flowers at their dinner tables, thanks to his foresight?

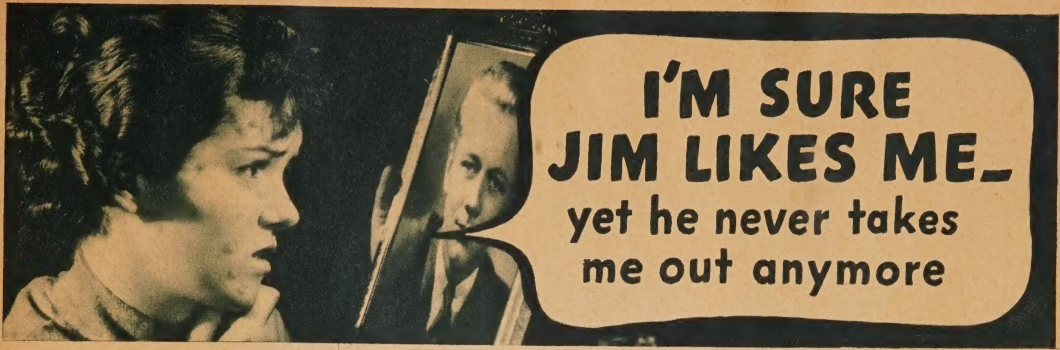
Because that's the kind of fellow Eddy really is—a human, regular guy who won't call a boy to carry his costumes on the lot, like most stars; who won't call a car to carry him from set to dressing room, like most stars, but walks instead, hailing all and sundry with a cheerful "Hi-ya" as he passes.

Of course, a lot of those he hails don't recognize him. For the Nelson Eddy of off-screen doesn't look like the Nelson Eddy of *Rose Marie*. It's a sort of reverse—Harold Lloyd process. Whereas Lloyd isn't easily recognized off-screen because he doesn't wear glasses like in character, just so is Nelson Eddy often unrecognized because off-screen he does wear big horn-rimmed glasses.

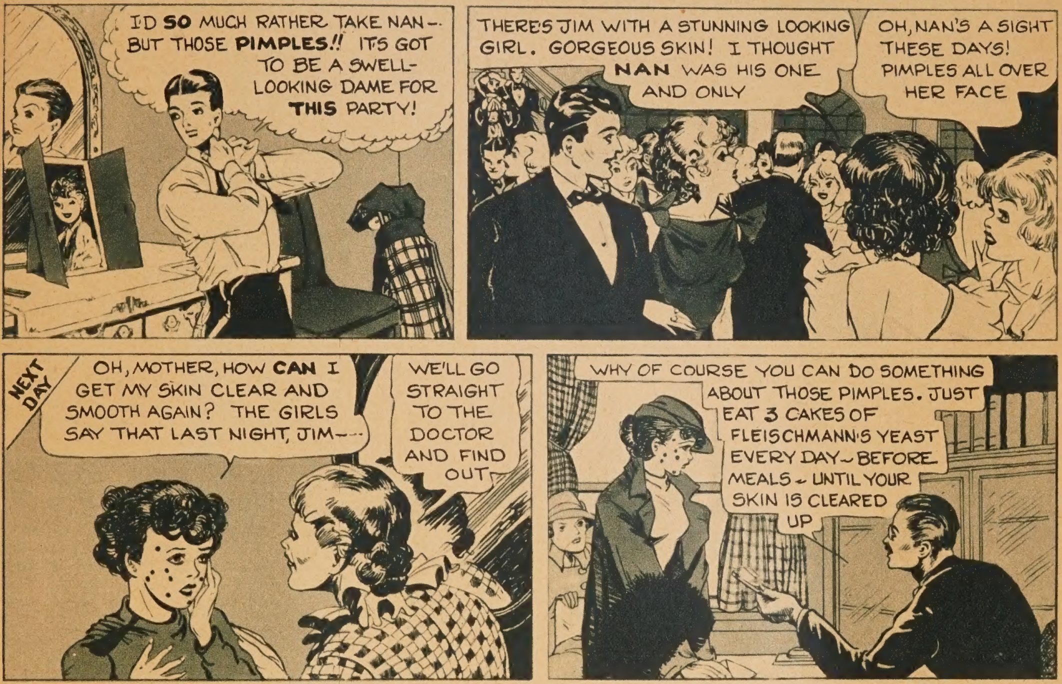
And so there you are—and I hope you've got a new picture of Nelse Eddy that makes him human, instead of just a voice with legs on it, and who works, works, works, works all the time and never plays. For that's wrong—oh, yes, he has worked, and still does. But even in this hard-working guy, there's the same lazy streak that's in all of us. If you don't believe it, I'll tell you the secret of what they found in his hotel room at Lake Tahoe—

They found that Nelse Eddy had gotten some rope and pulleys and rigged up a complicated system whereby he could raise and lower his hotel window *without getting out of bed!*

"Aw, it was on accounta the cold!" Eddy explains.


I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME–
yet he never takes me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN–


I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN– BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT TO BE A SWELL-LOOKING DAME FOR THIS PARTY!
THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT NAN WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY
OH, NAN'S A SIGHT THESE DAYS! PIMPLES ALL OVER HER FACE
NEXT DAY
OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM–––
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOCTOR AND FIND OUT
WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST EAT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY– BEFORE MEALS – UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP

LATER
–THEN I'LL CALL FOR YOU TONIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE A SWELL PARTY
SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES – NOW MY SKIN IS CLEAR AGAIN

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—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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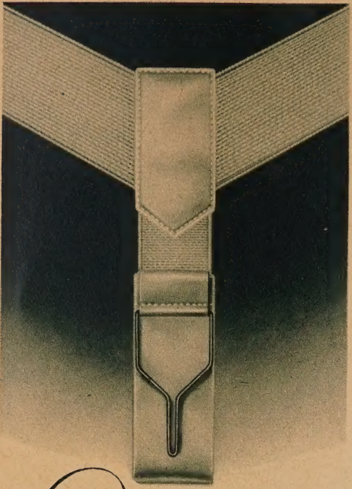

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With Clark Gable in *Wife versus Secretary*, Jean Harlow wears the type of frock every working girl will find interesting. Jean believes a successful secretary should dress, not only to be attractive to her boss, but to his customers

Hollywood Shop Talk

[*Continued from page* 24]

there is a twin sweater set of yellow, worn with a plain grey wool skirt. Three tailored dresses, two of crêpe and one of sheer wool. And a tweed coat trimmed with an inexpensive short fur. The coat can be worn with any of the foregoing outfits. The sweaters can be worn with the suit or the pull-over sweater can be worn as a blouse to go with the suit while the linen blouse is being laundered. In other words the wardrobe is both practical and elastic. The one real extravagance which this secretary allows herself is an evening gown. She has only one. It is of white satin, very simply made. Her evening wrap is of the same material.

"IF YOU are the type of girl who wears a suit well," says Dolores Del Rio, who, to my way of thinking is one of the best dressed girls in Hollywood, "your clothes problem is comparatively simple. A lightweight suit and a heavy one can take you almost through the year. And blouses and sweaters afford an infinite variety of change."

I had lunch with Dolores one day recently and she was wearing a suit which I am sure every girl would adore to own. It was of black corded wool, very plain and tailored. The skirt had two side fastenings, like slacks, and the coat was single-breasted with very wide lapels. With this suit Dolores wore a white silk blouse with four tailored pockets and a turnover collar. At the throat she wore a modernistic pin of black jet with bars of brilliants. You see Dolores happens to be a very feminine type of person and she feels that a severely tailored suit demands a rather soft feminine type of blouse rather than a crisply tailored one. She feels, too, that a pin at the throat is more feminine and flattering than a talored bow. You will notice also that her blouse has crystal buttons.

Her hat was quite the maddest thing I've seen in months, but oh so *chic*. Do you remember the little boats you made out of a folded sheet of paper when you were a kid? Well, the hat was almost a dead-ringer for one of those paper boats. It was made out of a stiff, shiny black silk and she wore it far back on her head. Any girl who is clever with her fingers could, I think, duplicate it.

Dolores told me that the first time she wore this hat she and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, went to the Chinese theater. Because the hat was so tiny Dolores didn't remove it. But somebody, coming into the seat just behind her, knocked it off with his elbow. Cedric turned to the gentleman and said, quite indignantly: "You knocked the lady's hat off." And then he noticed that the gentleman with the awkward elbow was none other than Harold Lloyd. There were apologies all around and then Harold and Cedric got down on their knees to search for the missing hat. Can't you imagine the surprise of those seated nearby to discover Harold Lloyd groveling at their feet?

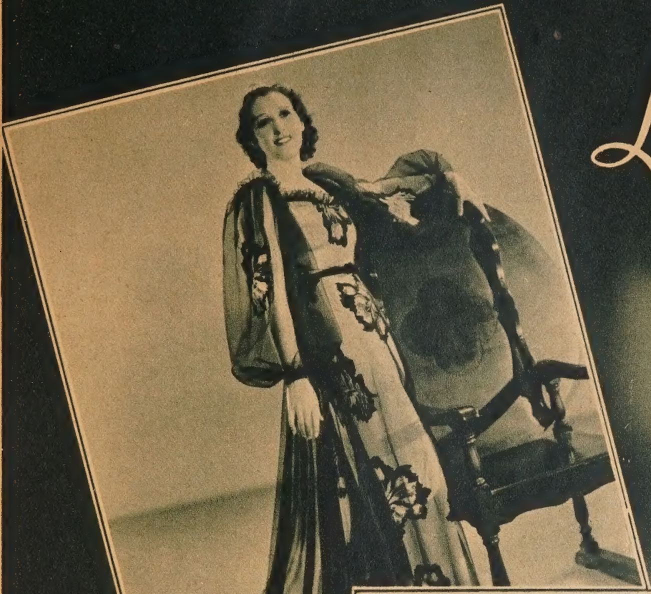
I want you also to notice Dolores' cute little square-toed shoes. They are of black alligator and have a T-strap and a low, square heel. Something tells me a lot of you girls are going to want to know more about those shoes.

I've had numerous letters asking about mid-season evening frocks. The newest after-dark gowns are lighted with rhinestones, spangles, golden threads or shining crystal. I saw Marian Marsh the other evening wearing a very smart formal of white taffeta. It was very plain except for the bodice which sparkled with rhinestones. Carole Lombard has just taken over the job of planning parties for the ultra-smart Mayfair Club. For their first formal party, Carole has issued an edict that all the girls must wear white which gives you a tip on color style.

And here's something ducky in the way of a scarf to drape nonchalantly over your shoulders when you find yourself parked in a draft. Get a long scarf

[*Continued on page* 73]

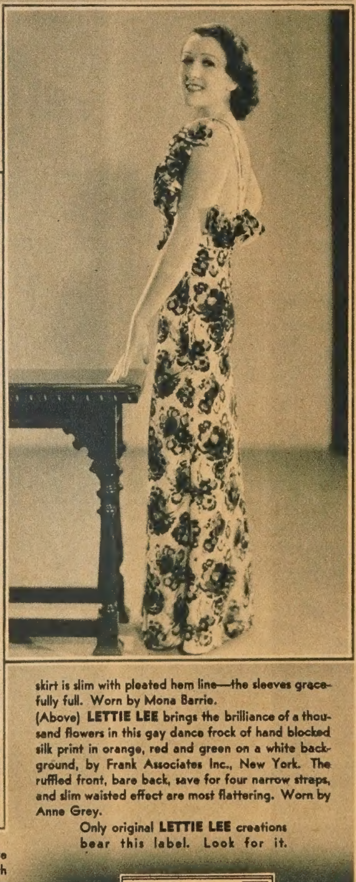
CREATED BY . . .

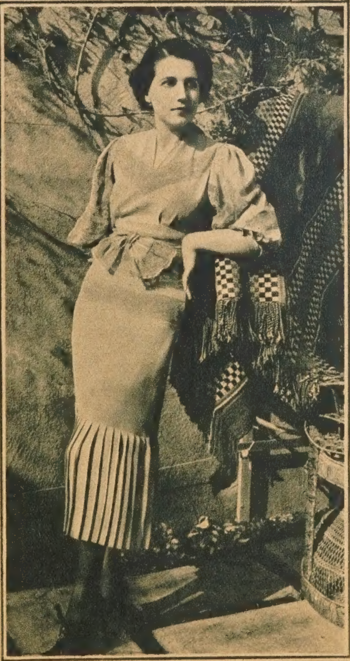


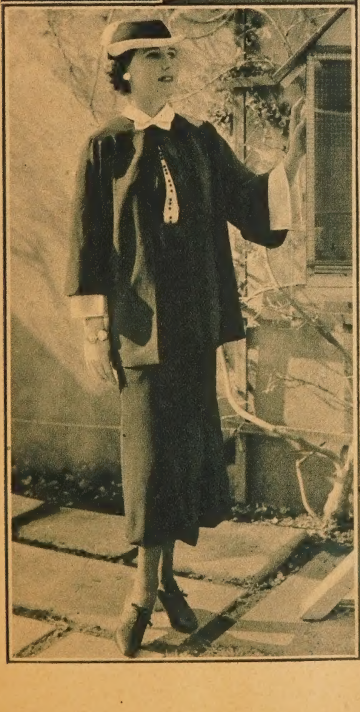
Lettie Lee

OF HOLLYWOOD

(Left) **LETTIE LEE**, the famous Hollywood couturiere, designs a Spring formal of black Marlexa over a hand blocked silk print of red and black on white by FRANK ASSOCIATES INC., NEW YORK. Note the very new applique touches on the sleeves. Glamorous! Worn by Anne Grey.







(Left) **LETTIE LEE** combines navy sheer crepe and white pique in a Spring ensemble whose flared hip length jacket features a double cuff and a bodice of white pique with tiny navy buttons. Worn by Mona Barrie.

(Above) **LETTIE LEE** creates the perfect Bridge frock of soft gray crepe with inserts of gray Chantilly lace. The skirt is slim with pleated hem line—the sleeves gracefully full. Worn by Mona Barrie.

(Above) **LETTIE LEE** brings the brilliance of a thousand flowers in this gay dance frock of hand blocked silk print in orange, red and green on a white background, by Frank Associates Inc., New York. The ruffled front, bare back, save for four narrow straps, and slim waisted effect are most flattering. Worn by Anne Grey.

Only original **LETTIE LEE** creations bear this label. Look for it.

ORIGINAL By
Lettie Lee
HOLLYWOOD COUTURIERE

A list of stores in your city who feature **LETTIE LEE** gowns will be found on Page 54

Don't use a
½ Way Toothpaste
have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

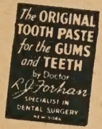
CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's



***What* SHE TOLD**
WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "onedge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (**Nature's Remedy**), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 70C-4. St. Louis, Mo.

The Girl Ginger Rogers Helped to Fame

[*Continued from page* 12]

although a newcomer to the screen, is a veteran actress, having made her first appearance on the stage at the age of six weeks. She comes from a theatrical family. Her father, Roy E. Hilliard, is a famous stage director, and her mother is Hazel Hilliard, a former musical comedy prima donna and dramatic stock actress.

Harriet played her first speaking rôle when she was three years old.

"It was when I was appearing with Margaret Anglin in *Green Stockings* that I gave my first display of temperament," she recalls with a smile. "They tell me I wouldn't let her carry me on the stage because my face hadn't been made up."

At five Harriet left the stage and didn't return until she was fifteen, at which time she was co-starred on the Keith Orpheum vaudeville circuit with Ken Murray and Bert Lahr. Later, she appeared as a solo dancer.

"It was always my ambition," she laughed, "to be the greatest dancer in all the world. I guess that's why I turned out to be a featured vocalist for Ozzie.

"I met Ozzie one day, and he was looking for a girl to sing with his band. I told him that I'd never studied singing, but I'd like the job. He listened to my voice, decided that it would be all right, showed me how to deliver songs and I've been with his orchestra ever since. I was singing with him here at the 'Cocoanut Grove' when I was approached by the studio about making pictures. I had never even considered making a picture. . . .

"ANY debut rôle would have frightened me, because I know so little about acting, and such a chance as I'm being given in *Follow the Fleet* just downright scares, as well as thrills me. Of course I have to make good, not only for the sake of my own pride, but for the sake of those who had faith enough in me to give me this opportunity."

Harriet is five feet five, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has blue grey eyes, and blonde hair, although she's wearing a dark wig in her first picture.

Miss Hilliard was born in Des Moines, Iowa, on July eighteenth, and is now in her early twenties. She was educated in Kansas City, Mo., at St. Agnes Academy for Girls. Sports do not appeal to her, probably because she's never had the time to devote to them, she says. She likes to swim, however, and recommends it to keep fit. Harriet never diets, but just uses common sense in eating . . . has an uncanny memory for names and never forgets a face.

And it's a safe bet, according to the prediction of the studio executives who have seen her work in *Follow the Fleet*, that few fans will be able to forget either her name or face after the release of this picture.

Stores At Which Lettie Lee Frocks May Be Purchased

Atlanta, Ga.—Leon Frohsin
Abilene, Tex.—Ernest Grissom, Inc.
Asheville, N. C.—Jean West Ladies' S.
Austin, Tex.—Marie Antoinette Shop
Amarillo, Tex.—Marizon Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Jeanette Beck
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger Phillips Co.
Billings, Mont.—Doyle's
Baton Rouge, La.—Ellzey Shop
Beaumont, Tex.—The Fashion
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Jenny Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Pickett's, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va.—The Vogue.
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla.—Irwin's
Dallas, Tex.—Titche Goettinger
Des Moines, Ia.—Wolf's, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.—Tuttle & Clark
Enid, Okla.—Klein's, Inc.
El Paso, Tex.—Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Tex.—The Fair
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer's
Galveston, Tex.—McBride's Dept. Store
Greenville, Miss.—Nelm's and Blum Co.
Gladewater, Tex.—Rose Shop
Great Falls, Mont.—Stiles Style Shop
Houston, Tex.—The Fashion
Hot Springs, Ark.—Eleanor Harris
Hutchinson, Kan.—Pegues Wright Dry Goods Co.
Huntington, W. Va.—The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss.—R. E. Kennington Co.
Joplin, Mo.—Ramsay's
Jackson, Mich.—Bess Winchester Gowns
Jacksonville, Fla.—Sligh's Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—Herzfeld's
Lansing, Mich.—The Style Shop
Lincoln, Neb.—Hovland Swanson Co.
Longview, Tex.—Maison Marie
Louisville, Ky.—Besten & Langen
Lubbock, Tex.—Craig Gholson Co.
Madison, Wis.—Simpson's
Memphis, Tenn.—Levy's Ladies Toggery
Miami, Okla.—Rose Bud Shop
Milwaukee, Wis.—Florence Danforth
Mishawaka, Ind.—Milady Shop
Monroe, La.—Bella Scherck Davidson
Muskogee, Okla.—Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
Montgomery, Ala.—A. Nachman, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.—Cain Sloan Co.
Newport News, Va.—Nachman's Dept. Store, Inc.
New York City—Russek's
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Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss Hirshberg

Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's Beauty Secret

Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead!... here is a new make-up to emphasize the individual color attraction of your type.

MARIAN MARSH
in Columbia's "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" using Max Factor's Face Powder

WHAT a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be ...each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge . . . and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin texture.

Lip Make-Up That Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone . . . Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

NOW the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices...Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar . . . featured by all leading stores.

FLORENCE RICE
in Columbia's "ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND" using Max Factor's Rouge

TALA BIRELL
in Columbia's "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT" using Max Factor's Lipstick

GENIUS CANNOT BE IMITATED . . .

And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember . . . that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*

★

FOR personal make-up advice ...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick, mail this coupon.

★

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

5-3-94

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

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for POOR COMPLEXION

NOXZEMA Skin Cream

Nurses tell of amazing benefits with "Wonder Cream"

If your skin is marred by Large Pores—Blackheads—Pimples or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, here's good news! Thousands of women are successfully turning to famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin—over 12,000,000 jars now used yearly.

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles. Nurses discovered how wonderful it is for Chapped Hands and Poor Complexions.

HOW TO USE—Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days and note the difference—see how much softer and finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce large pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and aids Nature in more quickly healing many disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15c for a generous 25c jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Department 63, Baltimore, Md.

New—NOXZEMA'S CLEANSING and NIGHT CREAM

A new and better way to deep-pore cleanse your skin—a heavier cream for softening and toning. Wonderful for Dry, Flaky Skin. It's called Noxzema's *Combination Cleansing and NightCream*. Ask your druggist for inexpensive trial jar. If he can't supply you mail 25¢ to Noxzema Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

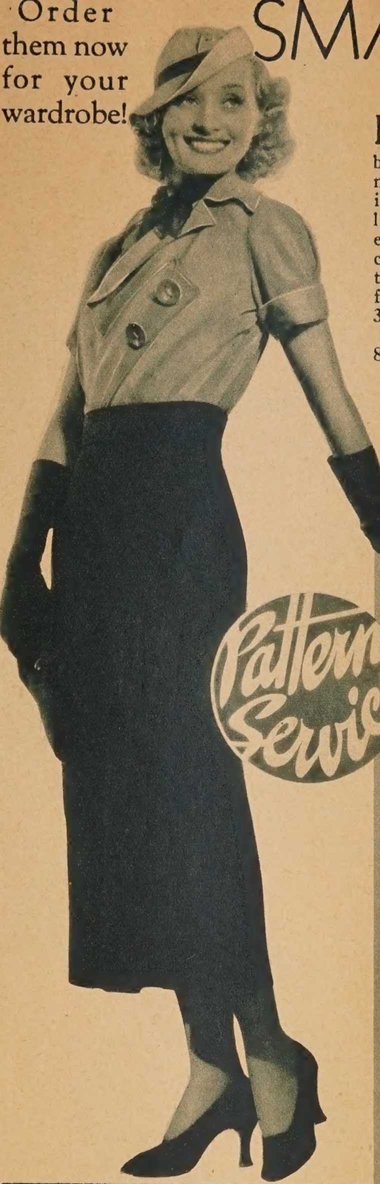
Order them now for your wardrobe!

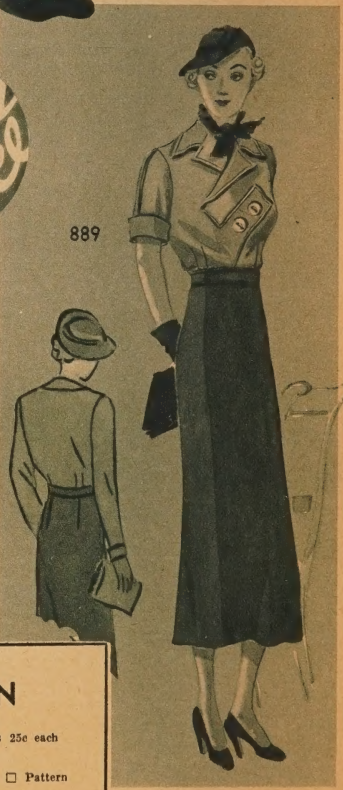
SMART NEW

PATTERN offerings this month are particularly chic. Style 889, modeled by Marian Marsh is youthful, smart and neat. A wide variation of materials, including chiffon wool, crêpe weaves, lightweight tweeds or the new tweed effect jerseys. Carried out all in one color in the plain crêpe silks with contrast in scarf, it also is chic. Designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

Valerie Hobson's simple frock, Style 891, on the opposite page is suitable for either the mature or youthful figure. It can be made with short or long sleeves. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

Fill out the coupon below. Your pattern will be mailed promptly.





Marian Marsh, featured in "No More Yesterdays", wears this trim two-piece sports frock of chiffon wool. The artist's sketch and photograph clarify the ensemble's smart details

MAIL THIS COUPON

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

Patterns 25c each

For the enclosed..............cents, please send me ☐ Pattern 889 size.......bust....... ☐ Pattern 891 size.......bust.......

Name ....

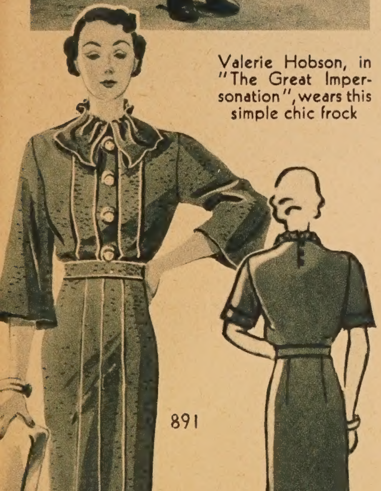
Street ....

City ....State ....

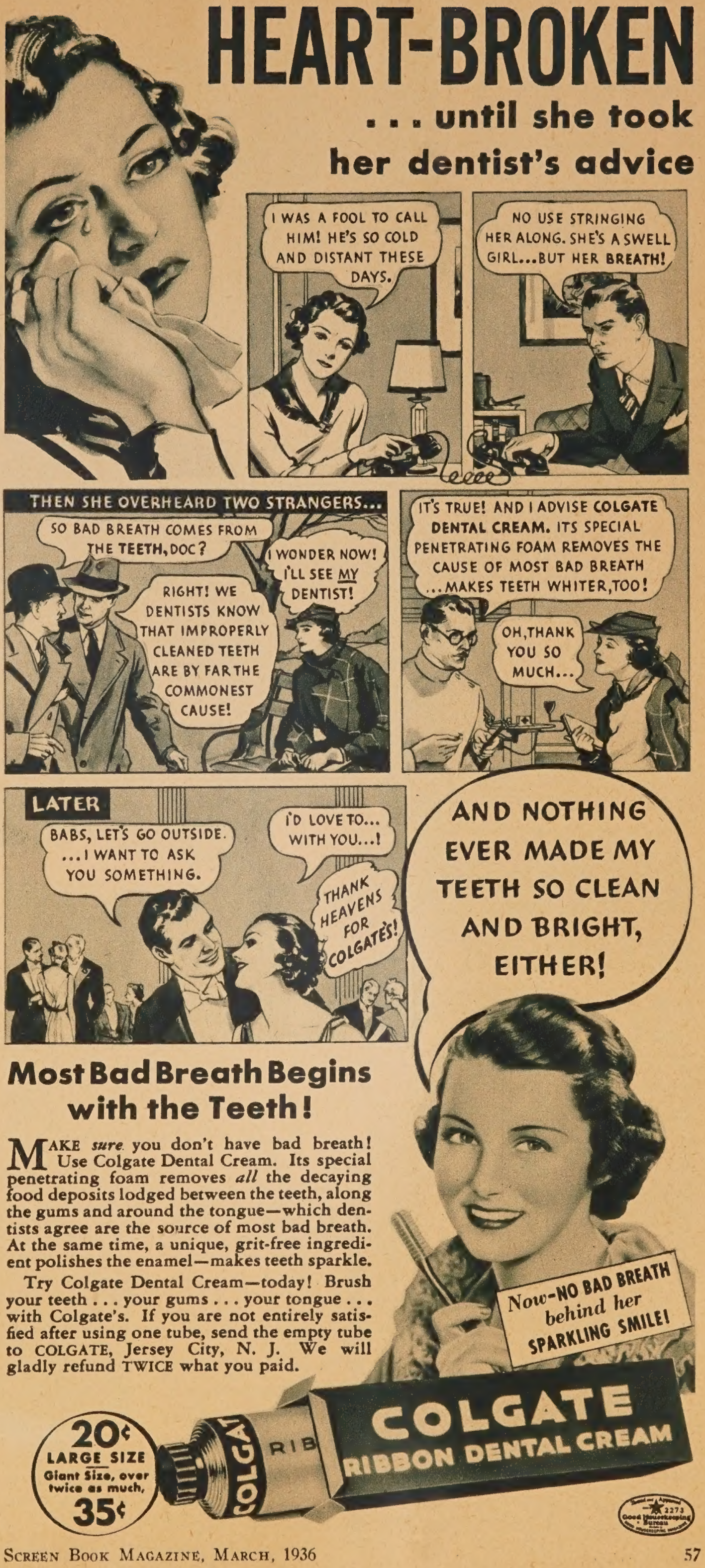
Place check marks in squares above to indicate your order. All patterns 25c each. In Canada, mail coupon to SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., 133 Jarvis St., Toronto.

PATTERNS

Valerie Hobson, in "The Great Impersonation", wears this simple chic frock



An artist's sketch of Valerie Hobson's frock, which can be made attractively in thin woolens. Plain or printed crepe silks can also be used to good advantage. The frock has particularly slenderizing lines



HEART-BROKEN

. . . until she took her dentist's advice

I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.
NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!
THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...
SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?
RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!
I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!
IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.
I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!
AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

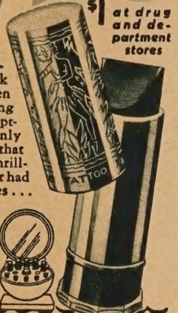
MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does



$1 at drug and department stores

Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible color for lips . . . instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting South Sea red that only time can remove . . . and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness they have never had before. Five luscious shades . . . each attuned to the spirit of red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Color Selector by testing all five on your own skin. CORAL . . . EXOTIC . . . NATURAL . . . PASTEL . . . HAWAIIAN.

TATTOO

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of thousands of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 83, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name__________
City__________State__________Age__________

A MAN *in your* KITCHEN!

By
Grace Ellis

It's "Diamond Jim" Edward Arnold, with his own pet recipe for a grand green salad

Cooking Service

The dressing has to be just so. Edward Arnold knows how to make it!

Now he rubs the bowl with a bit of garlic. It does much to improve the flavor

Put in the vegetables. Sprinkle with the dressing from bottom to top

"A GREAT GUY, a colorful character, and the best amateur cook in the cinema capital," we overheard someone say of Edward Arnold.

So we asked him to prove it. The result is his famous green salad.

Arnold was working on *Sutter's Gold*, packing to go on location, when the salad project was mentioned. But he isn't only a great guy—this lusty portrayer of Diamond Jim. He's a fascinating and affable and most obliging fellow.

To watch him mix his own favorite brand of French Dressing, was in itself, as good as a movie. I was interested to learn that previous to his screen career, Mr. Arnold served as expert salesman for a high-grade firm of food packers. And it speaks well for their particular brand of Pure Olive Oil, and Cider Vinegar, that no other brand is allowed in the Arnold salad bowl. (The brand name of the oil and vinegar used in making the salad pictured, will be sent upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.)

Ethel, Edward Arnold's cook, prepares the vegetables first. The damp greens are packed in a tray and covered with ice cubes

If you want a salad which rates a course of its own, watch Mr. Arnold's methods, follow his recipe, and treat yourself to a fine dish.

FAVORITE FOOD OF A GREAT FAVORITE!

Edward Arnold's favorite dishes are Clam Chowder and Barbecued Pork Chops. Recipes for both are FREE for the asking to all readers who send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their letters to Grace Ellis. Other recipes offered are:

Prize Contest Recipes	**5 cents**
Appealing Appetizers	**5 cents**
Apartment Parties	**5 cents**
Recipes for Clam Chowder and Barbecued Pork Chops	**FREE**

Address all requests to Grace Ellis, *Screen Book*, Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. Don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope. (U. S. Postage Only.)

GREEN SALAD
(Edward Arnold Style)

Select a variety of vegetables—radishes, cucumbers, endive, lettuce hearts, romaine, etc. Wash thoroughly. Drain on a towel. Peel and slice cucumbers, sprinkle with salt and place in a bowl with plenty of ice cubes. Make radishes into roses by slashing into tops so as to make thin narrow strips that will stand out, when chilled, like petals. Place radishes and greens in refrigerator tray, cover with ice cubes and stand in refrigerator until very cold and crisp.

Rub salad bowl with clove of garlic. Cut dry crisp greens on a towel into convenient pieces. Add greens, cucumbers and radishes to bowl. Sprinkle liberally with favorite French Dressing. Toss with salad fork and spoon to coat with dressing. Serve with crackers and Pineapple Cheese. And there you have a dish that is both nourishing and kind to your waistline!

Edward Arnold attacks the finished product. He eats a lot of it now to keep his weight down for his rôle in *Sutter's Gold*

● "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

● "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

● "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Johnson & Johnson
Borated Talcum

● "I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J. U. S. A.

Stitching Alone Does It!

"OVER - TURE"
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

The little stitched "petals" under the breasts accomplish firmness of support *without* the harmful use of *stays.*

"Over-Ture" brassieres may be selected in simple bandeau effect or with 2-, 4- or 6-inch bands for diaphragm control. Ask to see the one which best suits your individual requirements.

Left: Maiden Form's "Hold-Tite" brassieres, built up to control the upper as well as the lower bust curves, come in a similar variety of styles, with or without diaphragm bands. Send for new *free Foundation Style Booklet* FM: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

AT ALL LEADING STORES — $1.00 to $2.00

Maiden Form
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS
"There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

LARKIN invites You!

HERE'S an invitation to be a Larkin Club Secretary. Just by introducing our new Edna May Dress Club you can earn charming frocks for yourself, as well as other big Rewards. Get our new Edna May Dress Folder just off the press! It brings you America's greatest dress bargains like the smart little street frock in this advertisement.

260 A
BROAD CLOTH
98¢
14-44
BROWN OR COPEN.

Mail a postcard to-day. Just say: "Send me the Edna May Dress folder and Club information."

Larkin Co Inc
663 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW KIND OF IRON Burns AIR

Super-Speed Amazes Housewives—Pays Agents up to $15 to $25 in a Day

Housewives everywhere are astounded by the speed, efficiency and economy of the new Diamond Self-Heating Iron. Better than gas or electricity—at ½ the cost. No wires, no hose, no attachments to bother with. Quick, regulated, uniform heat. Cuts ironing time in half. Irons big washing for only 1c. Burns 96% air—only 4% common kerosene [coal oil]. Handsome, rustproof, CHROMIUM finish insures lifelong service. No wonder agents like Morris and Wynne have made up to $15 and $25 in one day.

HOME TRIAL Write today for full particulars, 30-day trial offer, and proof of big money opportunity.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 665 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

"Don't Be Afraid of a Broken Heart!"

[*Continued from page* 41]

She is more considerate than she was before. She is a bigger person. Even a happier person, I think, because she has come through with flying colors.

"It seems to me the knowledge that one has found the courage to 'take it' the way that plucky girl has done must be consolation in itself. . . ."

Merle paused and watched the waves in their endless buffeting of the hard, grey sand.

She seemed to be considering something. Then—

"A man broke my heart—once," she said, quietly.

"And you're glad, now?"

"Yes, I am. I think I am a wiser, better girl because it happened. At least, I hope so. . . .

"He was married," she went on, "but I didn't know it. I was young, only seventeen, and I lived in a world of wonderful dreams for almost two months. He was older than I and to me—ardent, romantic soul that I was—he was perfect. Handsome, debonair, authoritative, sophisticated. How flattered I was that he had chosen me to love!

"Then, one day, someone told me he was married. . . ."

She stopped again, remembering, her eyes on the fog-furred horizon. Pain shadowed her lovely, thoughtful face.

"Disillusionment is always hard, and that was my first," she said. "I wanted to cry out to everyone that it wasn't fair! I wanted to throw myself at his feet and beg him to tell me it wasn't true! I wanted to do something tragic, desperate. . . .

"But—I didn't. Pride helped, perhaps, and perhaps some innate sense of fitness showed me that some things just aren't done. . . . Anyway, the days passed, somehow. I made myself go out with other men, though at first it was a sorry business. I was beginning to get somewhere in pictures and that helped. The pain of it all grew easier, slowly at first, but surely. And at last, I realized it was all over. I was happy again!

"YOU know, nature — God — whatever power made us, does that for us. . . . Just as a wound of the body heals, at last, so does a wound of heart and spirit—unless, in foolish cowardice, we keep probing it.

"Now, as I look back on those tragic days, I am glad they came—and passed. For with the healing of a broken heart comes a new self-respect, a new sense of power that only a battle won can give."

"You don't think disappointment in love fosters an inferiority complex, then?" I put the question tentatively.

"Decidedly not!" Merle's blue-green eyes flashed in displeasure. "At least, it shouldn't! This talk of an inferiority complex irritates me! The person who believes he or she has an inferiority complex is usually a person who is selfish and self-centered! An introvert. . . .

"Why should hurt from a man one loves suddenly make one think she is no longer attractive, worthy, desirable? That doesn't make sense! Every women has something beautiful and fine to give to the man she loves. Because one man has either changed his mind about her or fooled her needn't mean she is no longer worthy of love or desirable.

"You see," Merle went on, seriously, "I have never believed that in all of life there can be just one love for each of us and that to lose this is to lose all of love. I think such a theory is wrong. Nature is too wise, too canny, too interested in the perpetuation of life to have arranged things like that.

"Now don't misunderstand me. . . . I am not advocating myriad love affairs. The girl or man who flits from romance to romance loses something fine and thrilling. Where there is no depth in love, there can be no heights.

"I mean only that if you or I or anyone in love finds the man of our choice unworthy or that he no longer cares, or if we lose him in death, even, this does not mean that our lives are hopelessly, permanently blighted. I believe that if we throw up our chins and say: 'I shall not be beaten by this thing' that some day, some way, the hurt will be healed and we shall find new happiness."

TWILIGHT was coming in from the sea, by now, but Merle talked on, full of her theme.

"Yes," she said, "if I were giving advice to any young girl, I should say: 'Don't,' my dear, 'be afraid to love, and don't be afraid of the hurt that love can bring you.'

"I should say: 'You'll be hurt—yes. It is true that love makes you vulnerable; that the girl in love wears no armor against the wounds her beloved can deal her if he chooses.'

"I remember a line from Shakespeare—Hamlet, I think, that reads: 'Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.' And I think that is correct. To the girl wholly, deeply in love, 'little fears' do 'grow great.' She is so keenly sensitive that ordinarily inconsequential disturbances distress her. But even that state is finer, sweeter, than a superficial affection in a heart afraid to let go.

"You see, although the love you find may break your heart, the break can be mended. Time can mend it. Courage can mend it. And you can turn the intensity of your disappointment to character building.

"So—" Merle seemed, now, to be talking to a phantom girl who had come to her, seeking counsel, "don't be stingy with love. If you have chosen the right kind of man, he will care more for you because you care for him. It is only the wrong kind with whom you must play a game—with whom you must maintain an artificial attitude of semi-indifference because 'it is more feminine to do so.' Where love is real and fine, the more you give the more you have. And if, despite your sincerity, despite your wholehearted giving of yourself to the thrall of love, the man you have chosen fails you, he is not worthy, after all, and is better lost.

"Then, if you have courage—if you are the kind of a girl who can 'take it'—you will pick up the broken threads of your life and go on, gallantly, facing the future a finer, bigger person because you've had a broken heart. . . .

"So, don't be afraid, will you?"

Filming a Great Drama

[*Continued from page* 45]

THE *Prisoner of Shark Island* is not just an interesting and fascinating way of spending a couple of hours; it is a historic document crammed with irony and action as subtly terrifying as the stone bastions of the Fort itself. It seems, heaven forbid! that there were grafting politicians as well as Indians in the United States nearly a hundred years ago. They decided that an excellent way to spend money was to build a Fort on a useless coral key over a hundred miles away from the mainland of Florida, at a cost in excess of two hundred millions. The purpose? Why, of course! To bottle up the entire Gulf of Mexico! What with? Great cannon—whose maximum range in those days was less than a single mile. Naturally it was not long before the Fort was found to be the most appalling mistake in our history, so a much embarrassed War Department tried to justify its existence by making a military prison out of it.

And here it was that Doctor Mudd was sent to eke away his life, the most reviled of prisoners. Naturally, there is no water on a coral isle less than half a mile across. Water had to be brought in boats all the way from Florida or caught in cisterns during the short rainy season. . . . And, of course, the open cisterns soon became fouled . . . and the heat came down, day after remorseless day.

But even on a barren atoll, man brings with him his own evils, and the scorching sun burns away most of the good. A plague of mosquitoes and black flies came from nowhere and settled in slimy-walled cisterns and buzzed thence to men's eyes, ears and nostrils. A nice place to spend a few quiet days?

Had I been in Fort Jefferson I believe I would have welcomed even the horror of the plague that soon followed the mosquitoes—Yellow Jack. Anything would have been better than the unending monotony of heat and woolen uniforms, even death. And for those that survived, there was at least work to break the dull emptiness of existing.

IT WAS then that a prematurely old and broken man was called forth from his vermin-infested cell to treat the sick, to treat the very guards who had made his life a loathsome thing. Prisoner or no prisoner, Mudd was a doctor and they needed him and being a splendid man, he answered the call wholeheartedly. Mutiny broke out among the terrified black troops and at one time Mudd was in complete charge of the Fort—his prison.

During that violent siege by a then unknown disease it was impossible to get outside help. Even Government vessels laden with supplies refused to put in to the island when they saw the grim yellow flag flying from the staff. You'll see a stirring scene in this picture when Warner Baxter mounts the top gallery of the Fort whereon are mounted the huge columbiads. A supply ship is hove to a quarter mile up wind and signals that it is returning to Florida until the plague is over. Baxter uses every device at his disposal to get the stubborn captain to send in those vitally

[*Continued on page* 62]

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Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

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Filming a Great Drama

[*Continued from page 61*]

needed medical supplies, fresh food and water, but the sailors are adamant in their fear of contamination. As the boat prepares to sail away with its precious cargo, the peace-loving Doctor is driven to desperation and orders the Fort's gunners to fire on the ship.

Cowed by the blast of heavy shot, the captain compromises by placing the stores aboard a raft to drift in to shore.

You'll see another scene that you'll be a long time in forgetting, when Warner Baxter and an old, faithful negro servant who had purposely joined the Fort Jefferson garrison, attempt to escape. Gloria Stuart, as Mudd's wife, pawns everything she owns to finance a sloop and make the plans for the jail break. But Rankin, the remorseless sergeant of the guard, surprises them in their effort to leave the Fort. Buck is killed, but Mudd is too valuable a man to shoot offhand. The guard is instructed to maim him. Despite their efforts Mudd reaches the deep moat between the fort and the sea-wall—and the sloop is in sight, a small boat already on its way to pick him up.

To his horror Mudd sees that the moat is filled with half-starved sharks, prisoners like himself, but there for the sole purpose as guards. Despite the sight of them, he dives in, the soldiers shooting at him, still trying to maim rather than kill, until Rankin sees that their own bullets are actually helping Mudd by driving the sharks away. With cruel forethought he gives the order to cease firing. But despite the bullets and sharks, Mudd reaches the sloop only to have it shot out from under him by the Fort's batteries.

There is no question at all that a new Warner Baxter will be seen on the screen in 1936. No longer will he be the shallow, swashbuckling Cisco Kid, nor will he be clad in a silver ornamented sombrero. Baxter is stepping out as an actor and proving himself far more versatile than I, for one, would have credited. As the mild but courageous Doctor whose name became a part of the language typifying the worst possible breaks, Baxter gives a deep, keen performance.

But Warner, Harry Carey, the Fort's commandant, and a new portrayer of psychopathic rôles by the name of Carradine, have a background to work against that is the finest tribute to both director and art department that I've seen in many a moon. They've not just rebuilt the brick and mortar of a forgotten fort in Hollywood—they've built into that masonry the horrid ghosts that keen their shrill wails across the glittering tropic waters to a neighboring sandy spit named Dead Man's Cave, where sun-bleached skeletons of the soldiers still lay.

And that, thank God, is all that is left of the accursed abode of *The Prisoner of Shark Island.*

CURIOUS FACTS

Did you know that the Dionne quintuplets, appearing in *The Country Doctor*, were paid over $450 per minute for the time they spent before the camera? And that this isn't too much, considering the fact that these five famous babes are directly responsible for bringing more than $3,000,000 in tourist trade to Canada?

The Unknown Side of Ronald Colman

[*Continued from page* 47]

usually he is found out and his fun spoiled.

He often has said, "I wish I could take my face off and leave it at home then maybe I could see the world as others are privileged to see it."

Another favorite way of traveling is by tramp steamer. For days, weeks, maybe months, he'll hang around the docks and watch the tramp steamers come and go. When he finds a crew that he likes, bent on a cruise that appeals to his fancy, he's off on a trip without any of the usual fuss. A year ago he went all the way around the world on a tramp steamer. He met Richard Barthelmess in Shanghai and they traveled up the Yangtze River into the interior of warring China.

It was on that world cruise that he declares he had a "dirty trick" pulled on him. He was tired from his travels and decided to rest up a day or so at a good hotel. He checked in, had a nice hot bath, ordered his dinner sent up and then lay down to read. The dinner did not arrive. He waited and waited—then finally the manager called his room and asked, "Mr. Colman, aren't you coming down to your dinner?" Colman, ever polite, explained that he had no intentions of coming down to the dining room, that his dinner was to be served in his own room.

The manager finally confessed. He had advertised, upon short notice, that Ronald Colman was a guest at his hotel and that all who wished to see him might do so by attending the "dinner reception" at his hotel at two dollars a plate.

"They are all impatiently waiting to receive you. Mr. Colman, you cannot disappoint them."

Colman knew he had been tricked but he also knew that the manager was right, he simply could not disappoint several hundred people who were the innocent victims of the trick.

He dressed and went down to dinner. He made a gracious speech of gratitude and autographed menus until his arm ached. He chatted and talked and laughed and answered a thousand questions. He bade them all a pleasant goodnight. Then he went back to his room, packed and left the hotel immediately.

Had the manager given him the dinner as a friendly gesture, Colman would have appreciated it even though he does not care for such public display.

How can he be such a perfect lover on the screen when apparently, judging from his private life, he doesn't like women?

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ronald Colman almost worships women. His attitude toward them is very old-fashioned—mid-Victorian. They are the rare flowers that perfume and beautify the earth and must be treated as such. All his gallantry of the screen, he carries out in private life. Whenever he is in the presence of a lady, that lady has all of his attention. He is extremely solicitous of her welfare. He caters to her whims and fancies and delights in so doing.

His men friends may tell him that in this day and age women are quite capable of looking after themselves and their reward for such explanation is a blank stare from the gallant Colman.

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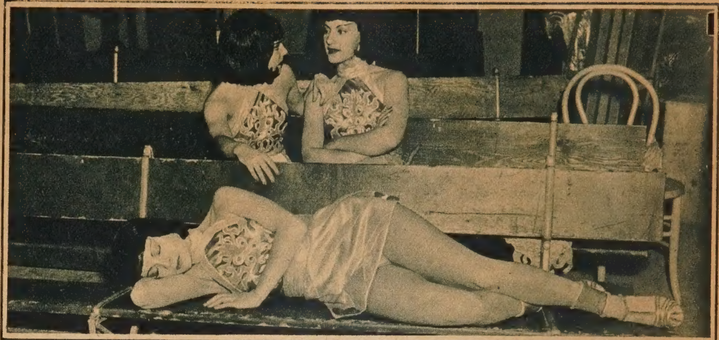

—Charles Rhodes

The camera spies on a sleeping beauty at Paramount studios. A lovely chorine from the cast of *Anything Goes* takes a nap between scenes, while two of her sisters in the line exchange the day's gossip

Cary Grant Reforms

[*Continued from page* 42]

freedom of motion, especially close to the camera. All on account of that little problem of lighting.

"And timing—that's another important thing. You see some poor straight lead come into a room, sit down on a divan, light a cigarette, and say to his wife, 'Darling, I've had a difficult day. I think I'll go to bed early'—and you think to yourself, 'So they call that guy an actor!' What you don't realize is that he has done a perfect bit of timing. He sits down on the divan, takes a tin of cigarettes from a side table. He opens it, takes out a cigarette. 'Darling,' he says—and closes the tin. It makes a little click, but that click comes *between* 'darling' and 'I've had a difficult day.' He lights the cigarette and finishes, 'I think I'll go to bed early.' The scratch of his match, or the sputter of his lighter, comes *between* his first remark and his second.

The microphone catches only one thing at a time and everything he says is crystal-clear—because he watches his timing.

"And, incidentally, he remembers to hold his head up and light his cigarette up in the air, so that the camera angles are correct. Normally, he might light it down by his chest—but the camera won't let him do that. I've seen stage actors go to pieces, having to remember all those things at once for a movie scene. But those things make life interesting in Hollywood."

CARY has had this enthusiasm for acting for a long time—ever since his boyhood days in Bristol, England. It all started with his "hanging around" the local theater, fooling with the electrical equipment.

"I got chummy with the actors, liked them and the life they led, and one day they gave me a 'bit' to do in a play. When they moved on to another town, I went with them. I forgot to tell my father I was going—and it took him about two weeks to locate me. He brought me home and was going to make me go back to school, but I talked him out of it after a while and rejoined the troupe. . . .

"Finally I came to America, with a troupe of pantomimists. You've probably never seen any; they're strange to America—as we soon discovered. But I stayed when the others went home. I practically starved, it being my luck to be in one stage 'flop' after another. That's how I happened to go into musical comedy. I discovered that if a musical comedy were put on, it usually stayed on a while. That's where the movies found me. And I'm still glad they did."

If there is any possibility of a Mrs. Grant soon sharing that seaside abode with him, he is not admitting it. And he is inclined to be non-committal about what the eventual lady of his choice may be like. He says: "Will she be an actress? Not necessarily—but preferably. I'd like her to know what my work is all about and be able to criticize it. She won't have the peacock kind of poise. She'll be natural. Athletic, maybe—I don't demand it. I do a lot of boxing, but I don't intend to box with my wife. She will be as willing to travel second-class as first—and she'll like my flivver or walk. She won't have to know how to cook. She can learn cookery later, if necessary."

And here is one actor from the stage who does not bemoan the fact that Hollywood talks about little but movies, movies, movies.

"Why shouldn't it talk about movies?" Cary asks, reasonably. "What's wrong with that? When you're in a hospital, what kind of talk do you hear? Hospital talk. When you're in a group of writers, what do you hear? Writing talk. Firemen talk about fires, business men talk about business, wives talk about husbands—so why shouldn't actors and actresses talk about acting?

"It's not egotism breaking out. Very few are ever pleased with themselves. They're all trying to improve—and they're trading ideas on how to do it."

What do you think of Cary Grant—reformed Romeo?

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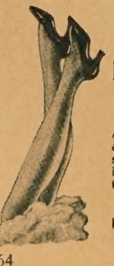

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Stardom for the Quints!

[*Continued from page* 29]

Peterson, attired in crisp white sterilized uniform seemed to be just another of their nurses. There is a question as to which one will steal the show. Marie, who was still crawling when the picture was shot, may be outstanding for that very reason, and too, perhaps, because she seems to be the one to whom the others look as a leader.

A few of the picture highlights show how naturally the babies acted and the fact that at no time were they "tricked" into being cute. During a scene in which the five were eating, Yvonne displayed a bit of temper, shouting lustily and banging her chair with a spoon. As the cameras continued to grind, Hersholt turned to Yvonne and said, "Now lady, behave yourself." Immediately Yvonne ceased her wailing and laughed as though she had played a good joke on the actor-doctor.

DOROTHY PETERSON, who has the leading feminine rôle in *The Country Doctor,* if you don't count the babies themselves, admits that she has never had a more wonderful experience. "I miss those babies," she said recently during the shooting of other scenes which took place in Hollywood Studio. "I love them. Marie is the tiniest. Yvonne is the largest and a regular little adventurer. Cecile smiles the most and Annette is the most mischievous. Emilie is serious as can be, but every bit as darling as her sisters."

It is Dr. Dafoe himself who sets at rest any fears that picture-acting may have arrested the healthy progress of the quintuplets in the important business of growing up. He expressed entire satisfaction with the work of the film company and about the babies says, "They have all shown weight gains and distinct general improvement. They have also gained financially and, although I saw my only movie, *Sunshine Susie,* several years ago and therefore may not be a good judge, I am sure the quintuplets have performed admirably for their director, Mr. Henry King, and will not disappoint their admirers."

The only accident to occur during the entire picture took place after a morning's work was over. Jean Hersholt, an amateur camera enthusiast, took his camera to North Bay to shoot some snow scenes. He slipped on the ice, fell into a culvert and had to stay away from work for two days.

Audiences who see *The Country Doctor* may be assured that here, for the first time, are movie stars who have never been voice-tested. Their voices, however, are not disguised by microphone tricks and sound exactly as they did when their "da-da-da's" were uttered.

Perhaps at a later date the quintuplets may make another movie, in which they will actually speak, but that will not be for a long time. The reason is that they are learning to speak French first, it being the language used by their mother. English will come later, and Hollywood will simply have to wait until they learn their A B C's.

More news about the Quintuplets in April SCREEN BOOK. Don't miss it!

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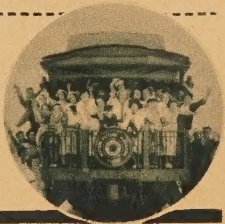

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Jean Parker's Private Diary

[*Continued from page* 31]

again. She danced with him. She thought he danced divinely.

When she walked onto the gangplank of the boat, there he stood, arms filled with roses. His grin told her—he wasn't a gangster. She'd get even! So she ran up and kissed him in front of the crowd. Then she learned he was the editor of a big New York newspaper, whom producer Cohn had asked to give one more thrill to Hollywood's youngster, visiting for the first time, the world's largest city.

I WISH there were space to give you her diary from shipboard. She explored the engine-rooms; the kitchens. One midnight, she felt hungry and decided on a "hot-dog." She discovered an English waiter on an English steamer had never heard of that American delicacy. It took her thirty minutes to explain; she finally drew a picture. The fun she had helping comedian Eugene Pallette award the prizes for the ship's games! She was so atingle she finally locked herself in her room for a whole day to write and read and think. "I needed to be alone to understand how so many wonderful things could happen!"

July 11th: "Rather sad, somehow, that this is our last night. I walked a long time on deck as I stood on the stern, drenched in *both* fog and moonlight. I had a strange experience. The sea was calm and where the ship cut through formed itself into a huge mound of black jelly, with a great swirl of white lace at the side. The horns, as always, were weird. All this disturbed quiet memories, making me feel quite individual in my gloom."

The quiet memories—which are not so quiet—were of Pancho, the girlhood friend whom Jean adored throughout high school and her first years in pictures. Last spring, they separated. Jean was too young to marry. To spoil her career at eighteen? Jean didn't understand; Pancho did. When "they" explained to him, he just slipped out of her life, as any gentleman would in a fairy story. But the records in her diary show she has not forgotten.

July 12th: "Our arrival at Southampton. We passed through the whole British fleet—the King's review of the fleet being just two days away. We whizzed through the beautiful English countryside on a funny little train. It is like coming upon a great treasure—my adored, fat, chalk cottages with barns to match. And London! It is a great sea of twinkly chimney pots and church spires. It is vast but doesn't impress one as being so. I just learned, this minute, I'm to play in Robert Sherwood's *The Glourie Ghost* (screen title: *The Ghost Goes West*) opposite my only favorite actor, Robert Donat. This is the *last* I ever expected!"

July 17th: "The London Tower! I shall never forget this as long as I live. It was bleak and rainy outside, intensifying the gloom of the Tower. I tingled as I walked through those dim corridors and dungeons—it had a peculiar odor—and I deeply resented people being there—even ravens lurked around the beheading blocks."

July 21st: "Spent the day with John Bentjeman, a frightfully nice film critic with a glorious sense of humor, and his wife, Penelope, on their little English farm at Uffington. Had great fun touring the lovely neighboring country by horse and buggy. How lovely the English twilight is with the church chimes and the sweet scent of flowers. I made a wish on the eye of the white Roman horse on the hill—went to evening services at Uffington. I ogled the little choir boys and quite unintentionally disrupted the usual service."

July 22nd: "Today, I met Mr. Robert Donat out at the beautiful location spot, Denham village. I have a feeling he was as shy as I was!"

August 2nd: "Since tomorrow is an English Bank holiday, I do not work so I went out, all grand, to see *The Ballet Russe.* I cannot conceive such perfection and was so thrilled I actually wept through part of it. I promised myself this night that I shall study dancing when I return because I feel I shall never be happy until I at least try."

JEAN'S first ambition was to become a dancer. She refused to go into pictures for many weeks because she wanted to become a great dancer, or artist, rather than an actress!

August 3rd and 4th: "Here I am in Paris! Jessie and I decided on the spur of the moment to fly here this morning. I awakened to the most beautiful church chimes—went to Versailles. It was truly magnificent but somehow made me feel quite sad. I do wish Paris had a king. How glorious and alive it must have been when there was a king at Versailles. I rather wish I hadn't seen it in its loneliness. At tea, the Prince of Wales was seated at the table nearest us. I like him lots. He seems very modest and unassuming."

August 7th: "Today I began my scenes with Mr. Donat. I didn't dream I should play opposite him quite so soon. I'm glad today is over—what an awful time I had. I've never been so shy and awkward—feeling much like a small child. In my efforts to conceal this, I managed to say always the wrong thing—else I was tongue-tied—even to forgetting my lines! He's very genuine—has a marvellous sense of humor and is everything I imagined him to be."

August 10th: "Today was too lovely! At tea time, I was gorgeously surprised (on the set) with a lovely English birthday cake—all white with tiny, lighted candles on top! Rene Clair, my beloved director, presented it to me with a kiss on each cheek. Also great armfuls of red roses! Well, ever since I began working with Mr. Clair, I've been struck dumb with hero worship and I'm afraid his thoughtfulness and kindness were too much for me—I nearly put the little candles out with my joy-tears."

August 11th: "Sunday. My nineteenth birthday. I humbly begin another chapter of my eventful life. Thus far, I have learned three invaluable things. First, and most essential to happiness, 'The Golden Rule.' Secondly, that 'people judge you by your own valuation,' and third, my text that I learned from my dear friend, Constance Collier—this

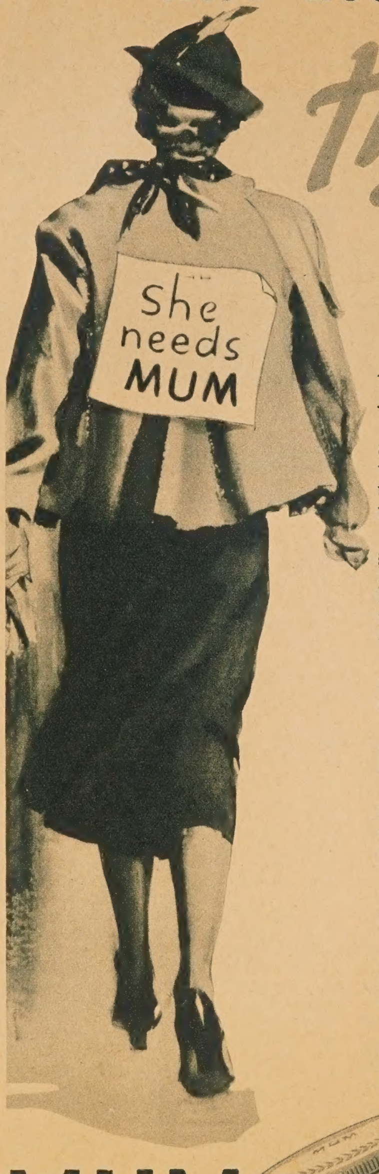
I keep in my heart always." (She refuses to tell anybody!)

"Tonight, my heart is overflowing and I guess I feel a bit philosophical. What wonderful things you can command if you try to be devotedly sincere and honest . . . We went to Sokes Poges, where Sir Thomas Gray wrote his beautiful *Elegy Within A Country Churchyard*. I sat for a long time under the very old Yew tree where it was created. We also went to Chalfont St. Ailes and thrilled at Milton's Cottage, where he wrote the greater part of *Paradise Lost*. It seems incredible that he sold his first copy for ten pounds (fifty dollars)."

August 21st: "Today, I saw a great many of the cut rushes from the picture —I'd never in my life been so heartsick and disappointed. I know I have never yet been pleased with anything I've done on the screen but it's maddening to sit there looking at the person who is myself—absolutely myself. I think I shall never, never get over the awful embarrassment of those brazen close-ups. I don't really know what I expected—I'm well aware I'm not beautiful or even pretty—but that truly doesn't bother me because I learned long ago that sincerity is far more important—but something shrivels inside me when I realize I am what I create on the screen and all eyes can see the creator. I've never felt this way before but I've never played a straight part before and probably will never get a chance to play another. A straight lead has me licked!"

August 22nd: "I feel a bit sheepish about what I wrote last night. I went on the set this morning determined to forget about myself. Just before lunch, Mr. Donat and I were rehearsing a rather amusing scene when I felt someone looking at me and turned around to find Ruth Biery—I can't describe how grand it was to see a familiar face—and one who believes in me as no one ever did. I got a terrible scolding from her for being a bit discouraged. She told me Mr. Clair and Mr. Donat are well pleased with my work. I was so happy I wanted to cry so I did—I'm afraid the new studio, the new country and actually working with people I've admired so long has been almost too great a strain —but watch me now! Ruth reminded me she knew me when nothing mattered —of how happy I was in just preparing myself and dreaming of the wonderful things I hoped to achieve. This has done something to me inside."

AND I had to promise to leave this in her diary before she would let me copy it, the day before I sailed. I wish I could give it all to you but there is not space. I will tell you, however, I am going to keep it always for, you see, I did know little Jean when she was just little Mae Green, a high school youngster. And she *didn't* pay attention to things around her, then. She would stand behind great piles of dirty dishes, automatically washing and wiping, while she looked through the window at the sun-tipped California mountains and dream of the day when she would be a great dancer or a great painter and travel to Europe. She forgot dishes; she forgot she was working her way through school; she forgot she had only a couple of dresses. She was the little dream-girl, so much like a Cinderella that you just knew she would be whisked out of that kitchen and away to love, excitement, romance, success—and Europe!



Do you know anybody who deserves *this tag?*

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"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

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CORN PLASTER

Plain Talk About Beauty

[*Continued from page* 44]

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap faintly scents and cleanses your skin

Colonial Dames All-purpose Cream contains 2,000 units of Vitamin D

Above: For applying lotions and powder, use convenient Couettes made by Johnson and Johnson

Below: Campana's Dreskin invigorates the skin

Above: Rose and white is the color scheme of Lady Esther's attractive rouges and lip-sticks

Don't use soap and water alone or cleansing cream alone. Use both! First apply a penetrating liquefying cream that spreads quickly and easily, rubbing it on the skin lightly with an upward-outward motion, allow it to remain on for a minute and then remove it with tissues. It is especially important that you use disposable tissues rather than used towels, when you have an oily skin, for this type of skin is generally susceptible to infection from contact with grime.

In cleansing your skin with soap and water, be sure that the soap is bland and pure and that the water is as soft (non-alkaline) as possible and *quite* warm. The action of the soap and warm water will remove all vestiges of cream from the skin as well as traces of natural oil and grime.

You'll find a complexion brush a real aid, especially if your oily skin has, as most of them do, a tendency toward large pores and blackheads. A brush with stiff bristles could definitely harm the texture of even a thick epidermis; but there are several excellent complexion brushes on the market with flexible bristles that afford a beneficial "massage." After you have scrubbed your face thoroughly, rinse it, first in warm, then cool, then cold water, to close the pores *gradually*. Then to check facial oil, apply an astringent or skin tonic liberally, using a piece of cotton to smooth it on evenly. Let this liquid dry on the skin, to increase its effectiveness, then use a powder base. A liquid powder or cake powder is considered more suitable for an oily skin than a heavy cream, which might *add* to the oiliness.

Apply your powder next, using a medium weight. Formerly it was the fashion to use extremely heavy powders on an oily skin, to absorb the natural oil as it poured out on the skin surface. But this practice is frowned on now, because it was found that very heavy powder had a tendency to clog the pores. Don't use too *much* face powder, either, if your skin is oily.

Dry rouge comes next. After—not before—your powder base and rouge. It should be fine-grained and easy to blend.

On page 44, Miss Burgess is illustrating a beauty practice that is a real aid toward keeping your skin clear and fresh. She's using a liquid cleanser and invigorator as a *quick* clean-up. Recommended for the office, especially, where you can't resort to cream and soap and water.

Even though your skin *is* oily, you need a good tissue or lubricating cream, particularly around the eyes, where lines are apt to form unless you ward them off with a nightly application of a rich cream or oil. Pat the cream in gently around the eyes, forehead, mouth and throat, leave it on for a few minutes and then remove with tissues.

Most of the corrective preparations for oily skin mentioned in the foregoing routine are represented in the group of photos shown here. For instance, there is a pure, bland soap—Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet—formerly in the twenty-five class, now reduced to ten cents a cake. Cashmere Bouquet comes wrapped first in a layer of oiled paper, then a cardboard carton, and finally the attractive outer cover of glazed paper you see in the photo. All this—so that the soap will retain its enchanting fragrance (a blend of seventeen scents) after it reaches your bath room.

In the second photo you see a box of Johnson & Johnson Couettes—squares of cotton, cut and packed conveniently for dressing table use. There are four dozen pads in this pretty pink and blue carton which sells for only ten cents. Couettes have a dozen uses—as powder puffs, for applying all types of lotions, for removing creams (moisten Couettes for this task), for manicuring, for blending powder and rouge smoothly, for removing excess eye make-up.

If you are searching for a three-purpose liquid—one to act as an astringent, a stimulant and a cleanser—you should try Campana's Dreskin. This pale green liquid in its simple green and white container, does all these things with finesse. Dreskin feels so refreshing and exhilarating on the skin that it would be a treat to use it, even if it *didn't* perform all those services for your complexion!

In December I gave you a partial picture of the new Lady Esther Rouges and Lipsticks—but here I have an entire set assembled. Reading from left to right in the photo are: the fifty-five cent lipstick and rouge compact, the twenty cent and the ten cent. With the exception of the 10 cent rouge compact, which is gold metal, all of these new Lady Esther containers are done in rose and white enamel, to harmonize with the rose and white jars of cream.

That is Colonial Dames All-Purpose Cream in the fifth photo—the jar, a pretty rose, black and white affair, with an official looking stamp pasted on it. The stamp tells you that the cream is irradiated with 2,000 units of certified Vitamin D. Because Vitamin D is the "Sunshine Vitamin" and of recognized value in skin care, these 2,000 certified units are not to be taken lightly! This combination cleanser and tissue cream is made with almond oil and has a faint, creamy tint. It is quick-melting and penetrating and extremely pleasant to use. The price is $1 a jar.

I must tell you about another Colonial Dames preparation which I am most enthusiastic about . . . It's a powder base called Colonial Dames Beautifier. And *honestly* named, for it gives your skin a smooth smartly-dull finish that is lovely. It's grand for anyone with oily skin that persists in shining through face powder. I've tested this Beautifier on several people, and they all report that it keeps their skin freshly made up even after six or eight hours of partying! It is a sort of cake powder and to use it, you moisten a small sponge, rub it across the surface of the beautifier and then smooth this amount on the skin. It's *so* easy to do. Scarcely streaks at all as you apply it, and when it does, you can blot out the streak with cleansing tissues before it dries. Besides giving your skin a mat-like foundation for powder, it also has pleasant mild astringent properties. It, too, costs $1.

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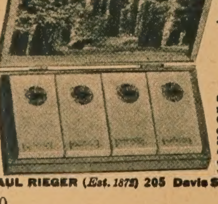

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Behind the Mystery of Myrna Loy

[*Continued from page 27*]

Spencer Tracy, working with her in *Whipsaw*, couldn't at first figure her out. He'd just come from the *Riffraff* set, where he and Jean Harlow had spent their leisure moments making life merry for themselves and the rest of the gang. Here was a girl who finished her scene and retired into a corner to study her script. There must be something wrong with one of them. For a day or two he prowled about, bewildered. Then he marched himself to the aforesaid corner. "What's the matter with me?" he demanded. "Have I got leprosy or something?"

She smiled. "I've been wondering when you were going to come over and pay me a little attention."

THAT was all Tracy needed. Twenty-four hours later they were on ribbing terms. "He'd keep contrasting me with Jean," explained Miss Loy, laughter bubbling in her voice, "telling me what fun he'd had with her, what a good sport she was and what a prima donna I was. And about twenty times a day he'd remind me of Jean's victrola and how it cheered them up to have music provided on the set. So in self-defense I finally took the hint."

A glimpse of the child, Myrna Williams, who without changing in essentials grew into Myrna Loy, the actress, will perhaps explain her more clearly than anything else. She was born on a Montana ranch, of a gay, generous-hearted father and a mother who gave up for love what might been a brilliant musical career. They were people of means and intelligence and culture and, more important, they were happy people. If Myrna learned to live within herself, it was due neither to repressions nor complexes, but because she had no playmates of her own age and because a naturally fertile imagination was stimulated and satisfied by the beauty surrounding her.

Alone, or with a dog at her heels, she rode bareback among the mountain ranges under the scudding clouds, peopling the world with creatures of her own fancy and feeling the need of no other companionship. "I liked having friends nobody else could see," she said with the smile that lingers in her eyes even when it barely touches her lips. "Maybe that's the Welsh and Swedish in me. You know how they believe in the other world. Even now that I'm grown up, if someone were to tell me that the little people were around, I shouldn't doubt it." She was laughing at herself, yet she meant what she said in the way that any poet or dreamer might mean it.

As nature fed her imagination by day, music fed it by night when, in her father's arms, she would listen entranced to her mother's playing. "That," she explained, "was when I passed through the usual martyr or self-sacrifice period, deciding I'd be a nun or a nurse and spend my life doing good to others. Then I started studying dancing and grew so violently attached to the theater that I didn't really see how I could bear to be anything but an actress. I was dreadfully ashamed of myself. It wasn't nearly so noble as being a nurse, but it *was* attractive. Well, the world and the flesh won out, but it took me a long time to reconcile myself to the idea that I wasn't going to be noble."

Her brother was born when she was six, and the following winter was spent at La Jolla, memorable to Myrna because it gave her her first overwhelming glimpse of the sea which she learned to love as dearly as her native hills. Characteristically, the solitary child found a companion, not among other children, but in an old man who owned an aquarium and took her with him on his expeditions in search of specimens.

"He'd hold my hand," she recalls, "and lead me down what seemed hundreds of steps, and in the little coves below, we'd catch lobsters and eels and gather all kinds of sea weeds. He'd teach me their scientific names—I loved the sound of them—and then we'd hunt for polished shells, which he'd string into necklaces and bracelets for me. It was pretty exciting, because the tide would come pounding back at four, and I think I realized the danger, though it never occurred to me to be frightened.

"A few years later," she went on, a new kind of stillness creeping into her always quiet voice, "this happy family was plunged into darkness."

THE flu epidemic struck Helena as it struck the rest of the world. Her mother and brother came down with it first. They were getting better when Myrna awoke one night to find that she wasn't in bed where she belonged. Running a high fever, she had been walking in her sleep, and her only memory of the days that followed was of her father sitting constantly at her bedside. In Helena, as elsewhere, there weren't enough nurses to go round. So Mr. Williams took care of his daughter, relieved only by a visiting nurse who ran in at night to pack her in ice.

The crisis came and passed, and hardly had they begun to rejoice in her recovery when her father was taken ill—or rather, went to bed, since he'd been ill for days but hadn't had time to do anything about it. By that time the disease had made tragic inroads. To the sensitive child who idolized him, the house with its freight of doom became unbearable, and those who watched her stealing about with white, strained face and dread-haunted eyes sent her in pity to stay at the home of friends.

On the third day, as she wandered, a forlorn little ghost, from room to room, something happened. What she couldn't tell. "Only everything stopped, and I knew that my father was dead." Not knowing how she'd got there, she found herself in the storeroom. "Why don't I go down and ask somebody to phone?" she wondered vaguely. Then the phone rang, restoring her to conscious thought. Hoping against hope that it wasn't true, she went down to her friends. But it was true.

In a sense, her childhood ended there—with her first poignant knowledge of grief, her first burden of responsibility. Her mother, who'd never in all her life had anything to worry about, rose gallantly to the situation. But Myrna kept

CURIOUS FACTS

Paul Lukas, one of the strongest men in Hollywood, can lift a man sitting in a chair from the floor to a table *with one arm*! . . . Stunt men in Hollywood are paid $50 for a fall down one flight of stairs, with $35 for each additional flight—imagine what the stunt man for Groucho Marx received in *A Night at the Opera* when he rolled down that circular staircase. . . . Three years ago not one movie-goer would pay a dime to see a child actress by the name of Shirley Temple. Now her films earn as much as $30,000 a week in large theaters. . . . If Will Rogers had not turned down the part later played by Wallace Beery in *Ah Wilderness*, he might be alive today. The picture started shooting just as he left on his fatal air hop to Alaska.

locked in her memory a message her father had sent her before he died. "I expect you to carry on." To her that meant one thing—she must take care of her mother and little brother.

She accepted the charge literally. Through the days and years that followed, it formed the backbone of her purpose. Unable to stand the house of their happiness, they sold it and moved to California. Enough money had been left for Myrna's education. Her mother was determined she should have that, and sent her to a private school. When the authorities learned that she intended to dance or act for a living, eyebrows went up. "My dear—ladies don't do these things—it wouldn't look well for the school."

She had her mother's courage and her father's humor and the stamina of her pioneer forebears and they helped her through minor triumphs and major defeats; through the grueling drudgery of chorus dancing; through the sight of her first test, made by Valentino and Natacha Rambova, which was to have unbarred the gates of paradise but succeeded only in reducing the testee to floods of tears. "Because," she assured me solemnly, "you've rarely seen anything like it outside a Keystone comedy."

BUT the Valentino test, of which she'd been so ashamed, brought her a bit and eventually a contract and started her on that long series of rôles which popularized the indoor sport called *American into Half-Caste*. "Have you seen that Chinese girl, Myrna Loy?" "Oh, she's only half Chinese. Her mother's white." "Pardon *me*, I know for a fact that she comes straight from Siam and doesn't know a word of English."

"But there were always the smart ones," laughed the girl from Siam, "who wrote me to drop my fake pidgin English in the lake, and 'who did I think I was fooling anyway?'"

As a melodramatic menace, she had her following—mostly lukewarm. As a lady of rare charm and distinction, wise and witty and warmhearted—the kind of lady Nick Charles adored—she's brought a goodly share of the world's population to her feet. And she's done it fairly.

SUNNY
Admired by all my friends!

You too may now gain this sunny charm for yourself. Brunette or blonde you have only to lighten your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The scientific preparation for beautifying the hair quickly and easily at home.
BLONDES: To have really soft, natural *golden* hair use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. If your hair is merely darkened, faded or streaked rinse with Marchand's to restore its former lightness and natural lustre.
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BLONDES and BRUNETTES use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make unnoticeable all "superfluous" hair—on face, arms or legs.
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Please let me try the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order) for a full-sized bottle.

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City.................................State.....................FP 336

PRIZE-WINNERS!

Announcing the many winners in SCREEN BOOK'S great $1500 contest!

AFTER careful deliberation, the judges in SCREEN BOOK's Picture Contest Series announce the winners whose letters on *Top Hat, The Three Musketeers* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* were selected as the best of the thousands received.

Look over the lists of the winners appearing on this page. Are you among the fortunate ones?

1. $250.00
   M. Dewey Doan, 1406 W. Lafayette Ave., Jacksonville, Illinois
2. Course in Commercial Designing or Illustrating—Federal Schools, Inc.
   Bernice Huck, Britton, S. Dak.
3. $150.00
   Mrs. Fred Curtis, McCracken, Kansas
4. $100.00
   Homer E. Minor, Plainview, Texas
5. Crosley Merrimac Radio ($79.50)
   Geraldine Force, 214 South 4th St., Vandalia, Ill.
6. Max Factor De Luxe Make-up Kit ($25.00)
   Isabel Verbella, 465 West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
7. Max Factor De Luxe Make-up Kit ($25.00)
   Fay Elliott Bassler, 431 Turrentine Ave., Gadsden, Alabama
8. Toastmaster Hospitality Tray ($21.50)
   Rosalie Laux, c/o Richard Whitney & Co., 15 Broad St., N. Y. C.
9. Toastmaster Hospitality Tray ($21.50)
   Lois Briggs, 898 18th Ave., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
10. Toastmaster Hospitality Tray ($21.50)
    Ada L. Sauter, 11 Clio Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
11. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Cosmetics ($8.50)
    Alice E. Barber, 849 East State St., Trenton, N. J.
12. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Cosmetics ($7.00)
    Susan Conlin, 214 Chesterfield Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa.
13. Harriet Hubbard Ayer gift package ($3.50)
    Mrs. Burton J. Smith, Boyd & Mechanic Sts., Cape May Court House, N. J.

14th to 114th—$1.00 Tattoo South Sea Make-up Kits. (Winners of these prizes will receive their make-up kits promptly and their names will appear in the next issue of SCREEN BOOK.)

GRAND PRIZE LETTER

By M. Dewey Doan

WHO gives the best performance in *Top Hat?* Fred Astaire, because . . . *Top Hat is* Fred Astaire. This musical "comedy of errors," from the opening scene to the mad syncopated fadeout is wholly motivated by the tempo he maintains throughout. His clever acting, smooth irony, subtle drollery, sly humor, his look askance—support his talent every instant.

His remarkable rhythm revealed in his dancing, alone or with his co-star, Ginger Rogers, held me entranced; the recitative songs with their delightful tunes, the catchy dialogue and artistic stage effects placed *Top Hat,* to my mind, the season's hit, and Astaire "Tops!"

Last Days of Pompeii CONTEST WINNERS

1. Leather Traveling Bag ($30.00)
   Miss Leontine Brennan, 2369 N. Villere St., New Orleans, La.
2. Ladies' Leather Jacket ($27.50)
   Mrs. Irene D. Eldridge, 5909 Carpenter St., Philadelphia, Pa.
3. Monocraft Initial Purse ($15.00)
   Inez Glenn Harding, Wilton Junction, Iowa.
4. Lady's Comb and Brush Set ($10.00)
   Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.
5. Set of Luxor Cosmetics ($10.00)
   Mrs. Paul A. Carlson, 1104 Main St., Whitewater, Wis.

6th to 15th. Helena Rubinstein Compacts ($5.00)

Sally Rothrock, 819 Inverness Ave., Louisville, Ky.; Mabel T. Dewsnup, Gridley, Calif.; Mrs. Bessie Westfall, Wadena, Minn.; Rubye M. Chapman, 802 S. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Henry Myers, 83 East Washington St., Hornell, N. Y.; Mrs. Emma A. Brown, 42 Samoset St., Plymouth, Mass.; Maydell M. Combs, 709 South Trenton, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mrs. R. J. Moorcroft, c/o P. O. Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mrs. C. M. Cassidy, 986 Ashbury St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. L. B. Peffer, 703 W. Washington, Greenwood, Miss.

16th to 25th—One Year's Subscription to SCREEN BOOK

Edna Ralston, 1741 K St., Lincoln, Nebr.; Vivian G. Coburn, 703 Laura St., Jacksonville, Fla.; Laura Taylor, 3941 N. "L" St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Marguerite Bivens, Box 291, Midland, Texas; F. E. Sweeney, 3518 89th St., Jackson Heights, L. I.; Lawrence W. Hall, Box 358, Douglas, Wyoming; Edith J. Turpin, 2921 Francis Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Mr. Albert Manski, 69 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.; Sharon Saum, 603 Capitol St., Yankton, S. Dakota.

The Three Musketeers CONTEST WINNERS

1. Margot Grahame's Purse ($25.00)
   Mrs. Carrie B. Schmidt, 916 Galapago St., Denver, Colorado.
2. Heather Angel's Compact ($15.00)
   Carole-Dawn Christiansen, New Salem, North Dakota.
3. Rosamond Pinchot's Dressing Table Powder Set ($10.00)
   Mrs. Vesta McLaughlin, Bloomfield, Indiana.

4th to 15th—Autographed Copies of "The Three Musketeers"

Mrs. A. L. Strout, Prospect Harbor, Maine; Mrs. A. M. Weil, 4625 N. Mervine St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Veit, 385 S. Sixth St., Columbus, Ohio; Imogene Bing, 17 S. High St., Columbus, Ohio; Margaret Thornton 9th Floor, 15 E. 53rd St., N. Y. C.; Clara Beth Russell, 736 Utah Ave., Butte, Montana; Mrs. Jessie Peterson, 2384 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. B. D. Procter, 901 E. Moreland St., Phoenix, Arizona; Mrs. Earl F. Magee, 4127 Brown St., Philadelphia Pa.; Mrs George S. Nelson, 1329 Westminster Ave, Salt Lake City, Utah; Theodora Skald, 2434-A Post St., San Francisco, Calif.; Katharine Holt, 2916 12th Ave. N., Birmingham, Ala.

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FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. A-106, Marshall, Michigan.

Hollywood Shop Talk

[*Continued from page* 52]

of chiffon to match your gown and tack little rosebuds—or any small flat flower—all over it. Or maybe you'd like Anne Shirley's idea which is a little velvet choker with big velvet petals attached to it. Any girl could make one and it makes a nice topper to a low cut evening frock.

FOR their personal wardrobes (and that is what the majority of you write me you want to hear about) many of the stars are now acquiring Palm Springs togs. Lettie Lee has done a very good looking sharkskin outfit for Ann Rutherford. It has a slim white skirt with side pleats and one big pouch pocket. The bodice of the frock is black sheer with short sleeves striped in red, yellow and white. The outfit has a sleeveless jacket which fastens down the front with three big white buttons and blouses slightly at the waist. Ann wears black shoes with this to match the black of the blouse.

And I must tell you about Madge Evans new overall outfit. They're labeled beach wear but Madge wears hers around the house and when she's dashing about in her car. The overalls are knitted which gives them a grand fit and they have gay little imitation silver buttons on the pockets and straps. The plaid shirt of navy blue and red is knitted too. They only cost about five dollars and they are brand, brand new. Madge has a pair of navy blue linen sandals to wear with the overalls.

Madge, of course, has a weakness for sport things. I saw her the other day in a new vagabond type felt hat with a leather dog collar for a band. She had one of those doggy little fobs to match the collar.

And while we're in the gadget department I know you will be interested to know that the latest craze to hit Hollywood is zodiac jewelry. It comes in clips or pins or bracelets. The jewelry is made of wood with the signs of the zodiac carved or painted thereon. Of course there's a zodiacal sign for each month of the year and the trick is to wear the sign that corresponds with your birth date. And while I don't vouch for this, Una Merkel and Mary Carlisle and Maureen O'Sullivan and all of the girls who have purchased this jewelry insist that their luck has absolutely changed for the better since they've been wearing it. In other words, it works like the proverbial rabbit's foot. And it only costs a dollar, if you want to experiment.

And now before I say goodbye for this month, I want to thank you for many, many letters. It's fun to help you with your clothes problems. And remember always, the smart girl is the one who *plans* before she buys.

FREE FASHION ADVICE

Grace Mack will gladly help with your fashion problems. Address her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for personal reply. (Use U. S. Postage Only.)

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I LOVE YOUR CAREFREE DISPOSITION!
ROMANCE PAST!
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3 YEARS LATER
HEARTBURN'S MADE YOU JUST A LOUSE—
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3
DON'T TAKE YOUR WOES TO RENO, DEAR—
GIVE HIM TUMS—AND STAY RIGHT HERE!
HAPPY END!
4
YOU'RE PERFECT NOW—WE WILL NOT SEVER—
I LOVE YOU, DARLING—MORE THAN EVER!

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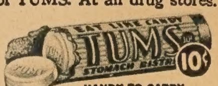

Watch for April SCREEN BOOK, the only magazine completely edited by a famous star. Carole Lombard has accepted the editorship of the next issue, and promises that it will be filled to the brim with exciting stories, beautiful portraits and her own story on fashions for the modern girl.

HOW A QUICK, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC

changed my name from "Miss" to "Mrs."

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life.

It was at Jane Smith's party. I found myself sitting alone as usual. I had nothing to offer—no musical ability at all. Mary Nelson came over to talk to me. She was a wonderful pianist and the life of every party. "I wish I could play like you, Mary," I said. Imagine my surprise when Mary told me she had never had a teacher in her life.

Then Mary told me about the wonderful method perfected by the U. S. School of Music. No teacher, no weary scales, no tiresome hours of practise. You learn real music right from the start. That very night I sent for the Free Book and Demonstration lesson.

I never dreamed that playing the piano was so simple. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorite pieces almost before I knew it. Then came the night that proved the turning point in my whole life. I went to a party and this time I had something to offer. My friends were amazed when I sat down at the piano and played song after song. Before the evening was over I was invited to three parties, and it wasn't long before I met Tom, who shortly afterwards asked me to be his wife.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

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HOLLYWOOD HOME HINTS

by JANE CARROLL

Marion Talley, popular opera star who is now a member of the film colony, has a special thermometer to help her keep tab on the temperature

MARION TALLEY proves to the readers of SCREEN BOOK, that California has about the world's best weather. However, even though she thinks the weather in Southern California is simply grand, she is highly interested in the temperature of her apartment. A cold might ruin her voice for keeps and, after all, her voice is her fortune, for she is a Grand Opera star. She takes great comfort in the accuracy of her little Rochester Thermometer. It is her best insurance against colds and should be yours, if you don't already have protection like this. There is room and a reason for a Rochester in every home.

• • •

LET me tell you something we saw in the kitchen of a very famous star's home: It was a bar of good old-fashioned Fels-Naptha soap. Here are her words on the subject, "My laundress told me about it and she says that it contains lots of naptha and good clean golden soap. Ever since we have started using it around here, I have noticed a great change in the quality of the wash. My things come in from the line just twice as clean and fresh smelling as they ever have before and the old tell-tale grey is banished forever."

• • •

HONESTLY, you should see Molly O'Day's new baby girl. She is, without doubt, one of the cutest yet to be born to a film star. She's just a chubby little bundle of sunshine and Molly watches her diet and weight so closely to keep her that way. However, those new scales that Molly has take care of the weight situation very well and entertains baby at the same time. She has one of those new Counselor baby scales that plays Rock-A-Bye Baby as soon as the baby is put on the scales.

[*Continued on page* 86]

Irene Dunne, the Magnificent Lady

[*Continued from page 33*]

cold glass," Miss Dunne instructed the victim.

Dipping into the bicarb, she tossed a spoonful and more into the hot glass. Maybe there was too much water, or too much soda—or something. At any rate, the fizzing turned into proportions of a minor volcano. Foam shot into the air, down across her white furniture, ending up on the green carpet like a vagrant spray from the ocean.

The guest was appalled. He stood there transfixed, undecided whether to run for the mop or grab the glass.

"Drink it, drink it!" shouted the surprised actress as the foam diminished and the potency of her "cocktail" receded.

He drank. And may it be recorded here that the following morning his cold was all gone, so help us!

When she decided to build a home in Holmby Hills, down near the Pacific Ocean, Irene Dunne conceived plans herself. And it wasn't an oversight that she failed to include a bedroom for herself!

"I've always had a theory that bedrooms should be more than sleeping rooms," says Miss Dunne. "They ought to be just about like the modern kitchen—informal gathering places for whatever of the family there is at home.

"So my wing of the house meets those specifications exactly. It's more of a sitting room than a bedroom. There's a sort of powder room over on one side. And there's room for a desk, along with several comfortable chairs. And the bed? Oh, it's not in the bedroom at all! It's in a little alcove to one side, with glass doors between. There's not even room for a chair in that little nook. How's that for a bright idea?"

NOW it looks like the basement will be another attraction. You see, most California homes are built for mild weather. Thin walls, and doubtful heating systems. Well, Irene Dunne won't belittle the southland's sunshine, but she has her own opinion of drafty houses, even in Tahiti.

So there is going to be a marvelous heating system, with all the air conditioning gadgets and what-nots. The basement will be spic and span, with the furnace clean enough to have silver bows tied around its waist. When young couples go over the plans with her, all the husbands are deeply interested in the cellar. And that's given her another idea. It looks now like there will be plush seats or something down below, where the amateur engineers can sit and gloat over the swell heating plant.

Irene Dunne hasn't gone in much for parties in Hollywood. But she is looking forward to the completion of her home because it will mark a new phase in her very quiet existence when she is away from her husband. Here she will have small groups of friends in for a pleasant evening. And it won't be all sophisticated talk, either. They will play parlor games, try a few hands at bridge, and reminisce about old times in New York.

Irene Dunne was born in Louisville, where mint julips are a fact and every self-respecting Southerner is a colonel. Her father was Capt. Joseph J. Dunne, builder of boats plying the Ohio River. The good Captain had his heart set on his beautiful daughter being a real lady. So her childhood was overbounding in exclusive academies and excellent manners at home. She still shows some of the Southern traits that are rightfully hers. And she doesn't care to have us go into the obvious fact that her father certainly made a lady out of her.

Perhaps it is that quality of good breeding that attracts men among her following. Even the camera registers the brilliant mind behind her quiet beauty. And you cannot be with her for five minutes without realizing that here is a brilliant conversationalist who could easily make you self-conscious if she tried! But Irene Dunne is not of that sort.

Her all-around ability in every day life is one of the marvels of Hollywood. She is not of an athletic type, yet she is one of the few Hole-in-One club members in the colony! Golfing is her favorite diversion. She likes table tennis, too, and plays a bang-up game.

Although she has been in Hollywood only a few years, she has been "tops" from the very first picture, *Cimarron.* With *Magnificent Obsession* just completed, Miss Dunne is getting the thrill of her life doing *Show Boat* on the same lot. That's the stage play that brought her her greatest fame on Broadway. The critics are expecting big things from both of the pictures because they believe, even as you and I, that Irene Dunne can handle any assignment no matter how big, and do it perfectly.

MINUTE INTERVIEW

UNA MERKEL

"WHAT was the most unusual thing about *Riffraff?* Well, outside of Jean Harlow's grand work, I'd say it was the prison scenes with the baby. On the screen only one baby appears, but there were actually *four*! Because a baby can be photographed only for a few brief minutes, two sets of twins were used to play the part of one child. In each set of twins there was one child who was cheerful and another who cried easily. So, when you see the scenes with the baby, you'll know that when the baby laughs, it's one child and when it cries it's another. I don't think anyone can detect where one baby is exchanged for another—they look so much alike!"

CURIOUS FACTS

Although critics and box office ratings show that Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich are not as popular in this country as they once were, both are still the greatest money-makers in Europe . . . Franchot Tone gave Joan Crawford a crystal watch for Christmas, and she gave him a new bedroom! . . . *The Country Doctor,* starring the Dionne Quintuplets, will have the greatest première ever staged in movie history, opening simultaneously in three hundred theaters on March 20th.

If you feel tired, nervous and out of sorts

—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly

DON'T try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

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The Male of the Month

[*Continued from page* 16]

asked me where he could find a student to run the hotel switchboard, between school hours. That was my cue—and did I take it! I worked my way through another year of college as a 'hello boy.' "

No one knows where the "actin' bug" entered the family line, least of all Donald. All he knew was that he'd spent a lot of time studying dramatics, and had to get a job as soon as school closed. His mother, living in Long Beach, California, wrote that a stock company was being formed there, so Donald bought a ticket and was on his way.

"I had only a dollar and a half in my pocket after paying bus fare," said Woods, waving away the cigarette I offered him. "But I splurged—on a small elegant chicken dinner. Then, wearing my usual college clothes, cords and jacket and a tan shirt, I started off for the theater."

Able to flash a convincing grin after doing away with the big meal, Donald captured the manager in the lobby and gave a whirlwind sales-talk about the long list of plays he'd done. Of course they were only school plays, but he conveniently forgot that detail in the heat of his enthusiasm. He was hired on the spot!

"If you'd worn a pair of spats and carried a cane, it would have been no go," the manager told Donald afterwards. "What he didn't know," laughed the actor, "is that I'd never owned a pair in my life."

HAVING saved about fifty dollars by the time the show closed fifteen weeks later, Woods knew that if he wanted to stick with the theater, he'd have to secure a job in some other town where a stock company was in operation. That called for prompt action and a real splurge. So—he got married!

"I guess we were about the most young and romantic pair that ever bought a ring," grinned Donald. "So we went down to old Mexico, where the ceremony was read by a sad-eyed Mexican with a gray beard. Returning from a two-day honeymoon, we had just five dollars left. So I bought my brand new wife a brand new hat!"

On that same night a telegram arrived, calling the actor to work in a stock company in Memphis. The leading lady in the Long Beach show had recommended him for the part.

When the actor's wife, née the Baroness Josephine Van der Horck, joined her husband in Waco, Texas, weeks later, he greeted her at the station with the news that the show was "swell" but they weren't paying any salaries.

"So we spent the only forty-five cents I had, for a taxi ride to the hotel five blocks away, signed the bill for dinner and a good crowd at the theater that night resulted in my getting a long overdue check.

"Another time we pulled into Los Angeles at the end of a stock tour with a hundred and ten dollars. The hundred went for the month's rent of a smart little apartment, and the ten provided a welcome home dinner for ourselves and some friends.

"By the time coffee and dessert arrived," said Donald, reaching for a huge chocolate bon-bon on the table at his side, "my manager was on the phone. He asked me to come right over to San Gabriel to take the lead in John Steven McGroarty's play *Osceola.* The leading man had broken his leg, the agent said, and I was expected to learn the part and be ready to 'go on' the following evening."

With Josephine supplying him with steaming cups of coffee to keep him awake, Donald studied all night. There was one rehearsal in the afternoon. He went into the evening show and played it through perfectly. Enthusiastic over the actor's accomplishment, McGroarty insisted that Woods remain with the company for the rest of the season.

"If I'd saved that money instead of spending it for the apartment and dinner, I probably wouldn't have had the nerve to try 'getting up in the part' in less than twenty-four hours. By deliberately putting myself on the spot, I had to make good."

ONE Christmas Eve Donald found himself in New York with but eighteen dollars and no work. He had just finished a number of radio broadcasts and was in the middle of a "lull."

"By this time I had a definite superstition that spending my last dime would help me get a job. So I invited sixteen friends to a Christmas celebration and invested the bank roll in refreshments and eats. I bought a few 'gag' presents from the ten cent store."

The party proved to be one of those happy affairs that last until dawn. One of the guests had to sing on an early Christmas program. Donald accompanied him to the radio station, and bumped into a man who literally begged him to do a series of electrical transcriptions for a recording company. Woods accepted and got a hundred dollars on the spot to bind the deal.

All of these "pinch-hitting" escapades had given the actor a lot of self-reliance and valuable experience.

"I wanted to be ready for that final big splurge into Hollywood and the movies, when the time was ripe." Donald shifted in his chair and reached for another bon-bon.

"Max Arnow, casting director for Warner Brothers, saw me in *Counselor at Law* and asked me to come to Hollywood for a screen test.

You'll remember him in *Merry Wives of Reno, Fog Over Frisco,* opposite Irene Dunne in *Sweet Adeline, Florentine Dagger, Charlie Chan's Courage, Case of the Curious Bride,* and his most current films, *We're in the Money, Tale of Two Cities* with Ronald Colman, and *Frisco Kid* with Jimmy Cagney.

"People obsessed with fear of being broke," he believes, "those who hang desperately to their last few dollars, are often so scared that they're unable to take advantage of opportunity when it does come their way. Splurging," said Woods seriously, "has always helped me convince myself that I wasn't afraid.

"If a man spends his last dollar, or deliberately sits himself on a red-hot griddle, it's certain he'll get into action in a hurry. And maybe," concluded Donald, "maybe that's the reason I'm sitting in a patio today, instead of on a park bench."

New Film Notes

[*Continued from page* 11]

aroused gendarmerie and then falls in love with him in a Spanish villa presided over by a jealous fellow crook, you're hardly in for what might be called a quiet evening at the movies.

Gary, of course, always has been and always will be the same old "Coop" with the same easy charm and smile, but Marlene has become a new person. When I first knew her she was completely unpredictable and apt to be moody. But not now. She's suddenly emerged and with the new openness has appeared an almost unsuspected and swell sense of humor. Gone is the day of tiptoes and whispers on the carefully-guarded Dietrich set. Wise-cracks snap through the air and there's a feeling of camaraderie that ought to be mentioned here in view of all the guff that's been printed heretofore about her unapproachableness. You'll like this new Marlene. And Gary will always be aces up. Add Borzage to that combination and you've got *Desire*—in a big way!

"They have succeeded in portraying for the screen what Ziegfeld meant in the world of lights, music and glorified girls."—Luise Rainer in a scene from *The Great Ziegfeld*

"Harriet Hoctor again rises to the tips of her unbelievable toes."—Scene from *The Great Ziegfeld*

"Say, big boy," Mae West murmured to Vic McLaglen, "I thought you were going to protect me, not wrestle with me."—Scene from *Klondike Lou*

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

Hollywood's Astonishing Extravaganza

GLORIOUS girls in breath-taking costumes, huge, scintillant revolving sets, disappearing columns ornamented by living statues, lions crouched between the flashing feet of exquisite ballet girls and a host of the original Ziegfeld stars . . . it sounds rather like a circus ballyhoo, but it's there. And, more important, it's *Ziegfeld*!

As Bill Powell, who plays the part of the magnificent impresario, told me, the story is not just a biography any more than his own work is an impersonation. They have succeeded in portraying for the screen what Florenz Ziegfeld meant in the world of lights, music, glorified girls and everything that spells Broadway.

In doing that, one of the strangest things in the history of the theater has occurred. A famous actress, Myrna Loy, is faced with the task of playing the rôle of an equally famous actress in real life, Billie Burke, Flo's widow. Throughout the building of this monument in celluloid, Billie Burke has been on the set. She helped to pick Bill Powell as her late husband and Myrna as herself. She has worked with both of them with gallant humor and understanding on those trivia of action and mannerism that so keenly delineate a character—

[*Continued on page* 78]

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New Film Notes

[*Continued from page 77*]

the roll and droop of Flo's cigar, the restless tapping of his fingers, the things he would have done and those he wouldn't.

From Broadway, road-shows, cabarets and retirement have flocked the troupers that rode the crest of stardom under the Ziegfeld banner—Ann Pennington does her buck-and-wing, Harriet Hoctor again rises to the tips of her unbelievable toes, Gilda Grey does her shimmy that shook the world to the tune of *'Neath the South-Sea Moon* played by a chorus of ukuleles, and Fanny Brice re-emerges to do her fan dance clad in long, woolen underwear and to sing *My Man* and *Fiddle in the Middle of Your Yiddle*. Even many of the sets are duplicates of those designed for Ziegfeld and the story was written by his own playwright, William Anthony McGuire.

Is it any wonder that everyone in the picture feels the atmosphere of "Flo?" Is it any wonder that even the impervious, suave Bill Powell has seemed somewhat to soften without losing any of his easy flash? For example, Ziegfeld was noted for his kindness to the people who worked for him regardless of prominence. He invariably called off rehearsals at four in the afternoon for sandwiches, cokes or whatever they wanted and footed the bills personally. When the picture went into production in Culver City, visitors noticed that all activity ceased at four P. M. Everyone in the company went over to a secluded corner of the big sound stage where Bill had had placed a refreshment stand—which he paid for personally.

"Well," he grinned when we ribbed him a little about it, "If Ziegfeld can do it, why not Powell?"

But underneath the airy persiflage there was a feeling that went deeper than the well known smoothness of *The Thin Man*. As the guiding genius of the spectacular Ziegfeld extravaganzas a la M-G-M (and, believe me, they lose none of their rhythmic glamour in the transition), Bill, despite his protests, has unconsciously fallen heir to at least the hem of that mantle. For example, let us reprint here a telegram sent to Bill after his first day's work in front of the camera: SEEING YOU TODAY AS FLO DID STRANGE THINGS TO MY HEART—BILLIE BURKE. And that, my friends, is *The Great Ziegfeld!*

"Between scenes **Shirley** delighted to play with the puzzled lobsters who never before had been played with by a star."—Scene from *Captain January*

FOLLOW THE FLEET

Another Field Day for Rogers and Astaire

AS SOON as I finish this department, I'm going to hock my typewriter and join the Navy. The things that can happen to gobs—dancing with Ginger Rogers, for instance! Of course, not everyone can dance the way Fred Astaire does, but they seemed to be having an awful lot of fun out on the *Follow the Fleet* set at RKO.

It seems as though Fred and Ginger had been a dance team before she refused to middle-aisle and Fred had joined the Navy with Randy Scott. They meet in a dance hall in San Francisco and introduce Randy to Harriet Hilliard, Ginger's prudish sister who is on the high road to frustration. She falls for Randy and it's a happy foursome until Fred inadvertently gets Ginger fired. They bicker and dance through several scenes until Fred finally lands in the brig with Randy, but not until he has straightened out the complicated series of events that arise from Ginger getting fired—and a glass of bicarbonate of soda.

He's really upset when Ginger loses her job, especially because she won't have anything to do with him afterwards. As is the way of a man with a sore maid, he gets some flowers and takes Beppo, his mascot monkey, along to grease the way. Beppo is the ace scene-stealer of *Follow the Fleet*. He was just supposed to come in the door well ahead of Fred, hand the flowers to Ginger and quietly fade away. But Beppo didn't see it that way.

Everything was okay as far as it went, but when Ginger reads the card and sees who sent the flowers and then slams them to the floor, it offended Beppo's sense of propriety and he picked them up again, refusing to be separated. It looked like a good piece of monkey-business so Fred and Ginger worked it into the action, but Beppo wasn't finished yet. He chirruped and squawled and fussed around until they let him get up on the piano with the flowers, seize the faded jonquils already in the vase, toss them indiscriminately away and substitute Fred's roses, paper and all. After that he seemed mildly satisfied. Fred and Ginger might fight but he, the great Beppo, had done his duty as he saw it.

Of course, all this new action that Beppo had insisted on made changes necessary in the rest of the scene. But Fred and Ginger, always ready to humor a fellow player, went through the extra rehearsals necessary. Now to Beppo that was kind of silly. I mean, after all, he'd done it once. Why keep on handing flowers to a lady only to have them thrown to the floor? Why keep sticking roses in a vase if some property man was going to grin a few minutes later and take them out again? It just didn't make sense and Beppo was getting annoyed at the whole thing.

Finally, the fourth time they'd walked through it and were preparing for the actual take, Beppo swung sulkily from Fred's hand and jammed the roses into the vase with an unmistakable air of finality. He turned, surveyed them coldly, let out a squawk and leapt off the set. No diva has ever quit with greater agility. People started running around making noises calculated to make monkeys come back where they belonged and get off the cat-walk high in the stage rafters. Electricians and grips climbed around after Beppo. A casual visitor to the set would have thought he'd run into a whole tribe of Tarzans at a picnic. Beppo's trainer pleaded with him in voluble Italian to no avail. Fred Astaire sent out and bought peanuts. The monk almost fell for that one, but finally decided to stick to the isolationist policy. Ginger cooed in a manner that would have had me swinging through the air with loud, glad cries, but not Beppo. He's made of sterner stuff than me. He was darned if he'd put those roses in the vase again for all the peanuts in California and no matter who cooed at him. For all I know, Beppo is still up there muttering to himself—sort of the Phantom of Stage Eight

KLONDIKE LOU

Mae West Readies a Grand Surprise

BETWEEN two evils, baby, I pick the one I never tried before!"

Thus spoke Mae West in her boudoir in Fanny Radler's rooming house in Nome, Alaska. The guy she spoke to was a friendly sea-captain who frequently answers to the name of Victor McLaglen. In fact, he was so friendly that when they got to her room she had to push him away with a gentle reminder.

"Say, big boy," she murmured as only Mae can murmur, "I thought you were going to protect me, not wrestle with me!"

Klondike Lou was a lady, but she got jammed up on a little accidental murder down in San Francisco. She left town with a swift but deadly swing of the hips and boarded Vic's Alaska-bound vessel. He knew she was wanted, but then, he was human, too, so he took her to Nome, sweet Nome. When Mae hit the gold bearing males of the far north, the rush was on for fair. In fact, they tell me, for fairer and warmer. With the gleam of pay-dirt in her eye she espied Phil Reed, the U. S. Marshal of Nome, and thereafter follows the dual romance—McLaglen or Reed? Because, of course, Reed knows she's being looked for in California and he should run her in. But how's a guy going to run Mae in anywhere when she turns on the heat?

Mae has two new songs that lay the miners in rows up in far-off Nome and I wouldn't be surprised if they did the same thing all the way from Weepautucket, Maine, to Ybor, Calif. One of them, by Gene Austin, is sung with great sympatico—*Poor Little Bar-Fly*. Another one that convinced the miners that life is real and life is earnest, and that only the strong survive, is a little ditty entitled, *I'm an Occidental Woman in an Oriental Mood for Love*!

"It just didn't make sense, and Beppo was annoyed with the whole thing."—Fred Astaire and Beppo, the monkey, on the set of *Follow the Fleet*

To give you an idea of what Mae figures an Oriental mood to be, there was the scene where McLaglen is making love to her in a manner that would have Man-Mountain Dean green with envy. Vic is no handful, himself, and when he goes about convincing a lady the very rafters shiver. Six foot four of brawn, muscle and aroused masculinity, Vic had Mae in his arms. It was a situation that would have given any lady cause to pause and take stock of adjacent lethal weapons. But not our Mae! However, I did notice a distinct tremor in Mae's voice during the filming of the scene and felt that at last she'd met her match. At the end of the action I was shocked to see that the tremor was due to laughter.

With McLaglen visibly shaken on the stage, she walked off with a cool chuckle, "My golly, but you're cute!"

CAPTAIN JANUARY

An Advance Peek At Shirley's Newest

GONE are the frills and furbelows of *The Littlest Rebel* and with it the archness of past generations, but you'll still find Shirley Temple becurled and—well, Shirley Temple—if you happen to wander out on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Part of Shirley's new background consists of overalls instead of lace panties, carved driftwood dolls instead of elaborate French importations, lobsters for poodles and lighthouses for old southun mansions, suh!

Guy Kibbee in the title rôle of *Captain January* is an old, beached salt whose two joys in life are his lighthouse and Shirley—unless you count in his frequent, friendly-enemy fights with Slim Summerville, the government's lighthouse inspector. Shirley had come in with a bad storm during which her family was lost at sea. In a trice she was the local favorite of all the old salts who taught her nautical terms and *The Sailor's Horn-Pipe*. Everything is clear sailing until a new and unpleasant female truant officer is seen, hull-under but rigging belligerent, on the horizon. It's just one darned difficulty after another from then until Shirley's aunt and uncle are located in Boston, the truant officer

[*Continued on page* 81]

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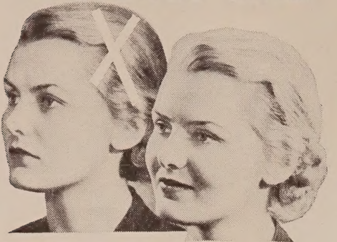

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PICTURE TIPS

Follow these ratings—★★★★ Hit Picture ★★★ Good Show ★★ Fair Film ★ Mediocre

Previously Reviewed Hits

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR—★★★★—Paul Muni in a powerful portrayal of Pasteur, the French doctor, who struggled against great odds in his battle against disease and death.—*Warner.*

DANGEROUS—★★★★—Bette Davis in an unsympathetic rôle as a self-centered actress who leads Franchot Tone astray. Davis does a perfect dramatic job.—*Warner.*

FIRST A GIRL—★★★—Jessie Matthews in a delightful comedy about a girl who is forced to disguise herself as a man for the sake of her career.—*GB.*

MISTER HOBO—★★★—George Arliss in the rôle of a kindly tramp who upsets the financial wizards of France and straightens out the problems of young love.—*GB.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—★★★★—Dickens' masterful story of the French revolution translated to the screen perfectly by Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, Blanche Yurka, Basil Rathbone and Donald Woods.—*Metro.*

THE BRIDE COMES HOME—★★★★—Hilarious comedy romance with Claudette Colbert who gets off to a fighting start with her young husband, played by Fred MacMurray.—*Paramount.*

THE LITTLEST REBEL—★★★—Another grand Shirley Temple picture, with Shirley as the little Southern girl who saves her father from death by appealing to Lincoln.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

AH WILDERNESS—★★★★—A simple yet powerful story of the life of an average family in the early 1900's. Perfectly played by Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden.—*Metro.*

I DREAM TOO MUCH—★★★—Lily Pons lifts her glorious voice in song for the screen. Henry Fonda has a leading rôle.—*Radio.*

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—★★★★—The dizzy Marx Brothers return to the screen after a long absence in one of the funniest pictures ever filmed. Groucho racketeers in opera, with Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones as foils for his crazy antics.—*Metro.*

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—★★★★—A bloody page from the annals of British naval history, so perfectly filmed that it cannot help but be chosen the best picture of the year. The cast includes Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

ROSE OF THE RANCHO — ★★★★ — Gladys Swarthout makes her début opposite John Boles in a splendid picture which recounts the adventures of early California families in their battles against the land-grabbers. Miss Swarthout's songs are a sparkling contribution to the finer things the screen has to offer. —*Paramount.*

CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS — ★★ —A famous Harold Bell Wright story dealing with the man who comes out of the New York slums to crusade against vice. Richard Arlen, Douglass Dumbrille and Charlotte Wynters in the cast.—*Columbia.*

Other New Films

LAST OF THE PAGANS—★★★★—Lotus Long and Ray Wise in a superb story about enemy tribes of natives whose cruelties endanger a beautiful love. A distinctly unusual and worthwhile picture.—*Metro.*

COLLEGIATE—★★★—Silly but greatly entertaining comedy with Jack Oakie as the playboy who inherits a girl's school. A fine cast, including Joe Penner, Ned Sparks, Frances Langford and Betty Grable.—*Paramount.*

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—★★★—Taking place in London after the Armistice, this is an entertaining comedy dealing with the humorous experiences of three returning soldiers. They had been listed as dead. But they were very much alive! Richard Arlen and Beryl Mercer play the principal rôles very capably.—*M-G-M.*

TWO IN THE DARK—★★★—A man suffering from amnesia meets a girl in a park and later to his consternation discovers that he is involved in a mystery and suspected of murder. Fine plot, with Walter Abel, Margot Grahame and Wallace Ford in leading rôles.—*Radio.*

HITCH HIKE LADY—★★★½—The story of a lovable old lady who starts hitch-hiking her way to visit a son residing at Rancho San Quentin, not knowing that he really is in prison. A really grand comedy, with Alison Skipworth, Mae Clark, Arthur Treacher and Warren Hymer.—*Republic.*

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL—★★★★—A remarkably fine film version of the famous operetta, with Laurel and Hardy as the chief fun-makers. Others in the cast include Antonio Moreno and the late Thelma Todd.—*Hal Roach.*

CAPTAIN BLOOD—★★★★—A great adventure film, with Errol Flynn as the dynamic British exile who escapes and becomes a pirate. To help make the picture thrilling and well-acted there is a grand cast including Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwell, David Torrence, Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone and Ross Alexander.—*Warner.*

THE GHOST GOES WEST—★★★½—Robert Donat has never appeared more pleasing on the screen than he does here. Playing the dual rôle of a Scottish youth of today and of the ghost of that youth's eighteenth century ancestor, Donat produces a riot of mirth and laughter. As the Scottish youth, he sells his ancient castle to an American who wants it transported across the ocean to Florida. With the castle comes the ancestral ghost, too. Wires are sent to New York, telling them of the ghost's coming. Finally, in Florida, the ghost passes. You'll enjoy this film.—*United Artists.*

FANG AND CLAW —★★★—This is the third of Frank (Bring-'em-back-alive) Buck's pictures. It differs from the others in that it shows less of the brutality among animals in their struggle for survival. But it's excellent entertainment and very well photographed. Thrilling captures of tigers and pythons are shown. —*RKO.*

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—★★½—Here's an entertaining picture that tells the story of a man whose greatest fear was to be afraid, and of the woman who makes it possible for him to conquer that fear. Preston Foster and Jane Wyatt head the cast.—*RKO,*

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New Film Notes

[*Continued from page* 79]

foiled and Kibbee hired as captain of the family's yacht.

Of all the people on the production, there is no question but that Shirley had the best time. She didn't have to be careful of her clothes or act like a perfect lady straight out of Godey's well known book. Suffice it to say that she practically ran Guy Kibbee bow-legged in the scenes wherein they had to climb the long winding stairs of the lighthouse. To Shirley it was a snap, but Kibbee has since been known to walk blocks to avoid a set of steps. He fervently utters prayers of thanks to Allah for the presence of the script writer who put a "rest-step" half way up the climb upon which he and Shirley could pause and chat a bit.

One thing about Shirley—she's adaptable! She really enjoyed the process of going nautical but nice and would wander into the commissary at noon with a string of contracted whaling boat terms like "bo's'n," "t'gall'nt-s'l" and "fo'c's'le" that had everybody so apostrophe conscious you couldn't understand a word they were saying.

In the story there's a scene where Shirley finds out that Kibbee needs some money in a hurry. Nothing loathe to turn a pretty penny, she embarks upon the venture of selling lobsters from house to house. Now Shirley, despite rumor to the contrary, is really a swell little gal with a normal child's imagination and penchant for trouble. It seems that when they came upon this scene she insisted on live lobsters rather than the defunct ones the studio wanted her valuable little fingers to handle. They exclaimed among themselves, "Ha! The child wants realism!" So, with a hey-nonny-nonny, they wired Chesapeake Bay and had a few live ones sent out by air. It developed that they were all wrong about Shirley's ideas on realism, however. Between scenes, Shirley delighted to play with the puzzled lobsters who never before had been played with by a star. The game was simple. It consisted of plucking forth a lobster, grasped firmly across the back out of harm's way, and hoisting him from his natural element. The second step is to advance cautiously from the rear upon unsuspecting and preferably recumbent members of the cast and crew. Next, you simply present the lobster within striking distance. The lobster, still mystified, instinctively performs an act for which a thoughtful Mother Nature equipped him with claws.

And a hearty laugh is had by all.

Bette Davis Gives Lessons in Acting

[*Continued from page* 43]

photographs accompanying this story, just what they are.

THE dramatic student learns, early in his training, the great variety of emotions and meanings that may be expressed by posture. A droop, sadness or defeat; chin up, courage. Things like that. But there are many more subtle implications, that an amateur might miss. Things as easy to muff as standing squarely on both feet, instead of shifting the weight onto one! For the proper "dramatic stance," you learn, holds the weight mostly on one foot, not both.

Do you know how to light a cigarette for a lady—an acting lady, anyway? So that your hand doesn't cover her face, of course! And the lady, herself, will hold her cigarette in graceful fingers, well below the chin. That's so facial expression won't be lost.

Then there's the little business of sitting down? Easy, you say? You've been doing it all your life? Then did you know that when a scene calls for lounging in a low chair, you play it profile, not directly to the audience, so that your long, conspicuous legs won't detract from the scene? And that action with a newspaper also is done in profile, so as not to hide your features? And that, seated facing the audience, you'll look better (if you're a lady) with one foot slightly forward, slightly pointed outward, and gracefully arched—rather than crossing your feet or knees? Oh, you didn't?

Very well, then, we'll go on to the hands. Now, most people's hands seem a little large and a little awkward and very much in the way, at times. And they show it. But for an actor, that's fatal. So he must learn what to do with them. The rule is that they should never be flung about carelessly, for that detracts from the objects or emotion on which interest must be concentrated. When there's nothing else to do with them, it's a good idea to clasp them lightly in front of you. Keep them away from your mouth—away from your face, and make them "mean something."

GESTURES as a rule should be free and easy (unless of course you're portraying a niggardly person who would be sparing even in gesture!) A gesture that starts only from the elbow is usually awkward.

Here, briefly, are a few of the other rules Bette Davis poses to illustrate the importance of technique:

When working with a prop, such as a lamp, do not stoop, but keep an upright position.

In an intense scene, a yell will be more effective if the body is held upright and not in a forward position.

When doing a scene in a legitimate theater, it should be played to the balcony, so that those people can get a good view of the action.

When walking, do not slouch, but directly and definitely approach your objective. On the other hand, your walk should not be forced (unless, of course, that walk best fits the character you are portraying. To denote certain types

[*Continued on page* 83]

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Letter Page

[*Continued from page 14*]

childhood of many wicked, cruel, and in many instances brutal things that were inflicted on the helpless South. These narratives were told and re-told with flaming hatred in the hearts of my elders. Now, having children of my own, I have sworn never to repeat these stories or truths to the little ones intrusted to me. Yet, tonight, after seeing *So Red the Rose*. I have had to re-live through all the flaming hatred and anger that should have been buried. Why, in the name of a United Nation, are such pictures allowed? Why do we not let the terrible wounds of 1861-64 heal? Then again, some of the players were Northern. Many of the South detect this at once and resent it. In the name of Peace, why not bury the past and teach the people to—"Pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."—*Mrs Henry Odum, 620 Emory St., Covington, Ga.*

Anxious to present fairly all opinions of readers, this letter is the frank reaction of one movie-goer to *So Red the Rose*. Other letters have recommended the film for its portrayal of the true Southern spirit.

$1.00 Letter

A Courageous Actress

BETTE DAVIS deserves all the praise we can give her for her grand acting in *Bordertown, Of Human Bondage* and *Front Page Woman*. All these pictures were tops. I'll admit she won't be another Helen Hayes from the character standpoint, but I firmly believe she is capable of being as great an actress in the type of character she plays. She has courage, ambition and the ability to scale the heights. I am looking forward to *The Petrified Forest*, which I know will be one of the season's best pictures.—*Anna May Wade, 302 West 15th St., Traverse City, Mich.*

$1.00 Letter

Romances to Come

WHEN the younger generation of movie folk grows up, romance will come to them as it does now to their elders. This is what your self-appointed matchmaker predicts for the future: Shirley Temple wed to Dickie Moore. Virginia Weidler romancing with David Holt. Jane Withers getting orchids from Jackie Searle. Edith Fellows holding hands with Freddie Bartholomew. Cora Sue Collins making eyes at Jackie Cooper. Carol Ann Beery saying yes to Baby LeRoy. Well, who knows? Things *might* turn out like that.—*Cynthia Logan, 2555 Eaton Road, Cleveland, Ohio.*

$1.00 Letter

Where Honor is Due

MAY I offer a sincere tribute to one of the finest personalities in all Hollywood—Irene Dunne. Above all, Irene is so thoroughly admired because she is a lady. Much has been said and written about her, but comparatively few realize what a

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wonderful girl she is. For the past few years I have had the privilege of belonging to a national fan club in her honor. It has brought me into closer contact with her, more than anything could, other than knowing her personally. Each of her screen triumphs have been based on conscientious endeavor to please you and me. Not only has her beauty, charm and voice captured us completely, but that inner sincerity has made us love her. I salute you, Irene Dunne, because you have endeared yourself to all of us.—*Dorothy Dilley, 532 N. Elmo St., Allentown, Pa.*

$1.00 Letter

Lucky Movie Fan

YOU know, I think I am one of the luckiest girls. You see, I live in Honolulu and am able to see almost all the movie stars who visit here. Once I went to a swimming meet and sat almost next to Carole Lombard and William Powell. I watched Joel McCrea and Dolores Del Rio work in *The Bird of Paradise,* and I must say I was astounded at the amount of make-up the masculine Joel had to use. I've seen Janet Gaynor many times. She loves Honolulu, and Honolulu loves her. Ann Harding is another frequent visitor and she has numerous friends here. Then there is that darling of darlings, Shirley Temple, who caused everyone here to go wild. People sat on the beach all day long just in hope that they might catch a glimpse of her. I sat in the same section with Nancy Carroll at a football game. I saw Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson sun tanning on the beach at Waikiki. I attended a personal appearance of Edward Arnold at the local Army theater. Don't you agree with me that this living in Hawaii must be very exciting?—*Audrey Waidlick, 239 Lewers St., Honolulu, T. H.*

Bette Davis Gives Lessons in Acting

[*Continued from page* 81]

that are above or below average, or normal, these rules are often reversed to get effective characterization.

When seated, an upright position, and a straight spine should be maintained.

Do not actually lean against the stage furniture, but hold the weight of the body on both feet and merely rest lightly against the object.

And—when your back has been turned to the audience, and the scene calls for a turn about, it must be done gently, gracefully—not with a sudden jerk.

There you are. Or, more correctly, there you have just the merest start . . . the faintest suggestion . . . of what is meant by technique! Master that—and you still may never make an actor, or an actress! For . . .

"Technique is simply the best means to an end," says Bette Davis. "You can have all the technique in the world, and still not be a good actress.

"After all, rules are dead things, calculated to make you do the thing to be done in the best, most effective, or telling way. It's talent that really counts. To be an actress you have to have both . . . and technique is only the start!"

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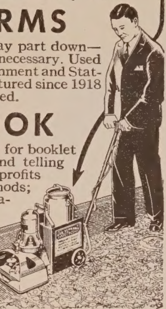

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Excitement In The Air!

[*Continued from page 32*]

herself. Never an objection came from Joan. But her husband, Franchot Tone, kept the wires hot protesting that Joan was working too hard. Finally the anxious husband was persuaded by breaking Radio Theater's rule against audiences. He was a one man gallery.

No one would have known, to hear her recent broadcast, that Claudette Colbert was tortured with sinus trouble. She was so ill that early script rehearsals were held in her hotel room with Claudette confined to her bed. But when the time came to go on, Claudette was there, on the job.

Only once has a star actually failed to keep a date with the microphone. That was when Margaret Sullavan was scheduled to do *Peg O' My Heart,* and just two hours before curtain time, her condition became so grave that her physician absolutely forbade her to go on.

The producers thought fast. Helen Hayes was up at Nyack, New York. They got Helen on the phone and pleaded with her to save the situation. Helen was reluctant. She had never done an Irish dialect before. But eventually she was persuaded.

Her husband, Charlie MacArthur, drove her to New York, brushing her up on the Irish dialect he had learned from cops in the days when he was a reporter in Chicago.

They arrived just in time for a hurried reading of the script—without a rehearsal. Helen gave a grand performance.

Incidentally, this impromptu appearance marked a turning point in her career. For it was because of the response to that, and to a later Lux Theater broadcast that Helen decided to abandon Hollywood and devote her attention to radio.

To Dick Barthelmess and Lillian Gish, who came together again to do *Way Down East* in a radio version of the immortal classic which they had once done for D. W. Griffith, radio was a cinch in comparison to the old days of the silent films.

"It doesn't seem right," Lillian said, "rehearsing a few hours a day four or five days, in a warm, comfortable studio, when I think of the hardships we went through in making the silent film.

"The whole shooting took nineteen weeks. For days, that winter out at Mamaroneck, we had a standing call to report—outdoors—whenever there was a snowstorm!

"But the two weeks up in Vermont were the worst. We worked every day from sunup to sundown, out on the river, with the temperature below zero. There were very few of us who didn't have frosted toes and fingers. That wasn't acting—it was an endurance contest! Give me radio, every time!"

When Jimmy Cagney played on the Lux show, he was so fascinated with the sound effects gadgets that he could hardly keep his mind on his work. He had to know just which gadget made what noise—and why.

OF ALL the stars who have appeared before the mike, Leslie Howard was the most nonchalant.

He came east under the most disconcerting of circumstances. To begin with,

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Frayed nerves, irritable days, restless, sleepless nights! You cannot work, play, sleep with taut, high-strung nerves. Prompt, effective relief should be sought at once. Bro-Sal-Itas Tablets, the prescription of an internationally recognized biochemist, contains NO NARCOTICS, and yet its harmless, effective ingredients bring quick relief to overwrought nerves—Only the purest ingredients, each an accepted medicinal agent. Write TODAY. Box of 100 tablets, $2.00. Fully guaranteed. Your money back if not satisfied.

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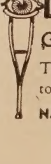

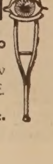

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News Notes

Thelma Todd

- Despite belief that Thelma Todd's death was but a tragic accident, many in Hollywood insist that the discovery of the gay comédienne's body in her car apparently killed by carbon monoxide poisoning was in truth a diabolically clever murder plot. Because she had been threatened by extortionists, it is pointed out that her death was a warning from the underworld to other stars that they may suffer similar fates if they refuse the demands of extortionists.

- Claudette Colbert weds Dr. Joel J. Pressman, Los Angeles Physician, on Christmas eve at Yuma, Arizona. Her former husband was Norman Foster.

- Cary Grant's father dies in Bristol, England . . . Clark Gable purchases new Duesenberg roadster costing $16,000 . . . Irene Dunne is building a new home . . . Victor Jory severely injured in auto accident, but recovering swiftly . . . Alice White's home robbed of $5,000 in wearing apparel . . . Rumored romance between Rochelle Hudson and Harry Richman just a rumor . . . Barbara Stanwyck severely burns her hand while appearing in a campfire scene for *A Message to Garcia* . . . Katherine De Mille slightly injured in making a parachute jump during the filming of *The Adventures of Jimmy Allen.*

---

his plane was forced down in the desert. It was an unpleasant experience—but more important to the actor—it cut short his rehearsal time.

At the airport, Howard was met by officials who expected him to report to the theater at once for a rehearsal of a stage play.

While Howard was being torn this way and that, the Lux group quietly put his bags in their car. Howard followed his bags, and there he was in the studio.

Perfectly unruffled, casually and calmly, Howard went right into his script reading, and never batted an eye.

IN *The Old Soak,* Wally Beery's shirt was open at the neck, his spectacles were halfway down his nose, and his suspenders dangled. Looking the part made it easier for him to play it.

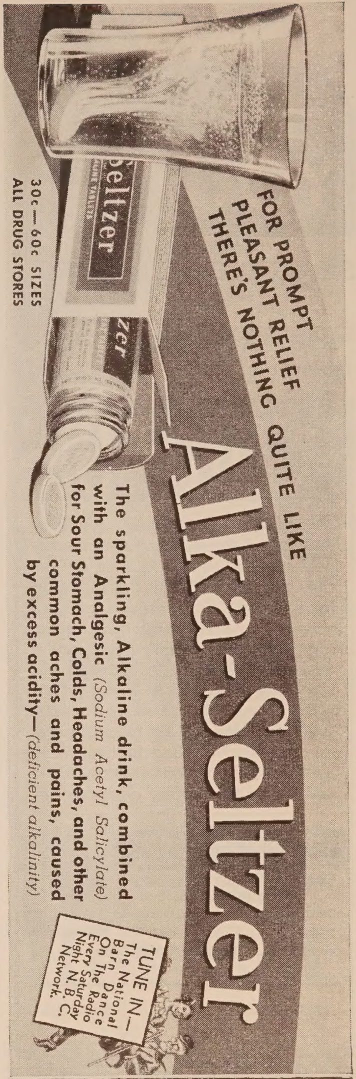
And Paul Muni, who went on in *Counsellor-at-Law,* asked to have a coat rack placed beside the microphone. Part of his entrance business in the play had been to come in, take off his coat, and hang it up. And he did just the same thing for his radio version, although his audience didn't know it.

Similarly, each star requires special handling.

Paul Muni was startled, during his first rehearsal, to hear a voice bellow at him out of the loud speaker, "Muni—you're terrible!"

During the early days of the radio, the stars shied away from acting before the microphone. It seemed to them a terrifying experience.

But those who have tried it and enjoyed it, have returned to Hollywood to spread the good word. And now their increasing interest in playing to the huge radio audience assures a steady flow of name stars eastward in the weeks to come.



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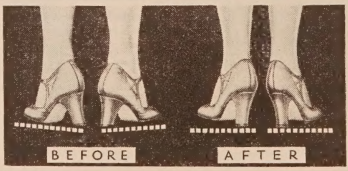
Crooked Heels



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Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear crooked. It is the *way you walk*—the weight of your body is *off balance.* Dr. Scholl's WALK-STRATES correct this fault by equalizing the body's weight. They stop strain on the ankles; keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repairs. Easily attached in shoes. Sizes for men and women. Sold by all drug, shoe and dept. stores—only 35c pair.
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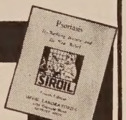

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Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. 3-2, Chicago, Ill.

Hollywood Home Hints

[*Continued from page* 74]

ANITA PAGE has discovered a very attractive way to serve informal dinners and luncheons. She advises that you investigate the Roylace line of paper napkins and table coverings, before you plan your next party. There is nothing quite as attractive as the new patterns and designs they now have to offer.

• • •

EDWARD ARNOLD has more ideas about cooking and cookery than you can shake a stick at. Mrs. Arnold told us that Eddie always takes complete charge of the kitchen when ever she wants things just right for a dinner party. He would be terribly insulted if anyone went away from his house hungry. For Eddie knows how to cook things so they taste their best. Proper flavoring and seasoning are his two secrets, and that is the sole purpose of Angostura Bitters—to properly flavor your favorite dishes.

• • •

HERE are a few suggestions for the use of salt as offered by the makers of Worcester Salt: To smooth irons that have become rusty, sticky, or rough, simply rub a little Worcester Salt on the surface of the iron with a piece of crinkled paper.

• • •

IF YOU are overweight in the least, why not try Hollywood's way of slenderizing? Hollywood's way of keeping slim is to eat plenty of salads. Here is a tip about salads that you should remember if you plan to diet in that manner: A salad may keep you thin, but the wrong kind of dressing can make you fat. Our suggestion for a non-fattening dressing is the thin, French-type made from pure Pompeian Olive Oil.

• • •

DID you ever try Liquid Veneer on furniture? If you are at all interested in keeping its original lustre and fine finish, it is our advice that you try a bottle of it next time you clean house. Liquid Veneer is the one polish that will stand up to the "white glove" test.

• • •

HERE is a waffle iron with a signal light to warn you that the waffle has received its share of cooking and that the iron is ready for more batter. This new idea is incorporated into the new Proctor Waffle Iron. All in the world you have to do is set its "color" indicator for waffles baked to the lighter or darker brown you prefer. When the waffle is done, the current *shuts off* automatically and the signal light in the lid winks out.

• • •

AND next time you are down town shopping, drop in at your favorite store and ask to see the new Kensington Line of table ware. Their secret is an aluminum alloy which will not tarnish or stain. Kensington metal is free from finger printing yet is hard enough to withstand normal wear and scuffing.

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DR. F. G. CLASON VISCOSE CO.
140 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

Bing Crosby Plans His Future

[*Continued from page* 19]

children? Their education and everything?"

Our favorite crooner seems to have thought of that, too. There are three insurance policies, maturing when they are sixteen, to amply provide for their education—through college—but that's all.

"When a child learns that his parents are always ready and willing to gratify his every whim," Bing explains, "his chances of developing into a self-reliant, useful citizen are definitely diminished. I came from a family of seven children, and while my father made a good living and enough to furnish all of us a good home, good wholesome food and high school educations, anything beyond that was strictly for us to get out and scratch.

"Such a program I would consider a good one for my boys.

"Their insurance policies guarantee them only an education. Other than that and a good home, I don't propose anything they can't earn.

"I've seen too many examples of spoiled and pampered lads who were totally unprepared for adversity to want my children brought up that way."

I dropped around to talk to Larry Crosby. I really was quite upset at all this.

"What about 'Bing Crosby, Inc.'?" I inquired, referring to the organization created for the sole purpose of handling Bing's affairs.

"Well," he said, smiling in his quiet way, "I guess it means that Everett and I will be looking for jobs in about three years. There won't be any more 'Bing Crosby, Inc.' when 'The Groaner' retires."

For the past few years, Larry has had charge of Bing's radio activities, while Everett has acted as his manager. It's all been done in a very business-like and efficient manner, too.

The first thing the Crosbys will do, however, before the head of the house settles down to a life of old clothes, horse-raising, writing and golf, will be to take that long-awaited trip around the world. There are all sorts of out-of-the-way fishing spots Bing has been wanting to explore for a long time—tarpon fishing in Florida, and Zane Grey's favorite haunt in the South Seas.

"We just want to travel like two ordinary people," say Bing and Dixie. "There'll be no personal appearances and no fuss. We want to be just a couple of tourists on a holiday. We've both waited a long time for our trip, and we want to get the most out of it while we're young enough to enjoy it."

But I, for one, hate the whole idea. After all, there's only one Bing. I'm going right out and buy every Crosby record I can find, just to fill in the gaps—when Bing retires.

CURIOUS FACTS

Did you know that *The Great Ziegfeld* cost nearly $2,000,000 to produce? . . . That, while appearing in *Romeo and Juliet*, Norma Shearer always wears costumes from the play when she attends social functions? . . . That Dolores Del Rio's complexion is considered the most perfect for all-color movies?

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA
Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

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10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐Black ☐Brown ☐Blue (check color desired).
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Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 8]

Ever since Mae has been in Hollywood she has had reserved for herself four ringside tickets at the Hollywood Legion Stadium for each Friday night and she is usually there accompanied by three males of her retinue. Jim Timony, her ex-business manager; Murray Feil, her present business manager; and the fourth, as at bridge, some last minute entry.

When Mae had completed *Klondike Lou* she was too busy to be at ringside and, as she attracts more attention at the fights than any other film celebrity, Mae decided on the next best thing. She sent her stand-in, Irene Holbrook, who resembles her closely, dolled the stand-in up with typical Mae West wardrobe, including jewelry, and the tourists gaped and argued all evening.

JULIE HAYDON, pretty and talented Hollywood screen and stage player who has not had any too many breaks is quite sure 1936 is going to be her lucky year. At least she says she is getting a good start.

Julie has been selected, contract signed and everything to play opposite Gary Cooper when *The Light That Failed* is made by Paramount.

Julie, daughter of the man who founded the Hollywood Magazine, never got a break in her own town until she went to New York and clicked in a stage play.

GROUCHO MARX tells it himself, so it must be true. A producer had made a program picture with a comedy slant and it was one-half of a double feature in a neighborhood theater near Hollywood. The other picture was *A Night at the Opera*. A scout of the producer saw the program and rushed to his chief the next day with the news that the picture got as many laughs as the Marx Brothers picture. So the producer dropped by the theater to talk with the manager about the phenomenon. The manager was not in but the assistant manager verified the report adding however:

"It gets a lot of laughs because half way through the picture they're still laughing at the Marx Brothers.

Sue Groucho if you don't believe it!

LARRY BURKE, is the happiest kid in Hollywood these days and his Santa Claus was none other than the Old Town Crier, Alexander Woollcott.

Larry is the boy who you will remember leaned up against a lamp post in *The Informer* and sang an Irish song during the wake inside. He had no program mention, no screen credit and after the picture every one seemed to have forgotten him.

Woollcott, on his visit to Hollywood, saw a projection room run of *The Informer* raved over it on his broadcast and insisted that John Ford, the director, bring Larry to meet him.

Ford did. Woollcott engaged him for his radio broadcast to sing *In the Gloaming*, paid him plenty for it, and Larry has been working in films ever since.

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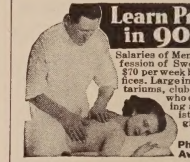

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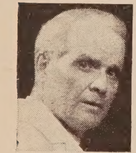

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TAKE AN ECONOMICAL TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD!

Visit the stars and studios on a tour especially arranged by SCREEN BOOK. See page 20 for details about the great Movieland Tour of 1936! Make your vacation this year a memorable one—and plan it now!

LESLIE HOWARD was selected to play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet after months of tests with a half hundred trying for the rôle.

They do things more quickly in London, strange as it may seem.

In one day, Ned Sparks was selected to play the rôle of Romeo and Mary Brian the rôle of Julie in an English production. Don't go wrong on the spelling. The name of the English picture is *Romeo and Julie.* Fawncy Ned Sparks as Romeo!

HUGH HERBERT, that sad-faced comic, is willing to raise his right hand and make the customary pledge that this is the truth, the whole truth, etc., etc., etc.

During the filming of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a football pool was circulating around the lot and there was much talk about the season's best and so on.

One of the chorines, mildly interested, finally broke in with this:

"What gets me," she purred, "is why a guy who can write this story of Romeo and Juliet and everything is wasting his time playing football for Notre Dame. My boy friend told me that footballers don't get paid a nickel anyway. Is that guy a chump or is he, I ask you?"

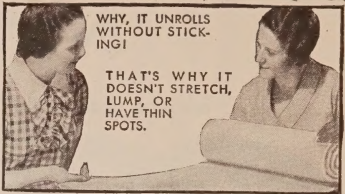
Nobody answered.

Behind the Scenes With *Modern Times*

Long-time Charlie Chaplin admirers will remember that the comedian's favorite fadeout shows him walking hand in hand with his heroine into the sunset as in this scene from *Modern Times*

IN A Charlie Chaplin picture, the comedy maestro is always "Head Man." As director, author, cutter and designer, the success or failure of each film falls alone on his shoulders. Like previous Chaplin films, *Modern Times* was more than a year in the making and cost more than $1,000,000. As is usually the case, Chaplin is in love with his leading lady off-screen as well as on. In this case, however, Charlie's romance with the beautiful Paulette Goddard seems permanent, although both are reluctant to admit that they are married and have been for some time. Chaplin always employs hundreds of extras, entertaining them as well with songs, dances and comical little tunes of his own invention on the piano. For a particular scene, because Chaplin stages are not sound-proof, it was necessary to wait until traffic noises had died away at night before shooting. Charlie hired more than a hundred extras and a twenty-piece orchestra. As the shooting barely started, a sound man stopped everything. "Crickets!" he explained, and the hunt was on. For many minutes an army of spray guns searched the building for the pesky bugs, but to no avail. Shooting was postponed for the night, but the extras were paid in full—a typical Chaplin gesture. Residents of San Pedro, California will recognize much of the picture's background, for it was there that many scenes, including the dance hall and harbor sequences, were filmed.

WHY MILLIONS USE THIS IMPROVED *Quilt Batting*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THE SAFE-ELECTRIC CO.
DEPT. Y-231 **CINCINNATI, OHIO**

With the Editor IN HOLLYWOOD

Taking a peek behind the scenes at pictures and personalities in the movie parade

Arline Judge—"It isn't the autograph hunter who must be a virile athlete, but the unfortunate huntee"

Will Rogers—"Be advised, then, that the studio is not making a bold attempt to hoodwink the public"

Lupe Velez — "That lovely little spitfire is domesticated to the point of buying hubby's clothes"

Gary Cooper — "Happily wed to a quiet, lovely girl of considerable social prominence"

PICKING up where Ginger Rogers left off last month, we feel more than a little jealous of her popularity as evidenced by the many congratulatory messages received by stars and admirers alike. All were of the opinion that Ginger's editorial was one of the finest things ever written about Hollywood. Particularly potent, we thought, was this comment from Ginger: "A thing I resent—and I think you do too—is what the actors themselves say about this place. They say it's 'mechanized' and 'no one can call his soul his own.' That seems pretty much like biting the hand that feeds you."

To apply this thought on another situation—a number of stars have been freely quoted on the possibility of leaving California for every imaginable place from Tahiti to England, all because of heavy income taxes. This being a free country, of course, they are at liberty to say anything they please about the tax burden. But when a star earning $300,000 a year complains about being poor as a result of taxes, he or she is certain not to draw much sympathy from the movie-goer who may earn only $3,000, but in proportion has much greater financial headaches. At least, the movie star doesn't have to worry about a $35 grocery bill that may be a month overdue.

● Readers are expressing a considerable amount of curiosity about a telegram sent by Mae West to Ginger Rogers and reproduced last month in SCREEN BOOK. Quite by accident, Ginger's photo obliterated a portion of the telegram, making it unreadable. For curious readers, we reprint Mae's amusing message: "I'VE HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE BUT EDITING IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE STOP THEY TELL ME YOU HAVE DONE A GREAT JOB EDITING SCREEN BOOK AND ARE GIVING THE MEN A BREAK STOP SAVE ME A COPY STOP I MEAN A COPY OF SCREEN BOOK BECAUSE I HAVE PLENTY OF MEN—MAE WEST."

● On one or two recent occasions, columnists and radio commentators have waxed indignant about a man who looks like Will Rogers, whom, they said, the studio intended to use in pictures to take Will's place. There is such a man, yes, but the studio never intended to star him on the screen in place of America's beloved humorist. What the studio does intend to do, however, is to have this man play the rôle of Will Rogers in *The Great Ziegfeld*—a rôle which would necessarily require a man who did look like Will. The man in question is Andrew A. Trimble of Cleveland, Ohio, and his resemblance to the late humorist is so startling that even Will himself was astounded when they met. If Will Rogers could have voice in selecting a man to relive a portion of his life, however brief, on the screen, he undoubtedly would choose Trimble. Be advised then, that the studio is not attempting to hoodwink the public and that the columnists and commentators who said so were grossly misinformed.

● Editorially speaking, we tread on dangerous ground when we consider the matter of autograph-hunting, which will soon replace bagatelle and ping pong as the most violent of American sports. It isn't the autograph hunter who must be the strong and virile athlete, but the huntee who, immediately on emerging from a theater or night club, is set upon by a flock of well-wishers who push and maul the victim until he finally escapes with major bruises and injuries, not the least of which is a bad case of writer's cramp. In the photo above, Arline Judge is having a comparatively pleasant time of it, but on other occasions the scene resembles nothing more than a race riot. The original autograph hunter, that sterling individual who pursued the signature of his favorite movie star motivated solely by a feeling of admiration, has disappeared more completely than the cigar store Indian. Autograph hunting fast becomes a senseless mania. Some day, just for a change, we hope to see fifty movie stars mob a typical autograph fiend and make him sign his name until he drops in his tracks.

● Love, sing the poets, is a wonderful thing, and pondering on the subject we recall the breathless days when Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper were feeding the flames of a colossal Hollywood romance. Hardly a day went by but that there was a new crop of headlines—but how things have changed! Johnny Weissmuller came into Lupe's life, and now that lovely little spitfire is domesticated to the point of buying hubby's clothes and cooking his meals, when she comes back from her frequent tremendously successful personal appearance jaunts. Gary Cooper, too, has changed. Happily wed to a quiet, lovely girl of considerable social prominence, he has lost his awkward manner and his cowboy-ish reputation. Now, he is a quiet, dignified man of the world and a surprisingly excellent actor.

It is rather nice that everything has worked out this way, and that Hollywood folk run like frightened deer when they suspect a headline in the wind. But one can't help but sigh occasionally for the days when Hollywood romance was like the fitful burning of a torch which, carried high by its giddy bearers, might suddenly flare up and set the whole town on fire.

Carl A Schroeder

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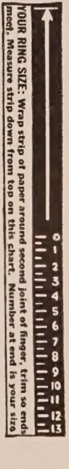

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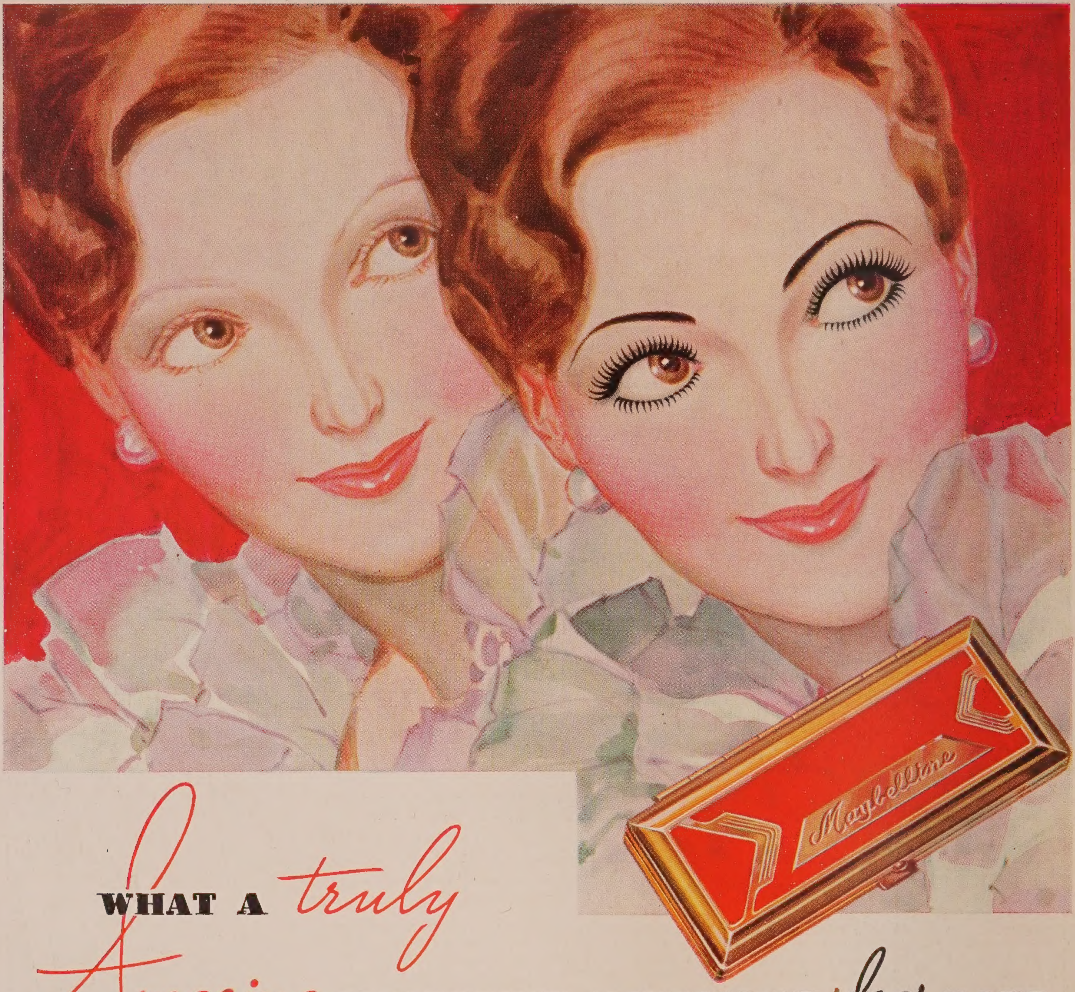

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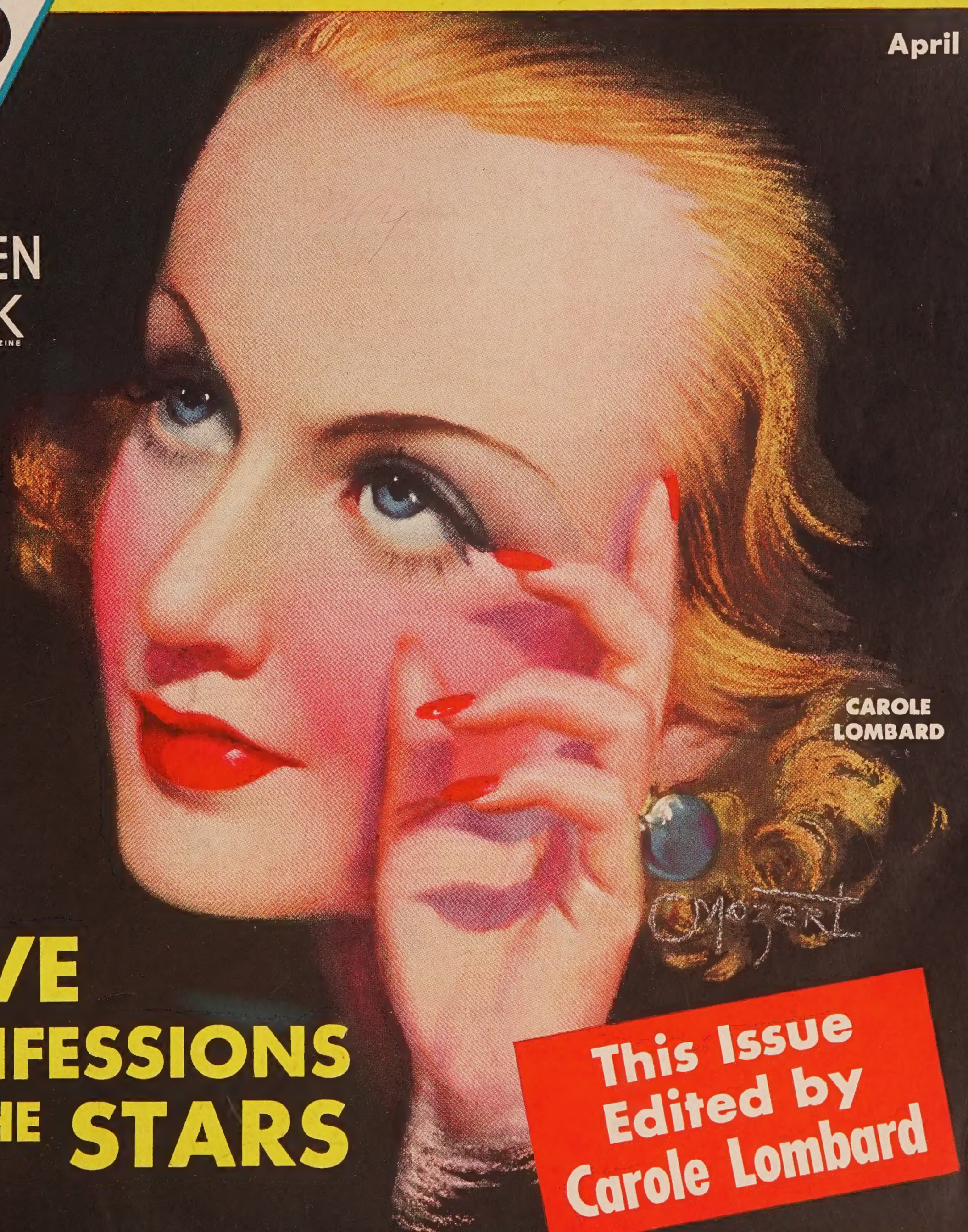

CAROLE
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LOVE CONFESSIONS OF THE STARS

This Issue
Edited by
Carole Lombard

"I've found a simple beauty care that really works"

LORETTA YOUNG
Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production
"Lightning Strikes Twice"

"LUX Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin..."

"USE ROUGE AND POWDER? Like most girls, I do," says lovely Loretta Young. "But I *never* risk Cosmetic Skin."

Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young's way. Use the soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want *yours* to be.

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TOILET SOAP

"Choose your Permanent Wave just as though YOU were a star"

says Perc Westmore, famed hairstylist and cosmetician of Warner Bros. Studios

"WHEN your job, your income and your happiness itself, all depend upon your beauty," says Mr. Westmore, "choosing a permanent wave becomes serious business. You can't 'try on' a permanent and once you've got it—it's yours until you can grow a new head of hair. No room for guessing. No time for experiments.

"I think if Duart Waves were to cost $100, screen stars would gladly pay the price to safeguard the loveliness of their hair and to insure a soft, lustrous wave of glorious natural beauty. Fortunately for them and for you, Duart Waves cost no more than ordinary waves. In every city from coast to coast, there are several shops where you can have your hair waved with Duart's Certified Waving Solution and **Sealed** Waving Pads, the identical materials used in our own Hollywood salons to wave the loveliest, most celebrated heads in the world.

"Choose DUART for your next wave just as though you were a star—it costs no more—yet think of the thrill of knowing your hair will have the same lovely feminine glamour everyone admires on the screen."

Copy a screen star's hairstyle if you like. The new 1936 Hollywood Coiffure Booklet will be sent you **FREE** with one ten-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse—not a dye—not a bleach—just adds sparkle and tint.

DUART

SEE LOVELY PATRICIA ELLIS

IN THE WARNER BROTHERS' PRODUCTION

"SNOWED UNDER"

Above three views of Patricia Ellis as seen in the new Duart Booklet of Hollywood Coiffures—see coupon.

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FOR ONE PERMANENT WAVE

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☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
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☐ Black
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Light Golden Blonde

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LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held
VIRGINIA BRUCE
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With his trick knee
GILDA GRAY
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ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all
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APRIL,
1936

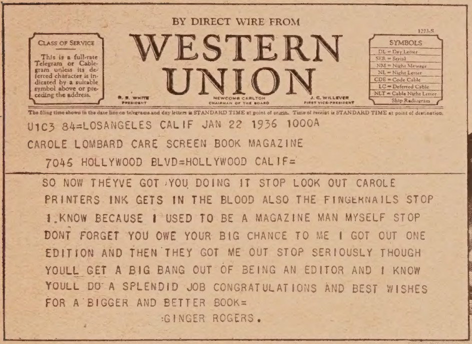
SCREEN BOOK

The News Magazine of the Movies

Vol. XVI
No. 3

CARL A. SCHROEDER, Editor

CAROLE LOMBARD, Guest Editor



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:GINGER ROGERS.

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DOUGLAS LURTON, Supervising Editor

Cover Portrait by Mozert

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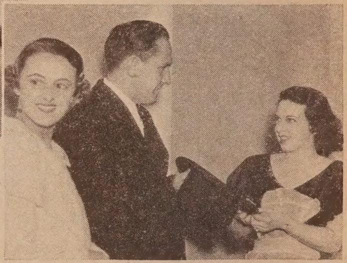
TODAY'S GOSSIP

By *the* Star Reporter

Clark Gable: "Hello, Jean. Say, I'm worried about what the critics will have to say about *Wife Versus Secretary.* Have you heard anything yet?"

Jean Harlow: "I'm a little worried, myself. All I've heard are raves about you. There is a review in this issue—on page 48—Carole Lombard says it tells all!"

For Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers the end of the matrimonial trail? Ginger took a trip to Reno, but emphatically denied reports that they had split



An unusual snapshot of Mrs. Fredric March with her famous *Anthony Adverse* husband, having their wraps checked at a popular night club

Patricia Ellis

BING CROSBY is rated in the millionaire class, yet on a recent occasion his personal check could not be cashed in three attempts at the studio. It happened when Bing was getting ready to leave the studio for a broadcast and found himself with no cash. He wrote a check and sent his secretary to cash it. The banks were closed and the studio cashier was not in his office. The girl tried a restaurant across the street and a haberdasher's shop with no success. The explanation is that Bing signed the check with his real name. And his real legal name is not Bing.

PATRICIA ELLIS, "The Most Promising Young Actress of 1935," leads the "sprained ankle" parade at Warner Brothers. First Pat sprained her ankle, then Al Jolson sprained his. Now Bette Davis is laid up with a foot as big as her head as a result of an injury sustained on the set of *The Petrified Forest.*

ERROL FLYNN has profited greatly by reason of his fine performance in *Captain Blood.* The studio has torn up his old contract, giving him a brand new one with a big increase. His mail has jumped from five letters a week to five hundred. Among the letters are twenty-four marriage proposals none of which interest him, considering the fact that he is wed to Lili Damita.

What Starlet Next?

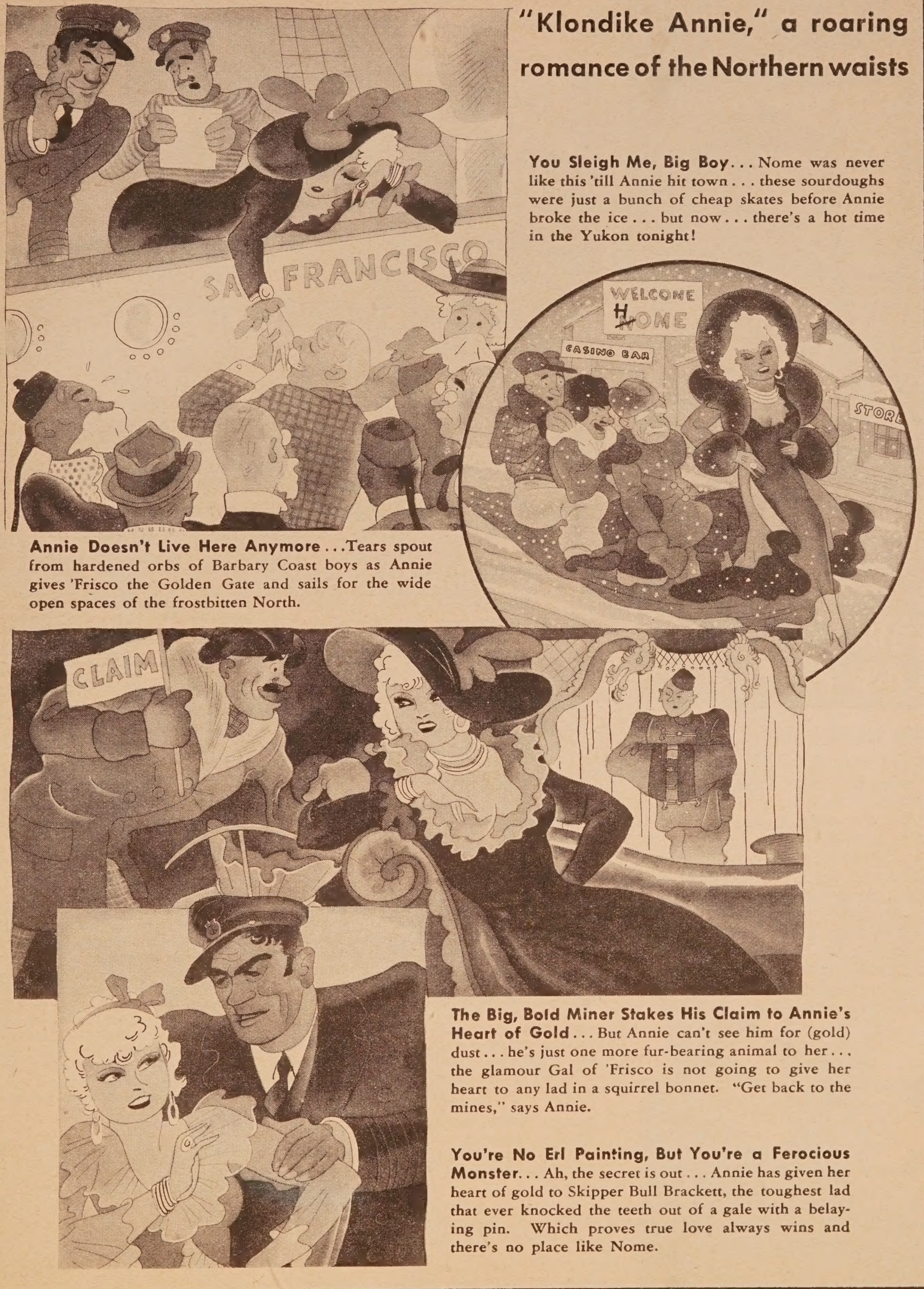
Patricia Ellis, seen above in the act of putting on make-up for her rôle in *Snowed Under*, won SCREEN BOOK'S title as *The Most Promising Young Actress of 1935*, and is fulfilling the confidence of her admirers. Which starlet will you nominate for the honor in 1936? For a list of a few of the eligible candidates, see page 62. Send your ballot today and do your bit to help along the career of some deserving young actress.

GRETA GARBO'S magic name was used by a smart fly-by-night promoter who opened up a bar here recently. To attract crowds, he put a little sign on the curb out in front of his new place with the following lettering on it: "This Space Reserved For Greta Garbo's Car." Even though Miss Garbo was in Europe, many people preferred to believe the little sign and thought that Garbo was really going to put in an appearance. The promoter, just to be in the clear, actually sent Miss Garbo an invitation to the opening of his new bar. Garbo couldn't squawk, the studio couldn't kick, and the promoter drew huge crowds in front of his place.

ERROL FLYNN has the following story to tell on himself: When Errol was down in the tropics working on a tramp steamer, it was his habit to engage in a

[*Continued on page* 8]

Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's "Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists



Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore . . . Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gate and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.

You Sleigh Me, Big Boy . . . Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town . . . these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice . . . but now . . . there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!

The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold . . . But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust . . . he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her . . . the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.

You're No Erl Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster . . . Ah, the secret is out . . . Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.

(Advertisement)

OVERNIGHT

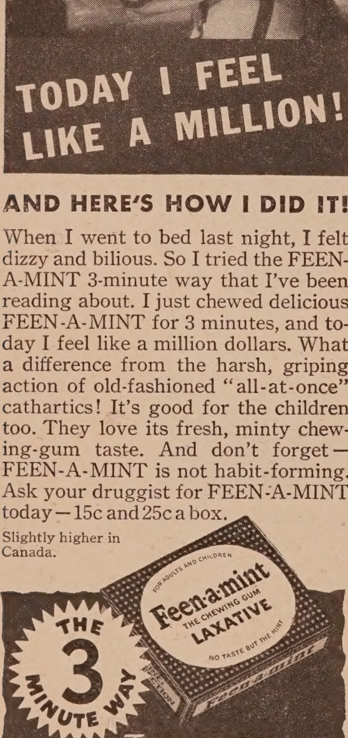
I LOST THAT DIZZY AND BILIOUS FEELING

TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

Slightly higher in Canada.



THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE *difference!*

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 6]

HOW REAL IS A MOVIE FIGHT?

Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda stage a fight in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* that is the last word in realism. Both trained athletes, they threw caution to the winds and really fought. They knocked each other down, rolled on the ground, gouging and mauling, and had to be pried apart when the scene was over. It would be nice to say that they rose, smiling, and shook hands, but they didn't until several hours later after first aid nurses patched them up. Both had black eyes, cut lips and bruises from head to foot. Fonda's left leg was lacerated from knee to ankle.

poker game with the other "hands" in his spare moments. It seems that Errol was one of the few white men on the schooner, so, his poker mates were invariably Malays and Orientals. Errol and his few white companions could not figure why they consistently lost at the game of chance whenever a couple of Malays sat in on the game. After many beatings at the hands of the Orientals, it finally developed that they had been talking to one another in their native language and would withdraw their hands in favor of a more powerful hand held by one of their race. Each of the Orientals would have a share in the "pot." Errol caught them dividing their winnings one night and thus learned of their nefarious arrangement. Needless to say, he got his money back.

BING CROSBY was perhaps the greatest movie fan of any of the kids in his neighborhood when he was a youngster. In fact, he was such a fan that it was his habit to slip into the theater of a Saturday afternoon via fire escape. One afternoon while thus engaged, he was caught by the theater manager while in the act of letting in several of his buddies through the same entrance. After a pep talk from the manager, he told Bing that one of the little group must have paid his way in to open the door for the rest of the kids. When Bing admitted that he was the one who opened the door, the manager said, "O. K., then you are the guy who paid to get in. Come on in and see the rest of the show."

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood's beauty expert, says that never before have women's complexions and general make-up been so natural. When he made this statement, he pointed out that such girls as Harlow, Bette Davis, Natalie Moorhead and June Knight have let their hair go back to natural. "However," says Mr. Factor with a twinkle in his eye, "that makes no difference to the cosmetic business for the simple reason that women are buying twice as many complexion cleaners than ever before. Heretofore, they could cover some of their blemishes with make-up."

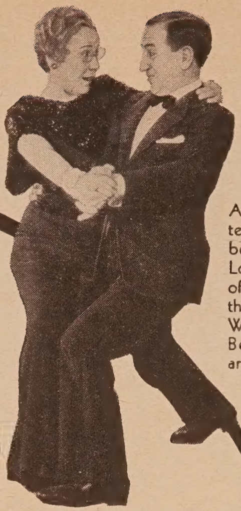
VICTOR JORY, who was recently laid up from an auto accident, got a great kick out of inventing riddles for his friends to solve when they dropped in to see how he was getting along. The cleverest one to be pulled of all of his was the one he put to Dick Arlen when he stopped by to see him. Jory thought he had Dick stumped when he asked him how far a dog could run into the woods. But Dick had him fooled with his answer, which was: "Only half way, then he starts running out."

ELAINE BARRIE'S presence in Hollywood is Filmland Mystery Number One. Several weeks ago, she arrived, registered at the ultra Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, and promptly became a target for the curiosity of every newspaper reporter in town.

Every studio executive has firmly denied negotiating for her services and to date she has not visited either a studio or an agent.

[*Continued on page* 60]

Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.



And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS Go 'Round and 'Round in COLLEEN

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

(Advertisement)

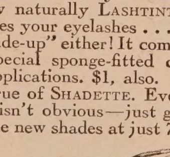
BRIGHT EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye.* Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. ($1 at good stores.)

At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. $1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamourous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* SB-4.

Kurlash

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HOLLYWOOD'S "All-American"

W. C. Fields and Freddie Bartholomew in *David Copperfield,* the year's best motion picture

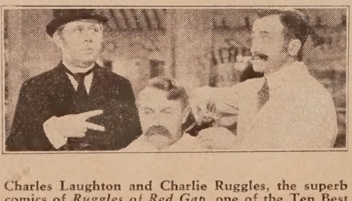
FOLLOWING the dictates of the public pulse, hundreds of critics the country over announce their selection of the best pictures of 1935 in the annual Film Daily poll. Strangely enough, few of the "Ten Best" pictures were of the modern variety, the public and critics alike preferring costume pictures, old classics and screen versions of popular novels.

The complete list of "Ten Best" is as follows: *David Copperfield, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The Informer, Naughty Marietta, Les Miserables, Ruggles of Red Gap, Top Hat, Broadway Melody of 1936, Roberta* and *Anna Karenina.*

An unusual fact is noted in the discovery that the ten most popular actors and actresses for the most part did not have the double honor of being in the casts of the Ten Best Pictures. Only Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are exceptions, and two of their pictures, *Top Hat* and *Roberta* won the laurel wreath from critics. On the other hand, Charles Laughton, whose splendid performances in *Les Miserables* and *Ruggles of Red Gap* was largely responsible for the acclaim they received, does not appear among the ten most popular players. It is a fact, however, that every picture in which he appears never fails to be an outstanding success.

What is your opinion of the "Ten Best?" If you agree or disagree, write your opinion to The Letter Page. See page 14.

Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell and Gary Cooper in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* 1935's second best



Charles Laughton and Charlie Ruggles, the superb comics of *Ruggles of Red Gap,* one of the Ten Best

1. When Shirley Temple entered pictures two years ago, few suspected that today a national poll would crown her Hollywood's Number One Actress

2. Despite his tragic death late in 1935, Will Rogers still retained his position as the most popular actor in America. Curiously, polls also pay a similar tribute to Marie Dressler

3. In Number Three position, Clark Gable found himself still high in the hearts of movie-goers when the results of the annual poll of theater owners was announced to the public

4. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire together are climbing the ladder of popularity, but the annual poll distinctly shows that they are also near the top individually

5. Joan Crawford's popularity has been consistent for more than four years and before the close of 1936 she is destined to stand even higher in the ranks of feminine screen stars

6. Year after year Claudette Colbert occupies a high position. She didn't appear in one of the "Ten Best" pictures, but she is still "tops"

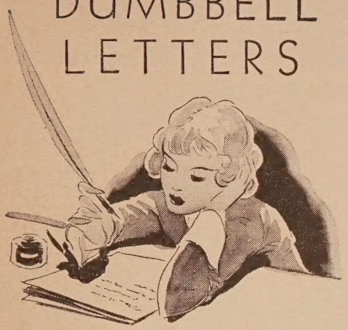
7. Female hearts continue to flutter around the box office and Dick Powell lands in the first ten. He also stands near the top in radio popularity polls, being one of few doubly honored

8. Good old Wallace Beery! In pictures longer than an elephant can remember, his selection on the "All-American" list is an indication that the American public is loyal

9. Stars go "down and around and around" in the hearts of the public, but comedian Joe E. Brown comes out here among the leaders when the final count is made

10. Two-fisted Jimmy Cagney, last of the "Big Ten," but by a very narrow margin of votes. After his grand work in *Ceiling Zero* he may rate even higher when 1936 votes are counted

DUMBBELL LETTERS



There is a laugn in every line! Send in "Dumbbell Letters" you discover—the movies want to use them!

New York Music School
New York City
Gentlemen:

Noticed your advertisement for pianist and violinist, male or female, being both I offer you my services.

RICHARD C.

Fuller Brush Co.
New York City
Deer Gents:

Do you make a hair brush what wont hurt Abie too much, and do I spank him on the backside or the bristle?

MRS. K.

Charles of London
52 E. 57th St.
New York
Gentlemen:

When I was in New York the other day I sent home a Louis XIV bed. I now find that it is too short for my husband.

Please send a Louis XV at once.

Very truly yours,
HELEN C.

Coroner
Honolulu, Hawaii
Dear Mr. Coroner:

I received your letter acknowledging the death of my mother-in-law and asking what the complaint was.

Let me hasten to reassure you, there was no complaint, everyone was satisfied.

Yours truly,
CARL B.

P. S. 16
New York
Deer Teetcher:

They told mine Becky at scool shes got fallen artches. The artches must of fallen off at scool they aint hear nowheres.

MRS. ROSIE N.

PRIZES FOR DUMBBELL LETTERS

SCREEN BOOK will pay $1.00 each for every "Dumbbell Letter" published by this column and will forward the winners to producers for use on the screen in "Dumbbell Letters," a popular short subject. The letters contributed must be "unconsciously funny" originals and not written especially for this column. No letters will be returned. Send your contribution to Dumbbell Letters, SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now they whisper *to* her ...not *about* her

Fragrantly feminine

..SO DESIRABLE

since she uses this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . Since she bathes with exquisite, scented Cashmere Bouquet Soap

SUCH a lovely, *feminine* way to guard your personal daintiness!

Your luxurious bath with this fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap keeps you so immaculate. Its deep-cleansing lather frees you so *completely* from any danger of body odor.

And then—to make you more alluring—the subtle, costly perfume of this lovely soap clings lightly about you . . . leaves you delicately perfumed from tip to toe!

Hours afterward, when you dine and dance with *him* . . . how glamorously this exquisite, flower-like fragrance still surrounds you!

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. That's why Cashmere Bouquet complexions are so radiantly clear, so alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which for generations has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting... Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

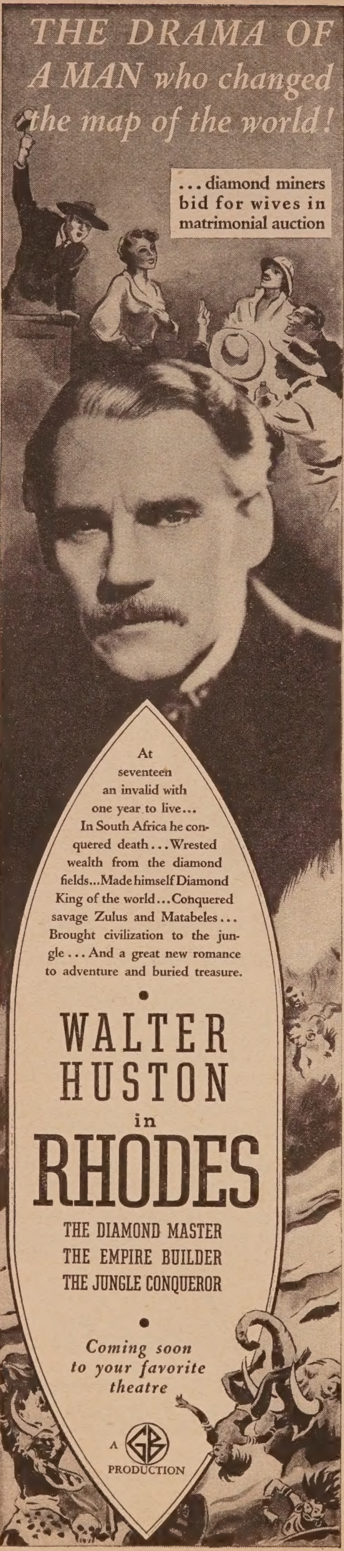
Why not order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet today! Sold at the beauty counters of all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

BATHE WITH *Cashmere Bouquet*

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*


THE DRAMA OF A MAN who changed the map of the world!

. . . diamond miners bid for wives in matrimonial auction

At seventeen an invalid with one year to live... In South Africa he conquered death . . . Wrested wealth from the diamond fields...Made himself Diamond King of the world . . . Conquered savage Zulus and Matabeles . . . Brought civilization to the jungle . . . And a great new romance to adventure and buried treasure.

WALTER HUSTON in RHODES

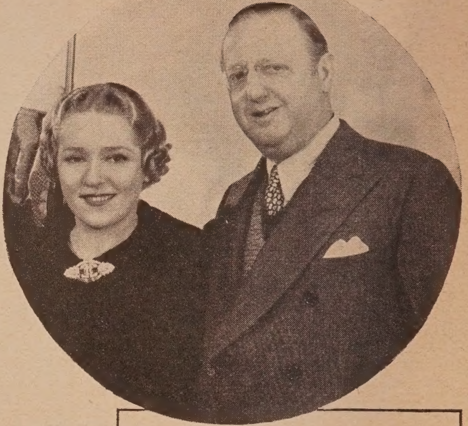
THE DIAMOND MASTER
THE EMPIRE BUILDER
THE JUNGLE CONQUEROR

Coming soon to your favorite theatre

A GB PRODUCTION

ENTER THE TRADEMARK CONTEST!

Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky offer valuable cash prizes for one simple idea. Read the rules and enter today!



THE PRIZES

Grand Prize—$500.

Other Prizes—$100 each to trademark winners in Screen Book, Screen Play, Hollywood, Movie Classic and Motion Picture Magazines.

If the winner of the $100 prize offered in Screen Book also is awarded the $500 grand prize, he or she will collect $600.

Total amount of prizes offered—$1,000.

ONE thousand dollars to the readers of Fawcett Publications!

If you want money, here's your big chance.

To help Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky find a trademark for their new company, Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc., the five Fawcett Publications—*Screen Play*, SCREEN BOOK, *Hollywood*, *Motion Picture* and *Movie Classic*—have agreed to cooperate with them by asking their 3,000,000 readers to don their thinking caps and see what they can work out. Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky will give the winners in this contest one thousand dollars in cash, to be divided into six prizes.

There will be a grand prize of $500.00, in addition to which each of the five magazines will offer an individual prize of $100.00 for the best suggestion from the readers of that particular magazine.

After each publication has decided upon a winner, then the trademark will be selected from among these suggestions and will be awarded the grand prize. Thus the person winning the contest receives a grand total of $600.00—the award of $100.00 as first prize from SCREEN BOOK, plus the grand prize of $500.00!

"There is no more interesting phase of modern merchandising than trademark psychology," says Jesse L. Lasky, president of Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc. "Big business executives and their staff members give ceaseless thought to the subject, because they are convinced that the public is highly susceptible to striking designs, emblems and catch phrases or slogans.

"An arresting or effective design, accompanied by a terse statement, can be the means for fixing a product in the public's mind better and quicker than almost anything else.

"That is why Pickford-Lasky Productions is anxious to get an appropriate trademark. And we want the motion picture patrons who read the Fawcett Publications to help us find the right one.

"Of course we could go ahead and devise our own; but we believe that somewhere in the world—particularly among the three million readers of these magazines—is a person who can think out an even better trade-emblem for us than we could invent.

"All you have to do is to describe your idea as you see it; and then, if it 'gets' us, we will have the best artist available execute the design. It is the idea we want from you. We gladly pay the liberal prize money that is offered."

As Mr. Lasky points out, the right trademark and slogan which will help to establish in the public mind *Pickford-Lasky Productions*, will be invaluable to his company. "This is distinctly a sales-age," he says. "Practically all people must be spurred to make up their minds as to just what they want to buy."

In making this point, Mr. Lasky gave it as his opinion that "Eventually—why not now?" has probably influenced more buyers than any other sales-resistance overcomer in use.

"So many and varied products," he continued, "are

[*Continued on page* 66]

NEWS NOTES

Romantic evidence of Mary Carlisle's affection for James Blakely exhibited as she leaves Hollywood for England to appear in a British picture

John Gilbert

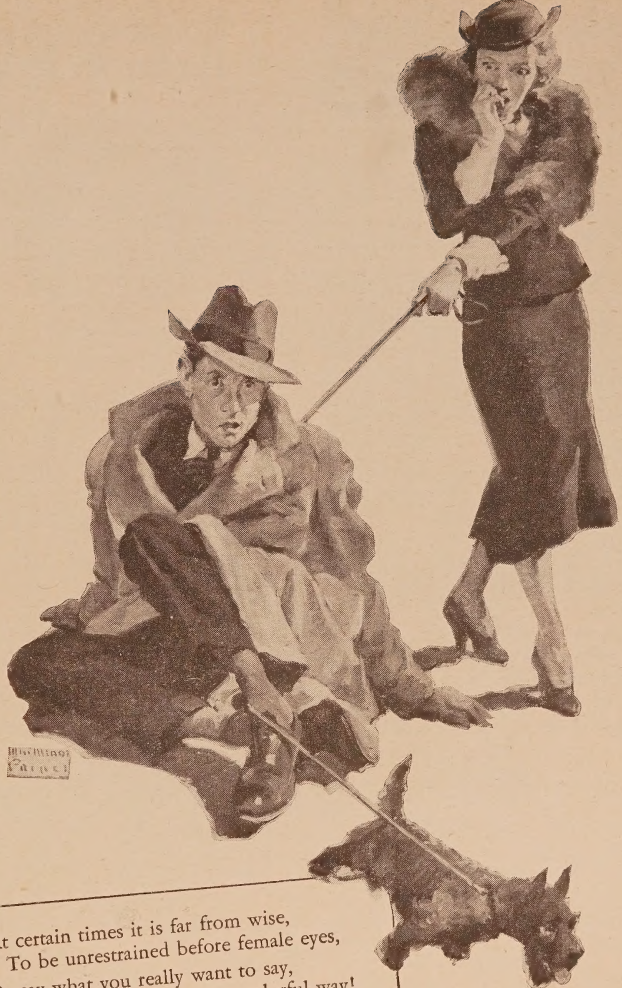
ALTHOUGH his picture career ended several years before his death, John Gilbert's passing was mourned the world over by stars and movie-goers alike. One of Hollywood's most capable actors, his career was halted abruptly by talking pictures, which by a quirk of Fate did not allow the recording of a voice in keeping with his personality. Gilbert married four times—to Olivia Burwell in 1917, Leatrice Joy in 1923, and to Ina Claire and Virginia Bruce in 1929, the latter divorcing him in 1934. Although a singularly moody person and apparently unhappy in his private life, Gilbert was genuinely loved and respected by his many friends. *The Big Parade* is considered his best contribution to the screen.

HEARTBEATS: Clark Gable and Jean Parker deny romance rumors . . . The clause in Dick Powell's contract forbidding him to marry has been omitted from his new studio agreement. Dick hasn't done anything about it—yet . . . Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary . . . The Joe E. Browns have been wed for twenty years . . .

BLESSED EVENT: The Fred Astaires became parents of a 6½-pound boy. Mrs. Astaire is the former Phyllis Livingstone Potter, and the baby is to be named Fred, Jr. . . .

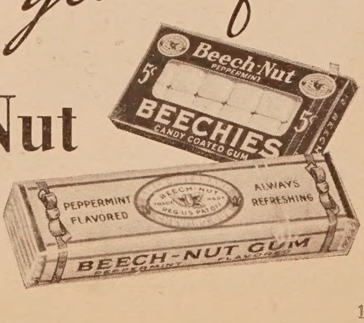
AWARDS: Ginger Rogers, co-starring with Fred Astaire in *Follow the Fleet,* was not only named an honorary admiral in the Texas navy, but was officially saluted by the State of Texas on the Texas Centennial radio program . . . Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphonies, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by J. J. Viala, French Consul, for his contributions to the world of art and entertainment . . .

NEWS ODDITIES: Marguerite Churchill has a standing bet of $500 with her husband that she won't change the color of her auburn hair . . . Carole Lombard, in a fight scene for *Love Before Breakfast,* netted a black eye . . . Joe Calleia banged his fist down so hard in *Exclusive Story* that he fractured a finger . . . So poor is Luise Rainer's memory for faces that, after working for two days with Paul Muni on the set of *The Good Earth,* she failed to recognize him the next day . . . Moviegoers in Minneapolis, according to complaints of theater managers in that city, steal electric bulbs, lobby display photos and even chandeliers! . . . John Barrymore reported the loss of $30,000 in bonds as well as important income tax data. The bonds were later found in a shoe box but the papers are still missing.



At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way!
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . collected . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, *to . . .*

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*



"TO ME . . HER LIPS LOOKED *Irresistible*"

SAID **CHARLES FARRELL**

Famous screen star tells why he picked the girl with Tangee Lips

The Tangee girl won when CHARLES FARRELL chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips . . . the kind of lips that would appeal to him . . . that he would want to kiss?

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick . . . one no lipstick . . . the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint.* It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

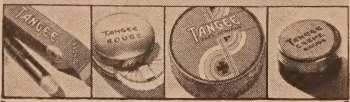
● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee . . . be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical . . . intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F46
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ____________
Please Print

Address ____________

City ____________ *State* ____________

LETTER PAGE

Win a cash prize! Address all letters to The Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

STAR OF THE MONTH — Jean Parker, nominated by readers for her superb performance opposite Robert Donat in *The Ghost Goes West*

$10.00 Letter

Orchids to Ginger

AT LAST a Hollywood product dares to speak out in public in defense of the town that made her what she is! A whole hothouse full of orchids to you, Miss Ginger Rogers! As a member of the Ginger Rogers Fan Club as well as the Fan Club Federation, I purchased the current issue of SCREEN BOOK expecting to enjoy Miss Rogers' work as an editor and I wasn't disappointed. Her editorial was splendid and gave a pen-picture of Hollywood that was "different." Her plea in behalf of the newcomers to the screen shows the real Ginger Rogers.—*Clyde Caudle, 910 East 22nd Street, Winston-Salem, N. C.*

$15.00 Letter

A Wonderful Picture

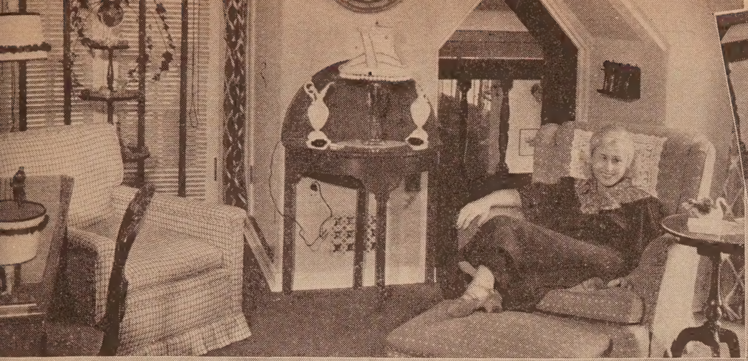
THE best picture of 1935 was undoubtedly *The Informer.* A picture with an indescribable quality that gripped you by the throat. The superb characterization of Victor McLaglen carried all the pathos and bathos of the whole tragedy of Ireland and her people. The exquisite artistry of the whole production was a triumph of picture-making, from the opening scene in the gray mist of the streets of "dear dhirty Dublin" with the song of the boyish street singer, to the final dramatic moment when the poor tortured soul staggers to the foot of the Crucified One and there yields his burden. The poor little bewildered tailor, dragged from his sick bed to give his evidence was a masterly performance, as was that of the rapscallious little Irishman, always at King Gypo's heels. A wonderful picture and a superb cast.—*J. Monger, 26 Hemenway Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

$5.00 Letter

Janet As Guest Editor?

GINGER ROGERS did a grand job of editing February SCREEN BOOK and wrote one of the most refreshing stories I've ever read about Janet Gaynor. To me it was a perfect word picture of the girl I've adored since the day I saw *Seventh Heaven.* I love to think of her as Ginger described her, "—Swift, charming moods all touched with a brilliant color—that's Janet Gaynor." Wouldn't it be great if Janet, as Guest Editor, would tell us

[*Continued on page* 82]



Joan Blondell, resting in the den in her home following completion of *Colleen*

A view of the living room where Joan entertains at quiet, exclusive gatherings

JOAN BLONDELL'S *New Home*

Joan perched on the bed in one of the guest rooms. If, someday, you were asked to spend a weekend in the Blondell mansion, this might be your room

Above: Joan in the cheery little dining nook which is approached by stairs from the living room

Left: Early American furniture in one corner of the living room. Joan is examining antiques which are among her most prized possessions

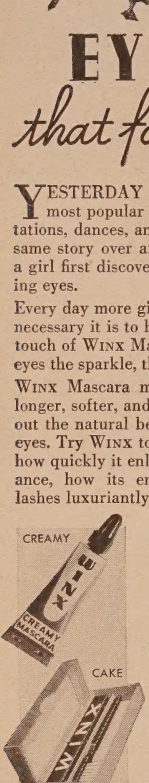
JOAN MARSH in "DANCING FEET," a Republic Picture

EYES... that fascinate!

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

WINX Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try WINX today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.



WINX Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smarting.

You can obtain WINX Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

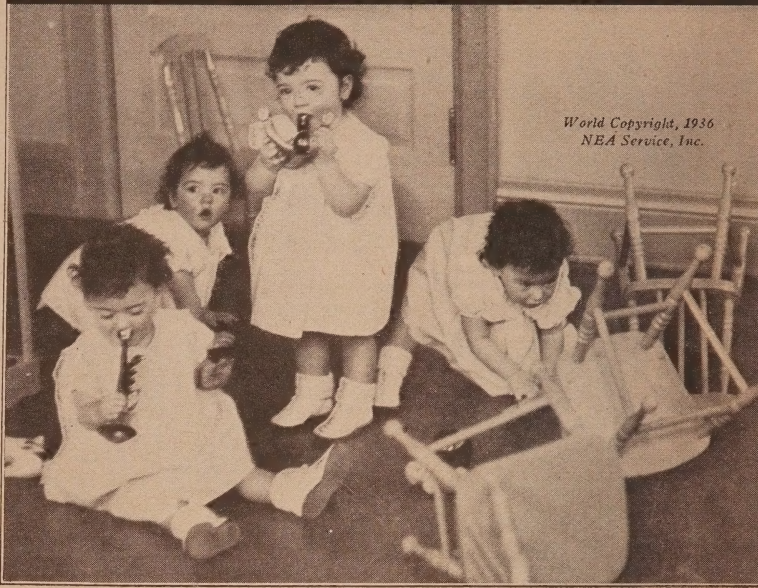
WINX Eye Beautifiers

If you find it more convenient, you may order a trial package of WINX direct. Send 10¢ to Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City. Check whether you wish

☐ CAKE *or* ☐ CREAMY FG4-36
☐ BLACK *or* ☐ BROWN *or* ☐ BLUE

Name...
Street...
City.................................State.................

Remarkable Facts About *The Country Doctor* and the



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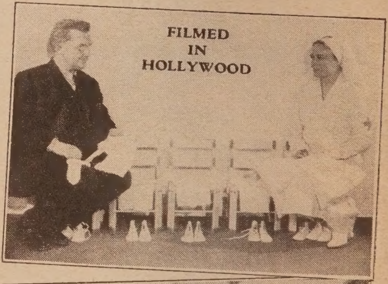
Behind the Scenes with the Quintuplets

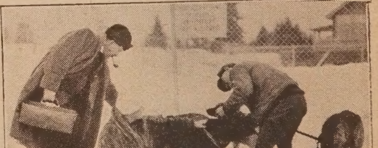
By Clark Warren

NEVER in the history of Hollywood has there been a more remarkable picture than *The Country Doctor*. It is one of few pictures for which a location trip was sent out of the country to film its stars. It marks the first time anyone was paid so high a salary—$450 a minute for appearing before the camera a few minutes a day for less than one week.

The record of *The Country Doctor* is so filled with remarkable, hardly believable facts that under any other circumstances no one would believe a word of it.

But with the Dionne quintuplets—that's a different matter. In the first place, Marie, Cecile, Annette, Emilie and Yvonne still don't know that they have become Hollywood stars, and won't until they grow to school age and some fond adult, reminiscing over the past, thinks to have the picture shown them. They are as unaware of this as they are of the fact that the late beloved King George of England was their official guardian by an official government act of the Province of Ontario. They didn't know that the familiar, fatherly man who such a short time ago played with them, administered to their physical welfare and supervised their general well





Above: Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson with identical duplicates of the tiny chairs and shoes of the Quintuplets, which were used for sequences filmed in Hollywood. Below: The same performers, as doctor and nurse, rehearsing one of the scenes which was filmed in Canada

Dionne Miracle Babies

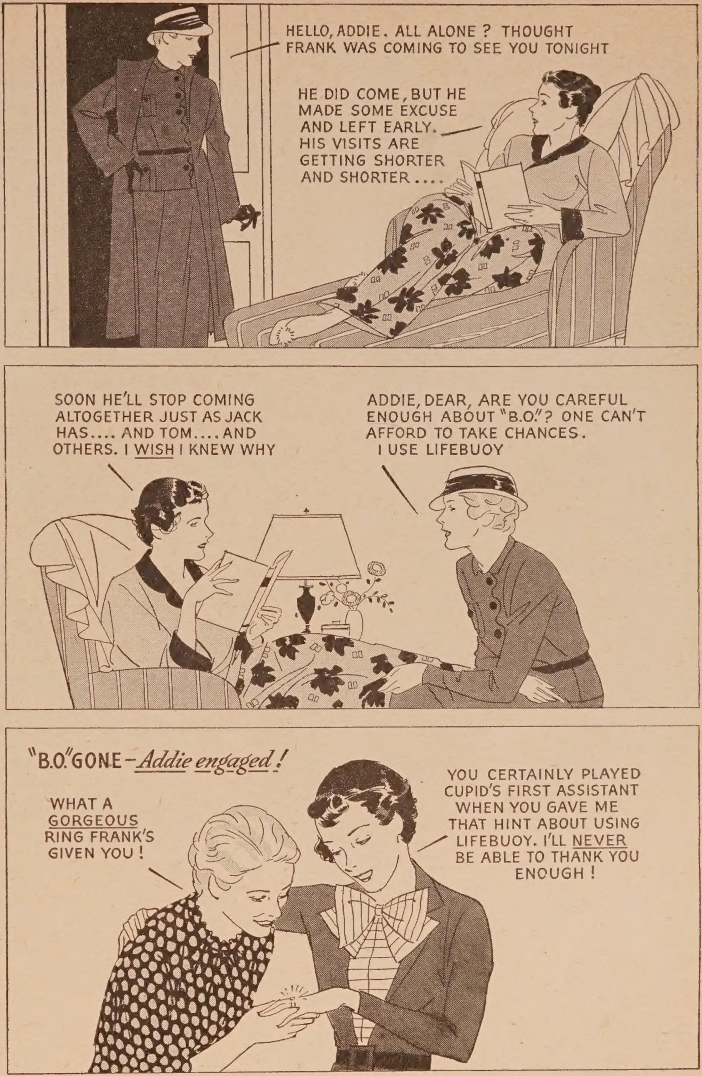
Although *The Country Doctor* stars the Quintuplets, the story of the courageous physician has other dramatic and interesting moments. The scene above shows Slim Summerville and Helen Jerome Eddy in a tense and emotional scene with a dying boy

being was not their own Dr. Dafoe, but a Hollywood actor by the name of Jean Hersholt.

And being so unaware of it all, they are in the same class with the general public, which, on seeing *The Country Doctor,* will know as little about what portion of the film was made in Hollywood and which in Canada as it does about telling one quintuplet from the other. But there is a key to the solution of this Hollywood magic puzzle.

The fact is that only two members of the cast—Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson, who play the rôles of doctor and nurse, were permitted to be photographed with the quintuplets. As a consequence, every foot of film showing any part of the famous babies is certain to have been filmed in Canada. However, so cleverly has the film been spliced that the story of the quintuplets and their brief lives seem to run through the whole screen play.

[*Continued on page* 64]


HELLO, ADDIE. ALL ALONE? THOUGHT FRANK WAS COMING TO SEE YOU TONIGHT
HE DID COME, BUT HE MADE SOME EXCUSE AND LEFT EARLY. HIS VISITS ARE GETTING SHORTER AND SHORTER....
SOON HE'LL STOP COMING ALTOGETHER JUST AS JACK HAS.... AND TOM.... AND OTHERS. I WISH I KNEW WHY
ADDIE, DEAR, ARE YOU CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."? ONE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES. I USE LIFEBUOY
"B.O." GONE—Addie engaged!
WHAT A GORGEOUS RING FRANK'S GIVEN YOU!
YOU CERTAINLY PLAYED CUPID'S FIRST ASSISTANT WHEN YOU GAVE ME THAT HINT ABOUT USING LIFEBUOY. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH!

ANOTHER KISS, DARLING. I CAN'T RESIST YOUR SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
LISTEN TO MY BRAND-NEW HUSBAND RAVE ABOUT MY LIFEBUOY COMPLEXION!

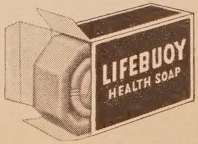
DO YOU want a fresher, clearer complexion? Use Lifebuoy. It does *two* important things. Cleanses *deeply* to rid pores of beauty-robbing impurities, yet cleanses *gently*. Scientific "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

What? "B. O." in Spring?

Yes, indeed! Houses are still heated and stuffy, clothing heavy—a grand invitation to "B.O." (*body odor*). Don't take unnecessary chances — bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies, deodorizes pores, protects against offending. Lifebuoy gives a wealth of lather, even in hardest water. Its own fresh, clean scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

stops 'B.O.'


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking your system.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains.

What a timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And its action is thorough, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. Ex-Lax is easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the world. Next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse substitutes.* Ex-Lax costs only 10c—unless you want the big family size, and that's 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 FG-46
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..

Address..

City..............................Age........

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

PERFUMES the STARS Prefer

By Janet Lynn

Beauty Service

Grace Bradley, who appears in *Anything Goes*, favors a delicate scent which she applies with a stopper

EVERY woman should use perfume as the finishing touch to perfect grooming. True, it is a rare woman who disregards scent entirely; but many of us use it only occasionally. The final arrangement of coiffure, the final flick of powder puff and lipstick, the last-minute tilting of hat—these are rites that no woman omits. And she should be just as faithful about applying perfume, for no woman is completely beautified without an aura of lovely scent about her.

It shouldn't be obvious or cloying; it needn't be the particular scent enjoying nation-wide popularity at the time, but a suggestion of perfume should be apparent, whether the occasion is a formal party or a routine shopping tour.

Perfumes are so fascinating and so numerous today, that even the severe sports type of girl who loathes feminine frills can choose a scent that carries the fresh tang of moor or woodland. The quiet, conservative girl has a multitude of modest but poetic floral perfumes to make her more charming, while the exotic girl, who prides herself on her conquests, can claim the subtle assistance of a hundred seductive odors that complement her personality!

And because every woman (though she be basically one of these types) has moods in which she loves to play at being another type, she can call on perfume to help her express the mood of the moment. Even the glamour girl likes to be a shy violet occasionally, and every outdoor girl and home-body is subject to frequent illusions of glamour! Each of these whims can be made more convincing, both to the wearer and her "audience" if she has matched her perfume to her whim!

Even though you do have a favorite scent which you've clung to affectionately, I'd advise you not to use it *exclusively*. Your olfactory nerves become deadened to its particular odor and you are likely to apply it much too generously. *You* don't notice the resulting effulgence of scent, but your friends do, and shudder. In the matter of application, most perfume experts insist that it be applied directly to the skin, where body warmth will help to release its fragrance. (Exceptions to this rule are perfumes made especially for furs. . . .) And all experts agree that spraying perfume with an atomizer is *most* satisfactory and economical. By this method, each drop of precious scent is broken up into minute particles, which do not stain fabric and which give off an immediate fragrance.

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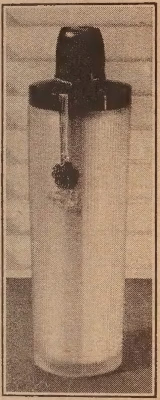
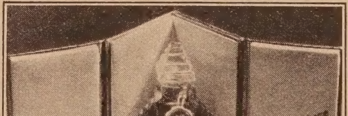


Wrisley Bath Crystals come in a beautiful cocktail shaker, which can be put to good use when the container is empty



Joie de Vivre, an exquisite perfume, is packaged in an attractive crystal flacon

NEW FILM NOTES

These Three, starring Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins, is the new Picture of the Month

On the set—Joel McCrea and Merle Oberon enjoy an economical chocolate soda between scenes

On the set—A closeup of Joel sleeping off the effects of his soft-drinking

By Bill Ulman

THESE THREE

The Story of Two Girls in Love

THE two girls were standing in the gloomy, Victorian room with an air of doubtful possession. Ancestral portraits were glaring at their silk-clad ankles and the long-dead, beaked noses seemed to wrinkle in disdain. The two girls happened to be on the eve of opening a girl's school in New England so that they might portray for Samuel Goldwyn the modified horrors of that famous stage play, *The Children's Hour*.

The two girls also happened to be Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon.

The new title infers a third party to this nefarious scheme—for any scheme to open a girl's school in New England is obviously nefarious—and that party happens to be the local medico, Joel McCrea. Now Joel is a man I admire. He knew he was going to have to play the part of a doctor in this opus, the guy both the girls are in love with, so he decided to really get to know doctors in preparation. He had a baby. That is, of course, with Frances Dee's help, but he contacted the doctors—especially around the first of the month.

And he learned to be calm in any situation—he says.

Well, the day we wandered out on the set to see what was going on, the two girls were standing in the aforementioned room with the aforementioned air of doubtful possession. Bill Wyler, the director, was in the act of establishing that sense of foreboding so common to the latent menace of girls' schools in general when there came a violent eruption from the direction of the stage door. Disregarding all such nonsense as red lights, Joel rocketed on the stage. His breast pocket bulged with cigars, his other pockets full of small packets of candy. Joel beamed.

As though we all hadn't taken one look at that proud pan and guessed the truth, he diffidently, casually commented, "Oh, 'm I interrupting? Sorry! . . . Unh—ah, that is, well, you see—I just had a baby. Sam. Little Sam."

Tripping over a spider box, he added that he wasn't the least bit nervous. As he sat in Bill Wyler's lap instead of the empty chair beside the director, he apologized that the lights blinded him, but he wasn't the least bit nervous, you know. Of course, it wasn't on account of having a wild man on the set, but somehow, nervous or not, no more work was done that day. They decided to celebrate. Joel had the traditional gifts for everybody and started to distribute them, candy for the ladies and cigars for the men.

[*Continued on page* 70]

TO HELP KEEP COLDS AWAY
AH-CHOO!

GARGLE PEPSODENT EVERY DAY

Doctor's Report proves Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

What 2 winters' test with 774 Illinois people revealed

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds

• A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce number of colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

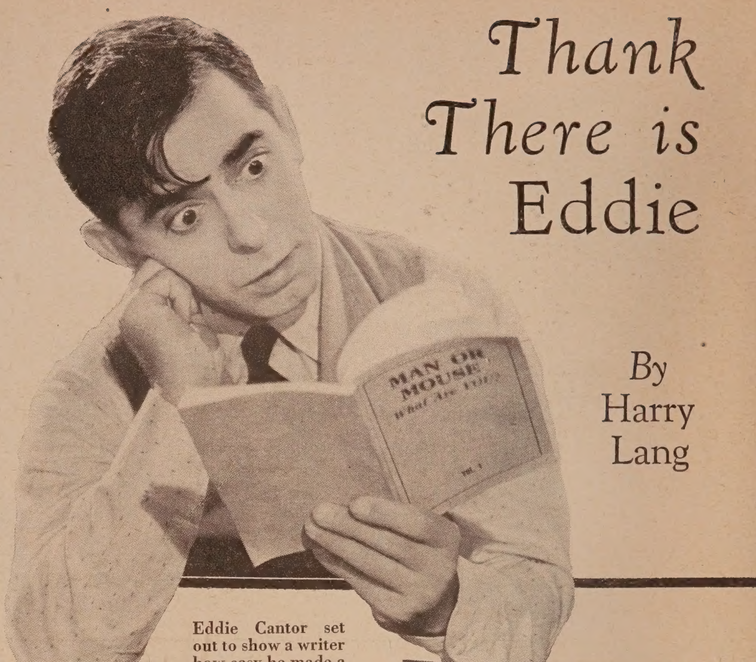
Goes 3 times as far

Pepsodent Antiseptic is extra powerful, but safe! It kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

Thank There is Eddie

By Harry Lang



Eddie Cantor set out to show a writer how easy he made a million dollars, and what followed was a priceless series of comic incidents

WELL, so here I am in the hospital with a complete nervous breakdown, and I suppose if I tried to sue Eddie Cantor, he'd laugh the case out of court.

My story is that it's Eddie's fault I'm here. It all began when the editor of this magazine asked if I could do a story about Eddie. I said: "Sure; for a long time I've been wanting to expose that guy and what an easy life he lives and gets rich on it by just cracking a few rusty wheezes. Sure," I said, "I'll write a story on him, and you can call it *The Easy Life,* or something like that."

So I sneaked up on Eddie. I got in touch with him at the Goldwyn Studio, where he was just finishing that cinch job called *Strike Me Pink.*

I figured I might get a little fun out of it myself, so I said to him: "Eddie, I'm going to write a story about how easy you make a million dollars with a few silly jokes."

So he said: "Fine, come and see me."

"Why don't you take me to lunch or something, and then we can talk it over," I suggested. So he went me one better. He said: "Better than that, why not just spend one of my typical days with me, and then you can see better than I can tell you how easy I make that million dollars."

I agreed, and he said to come up to breakfast tomorrow to start the day. "I live at the El Royale Apartments," he said, "with my wife and my eldest daughter. She's twenty-one. The other four are away in school. I'll see you at breakfast."

Author Harry Lang says this photo illustrates his idea of the world's worst nightmare. One Eddie Cantor nearly killed him—what would seven do?

"Okay," said I. "About ten o'clock tomorrow morning?"

"Ten!" he yelled. "Did you say ten? Listen—by me I have breakfast at six-thirty tomorrow morning. You asked to have breakfast. I didn't send for you." And with that he hung up. Well, I was caught. So I went up to his apartment, even though it was kind of early for that sort of thing, I wouldn't mind meeting a millionaire's twenty-one-year-old daughter, I thought. But there was Eddie all alone. "My wife and daughter

Heaven Only One Cantor!

From his hospital bed, a popular writer reports his crazy encounter with the pop-eyed comedian

—they are asleep, you dope. Just because we've got to suffer, should they?" So he said to sit down, that Frenchy was fixing up breakfast. So I sat, and waited for the *omelettes aux fines herbs,* and the kippered herring and the hotcakes or waffles maybe, and even a couple of chops, because I'm no piker when it comes to a free meal. And in comes Frenchy. [*Continued on page* 84]

Being choked by a pretty girl was one of the least strenuous things that happened to Eddie during the filming of *Strike Me Pink.* He spent one entire afternoon *having his head stepped on!*

THIS FAMOUS

HOME DISPENSER

and

60¢ size Italian Balm

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59¢
Campana's
Italian
Balm
The Original
SKIN SOFTENER
CAMPANA
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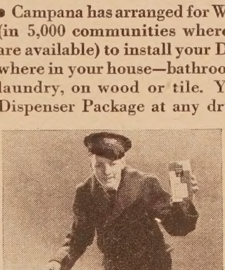
● In response to nation-wide demand, Campana now offers, through Drug and Department stores, its famous HOME DISPENSER *plus* a 60c bottle of Italian Balm —in a bargain package at 59c. But the supply is limited. So purchase *your* bargain package before it is too late.

The idea of dispensing hand lotion *originated* with Campana. Over 2½ million Italian Balm Dispensers, like the one illustrated in this advertisement—full nickel plated and 100% guaranteed—have been delivered to Italian Balm users in the United States and Canada.

And no wonder it is so popular! It *holds* the bottle *for* you—no un-capping or re-capping, no risk of bottle breakage. Each simple, quick press on the plunger gives you *one drop* of Italian Balm at a time—thus making "America's Most Economical Skin Protector" still *more* economical and convenient to use.

Western Union Installs It!

● Campana has arranged for Western Union (in 5,000 communities where messengers are available) to install your Dispenser anywhere in your house—bathroom, kitchen or laundry, on wood or tile. You buy your Dispenser Package at any drug or department store and then—(1) Call Western Union; (2) Ask to have your Dispenser installed; (3) Pay the messenger 10c for this service. (Campana pays the balance.) This special service good only while Dealers have these special 59c Packages.



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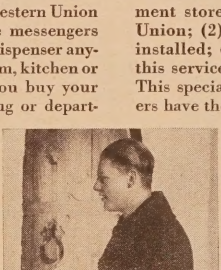
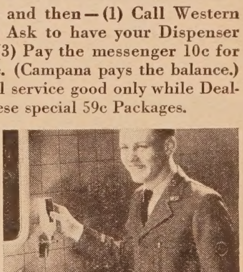


THE MESSENGER ARRIVES



INSTALLS DISPENSER 10¢

Your hands

**WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!**

**GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR**

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Just
20 CENTS

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HOLLYWOOD SHOP TALK

Fashion Service

"Wear a feather in your hat," says Joan Blondell

PERHAPS it was just a temporary coma, but I was still knee deep in January when your letters started pouring in, asking: "What's new for spring? What are the new colors? What are the new fabrics for evening? Will prints be popular? Will they wear tailored suits again?" So, premature though it seemed, I hurried forth to do a little scouting. And while it is quite possible that before the tulips burst out and the robins start their spring song many new ideas will have crept into the picture, but at the present moment the forecast goes like this:

Will they wear tailored suits again? You might just as well ask me whether the roses will be red again this year. For, so far as Hollywood is concerned, a tailored suit is something about which the rest of a wardrobe revolves. Spring, summer, winter, fall—wherever you see stars, you see tailored suits. For spring they will be double-breasted like your brother's coat and of the same material or casual one-button affairs with a slightly cutaway coat. The favorite color is grey, from light pearl shades to dense smoke tones, with hats and accessories in blending grey or navy accents.

In *Wife vs. Secretary* you will see Myrna Loy wearing one of the new one-button suits with the cutaway coat. It is tailored in grey men's wear fabric. Instead of wearing a strictly tailored shirt, however, Myrna wears a soft, sheer blouse of white organza with a pleated jabot edged with lace. Her accessories are of black suede and her hat is a little black felt tricorn. Myrna has a weakness for this type of hat.

For sportswear, the "interchangeable" suit is the thing. This is a smart economy note for any girl to adopt, for by using a two-color combination you can inject a lot of variety into your wardrobe at a minimum cost. In *Desire*, Marlene Dietrich wears a heavy linen tailleur of royal blue. The coat is double-breasted with flat pearl buttons and the short skirt has an inverted kick pleat in the center. In addition to the

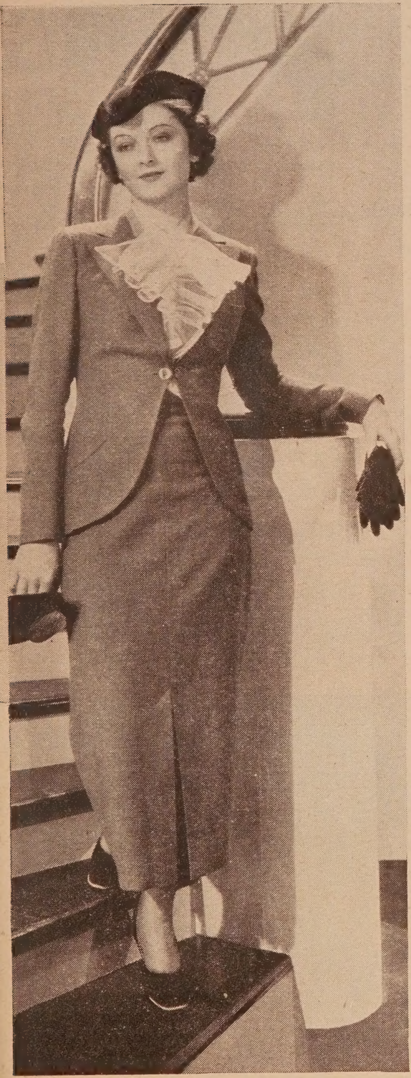
[*Continued on page 73*]

Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" tips the feminine world off to gray for tailored coats. Sweeping veils are back again, too!

Joan Blondell presents a startling tailored dinner gown in "Colleen". Note the smart long gloves giving the effect of metallic cloth

The spice of the new season's fashions as presented by Hollywood's most popular style commentator

By Grace Mack



Myrna Loy is seen wearing this effective one-button suit with cutaway coat in "Wife vs. Secretary." How a wife with such smart clothes could almost lose a husband is a puzzle, but Myrna tells all about it in an interview on page 27

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Q-96
Same girl
Before and after

Small Picture typifies the girl who neglects her looks • • Larger Picture— the same girl after she has been to the Beauty Shop

• • GO TO YOUR BEAUTY SHOP EVERY WEEK • • AND, IT HELPS TO KEEP LIFE AND SPARKLE IN YOUR FACE TO ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY

WARNING!

to the girl who's in *Love*

YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

YOU *Are Invited to a* Hollywood Party !

The hostess, popular Paula Stone, who entertains Hollywood's most popular stars at her home

A gala event is planned for those who join the Movieland tour!

WHAT more lovely hostess could SCREEN BOOK find for its annual party in Hollywood than Paula Stone?

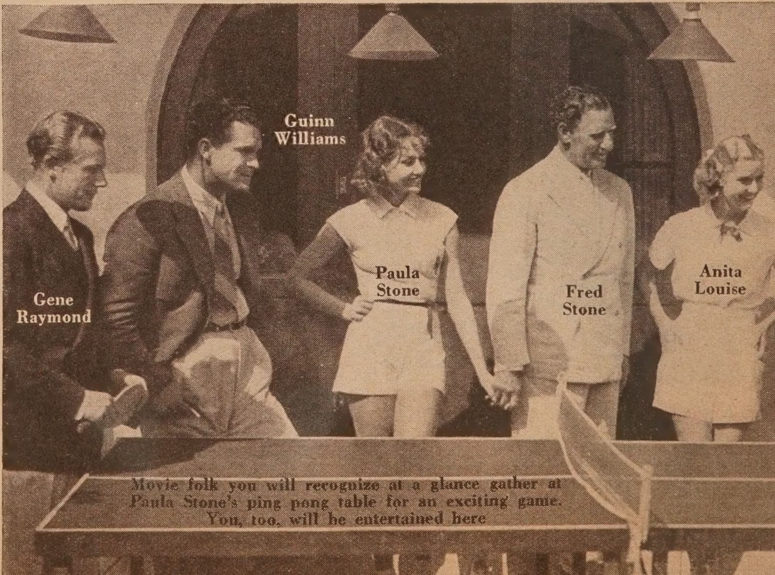
The piquant star of *Slide Nellie, Slide*, *Treachery Rides the Trail* and other new pictures, has invited all the members of our Movieland Tour to come to her house and meet all her friends among the notables of the screen colony—in person!

There'll be Fred Stone, of course; the man who held the spotlight on Broadway for a quarter century with his great musical comedies—*The Red Mill*, *Wizard of Oz*, *Jack-o-Lantern* and others, and who has just begun a great career in Hollywood. Fred Stone and his daughters, Paula, Dorothy and Carol, called The Stepping Stones, are world famous.

You'll have the time of your life meeting them. Fred has just finished *Farmer in the Dell*, a big 20th Century Fox picture, and he is a born entertainer. As you know, he and the late Will Rogers were lifelong friends.

And you'll adore Paula. She's slim and red headed and bubbling over with vitality. Not long ago she gave a party for her sister, Carol, and invited us.

It seemed as if everybody in Holly-



Movie folk you will recognize at a glance gather at Paula Stone's ping pong table for an exciting game. You, too, will be entertained here

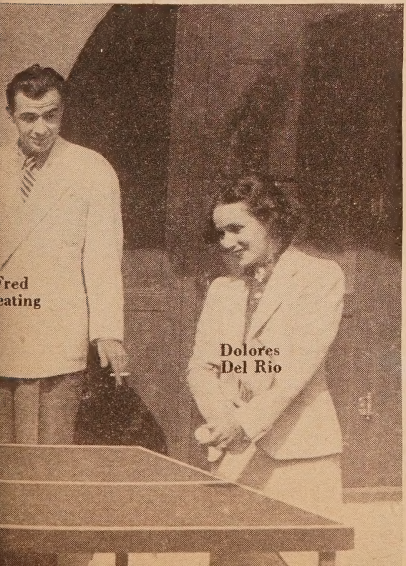
Pointing to their hostess, Paula Stone, are Anne Shirley, Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan. They were honored guests at one of Paula's recent parties

By Jack Smalley

wood was there! Jeanette MacDonald came with Bob Ritchie, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable were together, famed Grantland Rice and his daughter, Florence Rice, now in pictures, arrived with Fred Keating; Cecelia Parker, Tom Brown, Ann Shirley, Pat Ellis, Sue Carol, Howard Wilson and dozens of the younger set were on hand, and Fred Stone popped in from the studio, still in his make-up for *Farmer in the Dell.*

Paula is going to invite these friends to be on hand to greet you, too. She will entertain in her lovely Hollywood home, tucked in the hills overlooking movieland. You'll want to bring your cameras and take lots of pictures, and fill that autograph book of yours to bulging!

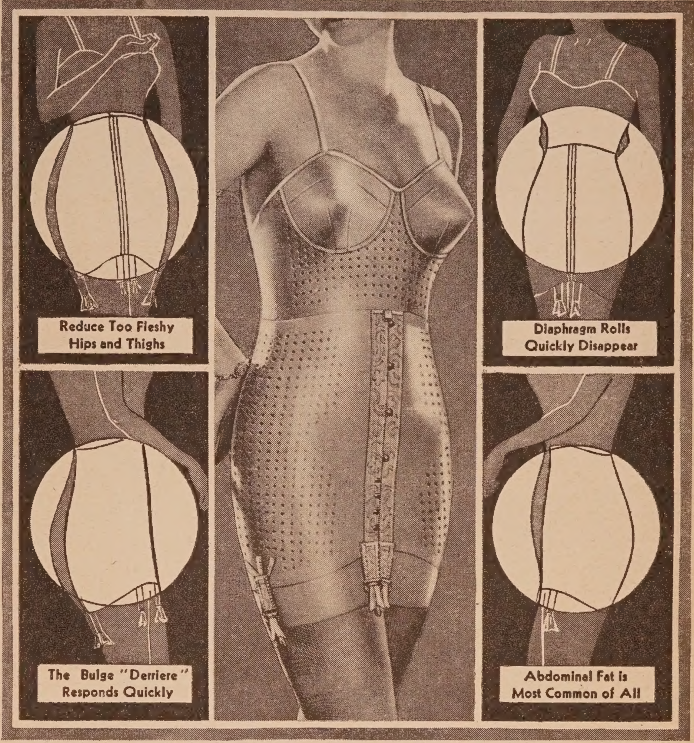
[*Continued on page* 86]



red
eating

Dolores Del Rio

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches In 10 Days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

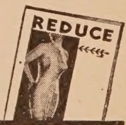
■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" Writes Miss Healy!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY **FREE** TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*



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10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!
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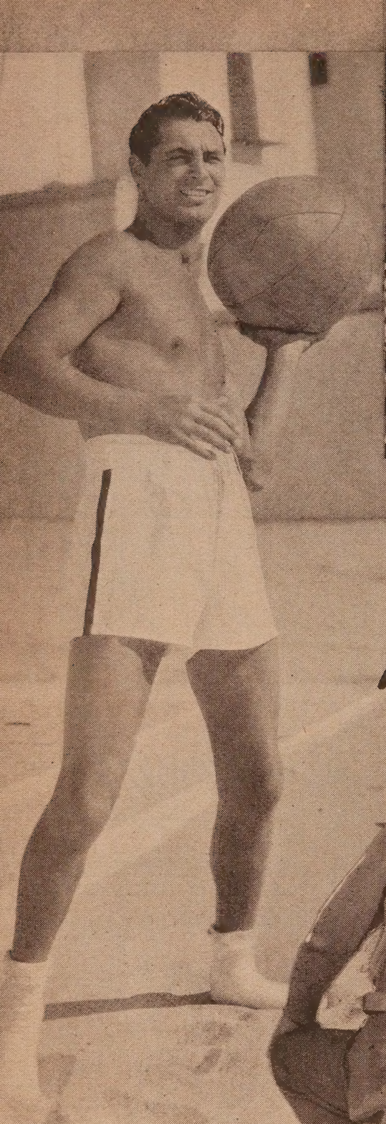
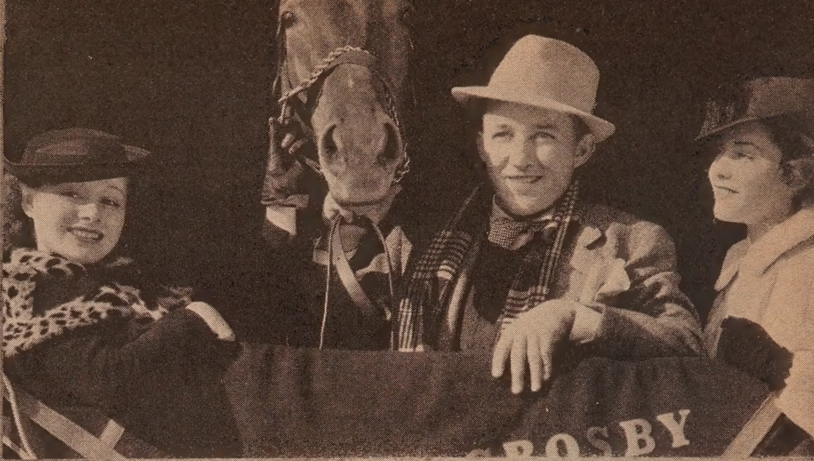
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard





Left: Cary Grant, who scored a great hit in *Sylvia Scarlett*, keeps in trim by throwing the medicine ball at Palm Springs

Bing Crosby's ambition is to own the word's fastest horse, and Khayyam is doing his bit to help. With Bing are Marsha Hunt and Eleanore Whitney

Photo News!

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy being filmed as they come down the winding staircase in *Wife vs. Secretary*. The director and cameraman on the crane follow them step by step. See story on next page

Jane Withers pretends to be afraid of Satan, but the big beast really is just an overgrown kitten and a great pal of Janie's ever since her first visit to the zoo

SCREEN BOOK
APRIL, 1936

Hollywood's *New Triangle*

Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow discuss a delicate situation—and Clark Gable! Well, read the story for yourself!

When Clark Gable and his secretary, Jean Harlow—on the screen, you understand—held a conference in her room, Myrna Loy, the understanding wife, admitted it was a bit too much

If your husband promised to take you on a second honeymoon to Havana, and then went alone, what would you do? Clark Gable and Myrna Loy act it out in *Wife vs. Secretary*

By Otis Wiles

MYRNA LOY TO DIVORCE CLARK GABLE! JEAN HARLOW NAMED "OTHER WOMAN!"

THAT, my friends, would be the perfect "triangle"—and man what a story! Editors would throw the Ethiopian War into the ash can and shove the New Deal brawl back to the classified ads to splash it on their front pages. Reporters to you—would make a piker of the great Nurmi in their speed to run down the litigants Gable-Harlow-Loy and corner them for columns of quotes.

Just imagine. . . .

Clark and Myrna were happily married for three years, living in perfect understanding with each other. Clark had a lovely secretary, Jean Harlow, a very capable secretary who knew more about his business than he did, himself.

Myrna and Secretary Harlow were on quite friendly terms—when repeated insinuations of gossip, coming not only from her friends but also from her own husband's mother, began to stir up Myrna's suspicions.

They had their first quarrel over it, but they soon forgot it and Clark promised to take Myrna on a second honeymoon to Havana. But Gable, always the impulsive, went to Havana alone to close a certain deal. Even this sudden change of plans failed to wholly disappoint Myrna—until . . .

She called Clark by long distance late one night—and Secretary Harlow answered the telephone in Clark's bedroom! Myrna hung up before Clark could explain and even after he had flown back home she turned deaf ears to his feeble efforts of explanation. . . .

[*Continued on page 62*]

LOVE Confessions of the STARS!

Katharine Hepburn, with Brian Aherne in *Sylvia Scarlett*, displays a depth of understanding that is a vivid reminder of her first tragic romance

Right: Franchot Tone wed a Joan Crawford who is entirely different from the girl who first came to Hollywood. An early love is responsible

How the first, breathless heart affairs of screen favorites brought miraculous changes into their lives

THERE may be sweeter things than *first love,* there may be fuller, richer experiences, but never again is there anything quite the same.

In the case of Claudette Colbert, for instance, it played a dramatic part. Had she married *her* first love *there would have been no career for Claudette!*

She was a naive nineteen and unkissed. Such an amazing state of affairs can be understood if you know how strict old French families can be. The swains who longed to swarm around the comfortable Colbert apartment there in New York had a taste of frost-bite. Poppa and Mamma Colbert administered that with distinction! Then Mamma got lonesome for France and she hied Claudette off with her—and it was on the boat coming back that it happened.

Mamma, you see, fell asleep. And a young Southerner came charging up. As Claudette soon found out, these Southerners have a way with them. By the fourth night out they were engaged. They were standing in the shadows of the boat-deck, watching the moon trace a path on the sea, when he kissed her. It did something to Claudette—that kiss. Then a dreadful doubt swept over her. *She was compromised!* A nicely brought up French girl doesn't permit a man to touch her lips until they're engaged. But the young man was putting her doubt to rest by gently holding her in his arms and murmuring, "We can be married right on this ship, honey. Right away tonight, if you'll do it." Claudette wanted to. She saw herself going down to Georgia with him, keeping house for him in some cunning little place, being his wife.

But Mamma, when they roused her, didn't see it at all. She very nearly fainted. There were tears aplenty on that boat because both Claudette and the young man were sincerely in love. There were more tears after they landed for Poppa Colbert didn't like the idea either. In due time he would pick a husband for his daughter but it wouldn't be some

By
Virginia T. Lane

Since her appearance with Clark Gable in *Dancing Lady*, Joan Crawford has gained much in her ability to portray emotions. It is partially because, as Joan says, there was only one man "who had great faith in me as an actress"

Claudette Colbert once thought she never again could be happy—all because of a youthful romance wrecked upon the shoals of parental objection. Now, as Mrs. Joel J. Pressman, she thinks differently

stranger who would cart her away to a distant state!

After weeks of futile pleading, the young man sadly entrained for Georgia—and Claudette went around pale and listless. Then she broached her Big Idea. *She wanted to go on the stage.* Six months earlier her family would not have listened for a moment. Now—well, it was the lesser of two evils. They didn't consent, but they didn't say "no."

That's the way things happen. You never can tell what's going to result from that first ecstatic touch of romance, where it's going to lead to. And nowhere has it had more important bearing than in the lives of the stars.

WITH Joan Crawford, for example—it is the most significant chapter of her whole story. And up to now it has been the only unpublished one.

Joan was Lucille Le Sueur then. Between those two the poised, cultured Joan and the jazz-mad Lucille—there's a gulf so wide that only love could have bridged it.

Lucille came to Hollywood with nothing more helpful than a chorus background. She was a cute, crazy kid who could out-dance anybody doing the Charleston. But her chances for cultivation of any kind had been painfully slim. Those young emotions and ambitions of hers were about as fluid and fluctuant as the tides. One moment she was making the headlines with Mike Cudahy and on the verge of becoming the glamorous mistress of millions. The next she was all-Bernhardt giving vent to the wild unhappiness stirring under all that gayety. And then Lucille fell in love. Completely, wonderfully in love in a way that had nothing to do with the infatuations she'd called "love" before. Out of that singularly beautiful experience came a new personality—Joan Crawford.

He was not a handsome man. He was small and gentle and brilliant. One of the best liked and cleverest people in the business. And because he was never to know just what he meant in Joan's life his name cannot be mentioned here. "He was the only man out here at that time who had any faith in me as an actress," Joan told me at once. "He taught me. He awakened my mind. *Do you know what it means to have someone clear up the dark spots that have puzzled you so? Someone who'll strike through the doubts and discouragement and show you the way?"*

He took her to see the best dancers in the world perform. He supplied her with excellent [*Continued on page 72*]

Sylvia with Henry Fonda in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, her newest picture

Words of advice from my good friend Sylvia Sidney well worth your time

Carole

Let SYLVIA Tell You How to Live!

By James Fisher

SYLVIA SIDNEY is a romantic person. You have only to see her in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* to realize that. But she is also practical.

"When I first came to Hollywood," says Sylvia Sidney, "I learned two things. My salary was to be more than I ever had earned on the stage. And Hollywood is a temptress. So I made arrangements to protect myself. I engaged a business manager, who also acts as my agent, and had him fix up a budget for me. I made it his business to see to it that I thought three times before I bought anything. I've discovered that when you pause to think that long about something you usually decide you don't want to buy it."

Here are some of Sylvia's major economies. She had a big house in Beverly Hills for a short time. But she thought about that three times and discarded it for a small apartment. She drives a car that is several years old. She gives no lavish parties. She has a housekeeper who budgets her expenses as carefully as her manager. Above all, she dresses with the utmost simplicity.

Now to go back to that manager of hers who tries to make her live on a budget. Sometimes his days have been as smooth as a billard ball. Others have been as rough as your grandfather's woolen underwear. For instance . . .

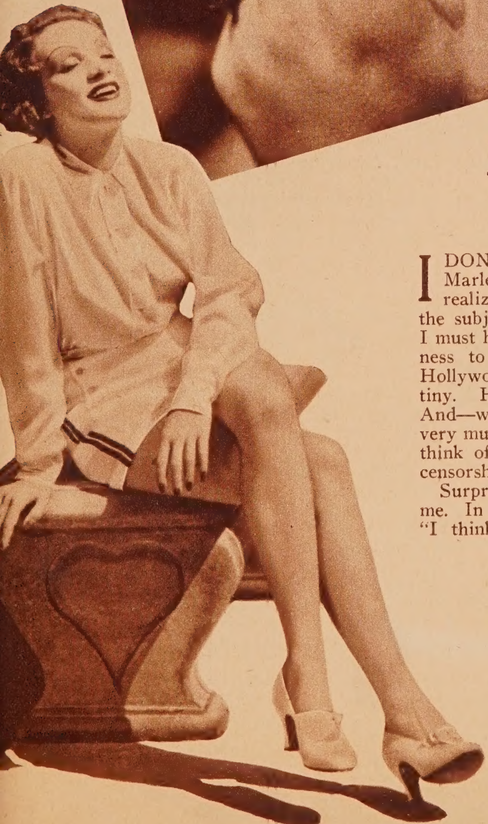
We were passing Magnin's and the window was full of winter furs. The sight of them made her chuckle. She recalled a feat of which she is very proud. "I'll never have more fun," she said in answer to my inquisitive glance, "than I had getting that leopard coat—the one my manager found out about through sheer accident. I had worked over my allotted time on a picture and made a bit of extra money. No one knew about it but myself. So I bought that coat I wanted so badly.

"Then the furrier decided I ought to have a little melon-shaped muff to match the coat. That's where I missed my cue. Instead of going down and paying cash for the muff, I told them to bill me. Of course, my manager got the bill which read, 'muff to match leopard skin coat.' He didn't even bother to phone. He came in person to wave the bill in my face. He wasn't just burning either—he was a whole conflagration!"

But even when this woeful star of *Mary Burns, Fugitive* does turn fugitive from her own budget she still makes sense. A leopard coat, for example. [*Continued on page* 87]

Be FAIR *to* MARLENE DIETRICH!

A glamorous, sensational screen star *can* be a perfect mother. This story proves it!



By
James Fisher

I DON'T know what made me ask Marlene Dietrich such a question. I realized she wouldn't want to discuss the subject. It has always been taboo. I must have been unstrung by my nearness to the brittle loveliness of this Hollywood Circe! Her dressing room is tiny. Her skirt seemed rather short. And—well, those famous limbs were very much in evidence! They made me think of *The Blue Angel* and then of censorship.

Surprisingly enough she answered me. In throaty measured tones she said, "I think that censorship is all right if it is intelligently administered." She paused and then in rather a cryptic fashion added, "You see, I am something of a censor myself!"

She seemed perfectly willing to stop there and allow me to stew in my own puzzlement. Suddenly I remembered the existence of her own little daughter. I knew then that I had found the subject of my interview. "Oh," I said, "you mean—"

She nodded. "Yes—Maria. It is necessary for me to select the pictures she sees. I have to be so careful. In fact, I think it is so important that she should see only the right films that I myself view every one before allowing her to go." The descending cadence of her voice was dismally expressive as she concluded, "It is quite a task!"

But no task is too great for this pale beauty when it concerns the welfare of her Maria. Dietrich may be the Queen of Glamour on the screen. In her chill, sophisticated way she may wreck the screen lives of countless worthy males for your entertainment. She may be beautifully bad. Startlingly unconventional. But in her home she is the wise, the careful mother.

Perhaps it is wrong to designate the relationship between Marlene and Maria as the usual child-parent bond. It is more than that. When seen together they are more

[*Continued on page* 74]

FIGURES *in the News*

Slim and supple, Hollywood's Number One Dancing Queen as she appears in her shining costume for *Follow the Fleet.* Teamed with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers is among the ten most popular stars

Slender, beautiful Patricia Hevens Monteagle, popular California society girl who makes her first screen appearance in *The Great Ziegfeld.* Friends call her "Pat," and that's what she always will be to admirers

Rita Cansino, who makes her bow in *Paddy O'Day,* has one of the loveliest feminine figures in Hollywood. She keeps herself in trim by systematic exercise

Right: Doris Toddings and George King score a hit doing the "Tapalong" in one of Pete Smith's amusing short reels

COMEDY and TRAGEDY in Hollywood

A great story from the pen of a famous writer

By JIM TULLY

THOSE who survive in the cinema city must have the capacity to mingle laughter with tears. All things have a barb in Hollywood. When Charles Bickford was recently mauled by a lion while filming a scene, a wag asked, "Did he try to bite the lion?"

Men and women come to the cinema city from the ends of the earth. Wallace Beery, a runaway from home, one-time chorus boy, ex-elephant trainer, and son of a Kansas City policeman, was one of the first to arrive in Hollywood. He is the first illustration of the fact that one must laugh in Hollywood to keep from crying. "I've seen things happen to everyone—so like the character at the finish of *Rain*—pity is what we have left—and laughter."

Beery is one of the shrewdest men in Hollywood. In films for twenty-three years, he is without a peer as an actor. His rollicking good humor conceals a mind that thinks to the bottom of things, without sentimentality or pretense. Trained in a hard school—he is flint-like, determined. A keen diplomat, he early learned the value of a smile. He seldom talks seriously, always preferring to wear the garb of the buffoon. Only once did I ever hear him discuss books. Very simply he quoted Anatole France. Once, in a group, someone mentioned Gloria Swanson. His comment was, "She used to bring my slippers."

Clark Gable is one of the kindest men in Hollywood. He has been called Valentino's successor. This is a mistake. No individual, whether he be Valentino or Gable, ever had a successor. Gable brings a quality to the screen that may or may not be superior to Valentino's. It is, at least, his own.

Gable was once "on the road." He had a dime left. He flipped it—heads he would have coffee and rolls that night—tails—he would wait till morning. The dime went up in the air—and rolled down a sewer. "I can laugh about it now," said Clark, "but not then."

Once, while dining with Clark, a young girl hitch-hiker introduced herself, saying, "I've always wanted to meet Clark Gable." Clark greeted her kindly. She talked of her wanderings. Clark had to go to a preview. I chatted with the girl. As we left, the cashier of the restaurant handed the girl a sealed envelope. Inside was a twenty-dollar bill.

"Gee—he's a swell guy." There were tears in the girl's eyes.

"That was thoughtful of you," I said to Clark later.

"I remembered the dime that rolled away," returned Clark.

I interviewed Rudolph Valentino once, for a national magazine. A pompous director was with us. We talked of our early beginnings. Valentino spoke of the day when he was a bus boy, and dropped an entire tray of dishes. "The noise drowned out the roar of the elevated railroad," he laughed.

"Yes," finally said the pompous director, slightly melted, "I used to be a truck driver."

We looked, like privates might at Napoleon, and said, "You don't say?" And the pompous director expounded on the dignity of labor. When I started to leave, Valentino called me aside. "Put all that truck driving business in the story," he said, laughing. And I did. The director has not spoken to me since.

There are many tales that never reach print in Hollywood. Sam Wood, the well-known director, once engaged a young woman to jump from a balloon. When she was about to make the jump, he learned that she had never been up in the air before. Wood talked to her.

"Please let me. I need the money," she pleaded.

He allowed her to make the jump. But not all the tale is told. Her two children were destitute. Wood allowed her $150.00 for making the jump. She also worked as an extra during the rest of the film.

And she is now well known in films.

I recall when Kid McCoy, the famous pugilist, worked in a film with Wallace Beery. A young Negro was in charge of costumes for the company. He was the champion boxer of the outfit. McCoy was slightly bald at the time.

"You see that bald-headed guy over there," Wally said to the Negro. "Well, he thinks he can box—I'll arrange for you to put the gloves on with him, but don't hit him hard, just kind of slap him around."

"All right, boss," agreed the Negro.

The Negro strutted before McCoy, proud as four turkey gobblers. Finally he began to hit—the air. Before the round was over, McCoy

[*Continued on page* 88]

—*Hoffmann*

Wallace Beery—"A keen diplomat, he early learned the value of a smile. He seldom talks seriously, always preferring to wear the garb of the buffoon"

TORTURED BY A NATION

THE TRUE STORY OF A
NATION'S HIDDEN SHAME

20th CENTURY FOX

FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves... shackled ...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER
SHARK ISLAND

Starring

Warner BAXTER

with

GLORIA STUART • CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

ARTHUR BYRON • O. P. HEGGIE • HARRY CAREY

AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck • Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

Carole in the fancy dress costume of white satin, which she wears in *Love Before Breakfast*

SPEAKING About My New CLOTHES

By

Carole Lombard

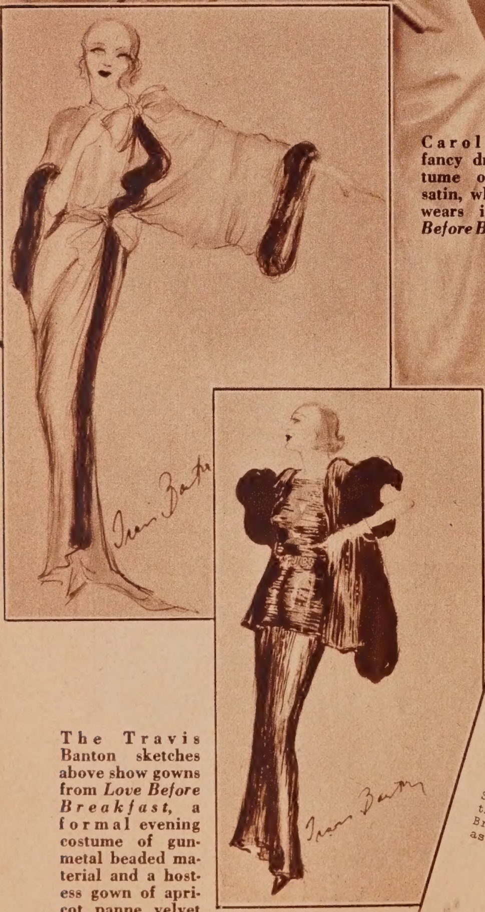
IT IS not that I've forgotten my New Year's resolution not to discuss clothes, fashion, style and all that sort of thing. But you see I can get around that by not discussing a single garment from the wardrobe of Carole Lombard. I'm going to show you—and tell you a few things about—the gowns I'm wearing in *Love Before Breakfast,* in which I'm not Missy Lombard at all but a girl named Kay Colby who has loads of money, lives in New York and still demands that Hollywood's ace-designer, Travis Banton, create her clothes.

It seems fitting and proper and very logical to start off with the gown both Travis and I like best. A black satin evening gown which really will establish a new "high" in drapery. This one you'll have to see on me—I mean in the picture, of course, because I'm too busy and bound around with contracts to take a tour of the country right now. But let me promise you that there has never been such a heavenly gown before. The first impression you get is that two slithering pieces of black satin have been tied around my body just before I appear in the scene. The skirt resembles an exaggerated gypsy scarf—tied about my hips and giving that swathed look. The bodice is a reflection of the same treatment and in spite of this very unusual and exciting method of designing a gown the final effect is one of stark simplicity.

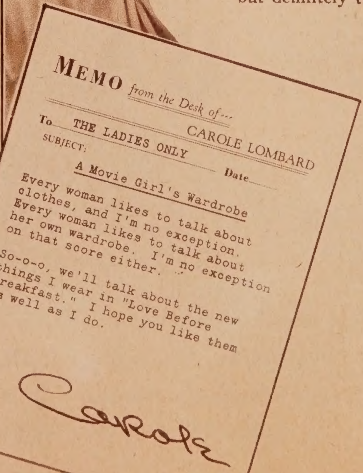
With this black satin gown I wear a mad cape of monkey fur. It is cut circular and is about three-quarter length. And this is another little item you'll do better to see than to just hear about. Monkey fur always sounds a bit questionable, but I don't mind admitting that this cape reminded me gently but definitely that there is, after all, a vast animal kingdom full of hundreds of fascinating monsters. And before this welcome period of reminiscence set in I was going around, like everyone else in Hollywood, thinking that silver foxes, minks and anemic-looking ermines had successfully exterminated all the other fur-bearing quadrupeds. Don't think they didn't try, either, and the ultra-chic this monkey fur cape flaunts in their pointed little faces is just what they deserve.

While I'm on the subject of the monkey I want to call your attention to a daytime frock I

[*Continued on page* 80]



The Travis Banton sketches above show gowns from *Love Before Breakfast,* a formal evening costume of gun-metal beaded material and a hostess gown of apricot panne velvet trimmed in sable



MEMO *from the Desk of---*

CAROLE LOMBARD

To THE LADIES ONLY

SUBJECT: A Movie Girl's Wardrobe Date

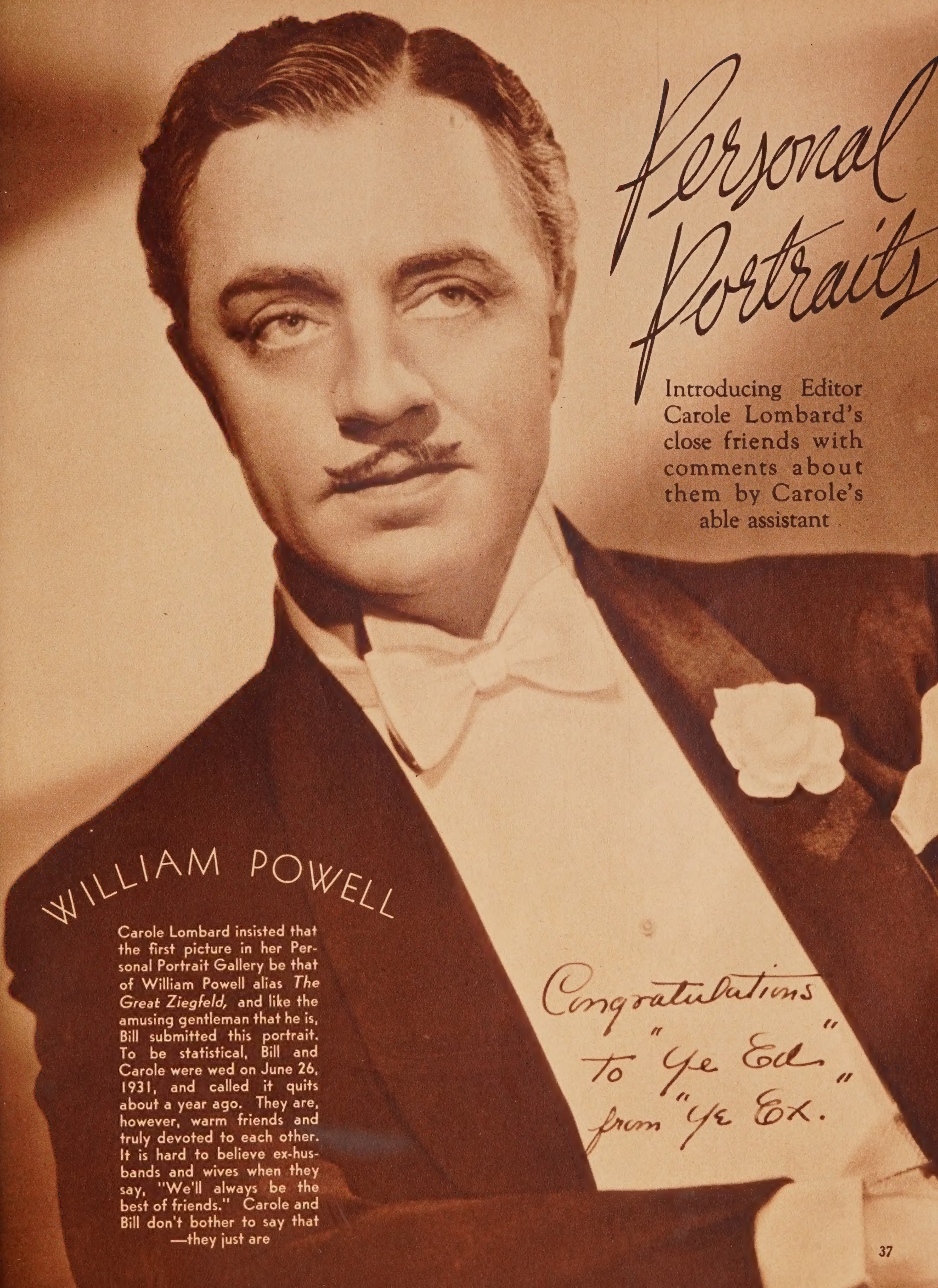
Every woman likes to talk about clothes, and I'm no exception. Every woman likes to talk about her own wardrobe. I'm no exception on that score either.

So-o-o, we'll talk about the new things I wear in "Love Before Breakfast." I hope you like them as well as I do.

Carole

Personal Portraits

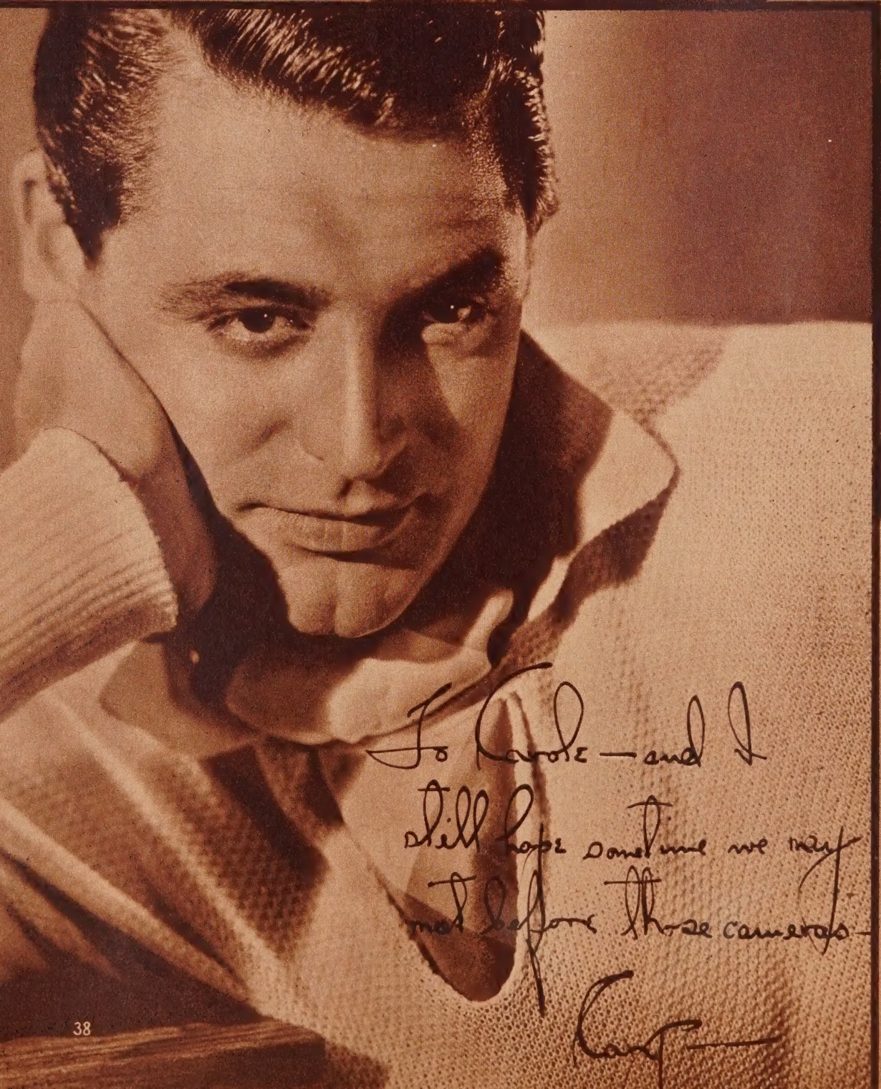
Introducing Editor Carole Lombard's close friends with comments about them by Carole's able assistant


Congratulations
to "Ye Ed."
from "Ye Ex."

WILLIAM POWELL

Carole Lombard insisted that the first picture in her Personal Portrait Gallery be that of William Powell alias *The Great Ziegfeld,* and like the amusing gentleman that he is, Bill submitted this portrait. To be statistical, Bill and Carole were wed on June 26, 1931, and called it quits about a year ago. They are, however, warm friends and truly devoted to each other. It is hard to believe ex-husbands and wives when they say, "We'll always be the best of friends." Carole and Bill don't bother to say that —they just are

CARY GRANT



To Carole—and I still hope sometime we may meet before those cameras—

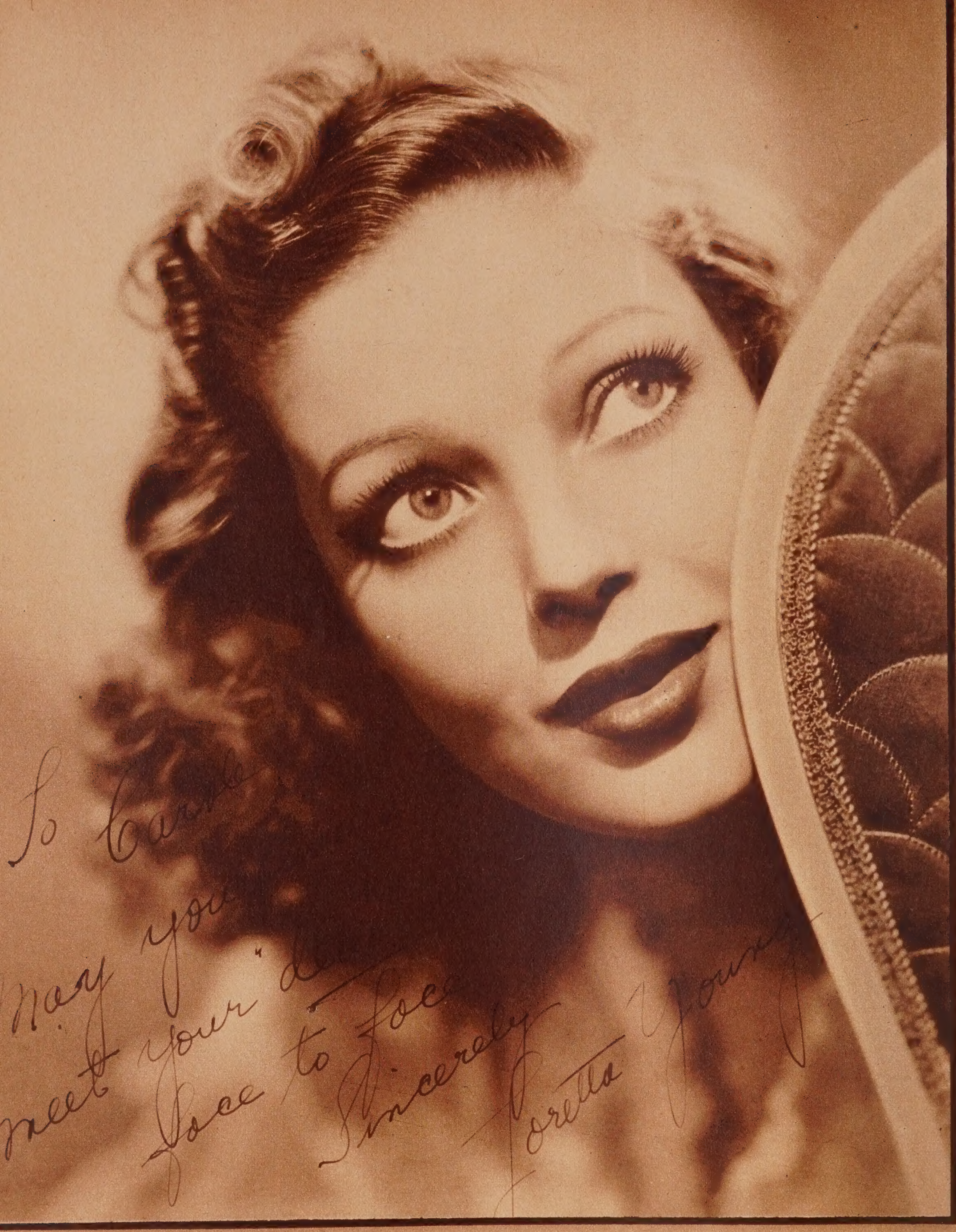
Cary

He has appeared opposite a good many leading ladies, including Katharine Hepburn in *Sylvia Scarlett,* but one of Cary Grant's important ambitions is to face the cameras with his good friend, Carole Lombard, to whom he autographs one of his best portraits. A genuine lover of action, he thrives on sports and as for pets craves only the solemn companionship of a Scottie, such as the one he is posed with above

Carole dear —
Here's wishing you lots of
success in your new role
of editor.
Fondly
Adrienne

ADRIENNE AMES

● Among her feminine companions, Carole Lombard is particularly fond of Adrienne Ames, a former New York society girl who gave up fashion designing for a screen career. These two have much in common, both being modern, clever and among the select group of Hollywood's most fashionable women. Carole says Adrienne has about the loveliest eyes of any girl on the screen, and this portrait is offered in evidence



To Carole
May you
meet your "deadline"
face to face
Sincerely
Loretta Young

LORETTA YOUNG

The "deadline" referred to in Loretta's autograph means that date by which Carole Lombard had to rush all of her material for this issue to the printer. Loretta knows what "deadlines" are; she has had so many of them in the picture business—one pressing assignment after another until she finally collapsed from overwork and was forced to temporarily retire. Editor Lombard wants to be one of the first to acclaim her return and urge everyone not to miss *Lightning Strikes Twice*

Why KAY FRANCIS Fascinates MEN

A writer who is hard to impress tells what makes Kay Francis so enchanting. Carole Lombard

ON THE screen, Kay Francis is one of the most fascinating figures a man can conceive. Glamor drips from her. Off the screen she is even more fascinating. Whenever I think of Kay—and it's pretty often—the first thing I think of is her laugh. It isn't the polite society titter you would expect from a sophisticate nor the one she uses on the screen. It is a deep guffaw that seems to come right from the pit of her stomach. You can hear it all over the set or all over any room she happens to be in.

Patricia Ellis once said to me, "The thing I envy most about Kay Francis is not her appearance, her ability nor her position. It is her laugh. I've never heard anyone laugh so wholeheartedly or who seemed to enjoy laughing as much as she."

Kay's intelligence is another of her outstanding traits. You cannot talk to her five minutes without being conscious of it. She doesn't weigh every word but, although she talks glibly, she doesn't talk just to be talking. Except when she's kidding, everything she says *means* something. Once when I commented on her intelligence she looked vaguely alarmed. "I don't know that I *am* particularly intelligent," she said slowly, "but if I am, please don't ever stress it."

"Why not?" I asked, amazed.

"Because there is nothing that frightens people so much as a reputation for intelligence. It makes them afraid to talk to you—to open up and be themselves."

Kay is one of the few women I have ever met who doesn't at all mind telling a joke on herself. My first meeting with her occurred at the Fredric Marchs when they gave a small dinner for me and Kay was my dinner partner. She kept us all in stitches throughout the evening with tales of her days in stock companies and the madcap things she used to do.

She is seen at most of the large functions. In the six and a half years I've known her, she has given two large parties. In a town where pretentious affairs are the rule, Kay's were the talk of the place for weeks. Both of them were novel, both of them outstanding for the meticulous care that had been lavished on detail.

I remarked that with her gift for entertaining and making people feel at home, she could easily be a social leader. "I don't want to be a social leader," she replied. "It entails too many obligations and too much responsibility. I'd much rather have a few intimate friends whom I can see often, and pay off my social debts occasionally with a large party than try to give affairs like this all the time."

She is one of the moodiest people imaginable. Either her spirits are in the clouds or she is down in the depths. Once, years ago, she came into a friend's office at the studio, slumped down in an easy chair and started opening some mail. Suddenly she burst into tears, rose and left the room. We never found out what she was upset over. You don't ask Kay things like that.

There is no one in Hollywood more reticent than she about her personal affairs. She will talk freely about her house, her pets, parts she would like to play and things like that. Of the things that are close to her she says nothing—not even to her most intimate friends.

Once I referred to the fact that so little of her personal life finds its way into print. Her explanation was simple. "Most actors are afraid to open their mouths in front of writers or reporters for fear what they say will get into print. I have found it isn't the writers and reporters who circulate the stories about us—it's our friends. Perhaps something has happened to upset me and I go to Susie Smith, a close friend, and tell her about it. Susie does what she can to comfort me. When I am gone, perhaps Emma Blank, [*Continued on page 69*]

By Dick Mook

"I'm Not Romantic!"

Preston Foster is emphatic, but pardon us if we disagree!

PRESTON FOSTER is a dour man these recent days. He's glum and dispirited. Like the music, he just "goes 'round and 'round," going in here and coming out there in vague restlessness.

Preston Foster is unhappy because he has no work to do. His latest assignment, *Love Before Breakfast*, for Universal, has been finished and his bosses at RKO-Radio are letting him rest between pictures, and rest is foreign to his soul.

There isn't a star in Hollywood today who has worked as hard to reach the heights as has this handsome, dark-haired giant. To say he is a glutton for work is to say very little. Within the skeleton confines of a year he has been starred or heavily featured in seven successive pictures without any rest.

Margaret Callahan, Preston Foster's leading lady in *The Green Shadow*, is among those who insist that Preston *is* romantic

Foster stoutly maintains he has been "lucky." When he says that, he fibs outrageously. He got to the top of the heap by putting every ounce of his dynamic energy into a picture career. Time and again he was thoroughly disgusted with Hollywood. But he never let Hollywood get the upper hand. He never quit, he never weakened. He pounded and pounded away.

"I'm not a shilly-shally, wishy-washy, romantic leading man," he told RKO executives. "But I can act if you'll give me the chance, and I can make good if you'll give me work. I WANT WORK!"

And Preston Foster at last got work. Since that RKO contract date he has made seven successive pictures for his present employers, and was loaned out to star in one for Universal. Jumping into a new picture as soon as his last was completed, he was heavily featured in *Strangers All*, *The Informer*, *The Arizonian*, *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Annie Oakley*, and was starred in *We're Only Human* and *Muss 'Em Up*—not to forget his Universal starring vehicle, *Love Before Breakfast*.

The versatility of the man was amazing. He was cast in a straight lead in *Strangers All*, with May Robson. He was an Irish [*Continued on page 75*]

He Won't Talk About Women!

Fred MacMurray and his best girl, Lillian Lamont

—so Fred MacMurray gives a writer just the sort of story women will rave about

ON THE old Vitagraph lot, some eight years ago, a super-fight scene was being filmed.

On the left—"Hey, you lunk, move over into camera range, there"—was a crowd of huskies, dressed in the plaid mackinaws of the backwoods. On the right—"Come on, guys, get a little more HATE into those mugs!"—was another baker's dozen of bearded extra men, clad in the same togs.

At a given signal, the two groups met in the exact center of the camera's field—and the battle was under way. Pulled punches, at first—and then, goaded by the director's sneers, the blows began to gather power. Gouging, kicking, slugging, the hired "airdales" merged into one great mass of cursing humanity.

The director nudged his assistant. "Look at that big —— mix it up," he whispered. "He's got his man down and listen to him yell!"

"Cut! Okay, boys. That looked good!"

And the big ——, whose name was Fred MacMurray, scrambled to his feet, dusted his clothes and grinned at his erstwhile enemy, who groaned:

"Listen, you lug, lay off from the ticklin'. I won't take it—not for five bucks a day!"

That was eight years ago—and eight years, in this merry-go-round they call the picture business, is a long, long time. Today, Fred MacMurray's a star, one of the best box-office names in the industry, and [*Continued on page 77*]

By
Grace
Mack

Bette Davis with Leslie Howard in a dramatic moment from *The Petrified Forest*

Leslie Howard's STRANGE Confession

Even those who are close friends of the star of *The Petrified Forest* are not aware of his amazing conviction

I *DO NOT think that I am temperamentally suited to be an actor.*

This verbal bombshell was dropped by a man who is unquestionably one of the best actors on the screen today; one who is able to pick and choose the rôles he will play and who can practically name his own figure when it comes to salary. I mean Leslie Howard. He was not talking for "effect" and the above remark was not the result of his being temporarily fed up with it all.

"A true actor," he went on to explain, "is an exhibitionist. He enjoys the spotlight and instinctively knows ways and means to achieve it. He appreciates the value of personal publicity and when he is interviewed by the press he makes an effort to be exciting while I—" Mr. Howard paused with sudden embarrassment.

And well he might, for he had entirely forgotten our interview, even though he had named the hour himself, and was out playing polo when I arrived at his home.

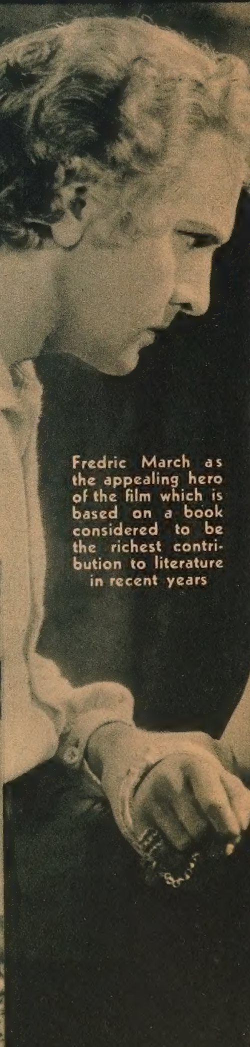
Mrs. Howard very graciously invited me to wait. "Although I won't guarantee that Leslie will put in an appearance," she said. "He has a habit of making dates and then forgetting all about them."

This habit of forgetting dates and the fact that even when he is finally corralled he has a way of suddenly disappearing has caused Leslie to be nicknamed "The Phantom."

"It is really uncanny," his friends will tell you. "You can be talking with Leslie, or at least *think* you are talking with him, and suddenly you look up and he simply isn't there."

This, however, did not happen to [*Continued on page* 68]

The Life and Loves of ANTHONY ADVERSE



Fredric March portraying a desperate phase in the life of Anthony Adverse. Steffi Duna plays the appealing half-caste girl

Fredric March as the appealing hero of the film which is based on a book considered to be the richest contribution to literature in recent years

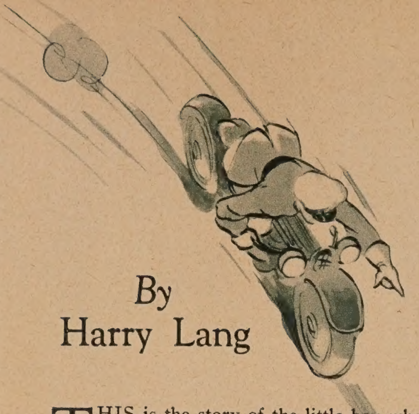
A stirring scene in which Fredric March, as Anthony, encounters an enemy, Donald Woods, who also has an important rôle in the film

Remarkable costumes feature the picture. At the right, Anthony arrives with his lady at a fancy dress ball. Note how carefully and with what detail the old-fashioned costumes have been made

Looking at these advance scenes, I think you will agree that "Anthony Adverse" will be a great picture. Carole Lombard

Left: Between scenes, Fredric March discusses the action with Director Mervyn LeRoy whose genius is responsible for many of Hollywood's greatest film epics

Left above: Fredric March in a tender love scene with Olivia de Havilland, and directly above, Miss de Havilland in her costume as Angela, the girl who had the most influence on the life of Anthony Adverse



HEPBURN'S *Narrow Escape*

An amusing fact story about a colorful actress we all admire Carole Lombard

By Harry Lang

THIS is the story of the little boy who wanted Katharine Hepburn's autograph. Now, Hepburn's autograph, in case you don't know, is about the most difficult to secure in Hollywood. It's as tough as Garbo's. It's not that Katie wants to be mean or unobliging, she says, but she honestly believes all this autograph-album and autographed-photo stuff is silly and doesn't really mean anything. And that brings us to this rainy night in Hollywood, and the preview of Hepburn's *Sylvia Scarlett*—and the little boy. . . .

Katharine Hepburn

He's just a snub-nosed, freckle-faced little Irishman with red hair, and he lives in Hollywood, and he has an autograph book full of the biggest names on the screen. But he didn't have Hepburn's, and he wanted it. The kid, being a veteran hunter despite his youth, knew that Katie would attend the *Sylvia Scarlett* preview, so there he was, outside the theater.

He saw her drive up, with her secretary-companion, Laura Harding, at the wheel. He saw her step out and dash into the theater. He couldn't squeeze through the crowd quickly enough to nab her. So he decided to wait until she came out again. He stood and waited.

One of those rare Hollywood storms broke midway through the picture. Most of the standees outside melted away. But not the kid. He hung around in the shelter of the marquee, autograph book in one hand, pencil in the other.

The picture ended. The crowds came out, but no Hepburn. He didn't know that Katie, wise to the waiters-outside, had sneaked out through the back door of the Ritz theater, and into the alley in back. She didn't know it was raining until she'd gotten out and the door had spring-locked behind her. She scurried through the rain to the corner—and stopped dead. She saw the crowd waiting. She hates crowds. Between the downpour and the crowds, she chose the downpour.

It was there, ten minutes later, that a worried press agent discovered her, sitting forlorn on a curbstone, rain soaking into her clothes.

"Laura's waiting for you out front," he said. "Come on!"

"I won't," she said.

"Why not? You'll get your death of cold."

"I won't face that crowd," she said. The press agent knows his Hepburn. He knew she meant it. So he hurried to the front of the house, hailed Hepburn's car, told Laura where Katie was hiding out.

But the kid's sharp eyes caught the by-play. He was smart: wise to Hollywood tricks. Like lightning, he ran after the car. Just as he caught up with it, Hepburn was clambering in.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Hey—Miss Hep—hey, KATIE!"

For one startled moment, Hepburn looked. In that same moment, the press agent did what he is paid for. He grabbed the kid and held him while Katie's car whirled away.

"Aw, y'big stiff!" shouted the kid—at the press agent, not Katie. *"I'll tell my big brudder!!!"* Even Katie laughed at that ageless parting shot of a frustrated kid as the car rolled off, the kid still scrambling in the man's arms.

AND so, a couple of days later, when the sun was out again and everybody was feeling good, Katie Hepburn rolled away from her Brentwood house one morning for the studio. Katie was alone in the car—it was that amazing station-wagon Ford that she drives, and that every traffic cop in Hollywood knows.

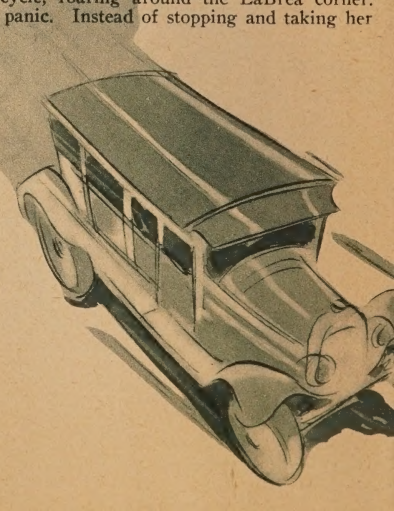
Katie was feeling swell. She was bowling along at forty miles an hour without a care in the world—until she came careening down Melrose avenue, which leads to Radio Pictures' studio, and hurtled down on the LaBrea avenue crossing. A couple of hundred feet before she hit it, the traffic signal whirred and clanged—and the GO sign changed to the red STOP.

But Katie didn't stop. Katie was feeling swell, and besides, a gal can take a chance now and then, can't she? So Katie took a chance, and went through the STOP signal at forty. As she flashed across, she heard the wail of a police siren.

The smile flicked off her face as she snatched a look into her rear-view mirror. And there she saw the uniform of a traffic cop on his white, red-headlighted motorcycle, roaring around the LaBrea corner. Katie went into a panic. Instead of stopping and taking her medicine, she stepped on it!

Behind her, the cop's siren howled again. Katie's foot stepped harder. The needle on her speedometer shot up. Two blocks in the rear, twisting the handle of his machine to feed it more gas, came the motor cop, roaring

[*Continued on page 67*]



A NEW LOVE for Janet Gaynor

Striking scenes from *Small Town Girl*. Bottom photo is a close-up, showing that Janet has lost none of her wistful charm. Top photo shows Janet tenderly administering to the needs of Robert Taylor who has conveniently caught himself a severe cold in the head

The much-adored heroine of *Seventh Heaven* returns to the screen after a long absence, starred in *Small Town Girl*, with Robert Taylor as her leading man

THE CRITIC'S

Nelson Eddy captures Jeanette MacDonald

Rose Marie

★★★★

ROMANCE WITH MUSIC, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who scored a tremendous hit in *Naughty Marietta,* released early in 1935. THE PLOT—Jeanette, as a noted opera singer, ventures into the Canadian wilds with an Indian guide to meet her fugitive brother. The guide deserts, and to her assistance comes the Royal Mounted Police in the person of Nelson Eddy who fails to realize that the criminal he is hunting is the brother of the girl with whom he has promptly fallen in love. CRITICAL OPINION—Superbly directed, capably acted to the tune of Friml's haunting, beautiful melodies, there is hardly a weak point in the entire picture. Highspot of *Rose Marie* is the *Indian Love Call* duet sung by MacDonald and Eddy with the assistance of highly competent echoes. *Rose Marie* should take its place among the ten best pictures of 1936.—*Produced by Metro.*

A gangster meets Leslie Howard and Bette Davis

The Petrified Forest

★★★★

COMEDY, TRAGEDY AND ROMANTIC DRAMA all wrapped up in one picture makes it impossible to neatly classify *The Petrified Forest,* a screen version of the Robert Sherwood play which scored a great hit on Broadway last season. THE PLOT—As the emotional daughter of a desert gas station proprietor, Bette Davis meets hitchhiking Leslie Howard who looks upon himself as a decadent and worthless member of civilization. During their short and hectic romance they find in each other an excuse for life—and death. Smashing, two-fisted adventure bursts into the picture when a fleeing gangster takes possession of the filling station and holds its occupants prisoner while waiting for his henchman. CRITICAL OPINION—Bette Davis climbs to new heights to match the acting prowess of her distinguished co-star, Leslie Howard.—*Produced by Warner.*

Jean Harlow vamps her boss, Clark Gable

Wife Versus Secretary

★★★½

DRAMATIC ROMANCE with universal appeal, *Wife Versus Secretary* is a screening of the popular Faith Baldwin story with Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable its triple stars. THE PLOT—Clark Gable is the handsome young business executive loved by two beautiful women. One is Myrna Loy, the constant wife who sits home and waits and waits; the other is Jean Harlow, the dazzling secretary who is as competent in matters of the heart as she is in business. Matters come to a dramatic climax when Clark promises to take his wife on a second honeymoon and at the last moment makes it a solitary business trip. (See story on page 27.) CRITICAL OPINION—Deftly handled with an invisible bow to the legion of self-appointed guardians of the screen's morals, the picture retains color and strength.—*Produced by Metro.*

Margaret Lindsay, the bride, and Ann Harding

The Lady Consents

★★★

SOPHISTICATED COMEDY DRAMA gives Ann Harding a good rôle which in a measure will help re-establish her after a number of weak pictures. THE PLOT—After seven years of happy married life, Ann Harding, playing the wife, divorces her husband who wishes to try marriage a second time with a comely young tennis champion. Living with the belief that "he may be married to her but I am still his wife," Ann goes through a certain amount of emotional suffering, but in this picture she "suffers" with less agony and more humor than previous similar formulas. She wins back her husband by a clever device and all ends happily. CRITICAL OPINION—Similar plots have in the past been sleeping powders to the audience, but the sincere performances of Miss Harding and Herbert Marshall lift this picture out of the rut.—*Produced by Radio.*

Wealthy Walter Connolly suffers severe shock

Soak the Rich

★★½

FARCE COMEDY, produced by Hecht and MacArthur who have a nack of turning out pictures which create minor wars among critics who are about equally divided in their opinions that H. & M. produce either the world's worst or the world's most superb motion pictures. THE PLOT—Walter Connolly is the wealthy man who is greatly pained by "soak the rich" propaganda and is reduced to a state of near insanity when his daughter, attending the college he built, falls in love with the leader of a small group of radical students. She is kidnapped by a lunatic, rescued amid much horse play and finally rejects her violent suitor. CRITICAL OPINION—Sophisticated audiences may feel that this picture deserves a higher rating, yet few will feel that it rates in the class with *The Scoundrel,* an earlier Hecht and MacArthur offering. The average patron is liable to feel that his money has been well spent only if there happens to be a Mickey Mouse cartoon on the program. Those who do not see *Soak the Rich* will miss out on a good many heated arguments.—*Released by Paramount.*

CHOICE

Follow the star ratings—★★★★ Hit Picture ★★★ Good Show ★★ Fair Film ★ Mediocre. See page 78 for other reviews of new pictures

Anything Goes

★★★½

Musical Comedy—This is the most ambitious Bing Crosby picture in some time, and as a screen version of the stage hit loses none of its peppy comedy values. The Plot—Bing Crosby is the young broker who sails on a vacation cruise to rescue a maiden in distress. He falls heir to the passport of Public Enemy Number 1, who is dodging arrest, and spends the rest of the merry, hectic picture trying to escape the law and rescue his maiden at the same time. It is all highly insane and wonderfully amusing. Critical Comment—There is nothing to moan about in this happy cinema event which presents Crosby in the gay, carefree type of rôle he should always have. Snappy, lovely Merman is plus perfect with her songs, and Charlie Ruggles, playing the rôle of a gangster disguised as a clergyman, offers a hysterical comedy performance.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Bing Crosby breakfasts with Charlie Ruggles

Colleen

★★½

Musical Comedy that presents a cast of great favorites, beautiful dance numbers and seemingly millions of well-torsoed beauties. The Plot—Here lies the weakness. With a better story, this picture might have been top notch, but concerning as it does the familiar story of Hugh Herbert's difficulties with a gold-digger and the not too exciting romance between Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, *Colleen* lacks weight. Critical Opinion—It may be slightly unfair to take the edge off this film's appeal on the grounds of its story, for there is much to attract the movie-goer, particularly the legions of Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler admirers. Hugh Herbert does a grand comedy job, but the picture's real stars are Jack Oakie and Joan Blondell who are deliciously funny at all times. Ruby Keeler's dancing is superb.—*Produced by Warner.*

Gold-digging Joan Blondell and Mr. Jack Oakie

The Milky Way

★★★★

Comedy, marking the return of Harold Lloyd in one of the funniest comedies produced since talkies began. The Plot—Harold Lloyd is the goggle-eyed milk man who just by accident knocks out William Gargan, who plays the world's middleweight champion. Adolphe Menjou plays the part of the smart manager who grooms Lloyd for the big-time prize ring. Helen Mack is satisfactory as Harold Lloyd's sister. Critical Opinion—This is the best of all Lloyd's comedies. In *The Milky Way* he is less kittenish, more the he-man, more the type of robust comedian the public prefers. One complaint and one complaint only is that the laughs come so closely on the heels of the following guffaws that the howling of the audience will make many a movie-goer miss some of the funniest dialogue.—*Produced by Paramount.*

In this corner, champion Harold Lloyd

Tough Guy

★★

Romantic Comedy Melodrama—Quite a classification for one picture, but fails to fall under one of the simpler labels. Suitable entertainment for the family. The Plot—A dog is the hero of the picture, none other than Rin Tin Tin, Jr. The story deals with Jackie Cooper as a runaway boy who falls in with a desperate outlaw. Joseph Calleia, rapidly becoming the screen's foremost villain, shoots and wounds the dog when Jackie tries to escape from his clutches, but he suffers a change of heart and in the end sacrifices his life for the boy. Critical Opinion—Sophisticates are apt to turn up their noses at the sentiment in this picture, but to the millions who know and appreciate the depth of a boy's love for his dog, *Tough Guy* will tap emotional depths touched by few films.—*Produced by Metro.*

Jackie Cooper befriends Joseph Calleia

Captain January

★★★★

Shirley Temple—It is impossible to classify a picture in which Hollywood's most popular star appears. Those among the little sprite's admirers need only to see her name on a marquee to know that the picture is good; those who are not enthusiastic about Shirley know better than to start an argument. The Plot—This time Shirley is the adopted daughter of Guy Kibbee, who plays the rôle of a lighthouse keeper, and the story is concerned with her efforts to evade a mean old truant officer. Critical Comment—Shirley Temple is better than ever as she contrives to bring laughter and tears from the audience in the brief space of one hour with her dancing, singing and remarkable interpretation of the character she portrays. Others in the cast, including June Lang, Buddy Ebsen and Slim Summerville are excellent.—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

Guy Kibbee and his ward, Shirley Temple

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● So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

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Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of water. Note how it stays soft and fine—won't mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

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La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 55c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.

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moisture-proof
FACE-POWDER
Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

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POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name ....
Address. ....
City ....

Perfumes the Stars Prefer

[*Continued from page* 18]

The advantage of having all your cosmetics, your bath salts, bath powder, toilet water, sachet, soap and perfume in harmony is obvious; more and more fastidious women are adopting this idea of a symphony in scent, and lavender, violet and lilac seem to be favorite "theme scents." If you, too, are interested, I'll be glad to send you the trade name of a one-perfume line of toiletries.

A lovely bouquet perfume—a blend of carnation, rose and jasmin—with a heart-lifting quality is Ybry's Joie de Vivre. Depending on the amount you use, you can fit Joie de Vivre into your daytime regime or your formal evening picture. Just apply it more generously for evening. The crystal flacon, in pyramid shape that is so suggestive of an Oriental temple, rests like a large topaz in a satin-lined box. Joie de Vivre (ask for Joy of Living if your French is shaky!) is priced at $8 for one ounce, $4.50 for one-half ounce.

The beautiful cellophane drum which contains Pond's face powder and powder puff

Dorothy Gray's remarkable Triple compact. Just the thing for the Easter Parade!

SOMEONE is always thinking up new things that surprise me! For example, the Wrisley people, famous for their gardenia soap, have brought out a large cocktail shaker filled with Wrisley Bath Crystals. It's thirteen inches tall, is made of frosted white glass and has a black bakelite screw top. Under the cap is a strainer to keep lemon seeds out of your guests' cocktails—after you've had the fun of using the bath crystals, which are powder-fine and floral in scent. This attractive novelty costs only $1.50.

When you join the Easter parade in your new Spring outfit, I hope you won't be using a battered old compact! My suggestion is that you provide yourself with one of Dorothy Gray's stunning Triple Compacts in a combination gold and copper finish. They're as flat as can be, and smartly modern in design, with room for your monogram on the cover. There's a large mirror, a lipstick, and roomy compartments for rouge and powder—all the essentials in one slim case. Looks far more than its price—$3.50.

I photographed that hand-painted cellophane drum of powder puffs partly because they look like gaily-covered Easter eggs, but mostly because I want you to become sanitary-minded about powder puffs. These disposable swirls cost only fifty cents and will last for weeks. There are two of the swirls beside that box of Pond's Face Powder, seen above, so you can see that they're comfortably large. They come packed in rainbow formation in blue, yellow, peach and pink and are made by the Parfait Powder Puff Company.

The attractive glass jar with its flower-wreathed blue-green top, which contains Pond's Face Powder, is a real foretaste of the powder's general excellence. Its wide variety of skin-matching shades and its fine but clinging texture are achievements in face powder technique. It is priced moderately, too, at only thirty-five and seventy cents a jar.

In case you prefer a liquid make-up to a face powder, don't overlook the staying qualities of Raydence, made by the Sensation Cosmetic Company. It comes in an opaque bottle with silver and black label, and in the following expressively-named shades: Moon Shadow, Swan, Peach Rachelle, Brunette, Peach Tan, Continental and Carioca. A four-ounce bottle retails at $2 and a smaller purse size at fifty cents. Raydence acts as an astringent, powder base and powder and is a very smooth evening make-up, in two senses of the word!

If you have a personal beauty problem or wish to inquire further concerning any of the products mentioned in this article, write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. Postage Only) for a prompt reply.

POND'S FACE POWDER

Pond's face powder in an attractive glass jar. Choose a skin-matching shade!

Pooh! Pooh! Mr. *Astaire!*

Photos by Ed Stone

JOAN BLONDELL and Jack Oakie just can't take it. With Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire and all the rest of Hollywood dancing like mad, they decided to go 'round and 'round with the rest. Left above shows them taking off fast. Joan didn't slip in the center photo; it's just a part of the dance. At the left below they swing into their "we're-so-bored-with-it-all strut," and at the right Joan's finale salute to "my deah, deah public." The comedy dance is from the sprightly musical, *Colleen.* After comparing his dancing with Astaire's, Oakie sighed nonchalantly and exclaimed, "We have one great thing in common—we both look well in white tie and tails!"

EYE MAKE-UP
done in good taste

Maybelline
Mascara
Tested and Approved
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Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand *Maybelline* eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

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Those HOLLYWOOD *Kisses!*

By An Anonymous Reporter

Franchot Tone kisses Bette Davis in *Dangerous* but *not* in just the way Hollywood does its private life caressing

THERE are kisses and kisses, of course, but they all prevail in Hollywood. It's probably the most kissful city extant—and kissing's being done by the nicest people.

Just a few of them "make me immortal with a kiss," as it were, but these cannot be counted upon in public places. And that "long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love" is apt to be sort of private, too. "The one kind kiss before we part" goes rather well in the divorce courts, and is usually preceded by the "In short, my dearie, kiss me and be quiet" variety.

For all the stage's superior culture, art and dignity, it was the advent of the theater recruits to pictures that really introduced expansive and all-encompassing kissing into Hollywood. It's their ebullient desire to be affectionate, and after all, a mere handshake is so cold and formal.

May Robson, during her fifty years of professional life, has kissed an average of ten people a day, young and handsome masculinity preferred. May probably began shyly, modestly, in the Victorian decade, but has become fondly expansive as the years go on, so that at her birthday party she kissed everybody from Freddie Bartholomew to Louis B. Mayer, including females. Lucille and Jimmie Gleason run her a close second, since they would not think of giving a party without kissing every last guest both upon arrival and departure. And the thing is so catching, so that the guests start kissing everyone, too, and there you are, don't you know.

WHEN kisses were splashing all over the screen, the off-the-lot kissing was milder, less universal. But with the screen outlet reduced to a minimum, the slack had to be taken up somewhere. There must be no ploughing under of kisses. A mild Englishman who came out here to write for the films found it so astonishing to be airily kissed by so many charmers (in the upper brackets of fame, too,) that he has kept a neat record. It would, he thinks, be absurd to uphold any "Kiss and never tell" standards, in a community where people who withhold kisses are regarded as cold and aloof.

He has likewise tabulated the type of kiss conferred upon him—Elissa Landi's cheek-brushing while she kisses the air; Lupe Velez and Fifi D'Orsay's tempestuous varieties; Jeanette MacDonald's comradely pout; the Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford amused condescension; the Marlene Dietrich promiseful suggestion that rarely materializes; the maidenly, friendly type bestowed on and by, say, Lois Wilson or Mary Brian; the impish "You mustn't but I know you'd like to" effect conveyed by Merle Oberon, thus preserving her lipstick effect intact; and there's a memory of Pola Negri, who was selective but thorough when the occasion warranted.

Consider a situation in which a director and his wife, and an actress and her husband meet at a party. The director and the actress kiss as a matter of course. Whereupon the actress' husband, meeting the director's wife for the first time, finds himself in a quandary. Should he kiss the lady? He usually does, for, after all, it seems the gentlemanly thing to do. Thus, with complete rectitude, husbands kiss other men's wives all over Hollywood from sheer courtesy.

Ramón Novarro rather held the palm for kissing all types of femininity, from the glamorous star to the least seductive female fan writer. Francis Lederer seems almost about to, but kisses hands instead, which is nearly as good and less committal. Wally Beery has a hand-stroking, arm-squeezing system that fulfills all requirements.

GENTLEMEN list numerous ladies with whom it is well to hesitate. It is not safe to rapturously embrace Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, Irene Dunne or Sylvia Sidney, without definite encouragement. This sort of thing confuses the issue, and requires gentlemen to be mindful of their hunches. One sees so many of the men at Hollywood parties in that meditative mood which denotes the awkward necessity of making a delicate decision. With everybody doing it, the thing still calls for a certain amount of tact. When in doubt, the reverent forehead kiss seems to meet the situation.

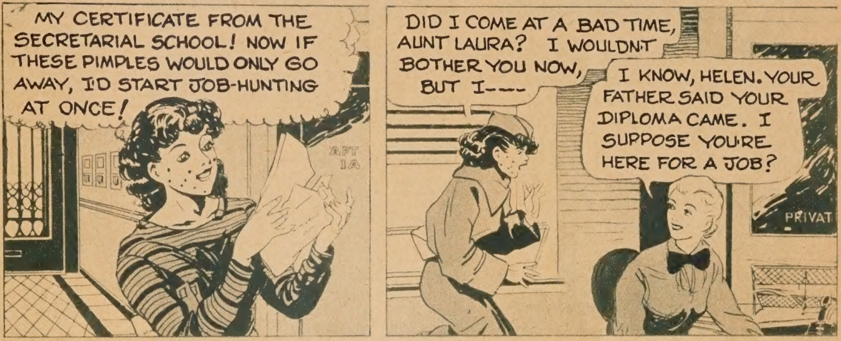
There's a hasty peck that serves on a good many occasions, especially between females. The girl who puts her arms around one, but kisses the air behind the left ear, is approved, because even the most affectionate gentlemen find it embarrassing to display a red lip-print on their cheeks.

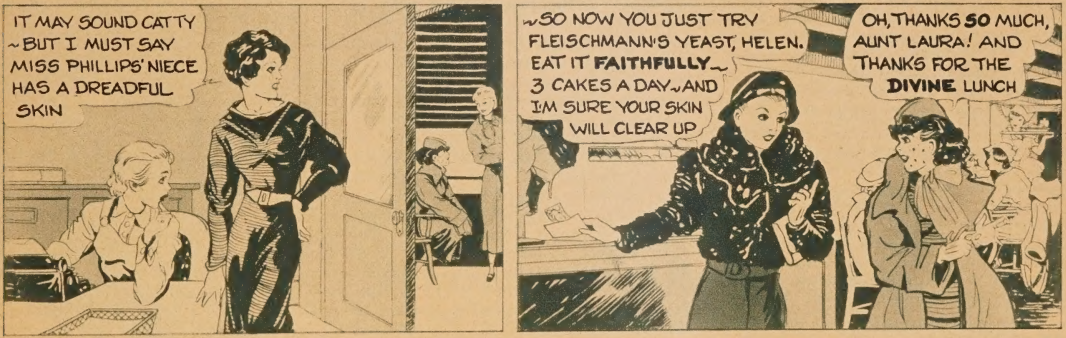
All sorts of people who came to Hollywood almost kissless have acquired an expansive and all-embracing efficiency in no time at all. And, really, one is apt to be a bit out of things, if one doesn't.

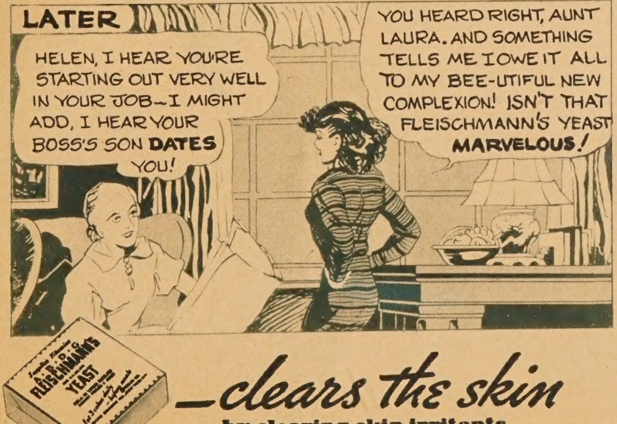
—Courtesy Los Angeles Times

PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue


MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!
APT 1A
DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I----
I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?
PRIVAT


IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN
~SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY~ 3 CAKES A DAY~AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP
OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH


LATER
HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB~I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!
YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

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"*No wonder Hollywood stars insist on* **HOLD-BOBS** *—an alluring hairdress is necessary in every close-up, and these invisible bob pins insure a neat, natural appearance,"* **says glamorous Roberta, featured vocalist with Carlos Molina and his orchestra.**

Roberta was given a screen test recently in the famous Search for Talent, sponsored by HOLD-BOB *Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play.*

The stars of Hollywood *know* how important an attractive well-groomed hairdress is . . . it's just as important as complexion, make-up and clothes. That's why Hollywood is so enthusiastic about HOLD-BOBS, the bob pin that keeps coiffures lovely at all times.

Wherever you are—*your* hair attracts the same attention as the coiffures of the movie stars on the screen. *Keep* your hairdress looking neat and well-groomed by using HOLD-BOBS. They're available in colors to match all shades of hair; their small, round, invisible heads do not show in the hair; their smooth, round points cannot scratch the scalp; and their flexible tapered legs, one side crimped, hold your hair securely in place.

Insist upon HOLD-BOBS . . . there's no bob pin like them!

Final winners of the Search for Talent will be announced shortly

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SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
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SPENCER TRACY *Talks About* HIS PAST

Emerging into the spotlight with such leading ladies as Myrna Loy, the remarkable Spencer Tracy comes to another turning point in a colorful career

THERE is no one in pictures with more and more varied experiences than Spencer Tracy has had. "Spence," I asked him recently, "what were the most colorful incidents in your life?"

Spence pulled at his nose with his thumb and the side of his forefinger, as you've often seen him do in pictures, and considered. "Gosh, I dunno. I suppose one of the funniest things—although it didn't seem funny at the time—was shortly before Johnny (his son) was born. We had been out of work in New York most of the summer. We took what money we had, figured out how much we could spend a week from then until the baby was born and that was what we lived on. By the time the room rent was paid we had about forty cents a day for meals. Louise had to have nourishing food on account of the baby. I figured she could eat comfortably on thirty-five cents a day. That left a nickel a day for me. So I went on what is known to actors as a "rice-pudding diet." There is nothing more filling than rice pudding and it's fairly nourishing, too. I knew every restaurant in New York from the Bowery to the Bronx and could tell you off-hand which ones put the most raisins in and which ones served the most milk with the stuff.

"Well, there were little incidentals we hadn't counted on and the money began to run short. Not long before the baby came I got a job with a stock company in New Jersey. The night before the company opened, we hadn't eaten all day and we had five cents left. I tried to get an advance from the company but there was a rule you couldn't draw against your salary until after the show had opened. So, when the company had been dismissed for the night, Louise and I went into one of those dairy restaurants that have chairs with arms on them. I ordered an egg sandwich for five cents and we cut it in half."

Spence laughed mirthlessly. "I'll never forget us sitting there in that glaring light, hungry as a couple of starved animals, each trying to make that half of a sandwich last as long as possible.

Somehow, the mental vision of those two hungry, forlorn kids, nibbling at that piece of bread and egg and each pretending, for the other, that it was plenty, didn't seem very funny to me. I could only nod and ask, "What else?"

"Well, the next thing was almost right after that. That stock company barely lasted long enough for us to get

By
Dick Mook

There is real drama in this unusual story about Spencer Tracy
Carole

the wrinkles out of our stomachs and our debts paid up. So there I was out of work again. We went back to New York and I started pounding the pavements looking for work. Finally I had a job offered me with a stock company in Winnipeg, Canada. The only fly in the ointment was I had to pay my own fare up there. Somehow I managed to borrow enough for our transportation and to keep us going during the rehearsal period.

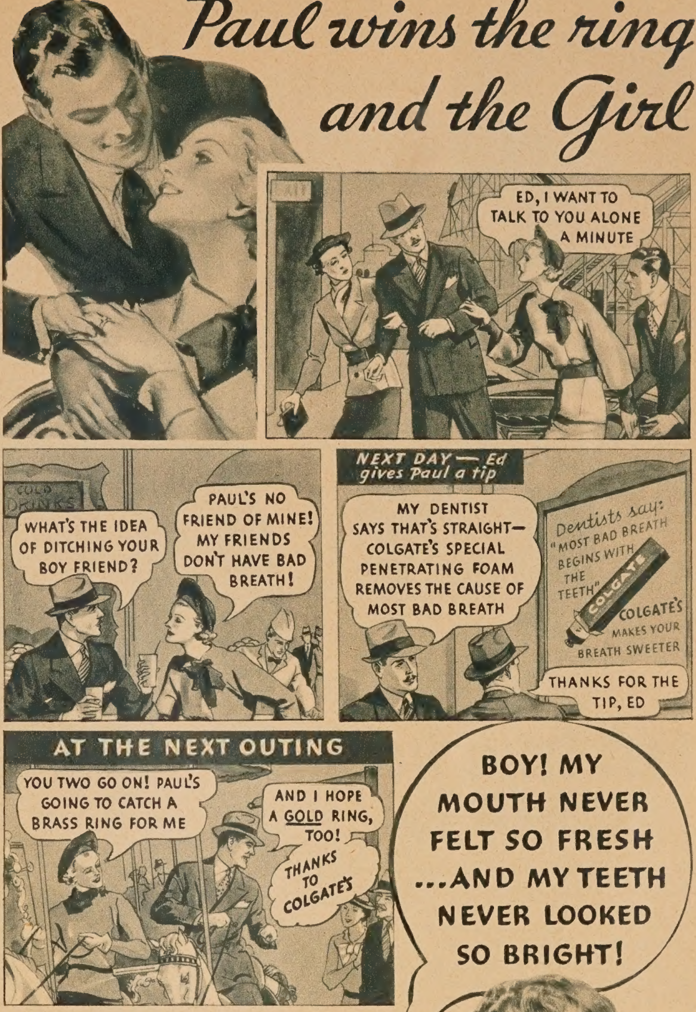
"After what seemed an eternity, we opened. The first week we weren't paid because the manager said he had to pay off the local firms to which he owed money. We got through the second week and after the Saturday night performance we looked for the manager and found he had absconded with the two weeks' receipts! We were stranded!"

"What a rotten break!" I sympathized.

SPENCE shrugged. "Nobody's life is all beer and skittles. You've got to take things as they come. There was another time I was playing in New York in a comedy called *Whispering Friends.* It was the last night of the run. At seven o'clock I found out my father was dying. I had to go on and play the performance. By the time it was over my father had passed on. The company was leaving next day for Chicago. I left with my mother and brother and accompanied the remains to Freeport, Ill. The interment was Monday. I stayed for that and left at two o'clock for Chicago. I got there in time for the evening performance, went on and played—in a comedy!"

[*Continued on page* 66]

Paul wins the ring and the Girl


ED, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE A MINUTE
COLD DRINKS
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DITCHING YOUR BOY FRIEND?
PAUL'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!
NEXT DAY — Ed gives Paul a tip
MY DENTIST SAYS THAT'S STRAIGHT—COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH
Dentists say: "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH" COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR BREATH SWEETER
COLGATE
THANKS FOR THE TIP, ED
AT THE NEXT OUTING
YOU TWO GO ON! PAUL'S GOING TO CATCH A BRASS RING FOR ME
AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!
THANKS TO COLGATE'S
BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

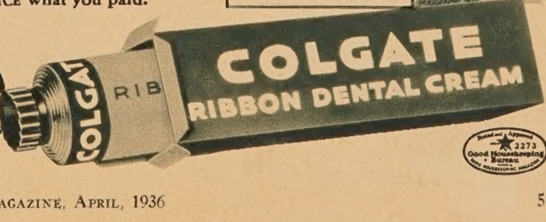
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—**NO BAD BREATH** *behind his* **SPARKLING SMILE!**

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢


COLGATE
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

I CAN'T COME:
IT'S THE WRONG
TIME OF THE MONTH

NONSENSE!
TAKE SOME MIDOL
AND YOU'LL BE YOURSELF

Don't Suffer From "REGULAR" Pain

It's an old-fashioned girl who still suffers each month when there is really no need to! It's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know she can keep her dates and keep comfortable. This is the way:

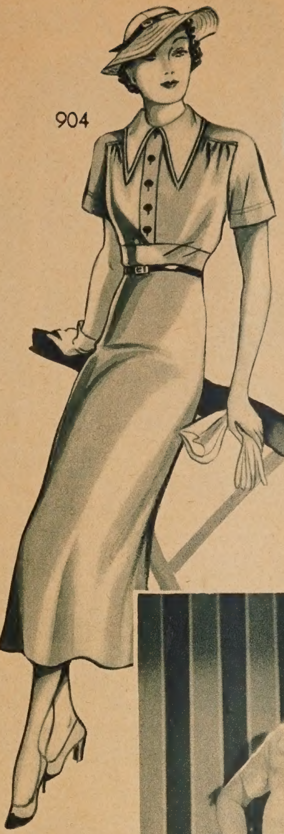
Watch the calendar. At the first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain entirely. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes. Midol often helps women who have always had a very hard time. And the relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Yet they contain no narcotic and form no habit. They do not interfere in any way with the normal and necessary menstrual process. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose.

Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might give you back those days you have had to be so careful. You can get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.

10 TABLETS
Midol

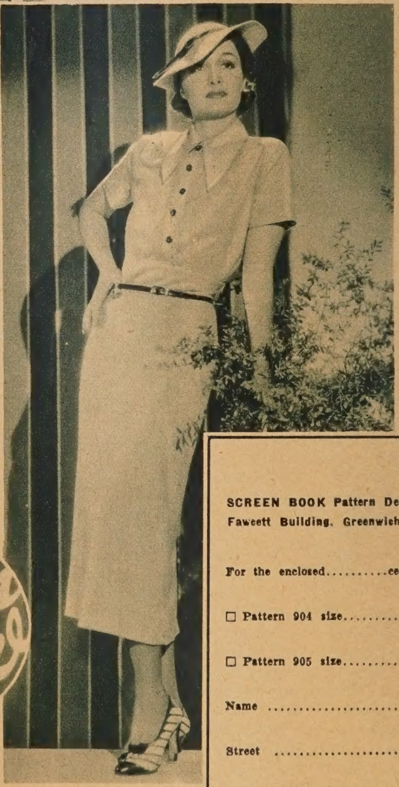
GAIL PATRICK'S
Spring Patterns

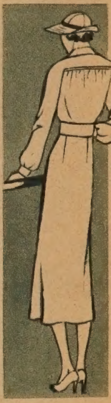
904



Style 904—Youthful Shirt Dress. The soft bodice fullness accents the smart yoked shoulder line of this charming shirt dress. It may have long or short sleeves. Plain or printed crêpe silks, novelty cottons, linens or tub silks are suitable for this easy-to-copy model. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

Style 905—New Jacket Suit. You will like the interesting simplicity of this three-piece jacket suit. The pencil-slim skirt has a pleat in front for easy walking. The suit is effective in dusty-pink crêpe silk with violet-pink crêpe blouse. Natural linen in herringbone weave or shantung would be another good choice for this simple-to-sew suit. Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, and 17 years.





An artist has sketched the front and back views of Gail Patrick's simple shirt dress for spectator or sports wear. It may have short or long sleeves, and can be made in a variety of fabrics

Pattern Service

Gail Patrick, featured young actress in *Preview* wears a smart shirt dress. It is trimly tailored and has particularly slenderizing lines. Note the youthful bodice fullness and the new yoked shoulder line. With this pattern it is easy to copy

Patterns
25c each

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept.,
Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed..........cents, please send me

☐ Pattern 904 size........... bust............

☐ Pattern 905 size........... bust............

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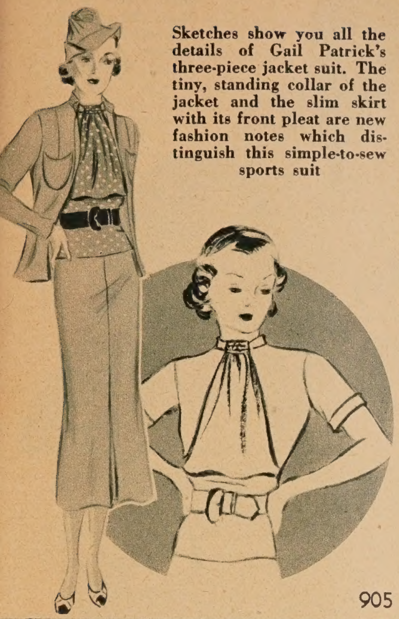
Place check marks in squares above to indicate your order. All patterns 25c each. In Canada, mail coupon to SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., 133 Jarvis St., Toronto.



Sketches show you all the details of Gail Patrick's three-piece jacket suit. The tiny, standing collar of the jacket and the slim skirt with its front pleat are new fashion notes which distinguish this simple-to-sew sports suit

905

Attractive Gail Patrick chooses a jacket suit for spring wear. It has a fitted skirt with a pleat in the front for easy walking and the blouse has an interesting "bib" treatment

JITTERY?

It's upsetting to every woman—that haunting fear of embarrassment. It hampers you at work or at play.

And yet—there's no excuse for "accident panic" now. The new Modess is *certain-safe*. It's one sanitary pad that *can't* betray you!

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It stays safe—it stays soft—the new Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. No chafing—the edges stay dry. Wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and sure protection is yours!

Modess
This is the New Modess the "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

IF YOU ARE WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN AND SKINNY MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

See How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Good Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay - There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day - Long Energy in First Week or Trial Is Free!

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, run-down, nervous, skinny folks, science now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that keep you pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into "stay-there" flesh, new strength and energy.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time — NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting-digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt: First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 2 weeks and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. the very first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurements charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 730, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Kelpamalt Tablets

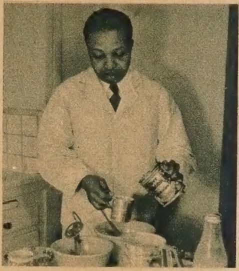
SPICY GINGER WAFFLES

By Grace Ellis

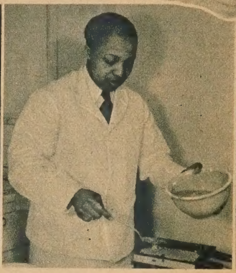
Adrienne Ames tells how to make a delicious dessert

Cooking Service

Miss Ames produces the recipe and enlists the assistance of her cook, William



The thin batter is rich with molasses and light with very well-beaten egg whites



William spreads the batter evenly over the hot, ungreased electric waffle iron

And here are the waffles, crisp, brown and gingery, and hot off the griddle!

ADRIENNE AMES isn't the only gingerbread fan in Hollywood! But she's one of the most loyal. When she was a little girl, I have no doubt that she sat quietly in the cook's shadow for hours, her big eyes getting constantly wider, waiting for that climatic moment when a square of hot gingerbread, crustily brown and dripping warm butter, would be handed her.

When she was introduced, recently, to that grand new gingerbread version—Gingerbread Waffles—she dashed home at top speed to draft the assistance of William Davis, faithful cook, butler, and general handy-man, and try the delectable dessert in her own kitchen. That she stopped *en route* only long enough to acquire a can of high-grade plantation molasses, essential to any successful gingerbread mixture, is a fact worthy of note.

Miss Ames does not pretend to be an experienced cook. But I happen to know that she is a food *connoisseur*. In other words, she has a fine sense for detecting what's good-to-eat. And she's crazy about:

Adrienne cuts the waffles in halves and spreads them with luscious cream filling

GINGERBREAD WAFFLES
(Recipe used by Miss Ames)

3	egg yolks
¼	cup sugar
½	cup high-grade molasses
¾	to 1 cup thick sour milk
⅓	cup melted butter
1½	cups all-purpose flour
½	teaspoon salt
¾	teaspoon ginger
1	teaspoon soda
1	teaspoon baking powder
3	stiffly beaten egg whites

Beat egg yolks until light. Add sugar and continue to beat. Mix milk, molasses and melted butter. Sift dry ingredients together. Add wet and dry ingredients alternately to beaten egg yolks, beating until smooth, after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.

Place four tablespoonfuls of mixture on an ungreased electric waffle iron that is hot

RECIPE SERVICE

Miss Ames' Gingerbread Waffle recipe came from a little shop that makes a specialty of waffles. Next to Gingerbread Waffles, their Cream Waffles and Sour Cream Chocolate Waffles are "best sellers." Recipes for both are FREE to all readers who send stamped, self-addressed envelopes with their letters to Grace Ellis, food editor. Other leaflets you'll want are:

Apartment Parties	**5 cents**
Appealing Appetizers	**5 cents**
Bridge Refreshments for Spring Months	**5 cents**
How to Make Perfect Angel Cake	**5 cents**

Write Grace Ellis, SCREEN BOOK, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Connecticut, and remember to enclose your stamped, self-addressed envelope. (U. S. postage only.)

enough to sizzle when a drop of water is placed on it. Bake until brown and crusty. Cut hot waffle in halves. Spread lower half with filling. Top with remaining half. Cut in two and serve.

GINGERBREAD WAFFLE FILLING

1 cup whipping cream
2 tablespoons brown sugar
½ cup broken nutmeats
1 cake cream cheese
Pinch of cinnamon

Whip cream until stiff. Add cream gradually to cream cheese, mixing with fork until smooth. Fold in remaining ingredients. Use to put between sections of Gingerbread Waffles.

One of the easiest of all methods of making Gingerbread Waffles, or other waffle delicacies, is to blend them with ready-boxed biscuit flour. A knock-out new leaflet entitled, "Let The Stars Show You" has just been put out by the manufacturers of one of these flours. It is illustrated with *color photographs* and recipes for hundred of things to be made of biscuit flour. It is priced at only 25c. Address SCREEN BOOK's Food Editor.

"These waffles are just as good as they look —even better," is Adrienne's verdict

As swift as light—

The Magic of the

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

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LINIT
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1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE

have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

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Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

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Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R. J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

Does GRAY HAIR MAKE YOU LOOK OLD?

Overcome this handicap to modern business and social success. Regain your youthful looks, quickly and safely, this "TIME-TRIED" way. For 37 years Nourishine Hair Tonic and Coloring has successfully given a youthful color to the gray hair of many thousands of grateful men and women. Absolutely defies detection. Also removes dandruff accumulations and acts as a tonic. Easy and harmless to use. . . No fuss. . . No muss. . . Simply apply like a tonic for dandruff . . . brush through hair for coloring. START TODAY! Give your hair NEW BEAUTY! Get your bottle of Nourishine Hair Tonic at the nearest drug or department store. Fill out coupon below for valuable book which answers many perplexing hair problems . . . it's free!

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Nourishine Sales Co., Dept. 46F, 443 S. San Pedro, L. A. Calif. Send me free, book on "Home Care of the Hair."
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—*Wide World*

So close to fame and yet so far! That is the plight of little Mary Lou Isleib, Shirley Temple's stand-in, seen studying with the star on the set. They are the best of friends. Photo shows Shirley at left

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 8]

Meanwhile John Barrymore, who has signed for a principal rôle in *Romeo and Juliet,* has been escorting Elaine here and there, but with noticeable care declines to discuss her visit.

BRUCE CABOT, the crazed gangster for screen purposes in *Show Them No Mercy,* says that one of the picture's most exciting scenes was a bright idea of members of the cast and was "ad libbed" on the set. When Cesar Romero approached the door of the room where cowered the mother and father and baby, he asked Cabot, "Who's first?" "You are, buddy!" Cabot growled and shot him in the back.

JEAN HARLOW has announced her intention of selecting interior decorating as a sideline for her acting career, and the decision is a wise one. Bebe Daniels did a similar thing several years back when she opened a gown shop. Now her business is so profitable that both she and her husband devote more time to it than they do to screen work. Recently Ben Lyon flew East to display Bebe's newest creations to New York manufacturers and was met with an enthusiastic reception.

RICHARD DIX seems to have found a new lease on stardom with the backing of Gaumont-British. He was generally considered to be on the skids here in Hollywood when he accepted an offer to star in the English-made picture, *Trans-Atlantic Tunnel,* which proved such a hit that it completely re-established his popularity. Now, according to his agents, he has been offered a chance to star in another Gaumont picture to be made in Australia, and will accept.

HELEN HAYES left Hollywood some months ago with the announcement that she was through with all things cinematic—but it seems that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has other ideas, and intends to hold her to the terms of her contract which gives them her services for one more picture.

When Janet Gaynor reported to Metro for her current rôle in *Small Town Girl,* she was given "Helen Hayes' dressing room" and her somewhat surprised inquiries brought out the fact that the studio has held that one dressing room for Helen ever since her departure for the New York stage.

BILL HART has just completed a yarn about the Northwest Mounted Police and has sold it to one of the major companies here in Hollywood. The name of the picture will be, *O'Malley Of The Mounted.* Here's hoping that William S. will have as much luck in the writing game as he had when he was making pictures. He ought to have a wealth of material for such stories.

ANITA LOUISE has just received a novel gift from her mother, a gold bracelet from which hangs a whole handful of little spangles each engraved with the name of a picture in which Anita has appeared. It makes a swell trophy and helps her to remember that she has done well in the film world.

WINI SHAW has just taken the trouble to set the world right on the Hawaiian situation. She says that although she is part Hawaiian she has never set foot on the islands. She can talk Hawaiian as well as she can English, but that is because her brothers and sisters were natives.

PAUL MUNI admits that his friends don't recognize him these days. The reason is that he has shaved his head clean as a melon, and he has no eyebrows. The loss of all his hair helps him to look Chinese for his rôle in *The Good Earth*.

WARREN WILLIAM has everyone beat as far as handy dressing rooms are concerned. He has purchased a 1936 Ford truck, on the back of which he has constructed a complete dressing room. This simplifies his life no end. When working, he drives his rig onto the set, and the moment he is through hops in and whirls away for home.

GEORGE E. STONE, veteran character actor, must be at the studio at four o'clock every morning in order to assure his arrival on the set at nine-thirty. The make-up he wears in *Anthony Adverse* is so difficult to put on that it requires hours of careful application. George just sleeps while the make-up artist goes to work on his face.

GARY COOPER has established some kind of record or other by being before the cameras for 480 consecutive working days. Since his first day in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* he has not missed a single shooting day and has, during that time, made three pictures.

JAMES CAGNEY has returned from a trip on the high seas in his yacht. The voyage was not exactly a pleasure trip, seeing that Jimmy took it only to get away from the studio because of a current feud over salary. He knew that at sea they couldn't reach him, even if they wanted to.

BING CROSBY, rumor goes, lost over ten thousand dollars on the horses during the last racing season. It seems that Hollywood folk are not particularly good judges of horse flesh, considering the fact that at the Santa Anita track there were about forty horses owned by film people. Alma Lloyd, at this writing, is the only member of the screen colony to own a winning horse at Santa Anita.

BORIS KARLOFF is now making his second return trip to England. He has been in this country for twenty-five years with but one trip home. His first visit home was discouraging because he had so little time to look around. Karloff says he once swore that he would never go home without first achieving success. He kept his oath.

ERROL FLYNN is in the midst of writing the story of his life. From all reports, it is bang-up drama, for the young star of *Captain Blood* has had an exciting career, a portion of which includes the pleasant pastime of head hunting with a group of savage natives.

MAX FACTOR says that screen stars are not the only ones who receive crazy letters. The following is one he found in his mail: "Dear Sir: There is always a doubt as to my age when I make application for a job. Due to this fact there has been little work for me in the past year. Would it be possible to use some of your make-up to increase my appearance as to age? For this information I will gladly

[*Continued on page* 64]

YOUR HOSTESS in Hollywood

PAULA STONE, one of the famous "Stepping Stones" who made stage history, invites you to a cocktail party at her home in Hollywood! You'll meet all her friends, among whom are the most noted stars in Hollywood. Fred Stone, her father, will act as host, and her two sisters, Dorothy and Carol, will help entertain you.

Doesn't it sound thrilling! And it's just a sample of the wonderful entertainment Fawcett Movie Magazines have arranged for those who join the second Annual Movieland Tour. To give you an idea—here's a day's schedule: Start with a trip through 20th Century-Fox studios, where you'll see pictures being made, meet the stars working on the sets. You'll meet Shirley Temple in person, talk with Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter will come up to say hello. In the afternoon, a tour through Beverly Hills, seeing the homes of the stars. That night, a big party at the Blossom Room of Hollywood's Roosevelt, at which many of the movie people will be present. Other highlights of the four days in Hollywood . . . bathing at Santa Monica Beach, a trip to Catalina Island—magic spot in the Pacific, Paula Stone's cocktail party, a large dinner party at the famous Cocoanut Grove.

This is the kind of vacation an ordinary traveler could never hope to have. But under the sponsorship of Fawcett Movie Magazines, all doors are open to you. Briefly, the plan is this—we've organized a complete, all-expense vacation trip of two weeks, from Chicago to Hollywood and back. We'll see some of America's most wonderful scenery—we'll go through Yellowstone Park, see Old Faithful, the world's biggest geyser, visit British Columbia. We'll travel in luxurious special trains, have first class accommodations everywhere. But by getting group rates, the entire cost of the trip will be absurdly small. One sum includes everything—transportation, meals, hotels, entertainment.

Two Movieland Tours are planned, limited to 200 people each. One leaves Chicago July 19th, the other August 9th. Fill in coupon now for booklet giving complete details.

J. C. GODFREY, Fawcett Publications, Inc.
360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free booklet describing your Hollywood Tours.

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You'll see wild animals

Lounge under palm trees

Enjoy gorgeous mountain scenery

Visit movie studios

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And this much more in a Shelvador
EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLEY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

A CORN MUST COME OUT—ROOT AND ALL

It's like a TACK *in your toe!*

TO TAKE a tack out of your toe you wouldn't saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You'd draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn *is* like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you leave the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it *all* out—swiftly, safely, gently—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes *root and all.* And there's no danger of infection.

Pain stops instantly—corn lifts out

The instant you apply *double-action* Blue-Jay the pain stops—like magic. Then quickly the corn loosens, lifts out, *is gone!* Why suffer needlessly? Costs only 4c to end worst corn. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive that cannot stick to stockings. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

Hollywood's New Triangle

[*Continued from page 27*]

"Myrna, a situation arose—a business deal—about which my secretary knew I should be informed. She had to deliver certain documents to me, so she flew down the day after I did."

That's what Clark told her, and Myrna told him:

"You haven't touched on the minor point of why she was in your room at two o'clock in the morning."

"Myrna, there is nothing—there has been nothing—there never was anything between my secretary and me. Do you believe me?"

"No, I don't."

So Myrna left Clark Gable and began preparations for a divorce suit.

UNBELIEVABLE? Impossible? In reality, yes. In motion pictures, no. A far-seeing producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first visualized the possibilities of "the perfect triangle" on the screen. From New York he summoned Faith Baldwin, expert juggler of modern triangles, and together Miss Baldwin and Hunt Stromberg drew the prospectus of the triangle.

Back to New York went Miss Baldwin to write the story and with three great screen names always in mind as her characters—Clark Gable as the husband, Myrna Loy as the wife and Jean Harlow as the secretary.

Wife vs Secretary was published serially in a national magazine, but before the ink had dried the picture was in production in California.

For Myrna, the experience was not a new one. She has been a screen wife seven times—once with Leslie Howard, five times with William Powell, once with Clark Gable. Her wifey rôles have been the key to her success, have lifted her to stardom and though she is Hollywood's champion bachelor girl she holds first place as the ideal wife of the screen.

Her duties as a screen wife have not been of the flaming youth or puppy-love breed. On the contrary, they have been a matured variety, of which she says:

"It took motion pictures many years to discover that romance can be found in mature marriages as well as in the teens or flighty flaming youth era. The discovery apparently was made in the year of *The Thin Man,* and I, for one, have been kept quite busy perpetuating the accepted ideal of the perfect wife.

"Even a perfect wife can become a third-portion of a perfect triangle as I have found out in the marital mix-up with Clark Gable and Miss Harlow in *Wife vs Secretary.*

"While the perfect triangle is perfect for the fictionist, I would not recommend it for normal life beyond the picture screen. No triangle, imperfect or perfect, is applicable to happy married life, for it is most inadvisable for a man to believe he can equally share his affections with two women, his wife and another woman, be she a secretary or not."

JEAN HARLOW believes that a good secretary can and should be extremely loyal to her boss. . .

"But not to such a length that she feels she has as much right to his attentions as his wife. I am no authority, but my own opinion is that love and business cannot be mixed, that a secretary should be a secretary to her boss and nothing more.

"A good secretary's qualities not only should include loyalty but she should dress to please the clientele to which the boss caters. Even though she may be loyal to her boss and attractive to his customers and business associates, so long as she attends to her own business there should be no excuse for such triangles as boss-wife-secretary."

Next comes Gable. Does he think a boss should fire his pretty secretary because his wife wishes him to? Does he think it is possible for a husband to pay a little more than business attentions to his secretary and yet hold the love of his wife? Does he think there is such a thing as a perfect triangle? That an understanding and devoted wife can condone her husband taking his secretary to dine and dance without displaying even a spark of jealousy?

"W-a-i-t a minute!" Clark exploded.

Then he uttered his classic line voiced upon his arrival in New York when he returned from South America, the land of flashing-eyed senoritas. . .

"Do you want me to lead with my chin?"

Nevertheless, my good people, Gable-Loy-Harlow WOULD be a perfect triangle.

WHO IS THE MOST PROMISING YOUNG ACTRESS FOR 1936?

Mail This Ballot Today!

Place a check mark after the name of the starlet you believe to be "The Most Promising Young Actress of 1936," and mail your ballot with your letter to the editor to Your Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. In case you wish to nominate some starlet not in the ballot, write her name in the blank space left for that purpose.

The Candidates
(Check only one)

Olivia de Havilland ☐
Jean Parker ☐
Lucille Ball ☐
Eleanor Whitney ☐
Harriet Hilliard ☐
Simone Simon ☐
Dixie Dunbar ☐
Anne Shirley ☐
Wendy Barrie ☐
Gail Patrick ☐
Alice Faye ☐
Betty Grable ☐
Rosalind Russell ☐
June Travis ☐
Steffi Duna ☐

....

Results of this nation wide poll will be announced in June SCREEN BOOK

HOLLYWOOD HOME HINTS

By JANE CARROLL

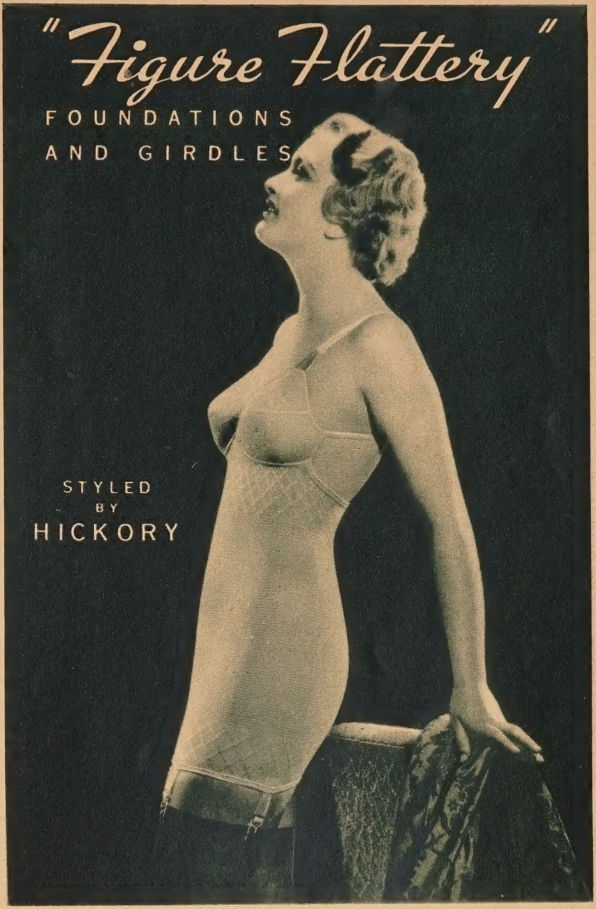
Donald Woods, whose most recent screen rôle is in *Anthony Adverse*, has what he thinks is the most unusual ash tray ever invented. Read about it in this column

If YOUR husband is anything at all of a cigar or cigarette smoker, he'll be happy to know about Donald Woods' unique ash tray. It comes equipped with a little bulb which you fill with water, the point being, when you are finished with your smoke, all you have to do is to touch it against the bulb and the water will instantly put it out. It makes a charming gift and ends forever the fear of lighted cigarettes catching anything on fire.

● And here's another suggestion for your husband. No doubt, he'll be draining the radiator of his car soon and getting rid of the anti-freeze solution he has had in it all Winter. While he is about it he might just as well do the job up right and give the old radiator a thorough cleaning. That can of Sani-Flush you have been using to clean out your drains with will do a better job than many of the chemicals on the market made for the purpose. Try a can and see the magic action of Sani-Flush.

● Adrienne Ames has gone in for a bit of Spring renovating. She's having the whole interior of her house done over again and is busy purchasing new things to match her new designs. She has solved the new rug situation perfectly by sending a few of

[*Continued on page* 65]



Fashioned of Figure Controlling Lastex

This stunning, patterned two-way stretch Lastex Garment moulds and trims and stays in place comfortably. It's preshrunk to assure perfect fit, always. The lace bra is specially designed to achieve a beautiful bustline.

"Figure Flattery" Foundation illustrated $3.50. Panties, crotch and leg-band styles $2. "Figure Flattery" Girdles fashioned of the same beautiful two-way stretch Lastex $2

You should find "Figure Flattery" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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A Universal Picture

Try
BINNIE BARNES
Recipe for
BREAST-O'-CHICKEN
TUNA & SWEET POTATOES

BAKE six medium-sized sweet potatoes. Mash, season with salt, pepper and butter. Add 3/4 can of finely shredded BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA. Mix all together. Place in buttered baking dish, spread top with melted butter, garnish with 1/4 can BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA in large pieces. Heat 5 or 6 minutes and serve.

Look for the..
BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND LABEL WHEN YOU BUY TUNA FISH... the non-fattening energy food with a delicious flavor

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 61]

pay you, for without it I am afraid my situation will be very grave. Please send information as soon as possible. My girl has said that she will not marry me until I increase my appearance as to age. This is all that is detaining our marriage. Very truly yours, J. M."

REX INGRAM, who plays "De Lawd" in *Green Pastures,* tells a funny story about the "angels" who are working in the picture. "I came in from lunch the other day to start work," he says, "to find the director panic-stricken because he couldn't find his angels. When he finally did locate these celestial beings he found them behind a piece of scenery playing poker."

AL JOLSON'S Great Dane has presented him with octuplets—which means that she had a blessed event attended by eight wriggling puppies. The day after the arrival of the pups, Paul Muni appeared at Jolson's home with two hundred and fifty dollars cash in payment for two of the pups which will be his as soon as they are old enough to leave their mother.

HERBERT MUNDIN has just let the news leak out that he has an eighteen-year-old daughter. The reason Herb kept it a secret all these years is that his daughter is making quite a name for herself on the London stage. She is now on her way to Hollywood and looking forward to a successful movie career.

FRED MacMURRAY seems to have an innate fear of going soft on the screen. In *Hands Across the Table,* he balked at his rôle when advised that he was to play a social registerite—a blue-blooded aristocrat. Before he was soothed, the scenarist had to write in a line of dialogue which permitted him to say, "My grandfather was hanged as a pirate." With that background established, he enjoyed the rôle.

JEANETTE MacDONALD has nothing on Joe Penner, or vice versa—the whole story hinging on the fact that over night a duck farm moved in next door to Jeanette. The ducks had a habit of dropping in on Jeanette for the purpose of an early morning dip in her swimming pool. In desperation, Jeanette donned her old clothes and went to see the owner of the ducks to request him to keep his wandering webb-footed charges from taking their morning constitutional at five A. M.

GEORGE E. STONE has widened the field of his affections to include pert little Dixie Dunbar, and dame rumor has it that he is now less interested in Isabel Jewell. Isabel, it seems, is now seen around with a mysterious Australian boy who recently came to Hollywood for a try at pictures.

GRACE MOORE, after establishing a unique reputation as the one screen star who under no circumstances would allow her home to be photographed, finally broke her rule and sanctioned the presence of a studio cameraman when she gave a very, very ultra party for her house guest, Lady Mendl. All of the Filmland elite were present and all very graciously consented to pose for pictures. The photographer exposed every plate in his bag, and it was a large bag.

The pay-off came in the dark room. All of the film proved defective.

Behind the Scenes with the Quintuplets

[*Continued from page* 17]

This is because the clever picture engineers of Twentieth Century-Fox knew that they must make the most of every second the quintuplets appeared before the camera.

Perhaps the only actual plot which could be fitted to the babies was their birthday celebration. For the purposes of the film, they celebrated this event in late December when it actually will not take place until May 28th.

Alert movie-goers will notice that two of the babies, Emilie and Yvonne, appear to sprout teeth in a split second. This is because the shooting took place while the young ladies were cutting their teeth and after shooting for a scant few moments on one day the director and cameramen found their actresses considerably changed when they returned the next. Ordinary movie children need not cause this trouble, for it is always possible to re-shoot a portion of the picture, fitting the starlets with tiny false-front teeth as has been done in the case of Shirley Temple. With the quintuplets, however, re-takes were impossible.

MANY have wondered why it is that Mrs. Oliva Dionne did not appear in *The Country Doctor* as the mother of the children, and that their father also did not have a rôle. Hollywood wanted it that way, but the Dionnes have refused profitable offers to be photographed with the babies and would make no exception for the screen. The reason is said to be that the parents are still irked over the Ontario Government's refusal to permit them to exhibit the children at the Chicago Exhibition.

The mother and father, however, appear to be reasonably taken care of by their famous children and their income for a twelve months period from various side-incomes made possible by the quintuplets is estimated at $10,000.

Now that Hollywood has gone to the quintuplets, the quintuplets may return the favor, but not until they are of "Shirley Temple age." In the meantime they will continue to be blissfully unaware of the fact that Hollywood has made them $50,000 richer and hopes to add to that considerable sum not too far in the future.

Hollywood Home Hints

[*Continued from page* 63]

her old rugs to the Olson Rug people and letting them make her several brand new rugs out of the ones she has no further use for. Why not investigate just what the Olson people can do for you?

- And before the canning season comes again, don't you think it would be a good plan to have plenty of jars and tops on hand before it gets too late? Sometimes the shortage of jars prevents you from preserving things that should be put up the same day they are cooked. Waiting over night might spoil a whole batch of things for you. Take our tip and go down to the store now and purchase enough "Ball" jars to last you the whole season.

- Mrs. Jimmy Gleason has a tip on house cleaning. She has found that in some cases a carpet sweeper is much easier to use than a vacuum cleaner. There are times when the bother of attaching a cord is harder than sweeping the offending spot by hand. There are so many little jobs about the house that don't require the use of an electric cleaner and the Bissel Carpet Sweeper company make a sweeper for those very needs.

- The new Hamilton-Beach Mixers have made quite an impression on Hollywood housekeepers. They come in so handy in whipping up things for guests who drop in unexpectedly. And another thing, they are a good old stand-by when it comes to mixing batters and the like. Being electrically driven, the mixer works by itself and allows you to pour ingredients into the batter while it is mixing. Get a look at one of them at your local hardware store.

- Paula Stone says that the trend is towards preparing things to eat right on the table. What with all the new toasters, waffle irons, coffee pots and the like on the market, there is little use for the kitchen. For the very purpose of supplying that need, the Nesco people have made available a roaster that can be plugged into the wall and set right on the table. Their roaster is automatic in action and may be used for any number of purposes. The dial heat control is especially handy.

- There has been so much comment of late about cheap imported electric light globes, it might be well to tip you off to one that you can't go wrong on. The General Electric people are making one of the best globes on the market. They are called Mazda Lamps and can be purchased at your local electrical store. Only high grade materials are used by G. E. and there is no fear of buying a bad globe.

- By the way, have you seen those Clopay blinds there has been so much talk about? If not, go right down now to your local "five and ten" and get a look at them. You will be surprised at their low cost and serviceability.

If you desire additional information about any of the products mentioned in this article, address SCREEN BOOK'S Home Hints, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. Postage Only) for prompt reply.

3 annoying problems solved because Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW

CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton — chafing and irritation are prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

CAN'T SHOW

The ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

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Choose the one for your intimate comfort

REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX
For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.

JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX
Somewhat narrower—for some women when less protection is needed.

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Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

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Changeable Tongues
In Color
SNAP OFF
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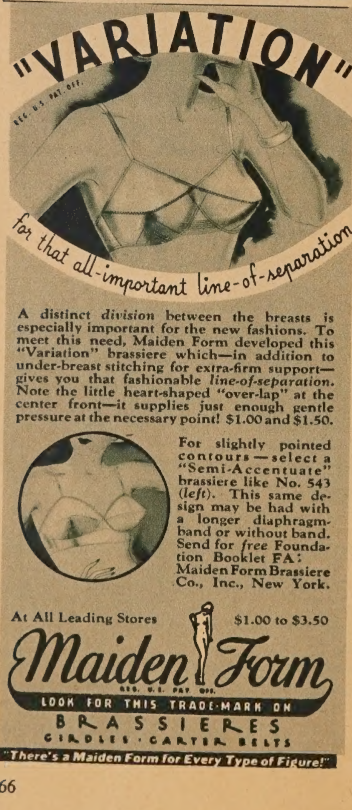
RELAX in comfort and smartness! Change the colors of your shoes with your dress. Snap off one tongue; snap on another. Sold at leading shoe stores or write for name of nearest store. Dundeer Shoe Co., 1509 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

The Sport Shoes of the Stars

Madge Bellamy appearing in 20th Century-Fox production "METROPOLITAN"



A distinct *division* between the breasts is especially important for the new fashions. To meet this need, Maiden Form developed this "Variation" brassiere which—in addition to under-breast stitching for extra-firm support—gives you that fashionable *line-of-separation*. Note the little heart-shaped "over-lap" at the center front—it supplies just enough gentle pressure at the necessary point! $1.00 and $1.50.

For slightly pointed contours—select a "Semi-Accentuate" brassiere like No. 543 (*left*). This same design may be had with a longer diaphragm-band or without band. Send for *free* Foundation Booklet FA: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York.

At All Leading Stores $1.00 to $3.50

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS
"There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Spencer Tracy Talks About His Past

[*Continued from page* 55]

"Gee, Spence," I whispered.

"If you print that," he said evenly, "I'll break your neck."

"Wh-why?" I stammered.

"Because I don't think things like that should be printed. I'm not trying to make myself out a hero and I don't want anyone thinking I'm trying to cash in on anything like that. You asked me as a friend and I'm telling you as a friend—in confidence."

And, as a friend, Spence, I'm telling the world, because I think heroism like that should be told.

"Hasn't anything good ever happened to you?" I burst out. "Has your whole life been like this?"

"Sure," he grinned at me. "Lots of swell things have happened to me. I'd always been cast in comedies and I'd always wanted to be a dramatic actor. The night *The Last Mile* opened in New York I got fourteen curtain calls—and I knew people weren't laughing at me for my attempts at a dramatic part. I haven't got as big a thrill as that from many things."

THERE are other high lights in his career. Trying to pick out the most colorful incidents in Spencer's life is like—like trying to pick the winner in a paddock full of thoroughbreds.

But none of the incidents in his colorful career are as colorful as the man himself. That habit of pulling at his nose, of sticking out his lower lip when he's thinking. And a worried expression he gets on his face over the most trivial things.

He acts tough with the waitresses around the studio and they love it. One of them in particular—Martha—at the Metro commissary. She adores Spence and is constantly hovering around his table to see if there is anything else he wants. The first day after she returned from her vacation last summer, Spence and I came into the restaurant. As Martha fluttered about, Spence asked, "Did you have a good time?"

"Lovely," Martha murmured in confusion. "Is there something else?"

"Yes!" said Spence. "I'll pay for seventeen trips around the world for you if you'll take them, just so I can get a little service with my meals and some peace!"

"Oh, Mr. Tracy," Martha giggled. "You're *such* a scamp!"

He is one of the moodiest people I have ever met.

But the years of struggle are over. Perhaps there will never again be the necessity for some of the sacrifices he and Louise have made—the heartaches they have endured. Perhaps with financial security nothing colorful will ever happen to him again. It may be that ten years from now he won't be able to add one incident to those I have given you here. It won't matter. Spencer, himself, will always be as colorful as they come!

Enter the Trademark Contest

[*Continued from page* 12]

constantly bidding for a share of the public's purse that all business needs similar stimulating aids.

"Who doesn't recognize the little shaver in his nightie with a candle and the 'time to re-tire' legend underneath? 'All the news that's fit to print' is a million-dollar slogan of the Fourth Estate.

"Miss Pickford and I are most eager to get a smashing trademark that will catch the public's imagination; and we look to our millions of movie-going friends to give us their best cooperation, by proposing a trademark and slogan that will instantly suggest to screen-patrons, when they see it—Pickford-Lasky Productions."

It won't be long now before Pickford-Lasky's initial production reaches the screen. It is called *One Rainy Afternoon.* Francis Lederer is the star with Ida Lupino for his leading lady. Paris today is the scene of this lilting comedy-romance, which takes its name from a song, composed by Ralph Erwin, called *One Rainy Afternoon*, which runs through the story.

For the information of entrants in the trademark contest, Pickford-Lasky's program calls for four major productions a year, which will be released by United Artists. They will all be made for the world-market, hence stories will be selected with international appeal. To this end casts will also be made up of artists from different countries.

These plans of Pickford-Lasky are set forth in connection with the trademark contest, so they may help entrants get a lead for their ideas. Read these rules:

1. Contest opens February 1, and closes April 15, 1936.

2. All readers of Fawcett Publications may participate, except employes or relatives; Pickford-Lasky employes and their relatives.

3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark. You can describe it.

4. Do not submit decorated or fanciful entries.

5. Contest closes April 15. Winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. Prize winners agree to sign all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.

8. Send your entry to Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Judges for the contest will be Mary Pickford, Jesse L. Lasky and Capt. Roscoe Fawcett. Their judgment will be final. No entries will be returned.

Hepburn's Narrow Escape

[*Continued from page* 46]

faster. His speedometer needle was beyond the sixty mark. He was gaining.

At the studio gate, the gateman heard Katie's horn, recognized it. For a moment he stared astounded as he saw her come tearing down the street.

"What's she doing *now?*" he asked himself. He opened the gates—just in time to let Katie make another hair-raising turn, and go flashing into the studio grounds.

NOW, heaven alone knows what was in Hepburn's mind. Somehow, she was under the delusion that once inside the studio lot, she was safe. Maybe she thought she was playing puss-in-the-corner, where you can't be tagged when you reach base. Anyway, she grinned.

But imagine her chagrin . . .! Without even slackening speed, and with his siren going full-blast now, the motor cop roared right in through the gate behind her, and pulled up alongside with the devil's own leer on his face, as Katie had to stop.

"You," he began, "are Katharine Hepburn, aren't you?"

Katie gulped and nodded.

"Yeah," he muttered, as he began writing in one of his ominous-looking books; "I *thought* I recognized your funny car.

"Lemme see," the cop went on. "Driving through a stop signal—reckless driving—ignoring the legal command to halt—speeding—sixty-five miles an hour in a twenty-five-mile zone—that'll be about $150, if they don't take your license away, too—"

Katie nearly swooned.

"—driving through pedestrian zone—giving no signals on left-hand turn—giving no signal on right-hand turn—driving through blind intersection over fifteen miles per hour . . ."

Katie found her voice. "Are you"—she gulped—"going to charge me with all that? Why—they're liable to put me in jail . . . !"

The cop grinned fiendishly.

"Yeah," he said, cold-bloodedly, "they prob'ly would."

Katie's heart leaped. Here was hope. "'*Would*,' did you say? Or did you say 'will'?" she asked.

"I said 'would,' young woman," he said. "But I'm going to let you off easy. Maybe it'll be a lesson to you. I'm just going to charge you with driving through a stop signal. That won't be so tough. It'll only cost you ten bucks. Sign here."

He held out the traffic-tag book. Katie scrawled her name across the tag. He tore out the carbon, handed it to her. Then he handed her a second black book.

"Sign here, too," he commanded.

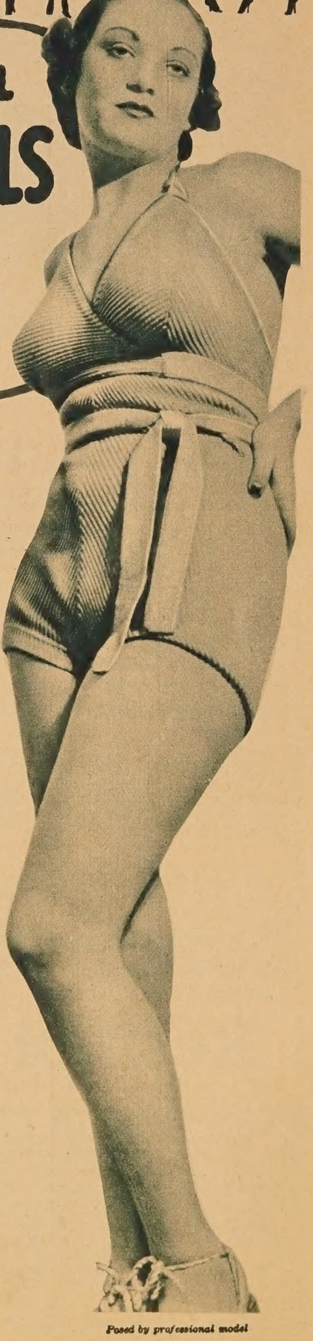
"Say," she suddenly demanded, "why did I have to sign that second slip—that tag—or whatever it was?"

"That wasn't no tag," said the cop, stowing the book in his pocket. "Say, Miss Hepburn—do you remember the other night—that rainy night at the Ritz theater, when you drove away just when a little kid was after your autograph?"

Katie remembered.

"Yes," she said.

"Well," said the cop, as he clambered back onto his motorcycle. "That kid was my brother. This is his autograph book you just signed."



I WANT TO TELL ALL
SKINNY GIRLS
HOW I GAINED
15 POUNDS

It's easy for thousands to add 5 to 15 lbs. this new, *quick* way!

IF you're skinny, and do not make an attractive appearance on that account, listen to what thousands of others say about these amazing new "7-power" ale yeast tablets. They're putting pounds of solid, normally, good-looking flesh on many who never could gain an ounce before—*and in just a few weeks!*

"I gained 10 pounds in 3 weeks," says Fannie Alcorn. "I put on 14 pounds in 3 weeks," writes Dora Sotelo. "15 pounds in 4 weeks," reports Mrs. Mabel Fontenat. "15½ pounds with 3 packages," says Mrs. Velma Price. Every day brings many more reports like these from men and women.

Amazing body-building discovery

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, *making it 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny," run-down persons who need these vital elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try these wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets for just a few short weeks. See if they don't build you up as they have thousands of others. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, every cent of your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 284, Atlanta, Ga.

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The new, simple, sensible aid to your personal protection and peace of mind. The "Marvelox" grip found only on Hickory Sanitary Belts adjusts in an instant—is permanently secure. Tiny, light-weight, no bulk, unobtrusive. You'll love its marvelous convenience.

The easy stretch Lastex webbing, too, is a revelation in comfort. Gently hugs the figure—won't bind or slip. Ask for "Marvelox" at your favorite notions counter. Lastex styles 50c. Others 25c.

If your dealer hasn't "Marvelox" send us his name with your remittance and we will supply you. Specify Small, Medium or Large size. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
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(State whether Miss or Mrs.)
City ....State ....Age ....

Leslie Howard's Strange Confession

[Continued from page 43]

me. Perhaps because we were seated in a small room adjoining the Howard drawing room and my chair was in front of the one and only door.

"I haven't the looks, the personality or that certain glamorous something which the true actor should have," Leslie continued, "and which the actors of the old school invariably had. Twenty-five years ago I do not think I would ever have been able to get a job on the stage. Certainly I could never have qualified as a screen actor. A casting director would simply have taken one look at me and said, 'You look more like a bank clerk or a college professor than an actor.' And that of course is true.

"Another thing—I have absolutely no sense of showmanship and I presume that I never shall have. Mrs. Howard has much more ability along that line than I have. Take, for example, the matter of my wearing glasses. I wear them because I'm near-sighted. Naturally, there is nothing glamorous or romantic about a near-sighted actor. Imagine Romeo wearing glasses! Mrs Howard thinks of those things. When we go to opening nights or any place where there are likely to be crowds, when we are within a block of our destination, she has the foresight to take my glasses off and put them in her bag."

Like most men, Leslie likes to be comfortable. His favorite costume is a pair of old corduroy trousers and some Mexican sandals for which he pays $3.95. He likes them so well that he buys them in half a dozen shops, just in case the shop where he purchases them might decide to discontinue carrying them. He loathes wearing hats and when forced to do so he usually drags out some headpiece of ancient vintage which has the appearance of having long since outlived its expectancy.

BUT to get back to Leslie's reasons for thinking that he is not temperamentally suited to be an actor.

"A true actor thrives on emotions," he says. "Other people's emotions as well as his own. He likes to dissect and dramatize them and thoroughly enjoys working himself up into a fine frenzy. It has always been embarrassing to me to witness other people's emotions and I am shy of expressing my own. The more deeply I am touched, the more difficult it is for me to outwardly express what I feel. I don't think it would be possible for me to play a rôle in which I had to chew the scenery, as they say on the stage, or tear an emotion to tatters. It would be so entirely foreign to my own personality that an audience would immediately detect my discomfiture. What I try to do is to *suggest* the emotion the character I am portraying is experiencing instead of outwardly expressing the emotion."

There, doubtless, is the secret of Leslie Howard's superb craftsmanship. For so vividly does he "suggest" the emotional reaction of the character he portrays that he gives the audience the impression that he actually *is* the character. Even those who work with him have the same illusion. And almost without exception the various women stars with whom he has appeared have given their best performances when playing opposite him.

Pinkie Tomlin picks out a tune for Dixie Dunbar backstage at a recent benefit which featured the magic-toed little dancer

"Do you think that a love scene is likely to be more convincing to an audience if the two participants are actually in love with each other?" I asked.

"On the contrary, I think that in most instances it would be a decided handicap for an actor to be in love with his leading lady. They would be swayed by their personal feelings and emotions rather than by the feelings and emotions of the characters they were attempting to portray. It is the job of the actor or the actress to make the audience *feel* and if they do all of the feeling themselves, the audience is very likely to be left cold and unmoved. Frequently you will hear people say: 'He seems to actually *live* the rôle he plays.' Now the truth of the matter is that he only appears to be living it. Suppose he dies in the story. Well, it would be impossible for him to die through half a dozen camera takes. Consequently, it is his job to make the audience feel that he is dying but not to actually feel it himself. And that of course is where the technique comes in."

IN REAL life Leslie Howard has that same charming casualness which characterizes his work on the screen, though there are surprising facets to his personality. He does not seem to be the type who would ever engage in strenuous sports but polo is one of his major enthusiasms and he plays with skill and daring. His sense of humor never fails and his laughter is infectious. His family more or less regard him as the "infant" of the household and he is treated as such. There is nothing of The-Great-Actor-At-Home attitude in the Howard household. In fact, if Leslie should ever carry his Romeo mantle home from the studio his daughter Leslie, aged eleven, would undoubtedly say "Oh daddy, be yourself!"

Why Kay Francis Fascinates Men

[*Continued from page* 41]

a close friend of mine and Susie's, calls her up. And Susie, genuinely concerned over me, will say, 'Did you hear about poor Kay? Isn't it awful?' And Emma tells another friend and the other friend tells someone else, so, eventually, my troubles have got to someone who isn't a friend at all. If I keep my troubles to myself, I know they're not going to be broadcast."

She has no superstitions. She was born on Friday the 13th in the thirteenth month of her mother's marriage and thirteen has been mixed up all through her career.

Despite the fact that her salary runs high into four figures weekly, she lives simply and saves her money. In all the time she has been in Hollywood she has had two cars—both of them Fords. Most stars trade in their cars every year.

When she first arrived in Hollywood she took a small bungalow—maybe six rooms—on an unpretentious street. It was a bungalow such as any bank clerk, steadily employed, might have lived in. Being herself, Kay invited her friends to it without hesitation or apology. There has never been any of that chi-chi about "Isn't this an awful dump? It was the only thing I could find on a moment's notice and I'm just squatting here until I can find time to go house-hunting."

The place was plain, respectable, livable and it reflected Kay's most sterling qualities. She lived there for several years—until she married Kenneth MacKenna. Then they moved to a slightly larger but hardly more pretentious place. Since their divorce she has continued living there. When she is out of town her mother moves from her own apartment into Kay's home and they save the apartment rent.

For years she had a Scotty pup for whom William Powell suggested she name "Snifter"—after "a snifter of Scotch." Snifter was a bum and constantly ran away from home. I don't know how

[*Continued on page* 89]

HAVE YOU A KAY FRANCIS PERSONALITY?

Try This Test!

Answer yes or no to the following ten questions; then turn to page 89 for your rating.

1. Do you try to impress men with your breeding and intelligence? ....

2. Do you prefer gala social events to quiet evenings with your friends? ....

3. Do you talk of personal troubles to your friends? ....

4. Would you prefer an elaborate home to a neat, inexpensive bungalow? ....

5. Assuming that you could afford it, would you wear a great deal of jewelry? ....

6. Are you insistent that your male escorts be handsome? ....

7. Are frequent meetings with a particular man necessary before you become friends? ....

8. Do you insist always that men take you to the "better places?" ....

9. If you had enough money, would you buy a new car every year? ....

10. Do you believe that a girl should "pursue" a man? ....

"SUNNY HAIR is Admired by All My Friends"

say delighted young women who have become more popular with sunny hair. For sunny—*soft lustrous*—hair gives you the fresh, glowing attractiveness friends admire. Gain for *yourself* the charming brightness of sunny lustrous hair. Blonde or Brunette, brighten *your* hair—your whole appearance—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

"Secret of Loveliness for Blondes and Brunettes"

BLONDES—successfully to restore natural golden beauty to dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's lightens and brightens blonde hair, protects its sunny golden hues.

BRUNETTES—Glowing highlights make your dark hair fascinating after a rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or with Marchand's, you can lighten your hair gradually, in unobserved stages, to any golden shade of blondeness.

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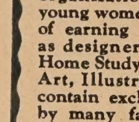
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New Film Notes

[*Continued from page* 19]

So, he walked right up to Miriam and Merle and, being not the least upset or nervous, gravely handed them a Corona-Corona apiece.

So I had to come back the next day to see what the picture was about.

It's mostly about how nasty little girls can be when they are adolescent and jealous and how, through that jealousy and bad up-bringing, they can wreck the life of an unwary adult.

When I walked on the set the second time, I thought it was a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. Sitting off-stage were twenty-eight silent matrons, if you can believe that! From on-stage came the childish treble of twenty-eight lassies, fourteen of them actresses, fourteen more being stand-ins. They were being divided into two companies, "A" and "B," so that the harrassed assistant directors could handle them better. You see, when company "A" was emoting for the greater glory of Goldwyn, company "B" was working on these three "r's," reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, off stage, and when company "B" was staring enviously up at the bright lights their more favored sisters were doing the studios in a big way.

When I came on stage, the two companies chanced to meet en route to their separate tasks. And the sound and the fury. . . . There's no doubt about the *esprit de corps* of companies "A" and "B." When I left the stage, convinced that no matter what happens I will never open a girl's school, no matter how hard you beg, twenty-eight stage mothers, divided into companies "A" and "B," were hard at it separating their progenies into squads—but, if you ask me when the press agent isn't around, I'll admit that it looked as though there was no lack of *esprit de corps* among the adult companies "A" and "B," either.

COLLEEN

Backstage with Keeler, Powell and Oakie

JACK OAKIE is one guy who enjoys himself. Jack Oakie likes to play one picture engagements on other lots than his own because he doesn't have to behave himself. Behaving himself, to Jack, means no practical jokes. Hugh Herbert has fun, too, on any lot. And when a Herbert meets an Oakie in the course of a musical production, nobody is safe and executives stay tucked away in their offices behind barred doors.

For example, it's a well known fact that sound stages are not only sound proof, but echo proof. It's also an established fact that sometimes sets are built that do inexplicable things to accoustics and bring back the echo. There's one very nice bit of warbling in *Colleen* when Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler advise each other to the effect that *I Don't Have to Dream Any More*. As the introductory music faded and Dick confidently went into the lyrics, there was a very faint but perceptible echo from the rafters, not enough to be annoying on stage but the mike picked it up and was horrified to the depths of its mechanical soul. Rapid consultations and a crew of grips clambered to the dizzy cat-walks with yards of Monk's cloth. The orchestra struck up and Dick told Ruby he didn't have to dream any more until a querulous voice from the control room complained of more echoes.

Warner Bros. sent immediately for their Chief Echo-Finder who arrived on set the same time I did. He's been a sad little man for a long time. Inactivity, probably. But he had a distinct gleam in his eye as he proceeded after the first well-defined echo found on the lot in years. A thrilling hunt that he and the boys could yarn about in the long winter evenings: "The Strange Case of the Echo on Stage Eight."

He emitted strange noises and looked about keenly after each emission as though to trap the echo sneaking off stage knowing it had met its master. But apparently the echo was very unorthodox. It leapt about the rafters with the greatest of ease. At last, puzzled, The Expert blindly picked a spot for more Monk's cloth to baffle the Invisible Waves.

The Invisible Waves were at that moment hidden behind a coil of rope smilingly smoking a cigarette. After the Monk's cloth was hung and the orchestra started to warm up, they grinned and a look of peace came upon them as they silently deployed to their new posts. As Dick, a slightly apprehensive eye on the rafters, started to tell a rather nervous Ruby about dreams again, Jack Oakie, Invisible Wave Number One, started singing very low about dreams, too, but just half a beat behind Dick; I. W., Number Two, from the other side of the stage, concentrated likewise. Thus it was that Jack, wrapped up in his delicate task, did not notice the stealthy approach of a small, black-habited little man with a look of determination on his face until too late. The little man pounced, fastened on to Jack like a limpet, and yelled in triumph.

Back on the stage he drew himself to full heighth.

"Mr. Director Green," he intoned, his voice and pointing finger both vibrating with drama as he indicated Jack Oakie, "*there* is your echo!"

And from the high gallery there came a distinct echo from the Echo Expert's own voice. They never did find Hugh Herbert.

But, somehow, the company withstood the combined onslaughts. Paul Draper even devised a promising new broken-step tap routine when the boys coated the soles of his tap shoes with shellac. But Jack was smart, himself. When he had to sing a number with Joan Blondell, *A Boulevardier from the Bronx*, he saw to it that Hugh got a wire calling him in to Hollywood for a couple of vain hours.

MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Wallace Beery Goes in for Potent Realism

THE swamp was dismal. Trailing lianas writhed through the thick air, rotting where their tips trailed in the brackish water. Wriggling things undulated through the brown ooze and frightful-looking insects were like unseen arrows that stung as they droned their song of burning death as the huge alligators lurked just beneath the surface, their death-green maws slobbering for flesh.

Into this nightmare plunged two men. They struggled waist-deep through the sucking, gurgling muck, lashing about them with rudely fashioned cats-o'-nine-tails at the lazily menacing 'gators. The sweat on their faces was very real as they clambered up on a knoll of soft earth to rest and their relief was unfeigned when George Marshall mopped his brow and called, "CUT!"

Wally Beery sighed and grinned at John Boles while property men set about bridging the swamp with boards for their return. The alligator's trainer waded toward his hissing and grunting charges, a bull-whip snapping in his hand. Their little eyes glazed as they sluffed off the banks into a herd in mid-stream. That is, all but one. The one who remained, oblivious to the whip, was Elmer. And Elmer stayed where he was, his hooded eye fixed on Wally Beery as rasping hisses escaped through his teeth. Elmer didn't like Wally and Wally felt no love for Elmer.

It seems that from the very first day Wally and Elmer had formed an instinctive, abiding dislike for one another. It is sad, but true, that personalities should enter into picture making and temperament should raise its ugly head, but Elmer cared little for the amenities. In his little alligator's heart he loathed Wally Beery at first sight. Every time they played together in a scene Elmer would hiss when Wally spoke a line, and all actors are sensitive about that sort of thing. Whenever Mr. Beery had a bit of business Elmer would thrash his tail or yawn prodigiously. "Elmer," Mr. Beery was prone to comment in a low voice, "is a dirty scene-stealer!"

But despite such upsetting incidents, that swamp was one of the most realistic things I've ever seen on any lot. To give you an idea of what I mean, John Boles and Beery were joking about the possibilities of catching malaria. A Cuban extra heard them and was moved to meditate. A week later he was taken deathly ill. The power of suggestion? Not exactly. He didn't have malaria—but he was as sick as only a Cuban extra can be from having consistantly over-dosed himself with quinine as a precautionary measure!

Of all the people on the picture it was John Boles who had the best time. For the first time in his picture career he could go dirty. For once he didn't have to be the freshly-shaved matinee-idol about to burst into a love song.

What a battle! Dick Powell emerges victorious after a furious encounter with Jack Oakie—all for the love of Joan Blondell

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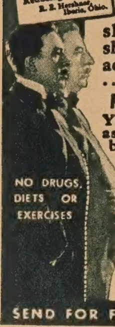

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Love Confessions of the Stars!

[*Continued from page 29*]

books to read. "I wanted terribly to make him proud of me," she confided. "I wanted to lift myself up on a mental plane with him." The real loves of Joan's life have all furthered that desire—to lift herself up mentally. But he, that small gracious man who has since faded from the Hollywood picture, was the one to arouse it.

Katharine Hepburn at seventeen was the typical sub-deb. She was attractive, she had a powerful "line," and she had her choice of a dozen or more boys around her home there in Hartford, Connecticut. Boys she had grown up with, fought with, played with. But her young feelings remained as placid as a still pond until that Christmas party when she met Tuck. He was a sophomore at a nearby university. Darkly good-looking, a great dancer, half-back on the varsity team. And he stirred Katharine as no man had ever done before. All during the holidays he rushed her. When summer came he managed to see her almost every week-end. They'd bump over the countryside in his eccentric flivver, swim, and sometimes deep silences would fall between them that were strangely sweet.

In the fall she saw every football game in which he played. Including that game shortly before Thanksgiving. No one ever knew how it happened. He was suddenly a sprawling, quiet figure out there on the field with both teams hovering around him. Then they were carrying him off. He never regained consciousness.

They say that Katharine Hepburn has a genius for bringing poignant young love moments to the screen. Moments that bring a queer tightness to your throat. And Katharine? Perhaps she is remembering.

SOMETIMES young love takes on the color and highlights of a fiction story, the same quality of tenseness. Merle Oberon's did.

It was in India and she was attending her first dinner dance. All the fascination of the land seemed to center in Calcutta that night. Or so Merle thought. She was dancing with an English attache when something drew her attention to the entrance. A very blonde, very distracted young man in polo clothes was standing there obviously searching for someone in the crowd. For an instant his glance touched hers, then he disappeared through the doorway.

A half hour later she was being introduced to a very blonde, very calm young man in correct formal attire. He led her out into the garden, took her hand. "There's no use beating around the bush," he said abruptly. "I'm madly in love with you, Merle. I have been for months." His voice shook a little with his own young sincerity. "I've been trying everywhere to meet you. Rushing into some dance or other to see if you were there and then leaving as soon as I discovered you weren't. Tonight luck favored me! I went home, got into the proper togs . . . *and now I'm asking you to marry me.*"

It was as sudden as that. But nothing waits in India. Especially young love.

He had to sail for England in a few days and he wanted to make the trip their honeymoon. "We can be so happy, Merle," Nicky pleaded. She was a little aghast. "But I've only just met you!"

The next few days he spent trying to make up for that deficiency. But when the boat pulled out—he was alone. Merle had been too excited to know how she felt about him. She knew, though, as soon as the ship was beyond reach. Love Nicky? She adored him! He was the most thrilling thing that had ever happened to her. So she began a tearful campaign to make her uncle take her back to England. It worked. Within three weeks they were on the high seas.

But that journey, taken as a love quest, was to have quite another import in her life. It was to carry her to fame.

In Nicky's arms again she thought she'd found the answer to everything. There were only two slight drawbacks to their immediate marriage. She was sixteen. Nicky, twenty-one. Neither had a shilling between them and their families objected violently to early marriages . . .

It was all pretty tragic. Bleakly tragic. And they suffered the way only very young people can. Then someone suggested the theater to Merle; they even maneuvered a small part for her. Nicky began to see less and less of her. And so quietly, painfully, they drifted apart. "But I've never known anything like that love again," said Merle.

She never will. There's always a tender effulgence about the memory of *first love.* It's like that Irish poet found out long ago, *"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet as love's young dream!"*

It pays to be nice to an editor! Cesar Romero brings Carole Lombard, guest editor of this issue, an apple on the set of *Love Before Breakfast*, her new film

Hollywood Shop Talk

[*Continued from page 22*]

linen skirt Marlene has another of ivory-colored flannel. The coat is smart with either skirt. Marlene's sport shoes are of white buckskin with navy blue heels and a wide side-fastening strap of navy blue kid.

For the more dressy type of spring suit, I was greatly intrigued by the ultra-chic costume which Travis Banton did for Ida Lupino. It is of black wool crêpe and the one-piece frock has a finely pleated treatment which is stitched down until it bursts free just above the knees. Over this frock goes the jauntiest little three-quarter length cape of the same black wool crêpe. For contrast and animation, it is lined with beige kasha and has wide revers of leopard skin. The beige and black note is carried out in accessories. Personally, I'd call this a four star costume for early spring.

As to evening fabrics, there seems to be a veritable epidemic of chiffon, most of it pleated from shoulder to hem. Net, too, is very much the vogue.

Travis Banton did one of the loveliest negligees I've ever seen for Marlene Dietrich to wear in *Desire*. It is a closely fitted gown built high about the bust line and has a softly draped cowl neck. A single layer of the chiffon forms a long cape which blends into the neckline and ties in a bow at one side. It has a brief train and long, transparent sleeves.

Of course, the most amusing new materials are the newspaper prints—a chintzy fabric with the front pages of coast-to-coast papers printed thereon. Betty Furness has a pair of beach slacks and hat made of this material.

But Betty goes in for fashion-firsts. You should see her new spring hats. They look as though they had stepped right off an old Godey print. One is of natural colored straw with a tiny, derby-like crown and a brim slightly rolled at the sides and dipped down in front. It has a black velvet ribbon around the crown with short "streamers" dangling at the back. All it seems to lack is a hoop skirt and a lace parasol to go with it. Betty has another quaint little spring number that is built along the lines of a baby bonnet. It sets far back on the head and ties under the chin with an enormous bow of black velvet. The hat itself is of fine black straw and the only ornaments are three perky pink rosebuds standing up in front.

Some time ago I told you about the Dietrich version of the old automobile veil. At that time I didn't have a picture to show you but now I have (see page 22), and since Dietrich has a way of starting clothes fads I know that you will be glad to have a closeup of this motoring conceit. The veil is of beige chiffon and is attached to visor of beige felt. It is worn with a modern version of the old-fashioned linen "duster" which was the smart thing for motoring when Uncle Henry launched his first flivver. Marlene's coat is of beige kasha and it fastens with loops of pigskin. It has a wide crushed belt of pigskin with matching gauntlet gloves.

I could go on and on, telling you of outstanding things I've seen at the various studios, but my space is up. So I'll save the rest for next time.

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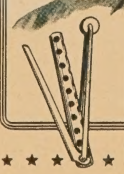

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Be Fair To Marlene Dietrich!

[*Continued from page* 31]

like two good friends—companions who need look no further than each other for perfect understanding.

At the studio where she often comes to lunch and spend an afternoon with her mother, Maria is treated by the adults as an equal. There is no baby talk—no prankish coddling. Under such circumstances it seems rather paradoxical to see the vibrant Marlene superintending the ordering of her child's lunch, cutting her steak for her, seeing to it that the vegetables are just right.

On other afternoons it is equally strange to see mother and daughter strolling across the lot hand in hand. Headed for the commissary usually—and an ice cream cone. On such excursions Marlene is definitely not the woman of the world. She is merely the radiantly youthful companion of Maria.

Marlene with her daughter, Maria

At that moment a slender white hand intruded itself upon the field of these visions. It held a cigarette case and belonged to my hostess. She gave me a light from her jewel-encrusted lighter.

Suddenly the atmosphere of her dressing room seemed less uncomfortably formal. Her smile seemed warmer. I decided that it was a smile and not a quizzical smirk that might mean irritation, speculation, damnation.

Then her smile vanished and her expression became serious. She was elaborating on the subject under discussion. Slowly, thoughtfully she said, "Perhaps I may seem foolish. Even so, I think that one cannot be too careful in the selection of films for the child. Maria is so impressionable—as, indeed, every child her age must be. Too much gruesomeness, too many thrills, realism of a morbid nature. All these things are not good. And it is these qualities, unfortunately, which one can so often find in films which otherwise might be excellent entertainment for children.

"Such things I do not want Maria to see. She would be upset and nervous for days afterward. Afraid of the dark. Afraid to have the light turned out at bedtime. That is not because she is supersensitive. She is healthy and normal. She has the average child's imagination.

"A child's mind should be stimulated, certainly. But in the right direction. It should not be diverted into channels that feature the grotesque, horrible, unnatural."

I recognized in these thoughts the specific mention of but one of Marlene's theories concerning the upbringing of Maria. Marlene is neither the stern parent of the "thou shalt not" school of thought nor is she the ultra-modern mother of the free and easy cult. Hers is strictly a common sense technique.

Maria may be permitted the advantages of adult society but she is also encouraged to indulge in all the diversions of the child world. She accompanies her mother on grownup shopping excursions. But her whims, too, are recognized. On one memorable occasion by a very extra special doll. With it, however, she received a whole wardrobe of dresses for the doll. In doing this Marlene hoped not only to gratify the cravings of a little girl but to initiate Maria into the practical field of dress design.

Our Dietrich is a subtle mother!

With all this Marlene is careful to guard against any chance that Maria may become "fresh." I discovered this when I suggested that the present landslide of pictures starring children should lighten the job of movie critic.

THE pale beauty met this suggestion with a smile that was decidedly sphinx-like. "Yes?" Her inflection denoted the motherly raised eyebrow. "But you are wrong. Even such pictures are not always right. That is because children are imitative—like little monkeys. Grownups think it cute to see Shirley Temple thumb her nose at some pompous dowager. Or hear her say, "Aw nuts," to the too formal butler. But it is not good when children also think such things cute! Then they return home to shock their parents with their own imitations of these tricks!"

Suddenly I was struck by the strangeness of hearing such pious sentiments coming from the coral lips of Marlene. Such motherly protectiveness seemed oddly out of place in one whose screen characterizations have never erred on the side of sweetness and light! Perhaps I had forgot to put on my poker face. Perhaps this pallid Nordic beauty is a bit on the psychic side.

Anyway. . . .

She lit another cigarette after smoothing it speculatively with her slender fingers. Then she peered at me through a cloud of bluish smoke before she said, "Perhaps you think it strange to hear me being so severe. You probably think too that my views hardly coincide with some of my screen rôles. That, also, is part of my argument!

"I should not be so foolish as to allow Maria to see any of the pictures I have made. None of them have been of the type that would interest children. Neither have they been suitable for the child audience. They were made only for the entertainment of adults.'"

Just then I noticed that Marlene was drumming a tattoo on the arm of her chair with those red nails. Simultaneously I felt a mild twinge of surprise when I saw that she was actually able to raise the finger that supported the dead weight of an emerald fully as large as W. C. Fields' nose!

I had interpreted this tapping as a willingness on her part to conclude the interview. She surprised me by continuing. "People may think me perverse, unkind perhaps, because I have so constantly refused to discuss Maria. But I have felt always that even an actress should be permitted some privacy. The home, should be one's own sacred domain. Its privacy should not be violated. In its activities the public should not be included. I think that everyone can understand that. I am sure that every mother will agree with me."

She paused and smiled rather plaintively before adding, "My one greatest desire is to give Maria the advantages, the freedom enjoyed by every other child whose mother does not happen to be an actress. Only under such conditions can a child grow up naturally—gracefully. I want my Maria to be natural, to feel free. I want her to feel that she is not being followed by reporters, by photographers. Her childhood could easily be ruined . . . could be turned into some sort of a mad, uncomfortable chase. I don't want that. Surely such a desire can be understood!"

As I left the studio it occurred to me that I had not been interviewing La Dietrich—the Queen of Glamour. I had been talking to a very young but a very wise mother!

"I'm Not Romantic"

[*Continued from page* 42]

patriot in the Victor McLaglen picture, *The Informer.* He played a Western bad man with Richard Dix in *The Arizonian.* In *The Last Days of Pompeii,* he appeared in five rôles as a Roman blacksmith, gladiator, slave trader, horse dealer and arena spectacles promoter. He was a famous marksman in *Annie Oakley,* a New York detective sergeant in *We're Only Human* and a private detective in *Muss 'Em Up.*

FOSTER is an unusually fine swimmer, and a "nut" about all things aquatic. He owns six boats, ranging from a wee speedster to a yacht. When he can get time off (which generally means only on a Sunday) he whizzes all around Balboa Bay. That is, he once did. But one Sunday, careening over the sad sea waves he almost cut down Director Ernest Schoedsack—and, not wanting to lose both a star and an ace director should their craft meet again, his bosses stopped Foster's motorboating.

It is doubtful if there is a male star in motion pictures today who commands a greater measure of affection from his fellows. Foster's infectious smile, displaying rows of dazzling teeth, wins every man and woman he meets. He "roughhouses" on the set with the men of the technical crews; he helps out constantly with work that is not in his province.

At the conclusion of *Muss 'Em Up,* there was a little dinner for the production company. Director Charles Vidor was toastmaster. Calling upon Foster, he introduced him with the remark:

"Here is the man with the sunniest disposition in Hollywood." Not romantic? He is everything the word means!
—By CLARK WARREN.

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You'll find far More than New Styles and Colors You will love this new, white-lined Enameled Ware that STAYS white! NESCO has found the formula. No more dirty-looking sauce pans even after laborious cleaning. No more food acid pitting to ruin a pet utensil. The new NESCO Enameled Ware is acid-resisting and stains wipe off as they do from a china plate.

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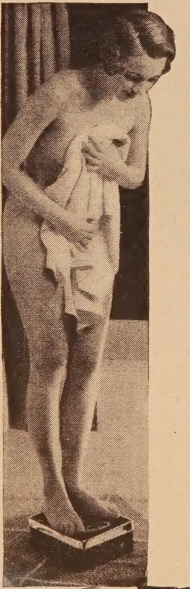

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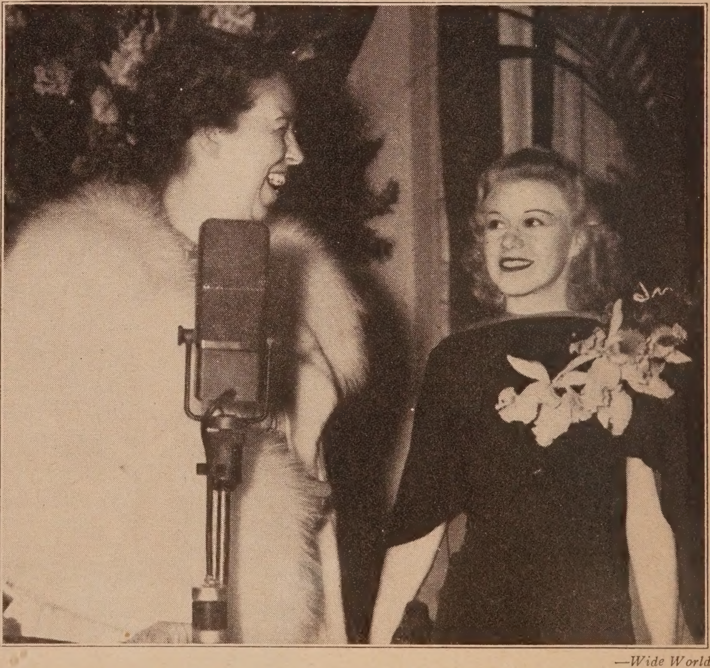

—*Wide World*

More honors for Ginger Rogers! The guest editor of February SCREEN BOOK is introduced over the radio by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President, at a dance given in Washington to raise funds to fight infantile paralysis

He Won't Talk About Women

[*Continued from page* 42]

his salary, from that original five-a-day, has assumed the proportions of "big business."

But Fred, happy-go-lucky then, and happy-go-lucky now, has changed but little. He wears better clothes, he drives a better car, he lives in better quarters, and he has a bank account. But, inside, in those essentials which make a man an individual, he's exactly the same good-natured, down-to-earth, unpretentious "lug" who gave his all, that day eight years ago, for the glory of Central Casting.

"I'm lucky," he grins. "I've not only had some great breaks this last year, but they were delayed long enough to let me gain a sound perspective on this business. I don't blame the early stars for losing their heads—it's easy to do with everyone kowtowing to a person—but if I make the same mistakes, after seeing them go down the skids, I'll deserve my punishment."

Most interviewers call Fred MacMurray "tough copy." And so he is if refusing to answer asinine questions warrants that charge. The fact is that he's leaning over backwards to avoid the accusation of conceit.

"Look here," he said to me not long ago. "Here's some woman who writes for a pack of newspapers and she wants me to name the ten most charming women in Hollywood. How can a fellow do a thing like that without making himself out a conceited jackass? Who am I to pick the ten most charming women in Hollywood?

At first Fred MacMurray found it difficult to take his sudden rise to screen fame seriously.

"I'd never figured myself as Heaven's gift to the acting profession," he explains. "And I simply couldn't believe that there could be any demand for me—especially as a leading man. I'm still no actor—but I'm trying to learn something about timing and emotional expression. Right now, the trend seems to be toward naturalness and that's a lucky break for me. But I want to go on as an actor—and unless I acquire more ability than I have now, I'll make just as sudden an exit as I made an entrance.

"I'm also studying voice and singing. In my orchestra days, I sang fairly well but I never had time for lessons. Now I'm looking forward to the chance to sing on the screen.

"They let me sing a song in *Hands Across the Table.* I sang it without rehearsal—and it didn't quite make the grade. Next time, I want to be able to deliver."—By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT.

CURIOUS FACTS

Harold Lloyd, who takes the rôle of the comic prizefighter in *The Milky Way*, wanted to be a boxer before he entered films . . . Victor Jory was a professional boxer, as was Bruce Cabot, who is seen next in *Robin Hood of El Dorado* . . . George Raft has done his bit in the prize ring, and Nat Pendleton, who has the rôle of the strong man in *The Great Ziegfeld*, was a champion wrestler.

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HEY...HOW ABOUT THAT BONE?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
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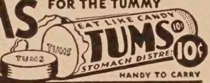
MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.



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Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 22-A, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

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Send generous 7-day package Sem-Pray Jo-ve-nay Creme. Include introductory packages Sem-Pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

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Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

PICTURE TIPS

Follow these ratings—★★★★ Hit Picture
★★★ Good Show ★★ Fair Film ★ Mediocre

New Films

MUSS 'EM UP—★★—Preston Foster and Margaret Callahan in a mystery story which begins with the killing of a dog and ends with the killing of a couple of chauffeurs.—*Radio.*

DANCING FEET—★★—Eddie Nugent does a grand job in a musical which has excellent moments but on the whole nothing to rave about. Others in the cast include Vince Barnett, Ben Lyon, Isabel Jewell and Joan Marsh.—*Republic.*

KING OF THE DAMNED—★★★—Tense story of revolt on a convict island, with Conrad Veidt as the prisoner who attempts to prove that convicts treated like human beings will re-establish themselves. Helen Vinson and Noah Beery also in the cast.—*Gaumont British.*

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT—★★★—Fine comedy romance about newlyweds and their battle against a harsh world with excellent performances by Ross Alexander and Anita Louise.—*Warner.*

DANGEROUS WATERS—★★—Melodramatic story of an ambitious ship officer and his adventures at sea. Cast includes Jack Holt, Robert Armstrong and Grace Bradley.—*Universal.*

EXCLUSIVE STORY—★★½—Film based on the career of Martin Mooney, reporter who was jailed for refusing to divulge the source of his information after exposing a gangster ring. Franchot Tone, Madge Evans and Stuart Erwin.—*Metro.*

THE INVISIBLE RAY—★★—Fairly entertaining horror story about a mad scientist who kills with the aid of radium. Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Frances Drake.—*Universal.*

THE SINGING KID—★★★—About a great entertainer who is jilted by Broadway but fights his way back. Al Jolson, Lyle Talbot, Claire Dodd and Edward Everett Horton.—*Warner.*

ONE WAY TICKET—★★—A man steals the exact amount owed him by a closed bank and goes to jail for it. Lloyd Nolan, Peggy Conklin and Walter Connolly.—*Columbia.*

NAVY WIFE—★★—The marriage problems of a woman who weds a sailor. Just fair, with Claire Trevor standing out in a cast which includes Ralph Bellamy and Warren Hymer.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TIMOTHY'S QUEST—★★—Dickie Moore in the rôle of an orphan who softens an old maid's heart. Eleanore Whitney, Tom Keene and Virginia Weidler.—*Paramount.*

CALL OF THE PRAIRIE—★★—Cowboys mixed up with bank robbers. William Boyd and Muriel Evans.—*Paramount.*

THE GARDEN MURDER CASE—★★—Edmund Lowe in a fine mystery story that should please "who-done-it?" fans. Virginia Bruce and Benita Hume.—*Metro.*

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—★★★—A tender story based on the life of the average American family. Full of interest and suspense. Cast includes Jed Prouty, Spring Byington and June Lang.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

NEXT TIME WE LOVE—★★★½—Margaret Sullavan's best picture, in which she plays the rôle of a career girl who marries and suffers by enforced absence of her husband. A splendid picture and a triumph for its star.—*Universal.*

Previously Reviewed

MODERN TIMES—★★★★—The long-awaited Chaplin picture with Charlie as the waif who attempts to aid a penniless girl. Splendid comedy, but would have been better had he talked. Paulette Goddard, Chester Conklin and Hank Mann.—*Released by United Artists.*

KING OF BURLESQUE—★★★★—Drama amid burlesque and the bright lights of Broadway, with Warner Baxter and Alice Faye delivering excellent performances.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

CEILING ZERO—★★★★—A whirlwind drama based on the behind-the-scenes lives of America's commercial pilots. Pat O'Brien in a thrilling rôle with Jimmy Cagney, Stuart Erwin, June Travis and Isabel Jewell contributing to make this a picture long to be remembered.—*Warner.*

Sally Eilers begs a kiss from Eddie Cantor who has a feeling that he won't be the champion kiss-resister long. A scene from Eddie's Four Star hit, *Strike Me Pink*

Right: Raymond Walburn, the faithful valet, having trouble with Gary Cooper, his master, the morning after the fateful night before. A scene from Gary's next picture, *Opera Hat*

CHATTERBOX—★★★—A too, too sweet story about a girl whose theatrical ambitions are greater than her talent. Anne Shirley, Phillips Holmes and Erik Rhodes.—*Radio.*

SYLVIA SCARLETT—★★★—Hepburn masquerading as a boy. Cary Grant in an unusual rôle is the only reason this picture merits a good rating.—*Radio.*

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—★★★★—Splendid drama with Conrad Veidt in a Christ-like rôle.—*G-B.*

RIFFRAFF—★★★—First exciting moments of this picture dealing with life and love among tuna fishermen make it worth while. Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney and Vince Barnett. —*Metro.*

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR—★★★★—Paul Muni in a powerful portrayal of Pasteur, the French doctor, who struggled against great odds in his battle against disease and death.—*Warner.*

DANGEROUS—★★★★—Bette Davis in an unsympathetic rôle as a self-centered actress who leads Franchot Tone astray. Davis does a perfect dramatic job.—*Warner.*

FIRST A GIRL—★★★—Jessie Matthews in a delightful comedy about a girl who is forced to disguise herself as a man for the sake of her career.—*GB.*

MISTER HOBO—★★★—George Arliss in the rôle of a kindly tramp who upsets the financial wizards of France and straightens out the problems of young love.—*GB.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—★★★★—Dickens' masterful story of the French revolution translated to the screen perfectly by Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, Blanche Yurka, Basil Rathbone and Donald Woods.—*Metro.*

THE BRIDE COMES HOME—★★★★—Hilarious comedy romance with Claudette Colbert who gets off to a fighting start with her young husband, played by Fred MacMurray.—*Paramount.*

THE LITTLEST REBEL—★★★—Another grand Shirley Temple picture, with Shirley as the little Southern girl who saves her father from death by appealing to Lincoln.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

AH WILDERNESS—★★★★—A simple yet powerful story of the life of an average family in the early 1900's. Perfectly played by Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden.—*Metro.*

I DREAM TOO MUCH—★★★—Lily Pons lifts her glorious voice in song for the screen. Henry Fonda has a leading rôle.—*Radio.*

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—★★★★—The dizzy Marx Brothers return to the screen after a long absence in one of the funniest pictures ever filmed. Groucho racketeers in opera, with Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones as foils.—*Metro.*

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—★★★★—A bloody page from the annals of British naval history, so perfectly filmed that it cannot help but be chosen the best picture of the year. The cast includes Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER—★★★—In which Victor McLaglen, a hired modern warrior, kidnaps a young king. Freddie Bartholomew, Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

COLLEGIATE—★★★—Silly but greatly entertaining comedy with Jack Oakie as the playboy who inherits a girl's school. A fine cast, including Joe Penner, Ned Sparks, Frances Langford and Betty Grable.—*Paramount.*

CAPTAIN BLOOD—★★★★—A great adventure film, with Errol Flynn as the dynamic British exile who escapes and becomes a pirate. To help make the picture thrilling and well-acted there is a grand cast including Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwell, David Torrence, Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone and Ross Alexander.—*Warner.*

THE GHOST GOES WEST—★★★½—Robert Donat has never appeared more pleasing on the screen than he does here. Playing the dual rôle of a Scottish youth of today and of the ghost of that youth's eighteenth century ancestor, Donat produces a riot of mirth and laughter. As the Scottish youth, he sells his ancient castle to an American who wants it transported across the ocean to Florida. With the castle comes the ancestral ghost, too. Wires are sent to New York, telling them of the ghost's coming. Finally, in Florida, the ghost passes. You'll enjoy this film. —*United Artists.*

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Speaking About My New Clothes

[*Continued from page 36*]

wear in the picture. It's very important because it shows what miraculous progress fabric makers have made in their efforts to give us interesting new versions of our old favorites. I always have to have at least one or two plain black daytime frocks in my wardrobe. And this coat dress which "T" has turned out is the type I love. The neckline is high and round and the sleeves are cut wide, in raglan fashion, then fitted in near the elbows so that they dissolve into tight cuffs. This sort of dress is ideal, I think, for the working girl who wishes to look suitably attired for business hours but is just as anxious to look her best during the dinner date that same evening.

Right on the heels of this practical frock a thoroughly glamorous—in every sense of that poor, over-worked word—gown comes to my mind. And practical or impractical this white chiffon vision is a masterpiece. It's the sort of gown my cameraman, Teddy Tetzlaff adores. You see, he can have a photographic field-day with a gown that glitters and then you can come and see the picture and say "what an interesting effect!" without realizing that Teddy has had to exert every ounce of his camera-cunning to give you this moment of enjoyment. At any rate—describing this gown is almost as hard as achieving a new "Tetzlaff effect" so let us proceed.

White chiffon—as I said before—finds itself draped with loose bands of silver bugle beads which look almost like stripes. The gown itself has slim lines and these stripes, or bands, of shimmering beads are used vertically. They are suspended from the waistline down the skirt and they seem to tuck up under the hemline in a magic, mysterious manner. What a dress this is for dancing! And in case you're looking for an inspiration for a furless evening wrap just take a good timely tip from the long white satin cape I wear over this gown. The only detail in the cape is the treatment in front where it ties up around my neck in wide pieces of the satin.

I WEAR a negligée—or hostess gown—which I hope to kidnap, or abduct, or something, when the picture is finished. It's a luscious pale apricot panne velvet affair with a very slim line about the figure and huge, graceful sleeves. It ties at the throat and at the waist and is trimmed in bands of luxurious sable which gives a grand color contrast to the velvet. Travis certainly does this sort of thing divinely. And whenever I can arrange with the studio to do so I buy them to wear at home. These regal hostess gowns are very good for one's morale, I think. And one of my pet fashion fixations is that no matter what circumstances a woman may be in, she should have at least one garment of this type in her wardrobe. It's what I call "woman's right" and should by no means be monopolized by the lady of leisure who never has to work for her bread and butter.

But before I get completely off my subject I mustn't forget to mention the fact that I have adorable apricot colored mules with bands of the same sable, to match this negligée.

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28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
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30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
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I Guard SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Fabric again scores, thanks to Mr. Banton's vigilant eye, in a formal evening ensemble of the shiniest material I've ever seen. This costume is black, I think, but I swear that the shimmering effect of the material confuses me even when I'm wearing the gown. You see it's covered with rows, placed closely together, of tiny gunmetal beads. And this beaded treatment, plus the sheen of the fabric itself, causes an optical illusion which is difficult to describe. The gown is made in tunic fashion with panels of black fox down the back, and there is a generous boa of black fox which I wear like a muff at the right moments in the scene.

And whether it makes for the correct story construction or not (after all, who's editor of this magazine this month anyway) I'm going to tell you about the fancy dress costume I wear. There's a bit of sentiment attached to this, you see, as well as a lot of excitement which I defy anyone to escape when dressed in such a costume. Travis Banton has always said that I reminded him of Gaby Deslys. This has always thrilled me, because whether I could be vain enough to agree with him or not, Gaby Deslys has been one of my idols ever since I can remember. She was such an exciting person, such a romantic figure in the days when she held the dramatic spotlight. And, as everyone knows, it is thrilling to be told such things. Therefore when Travis Banton looked at the costume plot for *Love Before Breakfast* and noticed that I would have a fancy dress costume he saw the opportunity to fulfill one of his fondest hopes. He could design and execute his conception of a modern Gaby Deslys creation.

WHITE satin. Graceful plumes of white ostrich. Ropes of pearls. White chiffon embroidered in diamente. The white satin drapes into a slim skirt. The ostrich plumes float from the skirt and form a boa which can be draped at random. The white chiffon and diamente form the bodice and the ropes of pearls go around my neck and are reflected in similar ropes wound around my wrists. There is a cap of white satin edged in diamente for my head and a graceful white plume of ostrich adorns it as does a pear-shaped pearl over the right eye which shows that my designer and dearest friend Mr. Banton, really *"knows all"* about Gaby Deslys. Even my sandals are edged with baguette diamond stones.

Before I end this and go back to the set where my friend and Director Walter Lang is and has been expecting me for well nigh an hour I have to tell you about just one more of my dresses.

The frock is of black and white in a very bold check which is almost a plaid. The skirt is short, of course, and I wear a circular cape of white piqué lined in the black and white check. I also have a scarf of white piqué lined in black and white check so that it can be reversed if desired. And with a white panama hat trimmed with a bunch of vari-colored posies—or with just a black ribbon band—there I am—right on the fashion deck for spring!

And don't forget—even though you may not believe in *Love Before Breakfast* you still must pay expert attention to your clothes.

STAY IN STYLE!
For more news of screen and star fashions, see page 22.

YOUR SKIN'S SO LOVELY DARLING!

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Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Letter Page

[*Continued from page* 14]

about Ginger? Janet, as an editor with her flashing wit, delicious fun-making and enthusiasm, would be as good as the best in the world!—*Ruth Bennett, 198 Green Street, Cambridge, Mass.*

$1.00 Letter

Perish the Thought

WHY not have the Marx brothers edit one issue? The cover would probably be upside down. Blank pages would make up Harpo's contribution to the game, and imagine Groucho telling of the inside and intimate life of any star! Heaven only knows what Chico would do. But of course he would print plenty of pictures of good-looking blondes.—*Wesley S. Bird, 72 West Blake Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.*

$1.00 Letter

Joan Jealous of Tone?

NOW that Joan and Franchot are joined together, it remains only for some producer, by co-starring them in a picture, to thrust them asunder! Franchot has talent and versatility far beyond any which Joan has even suggested. We need Joan, of course. We like her smart clothes, her smart lines, the surface brilliance of her acting which amuses us without disturbing us inside. But why waste Franchot Tone by casting him as her leading man? Many stars have more hair than he, and broader shoulders, and that's what Joan needs as support. But Franchot can act! The result of co-starring Joan with Tone would be either the complete crushing of his superior talent, or his rebellion, and the subsequent finish through professional jealousy, of what may otherwise make a successful marriage. Let Joan glitter and Franchot act, apart!—*Betty McLean, Hillsboro, Ill.*

$1.00 Letter

Perfect Balance

AS PRESIDENT of a Franchot Tone Fan Club, I believe that everyone would like to see Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone together in pictures. After being with them as their guest at the Waldorf-Astoria recently, I feel that I am qualified to express an opinion regarding their future work together. They should continue to make pictures whenever a story is found suitable for both of their personalities. Their talents are so perfectly balanced and their sense of fair play so great, that I am sure there would never be a question of professional jealousy. However, I should like to see Miriam Hopkins with Franchot Tone again. They were splendid in *The Stranger's Return.*—*Phyllis Carlyle, 67 Merrill Street, Portland, Maine.*

$1.00 Letter

Garden Variety Epic

I BELIEVE *Ah, Wilderness* gave all America a true picture of the past decades. Grandma wept out of sheer joy. Ma howled at herself and felt a sudden

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nostalgia for her romance and her youth. The kids saw something no fireside chats could make real to them—no old wives tale, but a real garden variety "epic." It had everything. The acting and plot were perfect. It had pathos, tenderness, love and suspense. Best of all, it was the America of yesterday, living, breathing and talking to us.—*Mrs. M. L. McMenamin, R. F. D. 1, Box 404, Sebastopol, Calif.*

$1.00 Letter

Best 1935 Picture

THERE were many fine pictures produced during 1935, but I cast my vote for *Mutiny on the Bounty*. It is one of the greatest things to come out of Hollywood. A chapter torn from life's danger, revealing its every emotion, haunting in its beauty and horror. A great picture with a great cast. I shall never forget it.—*Bessie Toles, 514 N. Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

$1.00 Letter

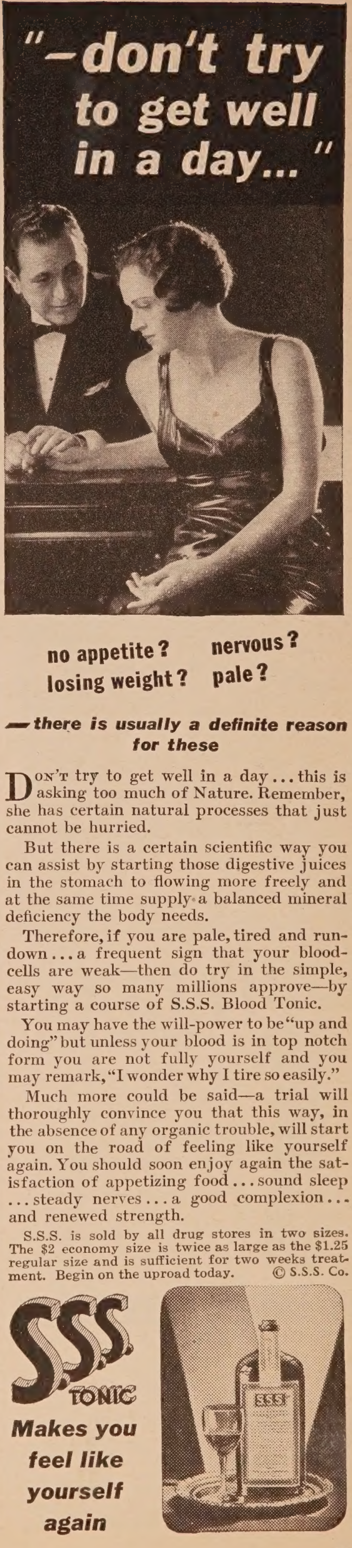
Make Ginger a Star

GINGER ROGERS should be starred in her own pictures. When she is co-starred with Fred Astaire, Fred does all the hard dancing while Ginger just makes turns and does a little soft-shoe work. Then Ginger is hailed as a great dancer while all the credit is due to Fred. If Ginger is starred in her own pictures, she can take all the credit and I'll know she deserves it. Mr. Astaire needs someone like Eleanor Powell, and they'll both do some real tap-dancing.—*Irene Guzik, 525 Tyndale Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.*

$1.00 Letter

An Incongruous Combination

PUTTING Freddie Bartholomew in a picture with Shirley Temple seems utterly silly to me. Shirley's curls and Freddie's nice British accent are an incongruous combination. No doubt, for publicity's sake, romance rumors would be started as they were for Jackie Cooper. At the present, they are two very fine children. Why not let them stay that way?—*Marjorie Geyer, 506 Glenwood Avenue, Syracuse, New York.*


"—don't try to get well in a day..."

no appetite? nervous? losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

DON'T try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

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Thank Heaven There Is Only One Eddie Cantor!

[*Continued from page 21*]

FRENCHY, it seems, is more than just cook. He's Eddie's valet, masseur, rubber-down, twenty-four-hour-doctor and things like that.

"Today, Mister Cantor," he said, "you've got a tough sequence at the studio, where you have to do a lot of physical work, and you know your stomach, so here's your breakfast."

And what do you suppose he set down for us?—a single poached egg, a half slice of toast, a cuppa weak coffee and a half a sliced orange. I was just opening my mouth to tell him off, but somehow my knife was in the way with the toast and egg, and it slipped in, so I couldn't say anything, and by the time I'd opened my mouth again, breakfast was over and Eddie was saying to hurry.

"Wait a minute—my hat," I yelled, but Frenchy was stuffing it in my hand, and the next thing I knew, I was in the auto with Eddie at the wheel and we were half-way to Goldwyn's studio. At seven-thirty we were in Eddie's dressing room and he was telling me to stop puffing so hard because he couldn't hear himself reading his mail. Then Eddie got into a barber chair! He's got one in his dressing room, and there he was being shaved and made up with grease paint. "Do I get a shave?" I asked, and Eddie said sure, there was a razor in the attached bathroom, but there wasn't a blade in it, so I skipped it, and by that time Eddie was listening to Frenchy, who'd come along in the rumble seat, reading his day's dialogue to him.

"ZopsawayIlunlinezh," glubbered a voice from beneath the shaving lather. Frenchy translated. "He says that's the way he learns his lines." I said uh huh, and was getting my breath. By eight-thirty, somebody'd given me a razor blade and I was shaved too, and said now I suppose we rest.

"REST—what's that?" yelled Eddie. He grabbed a handful of mail and began to read it and dictate answers to a secretary who had arrived.

There was a letter from President Roosevelt's secretary, asking Eddie if he'd like to spend a few days with the President at Warm Springs, Georgia. Eddie turned it down because he had to work.

At nine o'clock, Eddie yelled: "Come on, let's go!" And off we went again, this time to the movie set, where they had a balloon hanging with a hole in the basket and Parkyakarkus in the basket. Well, soon as Eddie got in, Director Norman Taurog told him to hang from the bottom of the basket and chin himself four or five times, while Parkyakarkus stepped on his head.

"I can do it," yelled Eddie, and he did it. Then Taurog made him do it over again because Parkyakarkus didn't step on his head hard enough. It seems Parkyakarkus is a friend of Eddie's.

So Eddie did it again, and Parky stepped hard this time, but Taurog didn't like it yet. He said Parkyakarkus stood up too high for the camera. So Eddie called Parkyakarkus something and they did it over again.

Now Eddie isn't any young guy any

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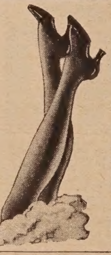

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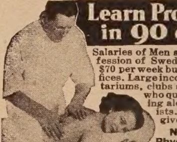

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more and Taurog was telling him to do it over again. So Eddie drank a glass of buttermilk, glares at Taurog, and says: "I can do it," and off they go again. This time, Parkyakarkus lost his hat and the scene was no good, so Taurog says do it again.

Eddie was pretty nearly winded. He staggers over to me and says: "Cinch, ain't it, you dope?" Then he goes back and does the scene again, and this time it's all right, and Eddie nearly faints and they send for a glass of brandy.

Instead, this guy Frenchy comes without the brandy and says: "You had buttermilk, didn't you, Mister Cantor? Well—you know your stomach. No brandy!"

"So now," I said, "we rest." But Eddie yells: "Come on, let's go!" and he grabs my arm and we bust back to his dressing room, where he calls up a town in Arizona on business and answers another dozen letters and grabs me and yells: "Come on, let's go!" and back to another set we go, and darned if Eddie didn't have to do a lot of work on the flying trapeze.

It seems in the picture he falls from the balloon, or something like that, I don't just exactly know, but he gets caught in the hands of one of those troupes of trapeze acrobats, and gets flung around.

Well, they did that until lunch. I was just strong enough to wait for that. I always am, no matter what the exertion I've been through, when the lunch is free.

THEN, when lunch was over, and I hadn't even got through my noodle zoop yet, when Eddie yelled: "Come on, let's go!" and off we went again to the trapezes.

"Well," says I, "darned if I'll exhaust myself watching you," so I went over to the lunch-and-drink man on the set where I'd charged a beer to Eddie, and said: "Gimme a liverwurst on rye and charge it to Ed."

"Oh, yeah?" he yelled, "you pay me for that beer—Eddie's Frenchy doesn't allow anything to be charged." And he called the stage cop and I had to pay for the beer. So I went back to the set and wore out my eyes and pants watching Eddie get flung around trapezes till he lost his clothes. Because Taurog made them do it so many times, it was eight before the job was done!

But we ate. Oh, yeah—at seven-thirty, they brought me a bowl of zoop. Eddie had one, too. I grabbed an egg sandwich, too, but Eddie didn't have time. He grabbed me instead and yelled, "Let's go!" So with me stuffing the sandwich in my mouth, I watched him get the make-up off and a shower, and then he threw me in his car, the big stiff, and before I knew it, we were downtown in Los Angeles where they broadcast Eddie's radio program.

"This ain't Sunday," I hollered, because I knew Eddie did his radio program on Sundays. "I know it, you crybaby!" he hollered right back, "but we're rehearsing tonight." And while I fell in a chair, he did an hour and three-quarters rehearsing. Then he read a couple of telegrams, dictated some replies, and then he turned to me.

It was then he said what he said.

He said: "Well, what'll we do now?"

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Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEPE METHODS. 3284 N. Green Bay Ave.,
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FREE BOOKLET

You Are Invited to a Hollywood Party

[*Continued from page* 25]

TO EXPLAIN this great event simply—SCREEN BOOK organizes a complete, all-expense vacation trip of two weeks, from Chicago to Hollywood and back.

Quite aside from the grand times you'll have in Hollywood, which include parties at the night spots and visits to the studios, naturally you'll cover a lot of interesting territory coming out and returning. The Twin Cities, Yellowstone Park, Seattle and Puget Sound, San Francisco and China Town, the Grand Canyon, Pike's Peak—all colorful moments in the glamorous journey.

The Roosevelt Hotel, home of many stars and the place where Eadie Adams sings in the famed Cinegrill, will be your home in Hollywood. Plans have been completed at Darryl Zanuck's studio, 20th Century Fox, for all to spend an afternoon visiting the studio and seeing their great stars. If luck is with us, and Shirley Temple is working, we'll see the most famous little girl in pictures. There's Victor McLaglen, Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, Rochelle Hudson, Alice Faye, Janet Gaynor and a host of other 20th Century-Fox players working at that studio and they'll be invited by SCREEN BOOK to be on hand to greet our visitors.

Last year the party at Raquel Torres' home was the highspot of the whole trip. We'll promise you just as much fun, if not more, this year—for we have extended the time to be spent in Hollywood. If you can't plan your vacation for the Movieland Tour, which leaves by special train from Chicago on July nineteenth, then plan to go on the one leaving later, on August ninth. The second tour, called The Movieland Special, will also have a Hollywood hostess to greet you at a party and the welcoming studio will be Universal, where such great pictures as *Sutter's Gold* (Edward Arnold, Binnie Barnes, Lee Tracy), *Love Before Breakfast* (Carole Lombard, Preston Foster, Cesar Romero) and *Show Boat* (Irene Dunne, Charles Winninger, Allan Jones) are now in production. Both trips will be equally exciting.

Naturally the cost of such a trip would staggering if you attempted it on your own. By making up a special train and getting group rates on everything, the cost is really absurdly small. And SCREEN BOOK is able to give you a glimpse of Hollywood no other tourists could hope to see.

Write now for full details, contained in an illustrated pamphlet ready to be mailed you at once. Address Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Remember, we're expecting you as an honored guest at Paula Stone's party! Here's one vacation trip you'll long remember, so write now for your pamphlet and mark one of those dates with a red circle on your calendar of things you MUST do!

WATCH FOR MORE NEWS!

Many more unusual events are planned for The Movieland Tour of 1936. Read about them in the next issue of SCREEN BOOK.

Your Picture on the Screen

Get a New Thrill ! ! ! See how you look in the Movies. We have just developed a new idea in pictures. An 8x10 photograph of an interior of a theatre with the audience looking at **YOU** on the screen. This is an actual photograph. Send us any good picture of yourself, regardless of size and $1.00 and you will receive a beautiful 8x10 photo postpaid. Additional copies 25c each. Photo returned unharmed. Mail your order today.

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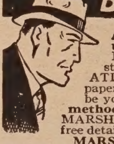

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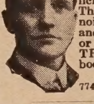

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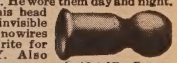

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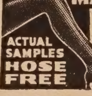

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Myrna Loy
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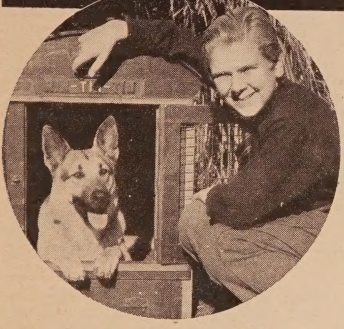
It's easy and fascinating.



Suggest a new name for Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., appearing with Jackie Cooper in *Tough Guy*. Rename this dog and two others. That's all you have to do to win.

$500.00 in cash; a son of the famous Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., from Jackie Cooper; a pedigreed Wire Haired terrier puppy from Myrna Loy; a pedigreed Scottie terrier puppy from Ginger Rogers; 10 of the famous Gantner and Mattern swim suits; $200 Grand Prize; three prizes of $50 each, 30 prizes of $5 each—and 300 other prizes.

See ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES Magazine, now on sale, for full contest details. Coming movies in story form this issue include: *13 Hours By Air* with JOAN BENNETT and FRED MacMURRAY; *Don't Gamble On Love* with ANN SOTHERN and BRUCE CABOT; *Sutter's Gold* with EDWARD ARNOLD, BINNIE BARNES and LEE TRACY. Also many other screen stories and 347 chances to win a present from your movie favorite.

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For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches, eczema, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for—

D.D.D. *Prescription*

—*Charles Rhodes*

Romance on the bridle path, with Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald looking about as happy as any two people could

Let Sylvia Tell You How To Live!

[*Continued from page* 30]

The initial cost isn't so great. And it's like a piece of hardware. You certainly can't spot a leopard skin by dunking it in your drink. It's good for any occasion—be it sport or dress. It will last so long that the surviving pieces can be handed down to the grandchildren when they play Tarzan. In fact, it breaks a furrier's heart to sell one. For he knows that by the time the purchaser returns to buy another his shop will have succumbed to some depression and his orphaned children will be raising rabbits.

"The fact of it is," Sylvia says, "whenever I buy clothes I first ask myself, 'how much mileage can I get out of that?' By mileage—well, you know what I mean. I'm for the things that will not only last through a number of seasons but that will also see me through the most occasions—also the most kinds of weather."

But hear what the Sidney had to say about her pet costume. "No woman who wears a classic tailleur can ever be badly dressed. It will take her through any occasion of the day. It will last for years. In fact, it's always been my own opinion that most women buy too many inexpensive clothes."

OF COURSE if you want to copy the Sidney formula for making sense, you'll first have to acquire her genuine independence of spirit. She has learned to discount certain feminine failings in the interest of common sense. She's taken this thing, Vanity, apart and has found out what makes it tick. She knows that in order to be supremely unhappy you've first got to be vain. Then the rest comes easily!

You're skeptical about that? Well listen to this. When Sylvia left hurriedly last sping to visit friends in Nassau she took one suitcase. She was wearing a grey tailored suit. This one bag contained sweaters, blouses, accessories to go with the suit. Oh, yes, it contained, too, a pair of comfortably worn jodhpurs for horse-back riding.

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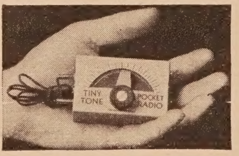

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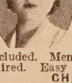

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Why be FAT?

Look and Feel like a New Person!

She LOST 50 lbs.

● Why not start to reduce today? Nurses recommend this SAFE method. Physicians prescribe the same ingredients. Millions of packages sold, tested and proven through 26 years on the market. Why let fat rob you of happiness when it is so easy to be slender? Thousands of delighted women have acquired lovely figures this quick SAFE way. **"I lost 50 lbs.,"** writes Mrs. J. Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., "everything else failed but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded! My doctor pronounces me in better health than for years and I feel better in every way." Mrs. G. Ryer, Reg. Nurse, Dayton, O., writes, "Lost 47 lbs.! Most satisfactory results." Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, also highly recommends RE-DUCE-OIDS as the SAFE and effective way to reduce. Mrs. P. Tyler, Crandon, Wis., writes, "I lost 68 lbs. Feel like a new woman." Others write of reductions as great as 80 lbs., and report **feeling better** right from the start. RE-DUCE-OIDS are effective but SAFE—contain **no** dangerous dinitrophenol. They are easy to take—in tasteless capsules.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

Comedy and Tragedy

[*Continued from page* 33]

pointed downward, "Your shoe's untied."

The Negro glanced down—for a second. In the next he was on the floor—being counted out.

"That hain't no fair," he said to Beery later, "that referee—he begun to count at seven."

"Do you know who that was you boxed?" asked Beery.

"No, sah—an' I doan wanta know."

I told him that it was Kid McCoy. And he quit his job.

Eric Von Stroheim has often been called "the hard luck guy of Hollywood." His wife was burned severely in a beauty parlor, and his young son has since been terribly ill. But Hollywood has not deserted its most picturesque figure.

Von Stroheim's arrival on the cinema scene was one of the most spectacular in Hollywood. A maze of contradictions, he is an interesting, a lovable, and a bewildering personality.

A man of outstanding ability, he enters a room like no other person. He "makes an entrance." Heels clicked together, head thrown back, his bull neck rigid, his cane held at a certain angle, he approaches his hosts with the grace of a tiger.

Only once was the show ever stolen from Von Stroheim. It was at the Los Angeles appearance of Dusé, the celebrated Italian actress. It is an actor's business to be seen. They generally appear late at all performances. Dusé would allow no one to be seated while the curtain was up. I accompanied Chaplin, who, through accident or design, arrived late and was forced to stand during the first act. This had its compensation, as he was allowed to find his seat between the acts with the full lights of the theater upon him.

The great Von Stroheim also waited. Each actor tried vainly to find his seat while the crowd cheered. Mr. Chaplin, however, made such a fuss that the crowd's attention was at last directed to him alone.

He had stolen the show from the great Eric Von Stroheim.

It was Mabel Normand who said to me a long time ago, with the sadness only born of wit, "It's all a circus, Jim, this Hollywood, and we're like a lot of little kids standing inside, while the rain is beating on the tent. Suddenly, some one turns a big light on us; then people point their fingers, and we look around, pretending to be scared, while none of us knows what it's all about. After a while, the rain stops and the sun shines, and we go outside. But it's not the same any more. The pointing fingers have changed us. We pretend that the light hurts our eyes. But we feel very sad when they turn it away."

"But, Mabel," said ZaSu Pitts, "surely you don't mind."

"No," sighed Mabel, "not a great deal—only when they keep the light away too long."

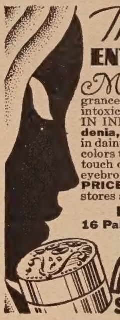
And Mabel Normand personified the laughter and the tears of Hollywood.

DON'T MISS IT!

Carole Lombard's editorial, giving advice to ambitious young people, appears on page 90. Read it now!

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 265, Chicago.



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Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

Why Kay Francis Fascinates Men

[*Continued from page* 69]

much he cost Kay in rewards and advertisements for his return. Once she had an appeal broadcast over the radio for him. A milkman found him a few blocks away and returned him.

Eventually Snifter did a good job of it, got himself thoroughly lost and has never been heard from since. Although that has been several years ago, I have no doubt but that, like *Enoch Arden*, he'll turn up some day to complicate her life which is now bound up in dachshunds.

She doesn't go in for jewelry. As nearly as my memory serves me, she doesn't own a star sapphire and I doubt that she has over one or two pieces of jewelry to her name.

Some women—particularly actresses—select handsome men for escorts, as a complement to their own looks. Kay never has. The men with whom she has been associated have all had to have something more to offer than mere physical attractiveness. None of the men I have seen her with would ever be even a candidate in a "handsome man" contest. But she doesn't mind.

To me, the most significant thing about Kay is that her closest friends are Richard and Jessica Barthelmess. There are no two people in Hollywood more truly refined and cultured than they. It is a mutual compliment that they can find in her and she in them, the ideal companions. One night, in full evening regalia, they may be at the most exclusive cabaret in town. The next will find them in the shoddiest dives. But they never forget themselves. There is nothing of hauteur in their manner at the cabarets nor do they descend to gutter-levels in the dives.

Frequent meetings are not necessary for her to maintain a friendship. She takes it up after a hiatus where it was left off. She pays you the compliment of assuming you have intelligence. She talks freely to friends and her remarks are not prefaced with "This is not for publication." You're supposed to use your head.

I have seen Kay in many different surroundings and have known her in a diversity of settings. I like her best, not as a considerate hostess or thoughtful guest but when we accidentally run into each other, pull up our chairs and settle down to a gab fest.

Kay is one of the few people I know of whom Tennyson, I think it was, might have been dreaming when he wrote:

"Age shall not wither, nor custom stale,
The infinite variety of her charms."

ANSWERS TO THE KAY FRANCIS PERSONALITY TEST

To score a 100% rating in the Kay Francis personality test on page 69, the answer to each of the ten questions should be "No!" Take off ten points for each question to which you answered "yes." If your final rating is 70%, your popularity among men should be assured. A rating of 90% to 100% indicates a personality that should appeal to men of all types.

OLD MONEY WANTED
WE PAY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PRICES
UP TO $5000.00 EACH
Amazing Profits For Those Who Know OLD MONEY!
DON CORRADO ROMANO founder of ROMANO'S COIN SHOP
BIG CASH PREMIUMS FOR HUNDREDS OF COINS NOW CIRCULATING
There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.
Don't sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.
WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH
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With the Editor IN HOLLYWOOD

Carole Lombard, the new Guest Editor, delivers a vital message

SINCE this, in all probability, is the only "editorial" I'll ever have the chance to inflict on the public, I've given its subject matter considerable thought. And I've decided to devote this page to a heart-to-heart talk with those of you who are ambitious to become actors and actresses.

If the letters which you write to the stars, directors and producers of Hollywood may be taken as a census, your number must be legion. I feel that I know you personally, for many thousands of you have written to me, and, perhaps because you are convinced we shall never meet, you've thrown reserve overboard and poured out your hearts' desires in your letters.

I, for one, do not doubt the sincerity of your ambition—and neither do I question its worth. And yet, many of you start your letters with this preface, "Probably you will think I'm *silly* because I want to act . . ." Why should *I*, of all people, consider you silly? *My* ambition is exactly the same as yours, I, also, want to act—and the fact that I've been permitted a chance to do so has only confirmed my ambition and made it flame the higher.

Guest Editor Carole Lombard on the job

● Certainly, there is no reason to be ashamed of the desire to act. The merchandizing of entertainment has become "big business." There is an increasing market for acting. It has become a dignified profession which offers rich rewards, both in remuneration and in self-satisfaction. The actor no longer is classed with the mountebank.

The so-called intelligentsia used to sneer at the movies, and perhaps the crude "flickers" of fifteen or twenty years ago justified the sneers. But every baby must learn to toddle before learning to run, and motion pictures, then, were in the toddling stage. Today, with such pictures as *David Copperfield, Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Rose Marie* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* being featured on every studio's production schedule, the screen has become as definitely a medium of artistic expression as is literature, painting or the opera. Hollywood has attracted the best writers, the best directors, the best actors and actresses. The future possibilities of the once despised movie are unlimited.

● So—If you are ambitious to act and self-analysis assures you that the ambition is deep-seated and sincere—don't be ashamed. Instead of nursing the fear that someone may consider you silly, take stock of your assets and your liabilities and *get busy!* Make a start toward your goal!

How?

That's a reasonable question and I'll answer it to the best of my ability.

First of all, consider the changes which have been brought about by the developments of the past few years.

The addition of dialogue has brought the screen player into direct competition with the trained stars of the stage—usually with disastrous results to the imperfectly equipped screen player. Attractive appearance and physical grace, which used to be paramount considerations in recruiting new personalities for pictures, still have weight, but they have become secondary to these other, far more important points:

Have you a vibrant, emotionally-expressive voice?

Have you the trained intelligence necessary to learn dialogue and interpret a rôle?

Can you act? Do you understand timing? Have you mastered the technical fundamentals?

Unless you can answer every one of those questions in an unqualified affirmative, you are not ready for the Hollywood of 1936!

● And still I say, "don't give up your ambition if it is really sincere. Just curb your patience and remember that acting is a profession. All of those qualifications can be acquired. If you were determined to become a great engineer, or a great singer, or a great doctor, you would not expect overnight fame and success—so why look for sudden success on the screen? The rewards of merit in the acting profession are just as great and just as worth waiting and working to achieve.

Start on the stage, not on the screen. Hollywood hasn't time to train beginners, consequently, Hollywood no longer has a market for beginners. Pictures are made on definite schedule and directors dare not devote too much time to any one scene. And the actor must stand or fall on the virtue of that impromptu performance.

On the stage, things proceed at an entirely different pace. Weeks and sometimes months are spent in rehearsing every member of the cast in his rôle until he is satisfactory. Then the play opens, usually in some unimportant theater, and each member of the cast still has the opportunity to shade his performance and improve. Audience reaction is an invaluable guide according to all of the great stage stars.

Perhaps you live in a small town, which has no legitimate theater. If so, you may argue that that lack checkmates your ambition at the very start. If you'll pardon my frankness, your ambition is very anemic if it can be so easily defeated.

Hollywood, now as always, is eager for new faces. But its recruits must come already trained. If the screen is your goal, do not imagine, for one moment, that you are being wasted on an amateur stage. Every year, Hollywood is sending out new battalions of talent scouts.

It's up to you! And it can be done! Instead of burning your hearts out with that "great ambition" you write about, spend your energies in a constructive effort to achieve your goal.

Carole Lombard

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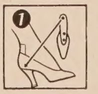
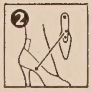
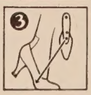
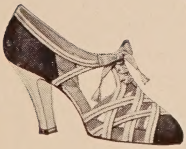


As weight shifts to your arch all strain is absorbed and cushioned . . . in addition to the usual built-in arch.



As full weight centers on ball of foot the metatarsal arch is supported, keeping delicate bones in position.





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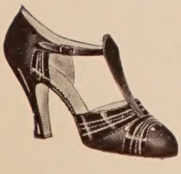

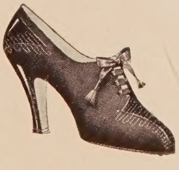

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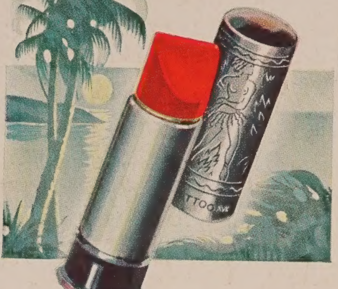

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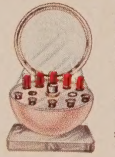

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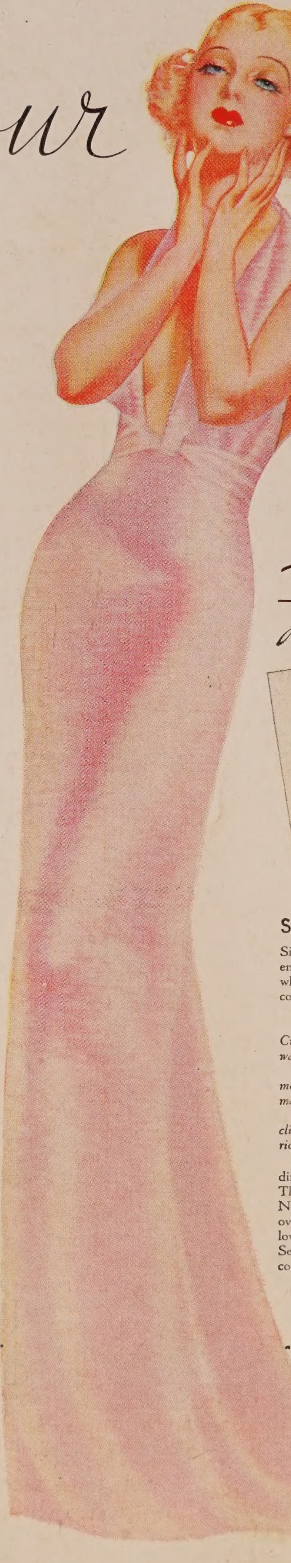
No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower . . . the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness. Called "HAWAIIAN."



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As a special gift, we will send you postpaid and free of all charge, an exquisite 11" x 14" art reproduction (free of advertising matter) of the gorgeous "Tattoo Girl" illustrated here . . . painted by Geo. B. Petty, America's foremost illustrator of alluring women. Made from the original engravings, and bearing the artist's signature, this striking figure is a most effective picture for framing.

Yours — with the Tattoo South Sea Make-Up Kit. Send Coupon

Simply fill in and send the coupon from this page, enclosing 40c for the TATTOO South Sea Make-Up Kit which contains a 30 day supply of four thrilling TATTOO cosmetics:

TATTOO Lipstick *(in a clever silver and black metal case).*

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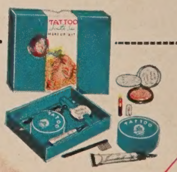

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You naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile.

(*A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.*)

You *don't* expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.

(*An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.*) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable. Too many soft foods . . . not enough hard, fibrous foods . . . and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

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You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive . . . Less sensitive.

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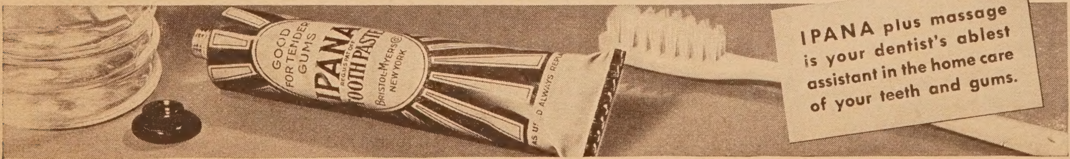

IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

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Norma Shearer
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To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.

MAY, 1936

SCREEN BOOK

Vol. XVI
No. 4

STORY OF THE MONTH!
Anthony Ugrin, the cameraman who photographs Hollywood's most famous star, tells what she is really like in "Shirley Temple as You Never See Her." See Feature stories listed in this issue below

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CARL A. SCHROEDER, Editor

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TODAY'S GOSSIP

By the Star Reporter

All the gossip that's fit to print. Follow your favorites through this department each month!

NORMA SHEARER is more difficult to see these days than Garbo. She won't be interviewed, she won't allow visitors on her set and she is rapidly becoming a Hollywood myth. Norma is so deeply interested in *Romeo and Juliet* that she wants nothing to interfere with her work. Your reporter, however, did pay a visit to the garden set of the picture, sneaking past a wary watchman. The garden scene is one of the most beautiful, expensive bits of Hollywood magic ever conceived, occupying as it does more than half of one huge sound stage. One thing was puzzling however. How, I wondered, could Leslie Howard climb Romeo-like to the ornate balcony which was almost three stories up? Later I discovered that there was an exact duplicate of the little balcony on another sound stage. Here it was that the close-ups were shot.

Sir Walter Raleigh has nothing on Donald Woods, who during Hollywood's recent torrential rains rescued Anita Louise, whose coupe stalled in a flood of water

What happens to chorus beauties such as Mary Jane Haley and Clarissa Sherry, seen above in their costumes for *The Great Ziegfeld*? LeRoy Prinz, famous dance director, reveals the answer on page 8

GRACE MOORE has a surprise for screen audiences in her new picture, *The King Steps Out*. She sings, of course, but the main event is a Viennese Waltz through which she gracefully glides with Franchot Tone as her partner.

GEORGE RAFT started something when he did a studio walk-out, refusing to go on working with Carole Lombard in *The Princess Comes Across*, because he was miffed at the selection of a cameraman who favored Carole in the close-ups. Fred MacMurray figuratively stepped into Raft's shoes for the rôle, but he too shied at actually going to work. Fred hid away for a few days hoping to get his salary, estimated at about $350, boosted.

Carole Lombard, whose exciting parties are the talk of Hollywood, poses with her friend, romantic Robert Taylor, starred opposite Janet Gaynor in *Small Town Girl*

FRED ASTAIRE has been a happy man these days, what with the visit of his sister, Adele, to Hollywood and the studio with her husband, Lord Cavendish. All eyes were on Lord and Lady Cavendish as they entered the studio commissary for lunch as the guests of Virginia Bruce. Outwardly they were cheerful, but onlookers knew that behind their quiet smiles each hid an abiding sorrow. The black band on the arm of Lord Cavendish was a symbol of grief for Adele's twins, dead at birth. And time has not yet softened the sorrow of Virginia Bruce over the passing of John Gilbert.

FRED STONE and his lovely daugh-

[*Continued on page* 8]

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"

Drawing Room "B"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless. Blah ...!"

CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once ... perhaps ... no, I must be moonstruck."

CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like ... maybe ... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton . . . explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester . . . sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's **"THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring **MARGARET SULLAVAN**, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman . . . Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial . . . A Walter Wanger Production . . . Directed by William A. Seiter

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TODAY—
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FEELING FINE

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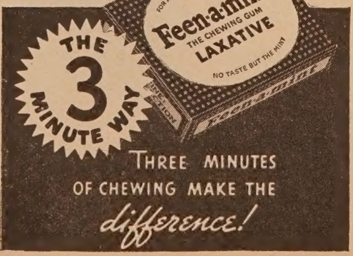
*Longer if you wish.



Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page 6*]

The gang was all there! When Fay Wray, Movieland's champion commuter to England, returned to Hollywood, three of her best friends—Jeanette MacDonald, Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond greeted her at the station

ters, Dorothy and Paula, always occupy the same booth at The Brown Derby, where they dine early and usually in the company of Charles Collins, Dorothy's young husband, who makes his first screen appearance in *Dancing Pirates*. Other Brown Derby addicts who may usually be depended upon to put in an appearance at this famous Hollywood eatery are Carole Lombard, Al Jolson, Claudette Colbert, and Gary Cooper. This is at the Vine street Derby where the great and near great gather for lunch and a midnight snack after the Friday night prize fights. But the greatest crowd of celebrities may be seen on "maid's night off"—Thursday evenings—when they crowd the Beverly Hills Brown Derby to its doors.

DICK POWELL has a new leading lady and dancing partner in *Stagestruck*. She is Anita Louise, who makes her departure from ballet and aesthetic dancing for the first time in her nineteen years.

DOLORES DEL RIO may live in a mansion with a staff of servants at her beck and call, but once each week during the five years of her marriage to Cedric Gibbons she has donned an apron, shooed the maid out of her kitchen and cooked dinner for hubby.

JEAN HARLOW, your reporter believes, is about the most democratic star in Hollywood. The other day Jean pulled her car up to the curb in front of a beauty parlor and found herself surrounded by a group of tourists from Nebraska. "Of course," she responded to their pleas for autographs. Then, to please them further, she posed for several pictures and chatted for ten minutes before her appointment broke up the impromptu meeting. Few stars these days would bother to be that considerate.

CLARK GABLE has a George Raft

[*Continued on page* 84]

WHAT HAPPENS TO CHORUS BEAUTIES?

"You can believe it or not," says famed dance director LeRoy Prinz, "but Hollywood chorus girls—most of them—wed sooner or later, and usually it's sooner. In New York they seem to have eyes only for beautiful clothes, jewels and night life, but in Hollywood they forget all that. I can't count all of my girls who have married doctors, business executives and prominent men—happily too. They settle down and have children, but it's a funny thing—in a year or so a good many of them are back for another fling at dancing. They can't seem to get it out of their systems."

"They love to sing-a"

So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."

"THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.

The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.

'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.

Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

(Advertisement)

"HER LIPS WERE REALLY ALLURING"

SAID **WARREN WILLIAM**

Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of "The Gentleman from Big Bend", a Warner Brothers Production.

● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ...One wore the ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

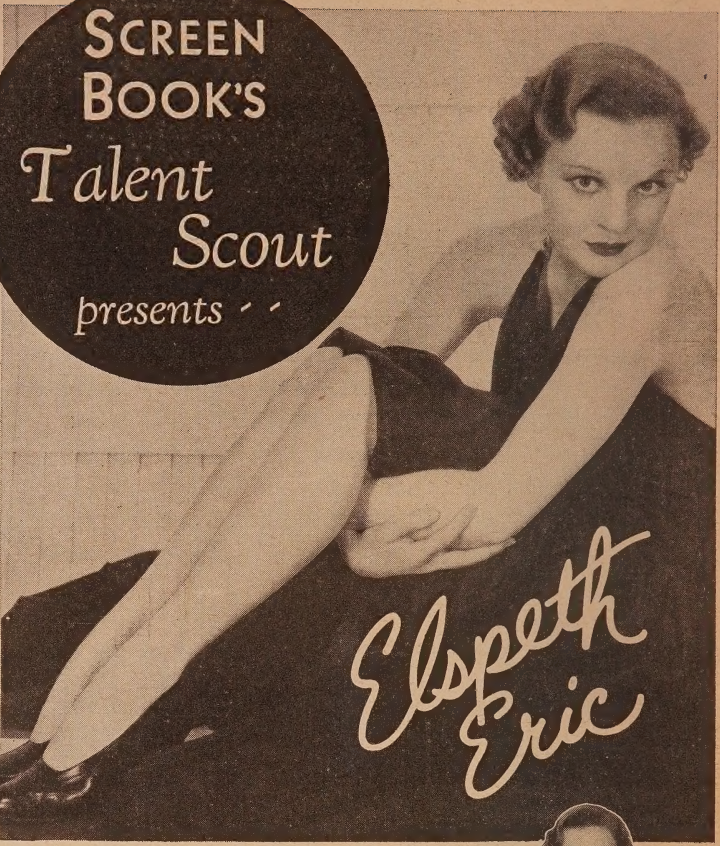
Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F56
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name ____________ Please Print
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________

SCREEN BOOK'S *Talent Scout* presents . . .



Elspeth Eric

Introducing the first in a series of outstanding personalities Hollywood cannot afford to overlook

ELSPETH ERIC is as intriguing and unusual as her name. A talented girl who has more to offer than her oddly fascinating beauty and personality, she has made a name for herself among the glittering stars of the Broadway stage while still in her early twenties. Playgoers who saw her performance in *Small Miracle* last year and her sensitive, moving work in the dramatic hit, *Dead End*, during the current season have hailed her as one of the more important discoveries of recent years. Elspeth Eric was chosen as the month's discovery by SCREEN BOOK's Talent Scout for the obvious reason that she stands head and shoulders above the ranks of Broadway's younger actresses. Hollywood will inevitably sign her for the movies, so remember her name and the fact that her first screen recognition appeared in this magazine.

SCREEN BOOK's Talent Scout functions both as a source of information for studios in the constant search for new players and for the public in revealing the first news about the screen stars of tomorrow. Follow this department each month. Someone you know may be the next to be singled out and asked by the Talent Scout to take a bow.

Stars in Their New Pictures

Christian
Church

Irene Dunne, as Magnolia, is a lovely bride in *Showboat,* an important picture

Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy are sophisticated lovers in *Petticoat Fever,* a comedy romance

At last, a good rôle for Katharine Hepburn! She appears next in the title rôle of *Mary of Scotland*

William Powell and Jean Arthur are a grand new comedy sleuthing team in *The Ex Mrs. Bradford,* hailed as another *Thin Man*

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference,

ALL LAXATIVES ARE ALIKE!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet, lots of people make it.

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective, don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not! You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset or nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the relief you enjoy.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real joy to take—not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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City..Age..........

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Why Dick Powell Wants Marriage!

The idol of millions explains his early divorce and tells why his present plans include a wife and children

By
Linda
Heath

Dick Powell, the groom, and Joan Blondell, the bride? Hollywood friends believe that Dick's desire to settle down is centered in this lovely young actress

DICK POWELL is looking forward to the time when he'll be able to quit pictures. And the reason? He wants a wife . . . home . . . babies . . . time for relaxation . . . and all the other things he says he can't have while playing his present real-life rôle of "the busiest young man in the world!"

"My present contract still has three more years to run," says Dick. "After that. . . ."

But wait a minute. That's getting ahead of our story. For it was at Dick's own home, on a recent rainy morning, between listening to mellow symphonic records and eating cake and coffee in front of a roaring fire, that he gave me one of the most humanly sympathetic interviews a film star ever gave an interviewer.

"What's all this about three years?" I asked. "Why that tone of finality about 'three years from now'?" And then he told me.

"All my life, I've done nothing but work," he said. "I've never had time to play. And yet I've been 'playing' all my life. Had a swell time at it, too.

Joan Blondell—strikingly attractive, perfect in health, and a girl with a grand sense of humor. She completely typifies the type of girl with whom Dick Powell could be happy

"I really believe that marriage is necessary to every man," says Dick Powell

But I've missed a lot of things a man should have—and I'm going out and get 'em, pretty soon."

Even as a schoolboy, Dick Powell always was a bear for work. When the other boys were out playing games and sparking with the girls, Dick worked, afternoons, Saturdays and summers, in a grocery store. "Always wanted to make money," he reminisces now.

THEN, after a year in the Little Rock, Arkansas, college, he took a fling at vaudeville.

"There was a winter in St. Louis, when I was eighteen or nineteen, that I almost starved," he says with matter-of-fact calmness. "With a piano player as partner, I managed to get a few bookings at the cheaper neighborhood theaters. I'd tell jokes, and sing. And oh, how we would flop! After that whole winter of living in cheap boarding houses on practically no money at all, I had made just enough to get myself back home again."

So, home once more, Dick Powell worked daytimes first for the telephone company and then for the electric light company, singing Sundays at two Episcopal church services and Friday nights at the Jewish synagogue, with two rehearsals each occupying the evenings in between. But if he thought he worked hard then, it was nothing compared to what he did during the seven years of his success as master of ceremonies in Pittsburgh and Indianapolis theaters!

"I had to be in the theater from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, seven days a week," he relates. "But that was just for the shows themselves. On top of that, there were rehearsals. So, three mornings a week, I'd get there at seven a. m., three mornings a week at ten—and

[Continued on page 88]

Now.. a *Lovelier way* to avoid *Offending!*

You are so *Fragrantly Dainty*

when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

FIRST it brings sweet cleanliness . . . this exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Its rich, deep-cleansing lather leaves no chance of unpleasant body odor.

Then, its lovely, flower-like perfume lends you added glamour. It lingers about you long after your bath . . . gives you the *fragrant daintiness* men find so adorable.

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet costs only 10¢ a cake. The same long-lasting soap which for generations, has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Colgate's
Cashmere

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved ★ 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

"It's easy to see *why movie stars insist on* **HOLD-BOBS"**, *says lovely Miss Berenice Sheerin. "I never dreamed that a mere bob pin could make such a difference in my hairdress until I used* **HOLD-BOBS** *in preparing for my screen test".*

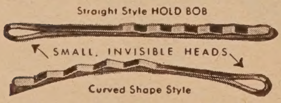
● *Miss Sheerin was given a screen test recently in the famous Search for Talent, sponsored by* HOLD-BOB *Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play.*

Miss Sheerin echoes the sentiment of the millions of women who use HOLD-BOBS always. Hollywood has long known about these famous bob pins. No star's dressing room is complete without HOLD-BOBS . . . And a good makeup man never thinks of sending an actress on the set until her coiffure is made "screen proof" with HOLD-BOBS.

Wherever *you* are . . . why shouldn't you be assured of a hairdress that is just as lovely as any screen star's? . . . Use HOLD-BOBS—for HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match every shade of hair; their small, round heads are invisible; their smooth, round points cannot scratch and their flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, hold your hair in place.

Remember, the credit for *most* beautiful coiffures goes to HOLD-BOBS.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-56
Chicago, Illinois



● ***Final winners*** in the Search for Talent will be announced in the next issue of this magazine. *ALSO* in the next issue will be an announcement of a NEW Search for Screen Talent!! *Watch for it!!*

Copyright 1936, by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

Visit SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STUDIO!

Make your plans now for a glorious two weeks vacation and a trip to Hollywood

By Jack Smalley

IMAGINE the thrill of watching Shirley Temple at work and at play! And could you visualize anything more interesting than seeing in person such famous stars as Ronald Colman, John Boles, Rochelle Hudson, Gloria Stuart and the many others who live their professional lives at beautiful Twentieth Century-Fox Studios?

These experiences can be yours! The gates of Hollywood are being opened wide to admit SCREEN BOOK's annual Movieland Tour which leaves Chicago on July 19th for an exciting two weeks vacation. It is a known fact that the casual visitor to Hollywood seldom even sees a movie star, much less the inside of a studio, but those who take the Movieland Tour will find that for their special benefit the hard walls of privacy will be torn down.

When the tour arrives in Hollywood on Sunday, July 26th, festivities will begin at the famous Brass Rail, a popular gathering place for famous film folk. Monday has been set aside for a complete tour of Twentieth Century-Fox studio in Westwood hills, where Darryl Zanuck is making some of Hollywood's greatest pictures. A special guide will conduct the whole party to every interesting corner of this vast studio.

In the evening there will be a huge banquet at the Biltmore Bowl of the Los Angeles Biltmore hotel. Jimmy Grier's popular orchestra will play and there will be dining and dancing throughout the evening. A special table for hosts and hostesses from the movie colony will add color to this important event.

On Tuesday, popular Paula Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, will entertain at her own home, giving every tour member a chance to mingle personally with movie famous, securing autographs and having pictures taken with the stars. Every tour member is urged to bring a camera and plenty of film.

Wednesday will find the entire Movieland Tour taking a cross channel trip to Catalina Island, the Rivera of the West. This beautiful [*Continued on page* 70]

Nominated for The HALL of FAME

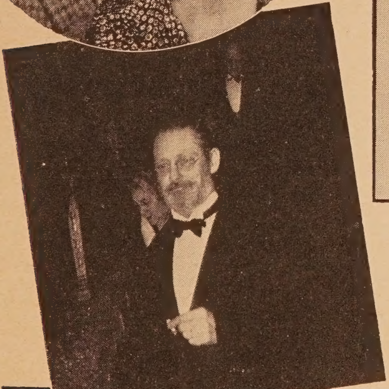
BETTE DAVIS, who wins the Academy Award among actresses for the best work of the year in *Dangerous.* Below, a scene from the picture with Franchot Tone

VICTOR McLAGLEN, winner of the male award for the finest acting by reason of his role in *The Informer.* He is seen below in a scene with Margot Grahame

The Awards

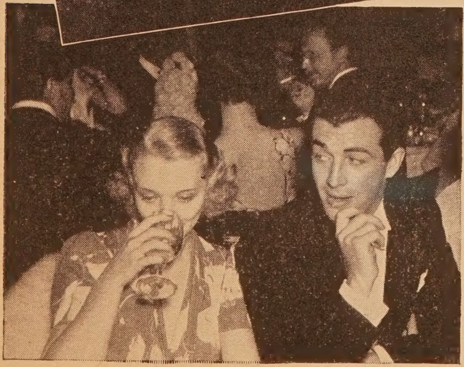
THE following is a list of important awards made by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences at a banquet presided over by Frank Capra, famous director:

Best Picture—*Mutiny on the Bounty*
Best Actor—Victor McLaglen in *The Informer*
Best Actress—Bette Davis in *Dangerous*
Best Direction—John Ford for *The Informer*



Left: Lionel Barrymore, former Award Winner, arrives at the Academy banquet

Right: Merle Oberon with Norma Shearer, who has won the great tribute twice



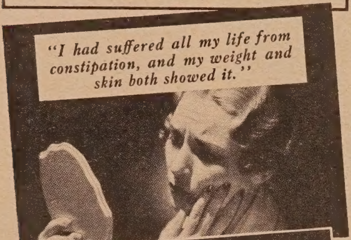
Left: Virginia Bruce and Robert Taylor came together to watch the presentations

Right: Clark Gable, last year's winner, photographed by Charles Rhodes with Merle Oberon

COULDN'T STOP CONSTIPATION
Now Wins 18-Year Fight!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC


"I had suffered all my life from constipation, and my weight and skin both showed it."

"I tried everything imaginable without relief. Then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets."
For Skin Troubles and Constipation
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

"Now thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets, I have lots of pep—and my skin's like a baby's."

REAL FACTS—not claims—make up the true experience told above. For this intimate letter is one sufferer's actual story, taken from just one of the hundreds of voluntary reports telling how this pleasant, palatable yeast brought welcome relief after years of failure with other remedies.

You, like these hundreds, can end slavery to cathartics with Yeast Foam Tablets. There's no irritation, no violent flushing. A food rich in needed tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the digestive system naturally and stimulate sluggish intestines to normal healthy action. Constipation headaches and other symptoms go—your skin glows, pep returns, and you feel the surging energy of health again.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. And accept no substitute. Send for Free Sample.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. F.G. 5-36
Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City__________________State__________

NEW FILM NOTES

The greatest love story ever told! A beautiful scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, which stars Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer with John Barrymore

By Bill Ulman

ROMEO AND JULIET

Filming a Great Screen Masterpiece

BLOOD oozed softly through the fine cambric on Mercutio's breast. Above him, in the medieval court-yard in Verona, stood the sneering Tybalt and horror-stricken Romeo. Crystal clear water tumbled from the fountain and mingled with the cooing of doves. They stirred in gentle amazement at the stentorian tones of Mercutio's dying voice. Tears of mingled anger and sadness filled the eyes of good Romeo for it had been in his sake that Mercutio had drawn steel and challenged the insolent Capulet. It was a deep and powerful scene of brotherhood—and hate.

In the brilliant blue skies above Verona's ancient's streets there flooded a balloon, a large balloon, all silver serenity. Inscribed across its fat belly in huge, black letters was the mystic word *quiet*. Suddenly we, far below in ancient Italy, heard a mounting hum that grew into a crescendo of sound like the anger of the wind-gods. Abruptly a new note was heard, a sharp rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

Director George Cukor threw his script down in disgust; the sound man angrily lit a cigarette and we, the citizens of Verona, looked up to watch a little pursuit airplane roll over and scoot away while the silver balloon staggered drunkenly to earth, its fat sides fallen into old and dissipated wrinkles.

John Barrymore forgot his mortal wounds, rose on an elbow and glared as only a Barrymore can glare after the retreating plane. His moustaches quivered and he pointed an accusing, dramatic hand into the skies.

"A pox upon him!" he roared, "His foul spewing at yon tender bubble will cause another take this day, me thinks!"

"Well spoken, stout Mercutio!" answered Romeo Leslie Howard, "A pox and a plague and may the devil rend yon eagle's nest and cast it to the rats!"

Thus it was that soon the men of Verona forgot for the time the bitter feud of the Montagues and the Capulets and were joined in peace while the varlets from the property department vulcanized "yon tender bubble," pumped it full of gas and once again it rose and floated serenely above the streets of Culver City, M-G-M and, of course, Verona, admonishing all to quiet that the loving words of Juliet Shearer and Romeo Howard might the better reach the sound-track.

It is worthy of mention that most of the Hollywood studios are gnashing their teeth in envy over *Romeo and Juliet*. It is going to be one of the grandest things to reach your local Bijou Theayter in many a moon. A lot of people seem to think that it is merely a glorious and passionate love story, but in that they are wrong, my friends, quite wrong! There is action and plenty of it; there are duels between such master swordsmen as Barrymore and Rathbone; chases and murders and sudden death and all of it done very much in the grand manner, swaggering and swashbuckling against a noble background. And what background could help but be noble with a cast like Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, Rathbone, John Barrymore and Reg Denny, to name but a few?

THE KING STEPS OUT

Grace Moore Sings and Milks a Cow

MARGIE is the pride and joy of Max, Duke of Bavaria. Margie's figure is full and rounded and her eyes are the limpid pools of the Rubiayat. Margie is white—milk white. Margie is a cow, a temperamental cow with no ear for music.

When her owner washed her carefully and told her that she was to play in a scene with Grace Moore, actually be milked by the opera star to the music of "Liebesfreud," Margie just looked at him. But what a look! Margie was annoyed. Her eyes seemed to say, reproachfully, "You know how I hate to be milked by opera stars. They don't keep their minds on the job while reaching for high 'C'" She mooed plaintively. For a cow Margie is not much of a moo-er; her voice is heavy and discordant, so her boss slapped her on the fanny and told her she was just jealous and that it would give her a lot of prestige to be milked by la belle Moore.

Thus it was that Margie was led into the gorgeous white stables of Max, Duke of Bavaria, on the Columbia lot. Joe von Sternberg had gotten a lot of nice clean hay and they practically turned the set over to her. That's one thing about cows—they have such definite and assertive personalities that, on a small set, you just do have to turn the place upside down for them. But still Margie had a sulky look in her eye.

With bored comprehension she stood there munching free hay while von Sternberg and cameramen inspected her, lit her, measured her. She stopped once to kick over a reflector when the director commented disparagingly on a small brown birth-mark that splotched her large bovine nose because it would photograph like dirt. Make-up men were sent for. It is better to ignore what followed. The make-up man resented the whole thing. He'd never made up a cow in his life, wittingly, and he was damned if he'd start now. Finally he was prevailed upon and shudderingly approached Margie's schnozzle. An hour passed and the make-up man's blandishments triumphed. He left the set red and sweating. Margie looked at him scornfully, took one strong, healthy pass at the make-up with her long tongue and followed it with a chaser of hay to get the taste out of her mouth.

At that moment Grace Moore entered and Margie was introduced. They viewed each other coldly. The owner showed Miss Moore how Margie worked. Margie had a pained expression.

They got to work and cameras ground. Milk hissed into the pail under Grace's deft manipulations. Margie looked relieved but still suspicious. The music was going through the opening bars. Miss Moore began to sing "Liebesfreud" (Love's Joy). Margie moved restlessly. Miss Moore went up on a really high note and Margie jumped as though stung by an adder. It was pretty sad, what with milk all over the set. Shortly after that the stage was closed to visitors, but late in the afternoon I saw Margie going home. She was quite placid and unruffled. Judging from the sounds issuing from the stage door, I think Margie had won whatever argument there had been during the day. (See photo page 32.)

That night the call sheet was issued as per usual. The scene was the same, Miss Moore to be there in make-up at nine

[*Continued on page* 78]

Phil Regan and Evalyn Knapp in "Laughing Irish Eyes," a Republic Picture

SPARKLING EYES . . .
an invitation to
ROMANCE!

CREAMY MASCARA
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA
EYE SHADOW
WINX
WINX
LIQUID MASCARA
EYEBROW PENCIL
CAKE MASCARA
WINX

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

"Yes"

THE TIME OF MONTH CAN'T DICTATE TO MODERN GIRLS:

MIDOL

The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

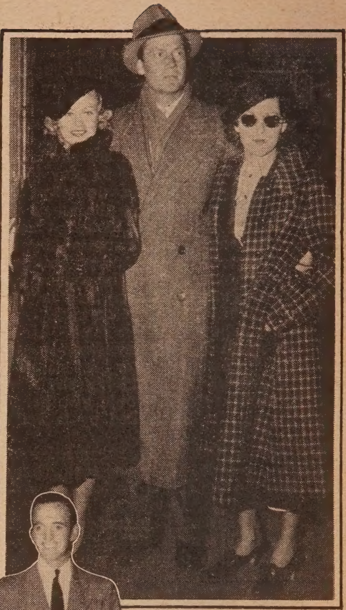
You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.

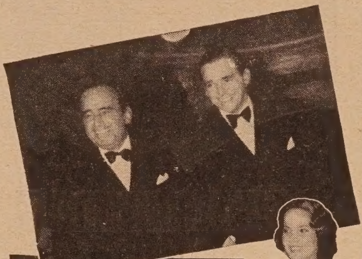
10 TABLETS
Midol

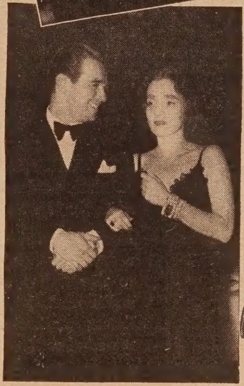
The STARS Step Out

But not far or fast enough to dodge demon cameraman, Charles Rhodes

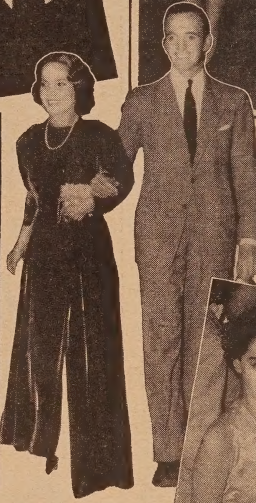


Ginger Rogers, snapped attending the preview of *These Three* with Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who hides behind dark glasses

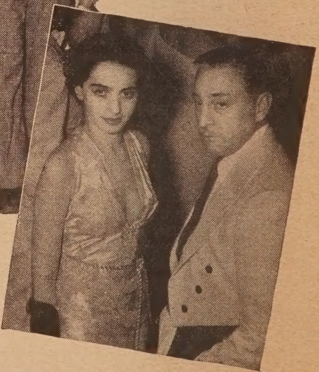




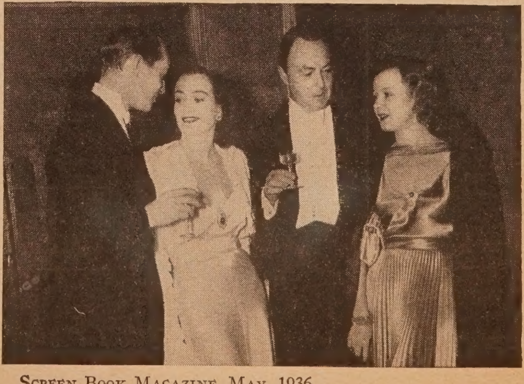
Doug Fairbanks visited Doug, Jr., just before rushing to Paris to wed Lady Ashley. Photo just above: Doug, Jr., and Marlene Dietrich



Merle Oberon, radiantly happy, emerges from a preview on the arm of her handsome fiancé, David Niven



Hollywood's least talked-of romance, starring (Ariel) Elaine Barrie and (Caliban) John Barrymore



Left: The honeymoon isn't over for Franchot Tone, seen being attentive to Joan Crawford at the Screen Actor's Guild Ball. Gene Markey is much interested in a Martini and his wife, Joan Bennett

"You girls who want a lovely skin— *use my beauty care*"

says

GINGER ROGERS

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Star of RKO-Radio's "Follow the Fleet"

"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way". . .

• It's when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.

EYE MAKE-UP

done in good taste

MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Choice of Fastidious Women

Of course you want the finest eye cosmetics that money can buy. It is generally accepted that Maybelline mascara has advantages not found in others. This pure and harmless eyelash darkener is preferred by discriminating women the world over, not only because it is positively non-smarting and tear-proof, but because it gives the most *natural* appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes, instantly... eye make-up done in good taste. Maybelline Mascara's pure *oil* base does for your lashes what no ordinary mascara can do... it keeps them soft and silky! Always neat, compact, and easy to use, it comes in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity case, for just 75c, at all leading drug and department stores. Refills for this case are only 35c. Try it *today*... you'll be delighted!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline preparations have this approval

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
Maybelline Eye Shadow
Maybelline Mascara
Harmless Tear Proof Will not smart the eyes
Black
Maybelline Co. Chicago U.S.A.

Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at leading 10c stores

Maybelline

MASCARA ... EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL ... EYELASH TONIC CREAM
AND SPECIAL EYEBROW BRUSH

LETTER PAGE

Star of the Month

SPANKY MacFARLAND

Stealing the acting honors in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* is the feat of little Spanky MacFarland, just seven years old. What Shirley Temple is in the ranks of feminine child stars, Spanky soon will be among the opposite sex. A veteran of Our Gang comedies, he suddenly emerges as the find of the year. The secret of his success is explained in an editorial on page 90.

$15.00 Letter

Stenographers Burn Up

FIVE of us stenographers went to see Jean Harlow in *Wife vs Secretary,* and were we all burned up? What business has Jean wearing such clothes as she does in that picture? It's a cinch that none of us rake in enough money every week to afford such duds, no matter how hard we try to stretch our budgets. We all feel that we are lucky if we can afford such clothes for our "Sunday best." Please, Jean, next time you are a secretary, don't wear such gorgeous office clothes. It's too hard on those of us who are real and not reel secretaries.—*Pauline Raymond, P. O. Box 775, Parkersburg, W. Va.*

$10.00 Letter

We Can't Agree

IT WAS with something akin to grief that I read a recent article telling of Wallace Beery's refusal to give his autograph to a gang of Texas College boys. I'm sure that it is annoying to any star to be pestered while dining, but those college kids didn't realize that. During Beery's visit to Texas late in 1934 for the filming of *West Point of the Air,* he enshrined himself in the hearts of Texans fortunate enough to see him and talk with him. Hospitable, kindhearted Texans who threw open their homes to Beery will grieve over his actions.—*Mrs. Talmage Watkins, Crane, Texas.*

One writer's assertion that Wallace Beery refused to give his autograph need not indicate that he is not generous and kind-hearted. Without knowing the circumstances, we would say that the incident does not do Mr. Beery justice.—Editor.

$5.00 Letter

"Some nit-wit—"

WHEN one enjoys a picture as much as I did *Thanks a Million,* it is difficult to pick a flaw. But please warn the copy-cat film makers that many of us are trying to teach safety in the driving of high-powered cars. We rather resent that wild, silly drive which ends Dick Powell's picture. It was unnecessary and a little like George Cohan's flag-waving. Some nit-wit, with a high-powered car and a low-powered brain, may try it in real, not reel, life!—*Redfern Brown, 914 Ivy St., EE, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Win a cash prize! Address all letters to The Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

$1.00 Letter
Hepburn's "Trite Roles"

WHAT a pity that Katharine Hepburn should be so decidedly miscast in *Sylvia Scarlett*. Granted that she made a delightful "boy"—there is nothing but disappointment for her admirers in the frothy, often silly scenes which seem to compel her to be guilty of over-acting throughout. If Hollywood cannot produce worthy new material for this delightful actress, surely it is more logical to let her repeat such fitting rôles as *The Taming of the Shrew* or *Jeanne D'Arc*, in which she would have been delightful, rather than to have her bright star dimmed in a succession of trite rôles.—*Ruth Bracker Stone, 555 Edgecombe Ave., New York City.*

$1.00 Letter
Be Fair to Laughton

THIS campaign to "humanize" Charles Laughton is a well-intentioned gesture, but nevertheless a gross misunderstanding of genius. People must realize that Laughton's success was mostly due to the type of rôles he has played. He has earned a large following of admirers because of the admirable way he portrays abominable nature. The fact that he has made enemies because of his characterizations is proof conclusive of his genius and should not be construed as a liability.—*John Decker, 3105 Hamilton St., Bellaire, Ohio.*

$1.00 Letter
"Knocking Them Dead"

AT LAST an air picture that is up-to-the-minute and without a "Dog Fight" or hint of battle maneuvers. *Ceiling Zero* is knocking them dead in San Francisco and, I suppose, all over the country. It is the most perfectly done aviation picture I have ever seen. And it proves, too, a sad but encouraging fact (from the plane passenger's standpoint) that the old "thrill artists" days are over and that flyers today are professional men—navigators, engineers. Pictures like this seem to me to mean progress and education for the public.—*T. Rose, 521 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.*

$1.00 Letter
Always Her Favorite

I WANT to tell the world about meeting Mary Pickford. She was in Seattle last May on a business trip, and during her stay she came up to the Orthopedic Hospital to visit the children. I was then a patient there, and remember being very thrilled when Mary Pickford stood beside my bed, asking me how I was and wishing me a quick recovery. I want to thank her publicly for the autographs she sent me. I will always be her sincere admirer.—*Clarice Miller, 339 S. Wenatchee Ave., Wenatchee, Wash.*

Do You Ever Wonder

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use Is SAFE?

Ask Your Doctor and Find Out

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparation

THE person to ask, whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly, is your family doctor.

Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN, and go by what he says.

He will tell you, we are sure, that millions of people take it, year in and year out, without ill effect.

He will tell you, too, that *before the discovery* of Bayer Aspirin, most "pain" remedies were advised against, by doctors, as upsetting to the stomach. And often; as bad for the heart. Which is food for thought; especially if you seek *safe* relief as well as quick relief.

BAYER ASPIRIN combines these two factors — quick relief and gentle relief in a scientifically proved way.

"Quick relief" because scientists rate it among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And *safe* relief, because the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly.

You can get it at any drug store — at a new and radically reduced price — 15¢ a box — simply by asking for it by its full name "BAYER ASPIRIN." Make it a point to do this — to ask for Genuine Bayer Aspirin and to see that you get it. There is no longer any reason — thanks to Bayer's present low price — to accept an unknown preparation in its place.

Price of

Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Reduced to 15¢

Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
Genuine
BAYER

This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

WIN $600 For an IDEA!

SCREEN BOOK
JEAN PARKER'S Exciting PRIVATE DIARY
...d of a
...N HEART!
...rle Oberon

Jesse Lasky, with his producing partner, Mary Pickford, offers big cash prizes for a novel trademark idea. Submit your entry today!

MARY PICKFORD pressed down a gadget on the mysterious-looking mahogany box on her desk and almost instantly a voice resounded from a round opening in the upper right-hand corner of it.

"Yes, Mary," said the voice.

"Mr. Lasky," Mary replied, "I want to read you a clipping."

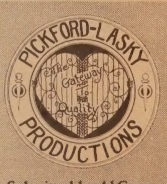
As she unfolded a fragment torn from a newspaper, I thought: "These inter-office communicating systems are truly modern magic. You push a key and the person you want answers—positively uncanny!"

Leaning closer to the box, Miss Pickford began to read:

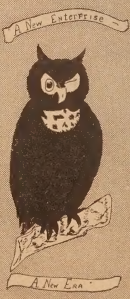
"Inasmuch as Universal has practically changed its entire personnel and studio set-up, it has decided to change its trademark—that is, if it can find a new one. In other words, when the change takes place, you will no longer see an airplane buzzing around a globe which, of course, signifies Universal Pictures encircle the world!"

"Imagine [*Continued on page 72*]

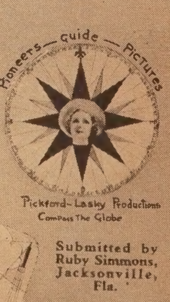
A Few Early Entries



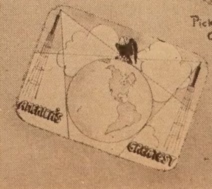
Submitted by Al Greenwood, Olmstead Falls, Ohio



Submitted by Alice Geisel, Albany, New York



Submitted by Ruby Simmons, Jacksonville, Fla.



Submitted by Howard Alt, Elkhart, Ind.

MODES and MANNERS

Let this new department help solve your personal problems

By FAY WRAY

PARAMOUNT among the essentials of stardom is the knowledge of how to act, not only before the camera, but before the critical eyes of Hollywood ever eager to appraise culture in the myriad of screenland's social functions.

SCREEN BOOK has sought out those stars whose impeccable taste, behavior and understanding of social niceties has justified their firm position in filmdom society. They have been prevailed upon to conduct this column themselves. A different star each issue will answer your questions and solve your problems in connection with social etiquette and manner of dress.

This month's columnist is the charming star and perfect hostess, Miss Fay Wray.

A very good friend of the family whom I call Bill has given me a position as stenographer in his office. Should I continue to address him as Bill at the office or should I call him Mr. Wellborn?

A business office is for the purpose of conducting business; consequently it embraces a strict etiquette of its own. It is not only good taste but good business to address your employer, Bill, as Mr. Wellborn during the working days. Regardless of whether he addresses you by your given name or Miss—as is correct and proper.

My employer and his wife soon will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary. As his secretary should I send them a gift?

Though occasionally done it is not correct. On the other hand, if it has been your experience to meet the employer and his wife socially, the sending of a card express-

[*Continued on page* 89]

BEER
12 FL. OZ. SAME AS BOTTLE
TapaCan
Pabst
PABST BREWERIES
EXPORT
BEER
KEGLINED

All that glitters is not PABST

THE real test of beer goodness is flavor. Convinced by this test—millions of Americans—from Detroit to New Orleans—from Los Angeles to New York—have made Pabst TAPaCan their choice for beer.

Purity, wholesomeness, refreshment and smooth, satisfying flavor is brewed right into Pabst Export Beer. Backed by 92 years of experience, combined with scientific laboratory control, you now get Pabst Beer—just as Pabst made it. Sealed in, fully protected, tamperproof, non-refillable, you get Pabst with all its delicate goodness captured at the brewery and maintained for your enjoyment.

Join the millions who have discovered this real brewery goodness. But—remember, *all that glitters is not Pabst*—call for your beer by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

Old Tankard Ale
Enjoy Genuine Old Tankard Ale—full bodied, full flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan
- Brewery Goodness Sealed In
- Flavor Fully Protected
- Non-Refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- No Breakage

PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER
BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN
© 1936, Premier-Pabst Corp.

TO STOP CONSPICUOUS NOSE SHINE

POWDER MUST BE PROOF AGAINST SKIN-MOISTURE

You get back 2½ times your money's worth if Luxor moisture-proof powder is not shine-proof on your skin.

● Shiny nose is the reason most women use powder, which explains why 6,000,000 women prefer Luxor already. It has the magical effect of combatting skin shine in the critical place where any powder shows its first sign of failure—around the nose.

Now only a trial will convince you of this. We know, because among 5,000 women recently, more than half using a sample of Luxor liked it better than their present powder.

2½ times your money's worth back!

Get the regular 55c package of Luxor at any cosmetic counter. Choose any one of the flattering shades best suited to your type. Wrapped with the Luxor package is our gift to you, a 2-dram bottle of La Richesse Perfume selling regularly for $3 an ounce in the stores.

Then give Luxor the severe test we have mentioned. If it does not satisfy you better than any powder you have ever used, keep the flacon of La Richesse Perfume worth 75c and mail us the partially used box of Luxor face powder. We will send you our check for the 55c you paid, plus the postage.

Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. H-5

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name ....
Address ....
City ....

Evalyn Knapp's *Grand Fish Story*

A dish that will delight the hearts of your guests. Take a tip from this famous Hollywood hostess

By Grace Ellis

IT TAKES a fisherman to cook a fish! No one will argue that point who has ever sat at a fisherman's table.

Not that the fish-lander needs to cook his own catch. But having spent hours in wooing these Lords of the rivers and seas, he has without intention absorbed special knowledge of fish merits and flavors.

When I first heard Evalyn Knapp murmur, "Cover with sour cream," I knew that I'd eavesdropped on a "fisherman." And I had. One of the most enthusiastic in the movie colony.

No rented boats, or casting from the dock, for Evalyn. She has her own forty-five-foot sailboat, a husband who loves their Catalina-channel weekends. And a picturesque old yarn-spinning captain who mans the boat.

When duties at the studio keep these fishing-enthusiasts on shore, Evalyn still manages frequent fish-dinners, prepared by her competent cook—Burma Anderson—but supervised, always, by herself.

At the top of the page is a typical Knapp fish-dinner favorite. Baked Whole Fish, stuffed with dressing, and served with lemon and taste-tingling stuffed eggs.

It's a dish for a king. And it's preceded, always, by a nippy seafood appetizer—preferably lime-tuna cocktail. And followed by Burma's luscious Orange Angel Pie.

A masterpiece! Evalyn Knapp presents Baked Whole Fish, prepared with the aid of her wonder cook, Burma Anderson

COOKING SERVICE

The perfect pie for a spring fish dinner! It's grand too, for a bridge afternoon. Or to serve at a spring dinner party. Write today for *your* special recipe card, with recipe for Burma's

ORANGE ANGEL PIE ....FREE

But don't forget postage. Other recipes you'll want are:

Apartment Parties ....5 cents
(Party Suggestions for Business Girls)
Luscious Spring Jellies and Jams ....5 cents
Springtime Salads and Desserts ....FREE
(Limited Supply)
Best Ever Spring Pies.............5 cents

Write Grace Ellis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food's Editor, Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Connecticut. *LETTERS WITHOUT STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE FOR RETURN, CANNOT BE ANSWERED. FOREIGN STAMPS ACCEPTED.*

The cocktail and baked fish recipes follow. (Directions for making the pie have been printed on handy little recipe filing cards. They're free, as long as they last. But don't forget postage.)

LIMA-TUNA COCKTAIL

(A taste-tingler)

1	No. 1 can tuna
½	cup diced celery
¾	cups tomato ketchup
	Juice of one lime
2	teaspoons prepared horesradish
¼	teaspoon onion juice

Flake the tuna, mix with celery and place in lettuce-lined cocktail cups. Drench with lime juice. Blend remaining ingredients, and add 1 generous tablespoonful to each cocktail glass. Serve very cold.

BAKED, STUFFED FISH

(Evalyn Knapp Style)

1	4-5 lb. haddock, salmon or pike
4	tablespoons butter (melted)
1½	cups bread crumbs
2	tablespoons pickle relish
1	teaspoon each, chopped parsley capers and onion
	Salt Pepper Paprika
1	cup thick sour cream

Wipe fish with damp cloth and remove

After the fish is prepared, stuffing of blended butter, crumbs, pickle, parsley, capers and onion is placed in. Evalyn stands by with needle and thread

Evalyn Knapp looks on as the thick sour cream is spread over the outside. Then the fish is baked in a moderate oven for more than an hour, depending on its size

head and tail. Split down middle, clean and remove backbone, using a sharp knife. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Make stuffing by blending butter, crumbs, pickle, parsley, capers and onion. Season with salt, pepper, paprika to taste.

Put stuffing between two halves of fish. Sew up with cordstring, threaded through a darning needle. Place on a strip of parchment paper. Lay in shallow baking pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Spread with sour cream. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—from 70-90 minutes depending upon size of fish.

Lift from pan to platter. Tear away parchment paper. Serve surrounded with lemon quarters, stuffed eggs, crisp lettuce leaves and sprigs of parsley.

Accompany such a fish-dish with only simple foods. After the cocktail—creamed potatoes, feathery hot rolls, and strawberry jam, perhaps. And bring the meal to a close with Burma's Orange Angel Pie. Miss Knapp and SCREEN BOOK's food editor agree that there is no finer fish-dinner ending.

WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?

"*I have . . .*
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES *with the* **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**
. . . *writes Miss Jean Healy*

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".
"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".
"The massage-like action did-it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds"

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

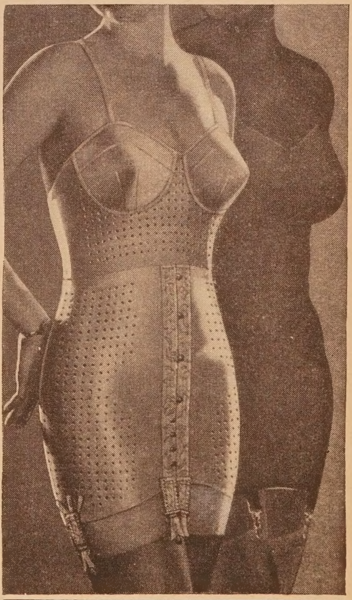
Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

»TEST . . . *the*
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
FOR 10 DAYS
. . . at our expense!



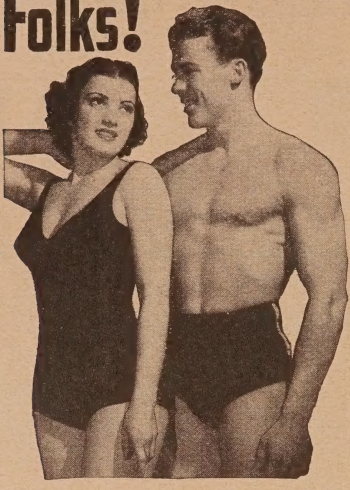
SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 75, 41 East 42nd St., New York,, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Weak, Rundown Nervous, Skinny Folks!



Without Cost—Make This Amazing IODINE TEST!

Within 1 Week Sea Plant IODINE in Kelpamalt Must Give You Tireless Energy, Strong Nerves, Pounds of "Stay-There" Flesh or the Trial is FREE . . . It Costs You Nothing!

KELPAMALT, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, skinniness and nervous rundown conditions—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay weak and nervous, tired out and skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls the body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 1 week and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. this very first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 774, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

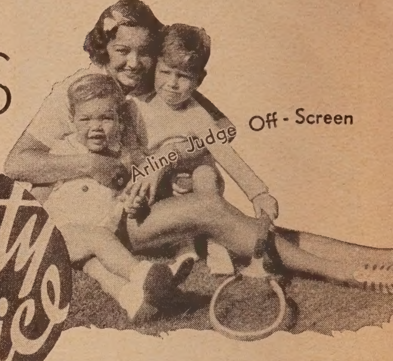
SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

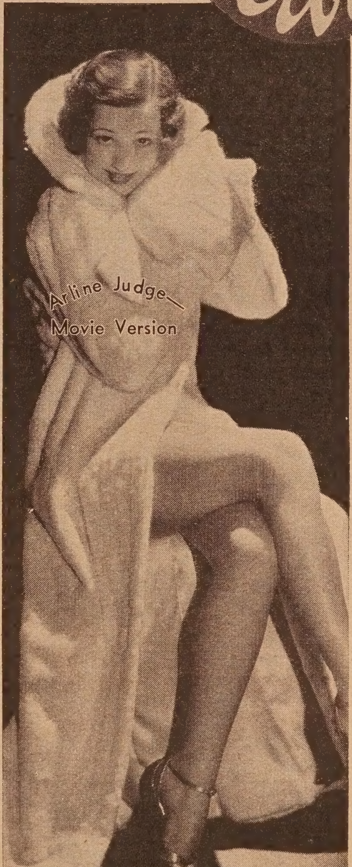
CHARM SECRETS of Hollywood MOTHERS

By
Janet
Lynn

Beauty Service



Lovely Arline Judge with her son, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., and a playmate. Arline is one of the many Hollywood mothers who know how to stay beautiful



A recent studio portrait of Arline Judge. Few mothers in real life can remain so attractive of face and figure, except those who know the beauty secrets of Hollywood's young matrons

ONE of the nicest things about this frank, modern age we live in is that the married woman of, say, twenty-seven, can be just as attractive as the girl of seventeen.

How awful it must have been to live in the days when women married in their teens and were old and matronly looking by the time they were in their middle twenties!

I think that the movies have helped immensely to prove that marriage and motherhood needn't rob a woman of her charm, allure and good looks. For many of the lithe, lovely creatures you see on the screen, like pretty Arline Judge, make no attempt to hide from the public the fact that they are the mothers of husky boys and girls. And, naturally, their example proves to the vast audiences of women movie fans, that you can go on being lovely even after you've become a "Mrs." and the mother of twins!

A diet that includes more fresh vegetables and fruits than fats and sweets, plenty of moderate outdoor exercise, and daily attention to hair, skin, hands and nails—that is the method which the stars follow to keep themselves attractive, not only to their husbands and children, but also to their critical movie audiences.

Sally Eilers, Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Blondell are only a few of the famous actresses with children, who combine the duties of a household along with careers. These stars have, as a rule, less time than the average mother but they see the advisability of keeping youthful, vibrant and abreast of the times.

Of course, we all know that women immersed in the cares of a house have relatively little time or thought to give to the problem of self-improvement; but they are being very short-sighted when they do not *deliberately* set aside part of each [*Continued on page* 68]

CARL LAEMMLE *presents*

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW BOAT"

(Version of 1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE

ALLAN JONES

with

Charles Winninger · Paul Robeson

Helen Morgan · Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR — FASCINATING ROMANCE — BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate its multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!

Paulette Goddard, with silver-haired Charlie Chaplin as they took their bows before the microphone at the world première of *Modern Times*

She flies through the air with the greatest of ease! Paul Draper, Hollywood's new tap dance sensation, throws Ruby Keeler high in the air during a rehearsal for their dance in *Colleen*

The sun season is here as far as the Film Colony is concerned. Grace Bradley, lovely young actress who has a leading rôle in *Thirteen Hours By Air*, is seen on her way to an early morning dip

Photo News!

A new Hollywood sport—Water Badminton, as demonstrated by Patricia Ellis, Earl Blackwell, Mrs. Ruth Emory, Evalyn Knapp, Glen Boles and Grace Durkin. Try it in your own back yard!

SCREEN BOOK

MAY, 1936

How GINGER ROGERS *Was* Cured *of* *Temperament!*

Ginger Rogers has seen too much of the ill effects of temperament to let it ruin her own career

Her Determined Mother Did It!

By Viola Mercer

GINGER ROGERS started life with something of a firecracker temperament, probably because she was born in Independence, Missouri. She was a spunky little child as are most youngsters who amount to anything in later life.

The occasion which finally cured Ginger of the wrong kind of temperament occurred at a time when little Miss Rogers was engaged in what is commonly known as "sassing" her mother. Mrs. Rogers had asked her to do something, and instead of complying Ginger tilted a determined chin and said: "I won't do it—so what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Rogers promptly expressed her thought on the matter by delivering a motherly slap to Ginger's cheek. Whereupon Ginger, who had been reading stories of heroines who were willing to die for a principle, took on a proudly injured air and cried: "Very well, Mother. I'll turn the other cheek."

Then, to her utter astonishment, Mrs. Rogers gave her other cheek a resounding whack.

"That little episode about cured me of temperament," says Ginger. "I probably had the makings of a very spoiled child, and I've always been grateful that my mother had sense enough to nip it in the bud."

Today, Ginger is not given to stalking off sets, hurling invectives at writers or indulging in any of the self-patronizing pastimes so typical of stars who are building themselves up to a terrific letdown. Probably this is because Ginger has seen every possible variety of temperament from the time fifteen years ago when as a little red-haired green-eyed kid she stood in the wings of a Fort Worth, Texas, theater and watched every move and gesture of the troupers who appeared there.

Ginger's mother, you see, was the society and drama editor of the *Fort Worth Record*. When she went backstage to interview some celebrity, Ginger went along to watch the show. And if there happened to be any hoofers on the bill she was pretty certain to be able to duplicate their dance routine by the time their act was finished.

One night Mrs. Rogers went to the theater to interview Eddie Foy. While she was waiting in his dressing room for him to finish his act, Ginger tip-toed out into the wings. Foy's routine fascinated her and unaware that he could see her she started imitating him. Foy saw her, however, and when he was called back for an encore he pulled Ginger out on the stage with him and together they did a dance which Fort Worth still remembers.

"This kid's a born dancer," Foy told Mrs. Rogers later. "And mark my word, she'll go places."

Eddie Foy was not the only one who recognized Ginger's talent. When she was about

[*Continued on page 66*]

SHIRLEY EXHAUSTED—Waiting with Slim Summerville and Guy Kibbee for the next shot on the set of *Captain January*, Shirley yawned while the author of this story slyly snapped a picture

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

By
Anthony Ugrin

As told to
Harry Lang

SHIRLEY TEMPLE scowled at me just as I pressed the bulb. She had been playing with some kid extras on the set of *Our Little Girl* and at the moment just didn't want to be photographed. But on this occasion, as on others, the result was one of the most unusual pictures I have ever taken of Shirley.

For the past two years it has been my job to shoot "off-stage" pictures of little Miss Temple. There have been exasperating moments, some of which I will relate in this story, but on the whole it has been one of the grandest experiences of my life.

The first picture in which I worked with her was *Stand Up and Cheer*. I shot the *Baby Take a Bow* number that "made" Shirley. Poor kid—at that time she was afraid of cameras, directors, studios, everything. But today she is one of the most clever, alert actresses on the Fox lot, and she is far more "camera wise" than any other star I have photographed. Today we call her "One-shot" Shirley—and this is how it came about:

Shirley has always liked to play. When I was ready to snap her, she'd run out of focus and hide. It was a game with her, but her unconscious rebellion put me on the spot, because I had to produce pictures of her—or else. So I reasoned with her. She laughed. I pleaded. She ran away and hid. I chased her and caught her.

"I don't like to pose for pictures," she told me.

She meant it interfered with her play. Between "takes" on the movie was playtime for her, and I got in the way. So I reasoned with her—not as with a kid, but as with a woman.

"Shirley," I said, "I've got a job and I'll lose it if you don't help me. But I know you want to play. So listen—when I want a picture of you, I promise I can take it in just *one shot*—poof, like that!—if you'll help me, and it'll only take a minute of your playtime. Please, help me Shirley."

She never forgot it. To this day, when I set up my still camera at her, she grins that grand famous smile of hers, and holds up one finger. It's our code. It stands for "one shot!" It's never failed us yet. Except now and then, but don't ever tell Shirley, because then I play a trick on her. I pull out my negative, as though accidentally, and then say: "Oh, Shirley, I've fogged that swell shot of you." Invariably she says: "All right, Anf'ny; we'll do it over—in just *one* more shot!" The "just one more" *never* fails!

But believe me, a cameraman doesn't have to be a wizard to win with Shirley. She is today a perfect camera subject. She knows a pose automatically—better than nine out of ten expert cameramen—and can and does strike a right one the minute the camera is trained on her. She knows this, too. One day I shot Shirley in a group of famous people at the studio. After the "just one shot," one of the women in the group—a woman herself camera-wise—said to Shirley:

"Don't you think we'd better shoot another?"

Shirley looked her straight in the eye. Then she walked off, and as she

As You Never See Her

The studio cameraman who knows Shirley even better than do her own brothers reveals a remarkable new side of her character

SHIRLEY UNCAMOUFLAGED—A wide grin displays the hole left by a vacant tooth. As her baby teeth fell out, "shells" were used to permit Shirley to smile during actual filming

SHIRLEY GIVING ALL—Because of a great fondness for Anthony Ugrin, with whom she plays, poses and sometimes quarrels, Shirley frequently does even better for the still camera than she does for the screen

did so, she jerked her thumb in my direction.

"No. That one was perfect for *me*—if *he* didn't make a mistake."

SHE just loves it when I do flop. I guess I've interfered with so many hours of her playtime that when I do make a mistake, she can't help but crow. Her gleeful scream: "Anf'ny can't work his camera!!" has cost me no end of embarrassment, because you can hear her yell it in every corner of the stage when I do go wrong.

During *Our Little Girl,* Shirley got out of line, though. She caught it from Jimmy Dunn, who was her big crush then. Jimmy, a swell guy though he is, is notoriously bad for still men; he doesn't like to pose for them, and sometimes walks out on them. Shirley caught the idea from her hero, and began to walk out on me, or refuse to smile, or strike bad poses deliberately. So I quit. I wouldn't take bad pictures of her. Another still man finished the picture.

Shirley must have gone to her mother, for when they came back from Honolulu, Mrs. Temple said Shirley wondered why I wouldn't work with her any more. I told her, frankly. Mrs. Temple went to Shirley.

"Shirley," she told the youngster, "Anthony has work to do. He doesn't want to spoil your fun, but he has to do what they tell him and if he doesn't, he loses his job. You make it so hard for him that he can't do his work."

I was asked back to the unit, and went. The very first day, Shirley came to me.

"Anf'ny," she said, "I'm awfully sorry I've been bad to you. I'll always help you after this. Honest!" She never has broken that promise.

SOMETIMES Shirley gets tired. What little girl doesn't? Her mother tells her never to forget to look her best because there are people watching and maybe cameras, but sometimes little girls can't always remember. On *Captain January,* while she was sitting on Guy Kibbee's knee beside Slim Summerville, waiting for a tedious "set-up" to be finished, the sand-man got to her. It so happened, I was shooting a "grab-shot" of her, but just as I clicked the shutter, she yawned. The result (photo on page 30) is one of the funniest—and at the same time most natural and real-kid pictures of Shirley I ever secured.

Not always does she wear full make-up and all her pretties when she poses for me. One day she was opening a box sent her from Australia, containing a gift of some dolls with every imaginable sort of clothes to fit. At that time, she had no make-up on—not even the "shell" which is used to cover her baby teeth and the holes where they're falling out. And if you'll look at the picture I got that day (photo left above) you'll see Shirley as she really looks "everyday"—without make-up, trimmings or anything except just swell little Miss Temple herself.

She loves to "clown" for me. I asked her for some "gag shots" during *Captain January.*

[*Continued on page* 86]

Read this valuable message from the glorious singing star who has attained the utmost in fame, love and wealth

YOU Can Have What It Takes—
says GRACE MOORE

Grace Moore in a romantic scene with Franchot Tone from her most recent picture, *The King Steps Out*

Many famous singers might balk at singing a solo while milking a cow. Not Grace—she thought it a lark!

By
Marion Campbell

IT WAS on a Sunday morning sixteen years ago that Grace Moore's glory road began—that she, a frightened youngster in mended white robe, stepped into the choir loft of a little church in Jellico to sing her first solo. It was on a Sunday evening only a few weeks ago that she sat with me before the fire in her rose and gold living room and, while dusk came in through the tall windows, went back in memory along that road, reviewing the mileposts along the way.

I was visiting Grace Moore in her home to ask her questions: "What is your advice to young singers who are, as you were, fired with the desire to be a great prima donna? You are at the peak of success, now. What pitfalls have you found in the climbing? Can you tell others what it takes to be a great star?"

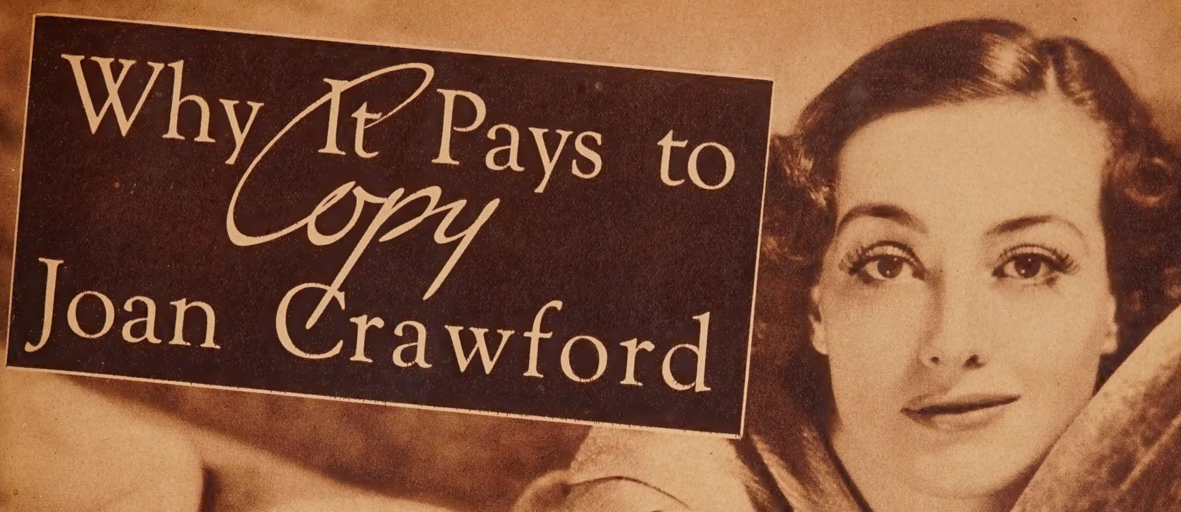
She paused, and I waited for her to answer, watching the log on the fire disintegrate into crimson coals. At last she spoke, and her words were a challenge. "My first rule is: *Don't expect something for nothing!* The person who begins that way," she said, "is beaten before he starts.

"I have been besieged with requests to give money, to use my influence, to use my friends, even, in behalf of singers who desire a career. They write to me: 'You have wealth; you have success. Why don't you send a check to me? You would never miss it . . .'

"No," she went on, "I should never miss it! And I have helped many a young singer striving for a career, but never until they have proved that they are capable of helping themselves. I should be defeating their own interests if I did . . . You see, no one sent me any checks back in the days when I was alone in New York, working, almost starving, sometimes, to pay for my singing lessons. Now, I am glad of it. Because the thing I was working for becomes more desirable, more worth while because I was building it myself, and because I was free to build as I wished, unham-

[*Continued on page* 64]

Why It Pays to Copy Joan Crawford



The glamorous actress who has helped hundreds can help you too!

With Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford has found complete happiness, but only after years of bitter experience and a previous marriage that failed

By Muriel Standish

ONCE she was strangely different from accepted standards of beauty. Now she is beauty's criterion—Joan Crawford.

Once her long bob, her wide mouth, her slenderly arched eyebrows, her broad shoulders and narrow hips, her flair for ultra-plain clothes, were unique. Now she is the most copied girl on the screen. Girls the world over yearn to look like Joan and to be like her. Feminine fans the world over are doing their level best to fulfill their heart's desire. Why?

"Just one of those things," you might say. But an artist recently come to Hollywood, famous for his portrayals of beautiful women and his analyses of their charm, offers another and interesting explanation.

"It is because Joan Crawford has glamour," he says, "greater glamour, perhaps, than any star on the screen today."

Endowed with physical beauty, Joan has matched this with mental and spiritual beauty of her own creation. Just as nature made her body lithe, graceful, symmetrical; her skin lovely and her features attractive, she, herself, has made her mind keep pace—developing within herself keenness of wit, quickness of thought, intelligence of perception which, complementing nature's gifts, have formed a personal magnetism felt by all with whom she comes in contact.

There is, too, a deep friendliness, a desire to be liked, within Joan Crawford which contribute much to her personality. Time was when this quality shadowed her life with tragedy. An eager, sensitive girl in a snobbish school, Joan was hurt many times because her desire for friends was met with the cruelty of indifference characteristic of the very young and thoughtless.

But today, the scars of those deep hurts are turned to charm. In her eagerness for [*Continued on page 67*]

What Makes Joan Crawford "Different?"

Each day in her life is thoroughly planned.

* * *

She never touches liquor.

* * *

She studies constantly to improve herself through interests outside her career.

* * *

Never does she regret or deny a past experience that has hurt.

* * *

She believes that no obstacle is so great that it cannot be overcome.

JEAN HARLOW *Answers 10 Disturbing Questions*

In which one of Hollywood's most alluring women answers ten vital questions every girl should ask herself

WHEN you meet a new man, or if you still care enough for your current heart-throb to take pains, do you often wonder: *"What does he really think of me?"*

If you could read his mind you might receive some rather startling surprises. They might indeed be the answer to why the "date" you were so anxious to make a good impression upon never came back; or why the romance that was sailing along on floating power suddenly began to miss fire and finally stalled completely. For while he may have been attracted to you because of the warmth of your smile, your gay, sparkling conversation or because you're a good dancer, thoughts like these may have sifted through his mind: "I like Mary—but I wish she would pay a little more attention to her personal appearance. She never seems to look neat. I wonder why she is so obvious with her make-up? I wish I dared tell her that she would look better if she wore less rouge."

Because a man doesn't say these things out loud, don't kid yourself that he doesn't have his thoughts about them. Men of course vary in their tastes and prejudices and, fortunately, no girl is required to please every man in the world. But if you want to be popular you must certainly please every man you go out with. So, if you're smart, you will check up on yourself and if your score isn't as high as it ought to be you will do something about bringing it up to par.

To help you be a good checker-upper, Jean Harlow answers ten questions which every girl should ask herself. Jean's answers are the result of experience and observation. And since a screen star naturally has opportunity to meet more different types of men than does the average girl, these answers are important to *you.*

1. When a man meets a girl for the first time or when he calls to keep a date, what is the first thing he notices about her?

"Her personal appearance," says Jean. "If a man thinks enough of you to take you out to dinner, to dance or to a show you owe it to him, as well as to yourself, to look as attractive as possible. This does not mean that your dress must be an expensive model or that it be the last word in fashion. The chances are ten to one that your 'date' will have no idea whether it cost $50 or $10.98. He won't know whether it is an advance style or a last year's model but he will know whether it is neat and well pressed. What you wear is not nearly as important as the way you take care of what you wear.

"Careful grooming is the best charm insurance that any girl can have. The foundation of careful grooming is absolute cleanliness. And to use plain language, this means a body that has been scrubbed with plenty of hot, sudsy water, followed by a cold shower, hair that is shampooed at least once every ten days—blondes need shampoos oftener than that—nails that are carefully manicured and teeth that have been scrupulously brushed.

"Men notice effects rather than details. If a girl looks fresh and immaculate, if she is becomingly dressed, other things being equal, he will rate her as being attractive."

2. Do you think men really dislike make-up?

"Only when it is too obviously applied. Make-up should be used to reveal beauty, not to create a new face. It should accentuate your good points and camouflage your bad ones. Cheeks that are too obviously painted on, eyelashes that belong on a shop window

By
Grace Mack

What Do Men Dislike About Women?

Jean Harlow says—*"Cheeks that are too obviously painted on. . . . Eyelashes that belong on a shop window dummy. . . . Gaudily painted nails. . . . The girl who is always trying to be 'coy'. . . . Women who are too aggressive. . . . Pestering phone calls about trivialities. . . . Girls who complain about masculine habits or mannerisms.*

Jean as she appeared in *Wife vs. Secretary* as the competent and lovely menace to the married love of Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. As all who know her personally admit, Jean is even more lovely off-screen than on

Jean Harlow with the beautiful Persian kitten she purchased during the shooting of *Wife vs. Secretary*. The cat is platinum, but Jean has gone to honey-colored hair for good

dummy, give an artificiality which every man, I believe, dislikes."

3. **Should a girl stop wearing brightly painted fingernails if the object of her affection expresses a prejudice against them?**

"I think that is something each girl must decide for herself. If she really likes brightly painted nails and feels that they make her hands more attractive, I see no reason why she should not continue to wear them. But if she thinks enough of the man to want to please him, giving up the fad, or at least toning down her nails to a less violent hue, shouldn't really be much of a sacrifice. Personally, I have never known a man who did not loathe gaudily painted nails. Mostly, I think, it is because they look so artificial. And, as I said before, men dislike artificiality."

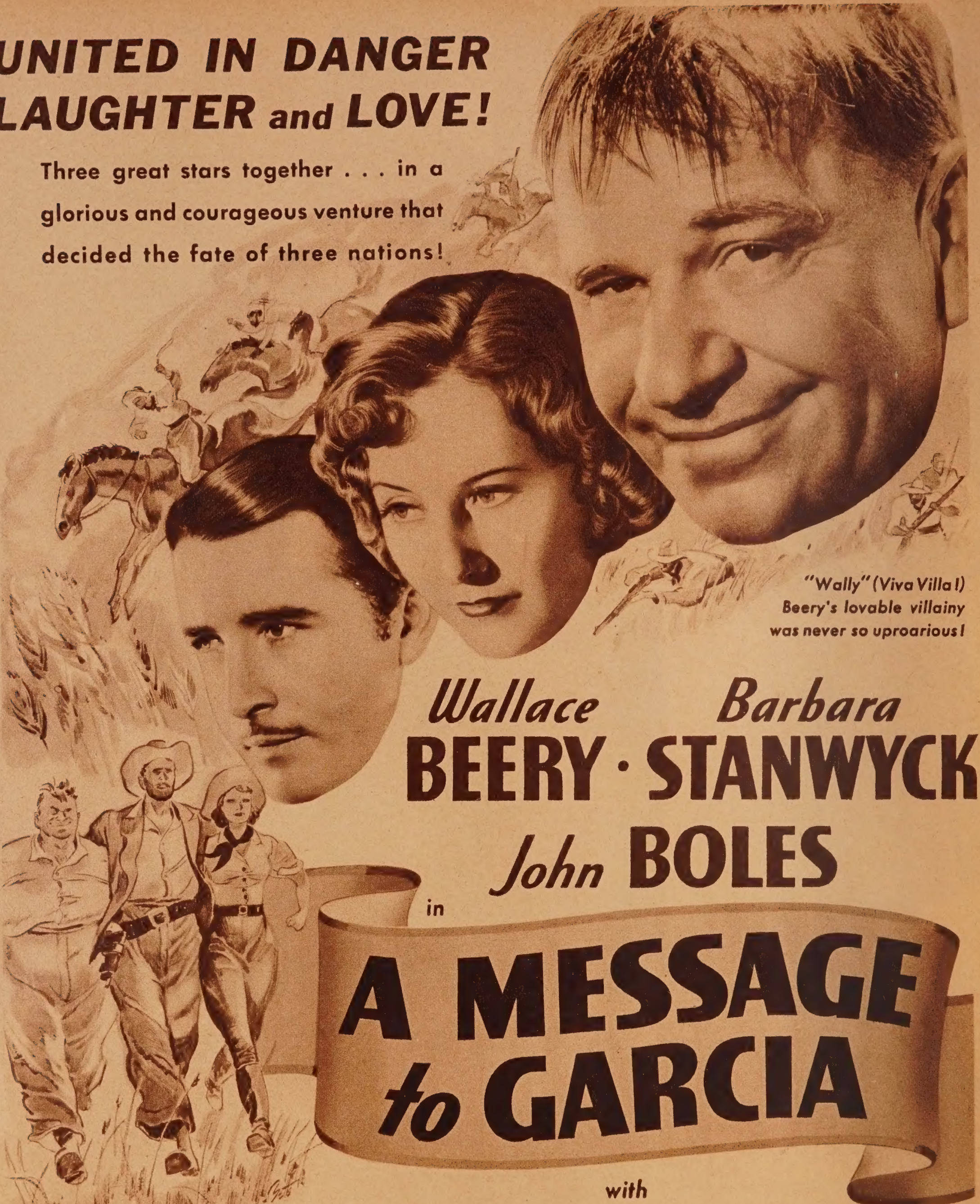
4. **In selecting a dress, should a girl choose a color to match her eyes or a color which appeals to her personally?**

"Choose the color that does the most for you. It should be flattering to your hair and skin as well as your eyes. The colors that appeal to us most are frequently colors which we have no business wearing. I, personally, adore red and I would love to own a bright red dress. I know, however, that with my shade of hair red would make me look cheap and tawdry. Consequently I never wear it. Many girls seem to have the idea that an outstanding color will make them look outstanding whereas it only makes them look conspicuous."

5. **What colors do men prefer?**

"From my personal observation, I am inclined to believe that men are not really very observing about color. Again it is a case of their noticing 'effects' rather than 'details.' I have heard men comment on a

[*Continued on page 76*]



UNITED IN DANGER LAUGHTER and LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a glorious and courageous venture that decided the fate of three nations!

"Wally" (Viva Villa!) Beery's lovable villainy was never so uproarious!

Wallace **BEERY** · *Barbara* **STANWYCK**

John **BOLES**

in

A MESSAGE *to* GARCIA

with

ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan

Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith · Directed by George Marshall

20th CENTURY FOX

Stars in the News

PAULETTE GODDARD

● *Modern Times* may be Charlie Chaplin's picture, but a large share of the spotlight is stolen by lovely Paulette Goddard, whose portrayal of the picture's ragged little gamin is as honest and forthright as any bit of acting ever done before the cameras. Little is known about Paulette, except that she is surpassingly beautiful, supposedly Mrs. Chaplin in private life, and a girl who, before she came to Hollywood, spent most of her young life as a convent student

JOAN BENNETT

Because the doings of the Bennett sisters are always news let it be known that Joan, the youngest, wants to put an end to her sweet young thing character on the screen and go in for sophistication. Portrait is first evidence

CAROLE LOMBARD

Storm center of a studio tiff. George Raft walked out on *Princess Comes Across* allegedly because the cameraman had a habit of giving her the best breaks in close-ups. Carole denied it, but the chances are that any cameraman would be inclined to focus more often on such a dazzling personality than on her leading man, no matter how handsome

NORMA SHEARER

Norma's return to the screen after a long absence is the month's best news. What makes it better still is that *Romeo and Juliet* is the picture and Leslie Howard and John Barrymore her newest leading men

CLARK GABLE

Because he is one of the day's most capable actors, it is not to be considered a miracle that Clark Gable remains Hollywood's Number One leading man in prestige and popularity. Perhaps two such leading ladies as Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy in such a picture as *Wife vs. Secretary* may have something to do with his secure position, but the astute observer is more inclined to believe that Clark deserves everything he has attained. Read his own story on the opposite page

In the life of every man there are dramatic moments he can never forget. Clark Gable reveals his in this interview

GABLE *Talks* About HIS PAST

By Dick Mook

The Clark Gable of five years ago as he appeared with Norma Shearer in *A Free Soul*

"The only reaction I got from my first screen test was 'Your ears are too big!'"

CLARK GABLE and I faced each other in his dressing room on the set of *San Francisco.* Clark grinned. "You've done eight or ten stories on me besides the hundreds other people have done. What is there left to write about me? Isn't the public sick of reading about Gable?"

"It seems to me," I answered, "there is nobody in pictures with a more colorful background than you have—semi-orphan, timekeeper in a tire factory, callboy in a theater, worker in the oil fields, roustabout in a lumber camp, lineman for the telephone company, clerk in the want-ad department of a newspaper, carrying instruments for surveyors, actor. I know the outline of your history but how about giving me some of the high spots? Tell me some of the dramatic things that have happened to you."

Clark shook his head. "It would be silly to say nothing has ever happened to me. Plenty has happened. But the things you want are the very things I want to keep for myself. I like to trot those things out in my mind's eye every once in awhile, look at them, then wrap them up again and put them away. If I told you about them and you spread them across the pages of a magazine they wouldn't belong to me any more. They'd belong to everyone who read them and they couldn't mean to your readers what they mean to me. And yet, because they'd been printed they'd be spoiled for me."

Clark the sentimentalist! You can jeer, as I did, but when a man's honest with you you can't help respecting his feelings. "Come on, Clark," I coaxed urgently. "Just the climaxes—a few of them."

"You've always been pretty decent to me," he answered, "and I'd like to show my appreciation, but I don't know.

"Life doesn't come to us suddenly," he went on slowly, "in smashing climaxes or crushing defeats. Often we don't realize we've reached a climax until it's behind us. I think it was Elbert Hubbard who said, 'Life can't be always at the high-water mark. Our ability to feel strongly any emotion depends on the intervening periods when we haven't felt anything at all.' Perhaps I don't even remember some important things in my life because my mind was saturated with some less important thing that had occurred just prior. Probably many of the things I remember best wouldn't seem important to you at all."

"Well, tell me about them, anyhow," I urged.

Clark grinned once more. "All right. But remember, you brought it on yourself.

"THE first thing I remember has to do with a chicken and tomatoes. My mother died when I was seven months old. My father was in no position to take care of me so he took me to live with my mother's parents.

"I was sitting on a stool in the kitchen of their big farmhouse one afternoon, watching my grandmother stir a kettle filled with old fashioned tomato ketchup. Outside there was a blinding snowstorm. One lone, half-frozen chicken was hopping across the yard, lost in the blizzard. I ran out and got it. I came back into the kitchen and climbed back on the stool. As I sat and listened and smelled the warm, spicy steam from the kettle, my grandmother talked to me. 'You can be as big or as small as you think you are, Clark,' she said.

"I have never smelled the odor of cooking tomatoes since then without remembering [*Continued on page 62*]

Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman, Jr., to whom she gives unqualified credit for her success

A studio hairdresser adjusts the loose rolls of hair that distinguish her new and unusual coiffure

"Marriage Is My Success *Secret*"

—*says* Gladys Swarthout

***Give Us This Night*, starring the lovely Gladys Swarthout and the European tenor, Jan Kiepura, is Gladys' second screen appearance**

TODAY, Gladys Swarthout is the screen's newest star and sensation—and there are reasons. One of the most important is her marriage to Frank Chapman, Jr.

In her first two pictures—*Rose of the Rancho* and *Give Us This Night*—Gladys has proved that she has the greatest natural singing voice of any woman alive. (Music critics discovered that, long before the movies did.) She has lustrous brunette beauty, so individual that artists call her the only one of her kind. She has poise, charm, emotional radiance. She dresses with attractiveness that few women ever achieve. But all of these things, added together, would not have made her the opera, screen and radio star that she is—if she had not fallen in love with the right man at the right time. She, herself, says so. And this, I would have you know, is news. New feminine stars, new sensations just don't credit their husbands with their success.

If they have acquired marital mates in advance of their rise to glory, that fact is usually considered regrettable enough. But for a new star to state, for publication, that she actually owes her success to her husband—who ever heard of such a thing? You haven't, and I haven't. But then Gladys probably would insist that no other actress—except Grace Moore—has ever had a partner of Frank's calibre. And she probably would be right. Gladys, you see, was lucky enough to fall in love with a man who loved not only her, but music. . . .

Music was the miracle that brought them together—a miracle that was not written in the cards for either of them. Gladys was born in a modest home in a small town in the Middle West—a home and a town not especially addicted to music. Frank was born in a city hundreds of miles away, the son of one of America's most famous archeologists. (How did they ever chance to meet?)

The dark-eyed little girl, Gladys Swarthout, growing up in the quiet mid-west town, had an older sister who was studying voice and who, in the thrill of self-expression, taught the younger Gladys everything that she, herself, learned. The archeologist's son, given every cultural advantage, discovered that he liked music more than archeology and decided to develop that interest. She never dreamed of marrying, someday, a New York boy. (The local suitors were pretty persistent.) He had no visions of marriage with a golden-voiced girl from the Middle West. (After all, New York girls had their attractions.)

THE years passed. The girl and the boy grew older. Gladys' sister, gifted as a teacher, urged her to go to Chicago for an opera

[*Continued on page* 58]

I Knew Claudette COLBERT When—

The woman who started Claudette on her career looks into the dim past of ten years ago

THE CLAUDETTE OF YESTERDAY—

Her real name was Lily Chauchoin . . . took up acting after a disappointing attempt at teaching French . . . was wed first, secretly, to Norman Foster in London, and is now Mrs. J. J. Pressman in private life . . . made her debut in a stage play called *We've Got to Have Money*, but failed to receive one cent in salary . . . was born in France, but moved to New York in 1913.

"I know that I have become hard; I know that I am not always agreeable. You cannot battle your way up to all this by saying a docile 'yes, thank you,' to everyone who has a part in your career."
—Claudette Colbert

Claudette Colbert with Victor McLaglen and Ronald Colman in a stirring scene from her newest picture, *Under Two Flags*

By Ruth McTammany

TEN years ago a pretty little French girl, dressed in somber black, used to wind her way through the streets of New York. She occasionally mounted the steps of an impressive brown stone mansion and rang the bell. An austere butler would open the door, and with head high and demeanor low would say, "Madam has a headache and cannot take her French lesson today." Sometimes the door of a Fifth Avenue apartment was opened by a maid who was a little more sympathetic as she said, "Madam regrets that she had to leave suddenly for Europe and cannot study any more French." But a check was never left to pay for the lesson which was not important enough to cancel.

The pretty little French girl in somber black was Claudette Colbert!

I too studied French with Claudette Colbert, but not in a brown stone mansion or a Fifth Avenue apartment. I was one of a group which met in a Women's Club on West Forty-ninth Street. Being business women, perhaps we understood better the difficulty which she had, trying to make a living in a vocation which was at the mercy of the whims of society. On one of Miss Colbert's discouraging days she asked me to hear her sing.

"I think I ought to try the stage—musical comedy. I don't like teaching French; it is no pleasure to travel up to the Bronx on a winter's day and find that Mrs. So-and-So is not at home and no word left for me. I would be better off in the chorus of a Broadway show."

"Why not try drama," I suggested, "you are an unusual type and your speaking voice is most certainly of French timbre."

"Drama!" And the little Miss Colbert laughed, "why, I could no more play a rôle in drama than I could—well—fly."

"You are pretty," I persisted, "you wear your clothes with a certain 'chic' and you have personality."

She blushed; she hung her head with embarrassment [*Continued on page 72*]

Anne Shirley Discovers FROCKS that Appeal to MEN

Left: Anne Shirley in a hostess gown of black and white crêpe sheer—a simply tailored creation designed to catch the eye of the wary male. Right: Bob Hoover finds Anne an exquisite dinner partner

Frocks designed by Lettie Lee

Above: Anne Shirley wearing a lovely tea dance frock of candy striped chiffon in blue and gold tones

Ever have a breakfast date with a man? Anne suggests a frock like this creation of soft dove grey crêpe Roma with an embroidery doublet edged in a frill of starched white organza

Left above: Any girl can be entrancingly lovely wearing this Lettie Lee frock of chartreuse silk gauze over a heavy crêpe slip of the same color. The accordion pleated Rhumba cuff effect is a clever touch

Left: To intrigue the gentlemen friend at luncheon Anne Shirley chooses a frock of hand blocked crêpe with a riot of multi-colored Spring flowers against an ivory background

ALWAYS ENGAGED

—BUT NEVER IN LOVE!

Fredric March, with whom she appears in *Anthony Adverse*, is very much like the man Olivia would prefer to marry—but so are a number of other actors

Olivia de Havilland, the startling, beautiful leading lady of *Anthony Adverse*, explains about men and marriage

By
Carlisle
Jones

WHEN you talk of love to Olivia de Havilland, speak lightly. She knows more about it than you may think she does.

Olivia is sweet nineteen and she's been kissed—by experts.

In addition to this, there is somewhere in the world a man to whom she was once promised in marriage. She may be yet. She isn't sure and no one else seems to know, either.

She was born in Japan and her parents, following the ancient custom of that eastern country, "betrothed" her to the infant son of another temporarily expatriated American family.

Olivia doesn't remember him and has little idea that the "engagement" will ever result in marriage between them, but it makes an easy "out" for the young actress when suitors become too insistent. She can lower her eyes, blush (she does it very prettily) and say:

"I'm sorry. You see—I'm already engaged."

The Warners studio restaurant is not the best place to talk to a pretty young woman about the problems of love and marriage. There is too much confusion, too many neighboring ears, a tendency to concentrate on the mundane business of eating.

But it was the studio restaurant or nothing because Miss de Havilland was working in the

[*Continued on page* 56]

Can a GOOD Girl Be Happy in Hollywood?

Rochelle Hudson admits that even with a fine salary and a beautiful home a "good girl" can have her miserable moments

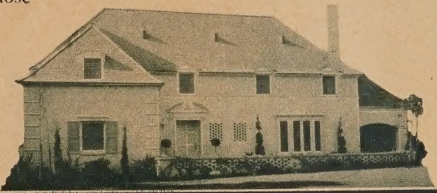
By
Harmony Haynes

"IF YOU think so," Rochelle Hudson smiles grimly, "then you should try living my life for a while. Why, even the air I breathe sometimes seems to be filled with *don'ts, can'ts and mustn'ts!*"

Of course, Rochelle never intended to be dubbed "Hollywood's good girl." That reputation just slipped up on her unbidden and now she has to live up to it to keep from disappointing those who saddled her with the title.

All of Rochelle's life she had been considered a *regular*. And there were many things in her life that might have given her an entirely different rating. To begin with there was a private school that shoved her three grades ahead of her normal age, there were private instructions, there was a home better than the average, and a mother who taught her that being a lady was something more than living on the right side of the tracks.

Yet none of this robbed her of the right to enjoy life right along with the rest of the youngsters she went to school with. She roller-skated, rode her bike, and stood on her head and no one ever thought of reminding her that "nice girls don't do such things."



Being human and natural didn't seem to affect her piano lessons or her dancing or her French, so her broad-minded mother encouraged her to be herself, knowing full well that an active mind must be complemented by an active body.

If Rochelle hadn't become a motion picture star she would probably have grown up to be the most popular girl in her set, a ring leader in all the fun and frolic as well as the more intellectual side of social life, but fate stepped in and started her off on another path.

Rochelle was always advanced mentally beyond her years so when she, at the age of thirteen and a half years, told the Fox executives that she was sixteen they believed her and permitted her to sign a motion picture contract.

She had everyone in the studio perplexed, and especially the executives. One minute she would rattle off French, take them to task on dramatic interpretation, or discuss, intelligently, any subject they might bring up, and the next minute she would be teaching some youngsters on the set how to dance or turn cartwheels.

Those first few years in pictures were a lot of fun. The workers looked upon her as a kid and treated as such. She was, to them, a regular fellow and a swell little trouper. Someone they could clown a bit with and yet discuss things with if they felt in a more serious frame of mind.

BUT while she was "that Hudson Kid" to the workers she was fast becoming "Rochelle Hudson" at the box office and to thousands of new friends all over the world.

Rochelle never knew just how it happened but she [*Continued on page 59*]

The MAGIC EYE—

—peeks backstage on the set of *Dancing Pirate*, where a sensational dance is being filmed

NEVER has there been a cinema event of more colorful importance than "Dancing Pirate." The "Magic Eye" photographs on this page were snapped during the actual filming of the picture and show Charles Collins dancing with Steffi Duna. "Dancing Pirate" is Pioneer Pictures next big Technicolor picture, rated by studio observers as one of the most important of the season's new pictures.

PERSONAL PREVIEWS

Every picture reviewed in Hollywood by the editor, guaranteeing a uniform opinion. Follow the star ratings!

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ACTRESSES EXTRAORDINARY—Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette and Emelie Dionne romp through a scene from *The Country Doctor* with Jean Hersholt

A LOVE THAT ALMOST FAILED—Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea in a scene from *These Three*, a screen version of *The Children's Hour*, the story of a scandal inspired by a vicious child

HOW PICTURES ARE RATED

★★★★ Perfect Picture. ★★★ Good Entertainment. ★★ Not Bad. ★ Ho Hum! SCREEN BOOK'S strict standard of rating is applied without discrimination to all pictures. Readers are urged to remember, however, that even in the "Ho Hum!" classification may be occasional scenes to make a movie-goer glad he didn't stay home with the cat. You read the reviews and take your choice.

These Three

★★★½

Adult Drama—Because one vicious little child attending a girl's school imagines an illicit love affair between one of her teachers and a young doctor, three lives verge on disaster. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins have the major feminine rôles and Joel McCrea, who by virtue of this picture shows signs of becoming an actor, plays the young doctor. Bonita Granville is the child who causes all the trouble, but it is Marcia Mae Jones, her unwilling accomplice, who delivers a sensitive, dramatic performance, the like of which the screen has never before seen. Critical Comment—Only an incredible moment or two keeps this from perfect rating. That the story is not quite believable at all times is no fault of the producers who necessarily had to change the stage play because of its indelicate theme.—*Produced by Samuel Goldwyn for United Artists.*

The Country Doctor

Five Stars for the Quints; Two for the Picture—As an excuse for giving the world a peek at the Dionne quintuplets, *The Country Doctor* is satisfactory, if not epic. Only in its closing moments does the film's real punch develop. Then is presented perhaps as hilarious a comedy scene as recently filmed in which Jean Hersholt officiates at the birth of the quintuplets as sheriff Slim Summerville waits outside to arrest him for practicing without a license. As the anxious father, John Qualen is a literal panic, doing even better than in *Whipsaw*, which had him as the jittery father of twins. The quintuplets themselves give performances that should guarantee them an Academy award. Jean Hersholt delivers a fine, sensitive performance as the gallant country doctor.—*Produced by Darryl Zanuck for 20th Century-Fox.*

Love Before Breakfast

★★★½

Intoxicating Comedy—When any comedy can make a hardboiled Hollywood preview audience hold its sides, its producers can take a day off and celebrate. *Love Before Breakfast* is a swift, highly amusing farce comedy with Carole Lombard as the hard-to-get girl pursued by the villain who in this case is Preston Foster, a millionaire who is convinced that he can buy everything, including a girl like Carole. He abuses her terrifically throughout the picture in the absence of Cesar Romero, her first love. Then when Carole's absent fiance returns she discovers that life is empty without Foster—so with typical feminine reasoning she continues to snub him until brute force changes the course of true love. Carole Lombard is absolute tops in her rôle. Janet Beecher, as Carole's mother, stands out in the supporting cast. Most amusing scene—Carole examining a black eye acquired when the lights go out during a night club brawl. —*Produced by Universal.*

By Carl A. Schroeder

ROUGH STUFF for Freddie Bartholomew, but he needs more. Read the review of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, a splendid picture, in this department

CAROLE LOMBARD TAKES A BEATING— In fact, she takes a number of them from her tempestuous lover in *Love Before Breakfast*. The pup in Carole's arms is "Pushface the Killer." Read about him on page 90

GABLE'S TEMPTATION in *Wife vs. Secretary* is Jean Harlow, and Myrna Loy is the wife who struggles silently against a love affair she only imagines

Little Lord Fauntleroy

★★★★

DRAMA—A picture of such surpassing excellence that it must be rated as one of the finest achievements in screen history. Certainly no film in recent months has been such a field day for character actors who, like the unknown soldier, are apparently remembered but once a year. Although Freddie Bartholomew is the star it is C. Aubrey Smith as the gouty old Earle of Dorincourt whose colorful personality dominates the story. As the child who is whisked out of drab poverty in Brooklyn to a castle in England where he becomes Lord Fauntleroy, Freddie Bartholomew delivers an excellent performance, but there are times when his diction and appearance are too painfully perfect. He could stand a few rough edges. In the rôle of Fauntleroy's beloved "Dearest," Dolores Costello Barrymore returns to the screen, lovely and appealing as ever. Best scene—C. Aubrey Smith in the great hall of his castle pointing out portraits of his ancestors to Guy Kibbee. *—Produced by David O. Selznick. Released by United Artists.*

Wife vs. Secretary

★★★

DOMESTIC DRAMA—Clever and amusing throughout. The story of a wife's silent struggle against her husband's too-tempting secretary is nothing new, but in this case the plot has several new twists. Gable is the successful young publisher who just can't do without Jean Harlow, his flashy, competent private secretary. Through the whole story they are too busy to get around to hand-holding, but people will talk, and when Myrna Loy discovers that Jean and Clark are in the same bedroom in Havana at two in the morning, there is the devil to pay. Best scene—Clark enthusiastically kissing the tip of Myrna's deliciously tilted nose. CRITICAL COMMENT—Gable seems a little too athletic in his interpretation of the gay and witty young man. Jean Harlow delivers a fine performance and her voice is much improved. Myrna Loy rather corners most of the picture's honors.*—Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Follow the Fleet

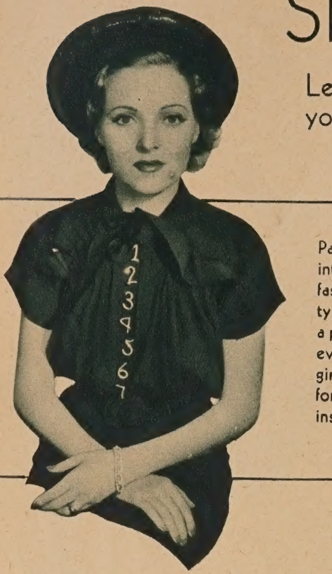
★★★

MUSICAL COMEDY—A merry, nonsensical story about a sailor who is "sick of the sea" and wants to get back to shore, particularly to patch up a quarrel with his ex-dancing partner. The plot also concerns Randolph Scott, a sailing buddy of Fred Astaire's, who is a lion with the ladies and who scorns the love of Harriet Hilliard in the rôle of Ginger Rogers' sister. In spite of the superb dancing by Rogers and Astaire and the sweet warbling of Harriet Hilliard, it must be admitted that a lion's share of

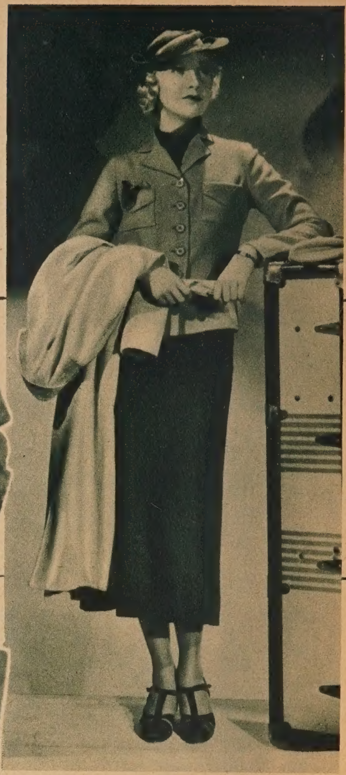
[*Continued on page* 75]

HOLLYWOOD SHOP TALK

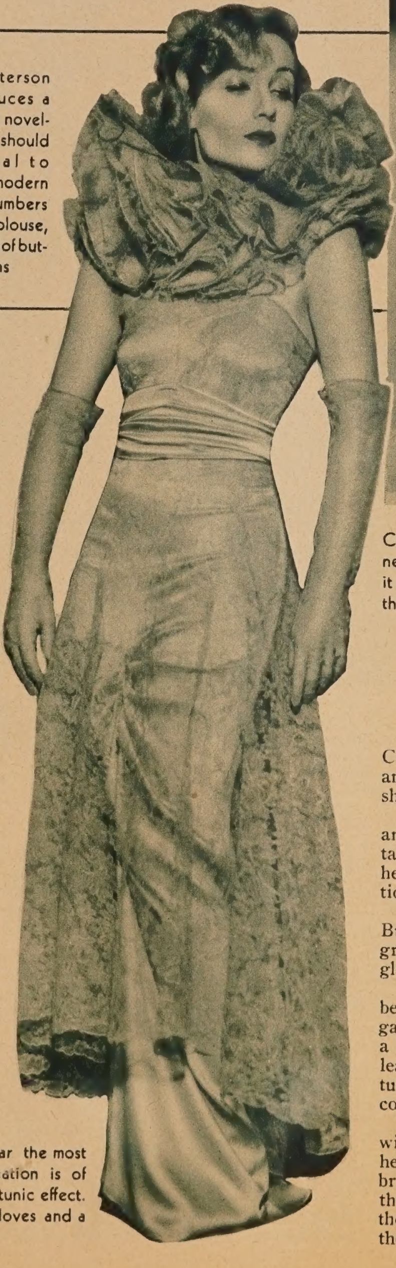
Let a famous fashion authority keep you in touch with the latest clothes gossip straight from Hollywood



Pat Paterson introduces a fashion novelty that should appeal to every modern girl—numbers for a blouse, instead of buttons



Clever girls can copy Una Merkel's dashing new spring suit. Girls not so clever can have it copied with the aid of a dressmaker and the description in the accompanying article



Trust glamorous Carole Lombard to wear the most alluring gowns! This Travis Banton creation is of powder blue lace which falls in a circular tunic effect. Its beauty is enhanced by elbow length gloves and a Pierrot ruff about the neck

By Grace Mack

MIX your colors! That is the season's style slogan. Combine them. Interchange them. And let your accessories accent them. This is more than just a fad. There's a smart idea back of it. By choosing colors that will "mix" you can, with a little forethought, convert one outfit into two or three.

One of the smartest outfits I've seen is the three piece suit Una Merkel is wearing. (Illustrated at upper right.) A soft basket weave wool is used for this suit. The short, slightly fitted jacket is in a desert red—that's a red with quite a lot of yellow in it. The tailored skirt is a rather bright, almost turquoise blue and the top coat is oyster white. The tuck-in scarf and the felt hat match the blue of the skirt. The jacket would be just as effective worn with other skirts. It would be grand with white or beige flannel. And the blue skirt could be worn with a jacket of another shade—or with sweaters. The top coat would be good with practically anything. In other words it is one of those "convertible" outfits which should be in every smart girl's wardrobe.

An interesting color combination for a suit of this type would be two shades of blue with a top coat of chartreuse (this is a color combination which Joan Crawford favors) or tangerine, brown and beige. Your accessories, naturally, should accent one color.

And speaking of accessories, if you are one of those who invested in a gray tailleur for spring and early summer, here are some smart accessory suggestions.

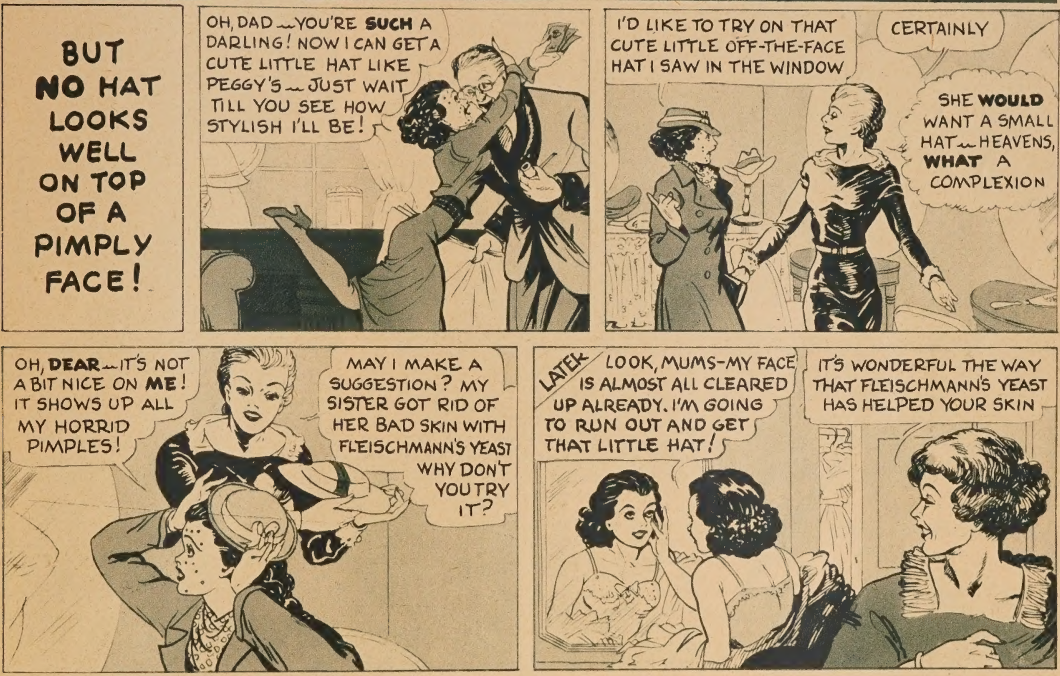
Wine suede gloves and boutonniere. Burnt rose scarf. Hat, shoes and bag in gray. Or, a mustard silk blouse, chamois gloves and boutonniere.

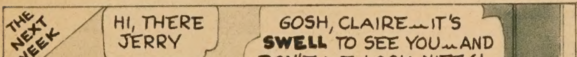
And for the days when you want to be as appealingly feminine as an organdie ruffle, wear a dotted Swiss blouse, a hat of shiny black straw, black patent leather bag, white doeskin gloves and tuck a yellow or a red flower in your coat lapel.

The girl who likes feminine things will adore Una Merkel's dinner suit of heavy beige crêpe trimmed with dark brown lace. The skirt is floor length and the ruffled lace goes down one side of the skirt and forms a dust ruffle around the bottom.

[*Continued on page 52*]

I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!


BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!
OH, DAD—YOU'RE SUCH A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S—JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!
I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW
CERTAINLY
SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT—HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION
OH, DEAR—IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
LATER
LOOK, MUMS—MY FACE IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED UP ALREADY. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT AND GET THAT LITTLE HAT!
IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN


THE NEXT WEEK
HI, THERE JERRY
GOSH, CLAIRE—IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU—AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE HONEY OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

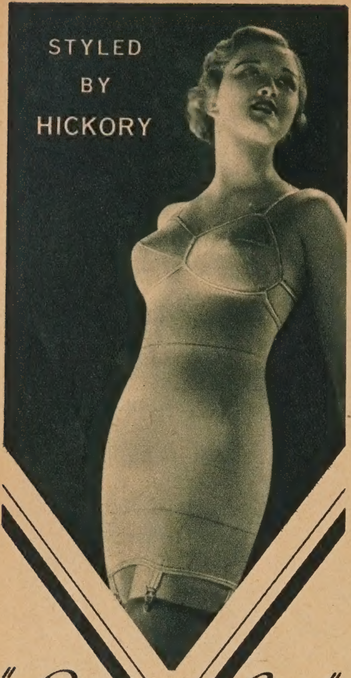
Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!



"Princess Chic"
LASTEX FOUNDATION

Double Support
where it is
needed most

NOW you can enjoy the thrill of a beautifully moulded silhouette in the comfort found only in two-way stretch Lastex.

By its clever *double knitted* panel "Princess Chic" gives *double support* where it's needed most: in front, in back and at sides. Controls and shapes naturally, without even the suggestion of a bulge to mar the smooth fashion-right lines you are seeking. Lace brassiere is uplift and flattering.

The "Princess Chic" Foundation illustrated $4. With satin Lastex and lace brassiere $3.50. Girdles are $2 and $2.50. Shaped Panties $2.50

You should find "Princess Chic" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address 1143 West Congress St., Chicago, Illinois

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK

Hollywood Shop Talk

[*Continued from page* 50]

The short-sleeved blouse is made entirely of the brown lace and has a frilly lace jabot. Over this Una wears a very tailored waist length dinner jacket of the beige crêpe.

THOSE of you who have written to ask me what you can wear to make you look shorter will be interested to know that Travis Banton is doing a lot of tunic things for Carole Lombard. Banton, you know, does all of Carole's personal wardrobe as well as the things she wears on the screen. When Carole feels a clothes urge coming on she dashes over to Banton's office.

"What do you have in mind?" he asks.

"Well, I want something for street, a couple of evening things and a dinner dress and a sport suit."

"Any choice as to color or materials?" ask Banton.

"No, Travis," Carole assures him. "You just go ahead and do whatever you think I'd like. You know I adore being surprised."

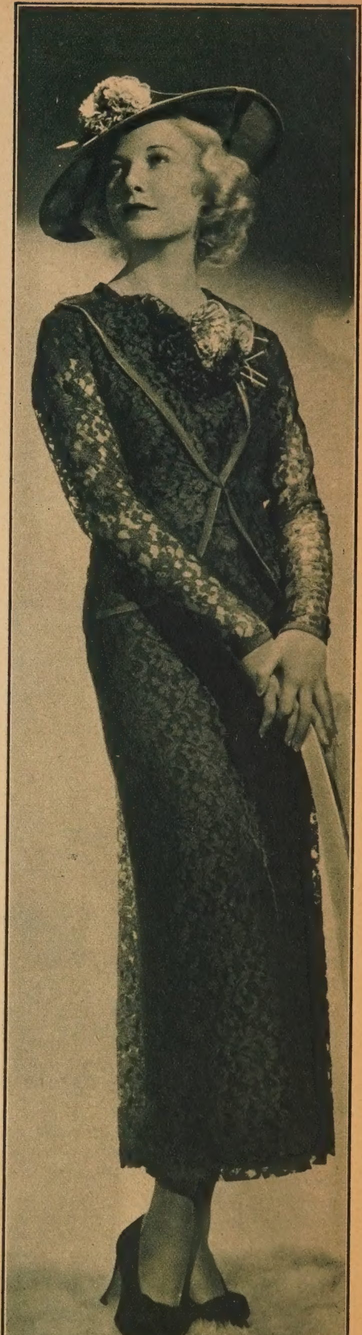
One of the things which Banton recently surprised Carole with was a powder blue lace evening gown over a draped satin, form-fitting foundation. The lace falls in a circular tunic effect which is fairly short in front and very full and long in the back. With this Carole wears a Pierrot ruff of lace and elbow length gloves. The draped foundation and the tunic of uneven length are both decidedly new. Banton also did a very lovely evening thing for Carole in beige chiffon. It has a knee length tunic banded with sable, and a short sable coat. Now of course I'm well aware that tunics banded with sable don't synchronize with clothes budgets. The "idea," however, can be copied.

If you want to come out with something that is newer than new, then have numbers on your blouse instead of buttons! Pat Paterson (she's Mrs. Charles Boyer, you know) has a very smart black crêpe street frock featuring this amusing conceit. Little jeweled numbers from one to seven march right down the front of the waist. Then Pat has a street frock of tan wool which has bright shiny pennies (they're real, too) for buttons.

And now, before I say *adios*, thanks a miliion for all the letters you've been writing to me. Your answers to our fashion quiz seem to indicate that the majority of you girls want to know about the stars' personal wardrobes rather than their screen clothes. So if there are readers who DON'T want to hear about personal wardrobes, better hurry up and write your order now—or forever after hold your peace.

FREE FASHION ADVICE

If you need the help of an expert in choosing a suitable wardrobe, or budgeting your clothes, write to The Fashion Editor, SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. (U. S. Postage Only.)



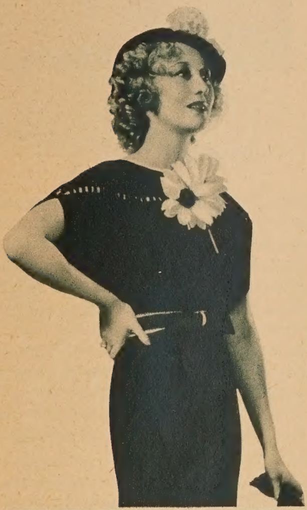
Una Merkel's new afternoon frock of navy blue starched lace features the "five o'clock length." A flowered picture hat should be worn with this creation

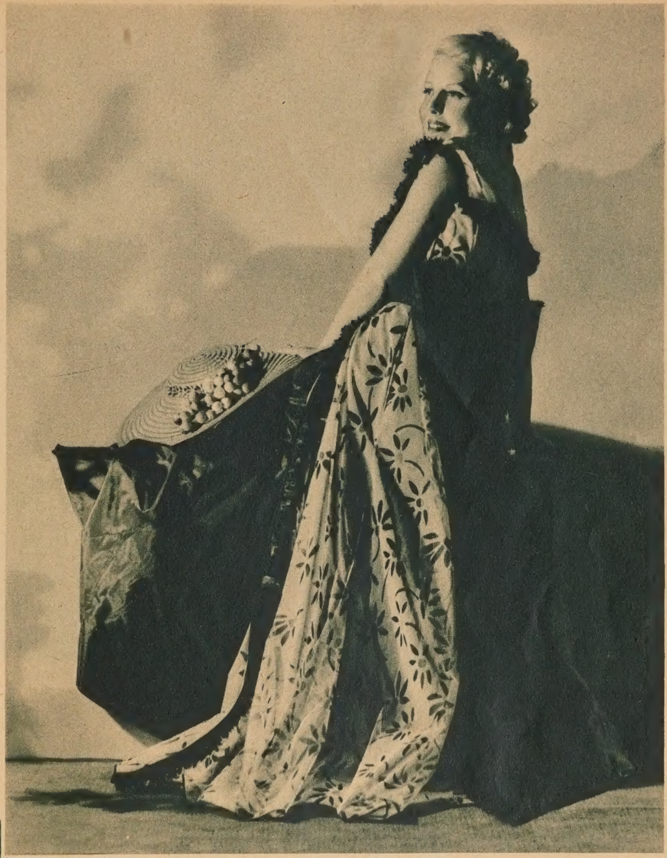
CREATED BY

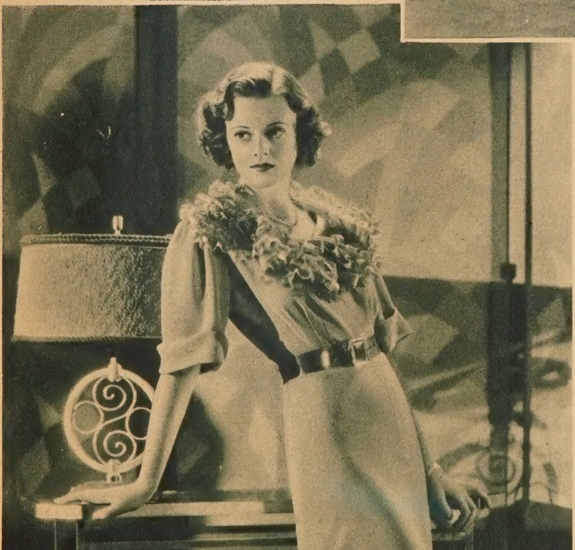
Lettie Lee

OF

HOLLYWOOD

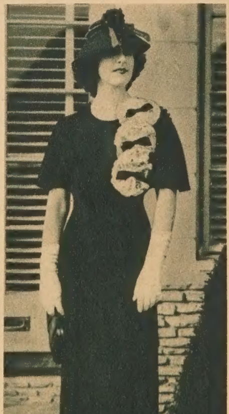






Petite and Charming Lettie Lee,

Wearing one of her latest creations made of Menke Kaufman's printed Sheer Gauze over a black taffeta petticoat.



(Top left) Dorothy Stone wears a **LETTIE LEE** street frock of black sheer crepe.

(Left) Miss Heather Angel, RKO star, wears a **LETTIE LEE** informal frock of beige sheer crepe with a flattering ruffled jabot of self-colored lace.

(Right) Linda Terry epitomizes luncheon or bridge tea chic in this **LETTIE LEE** creation of classic black and white.

ORIGINAL By
Lettie Lee
HOLLYWOOD COUTURIERE

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

A list of stores in your city featuring LETTIE LEE gowns will be found on page 82

BINNIE BARNES IN UNIVERSAL'S "SUTTER'S GOLD"

What BEAUTIFUL HAIR!

Follow the stars' advice and yours can be just as lovely.

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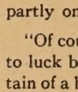
HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY

by DORIS DUMONT

Spring is the time to look for new hairstyles and new beauty ideas so I decided to visit several of the leading lights of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. The members of this organization compose the hairstyling departments of every studio in Hollywood. They are the most distinguished, most highly paid group of hairstylists and beauticians in the world today. Every lovely star you see on the screen has been beautified by a Guild member. It has been said that this Guild is Hollywood's "Book of Knowledge" on beauty.

At Paramount Studios I talked with Leonore Sabine, the head hairstylist who is responsible for the lovely glamorous coiffures worn by such stars as Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich. Miss Sabine is president of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. We discussed permanent waves and I asked why the stars *always* have beautiful waves, while so many of us ordinary mortals feel we have to depend partly on luck. Miss Sabine replied:

"Of course the stars cannot afford to trust to luck but any woman can be equally certain of a beautiful permanent if she will have her hair waved by the method selected by the stars."



At United Artists Studio I asked head hairstylist Nina Roberts for more information. She it was who cut off those famous curls when Mary Pickford decided to wear a bob. Also to her credit are the famed Merle Oberon hairstyles. When I asked what waving methods are being used by the stars, she replied:

"We have tried them all but nearly every star you see on the screen has her hair waved by the Duart method, for only Duart gives individual heat control to each curl. In the Duart method each heater is regulated by a separate thermostat and the smaller curls get less heat than the larger ones. This pro-

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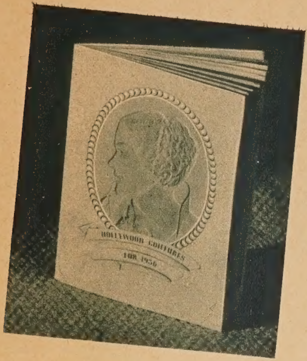
FOR SPRING



duces an absolutely uniform wave with never a danger of those ugly frizzy ends."

Thanking Miss Roberts for this valuable bit of information, I hurried over to see Helen Hunt, head hairstylist at the nearby Columbia Studios. When I arrived Miss Hunt was designing a new hairstyle creation for Grace Moore, whom you will soon see with Franchot Tone in "Cissy." When I told her that I was looking for beauty news, she replied:

"Well, you'll live a long time before you get any bigger news than this," and she handed me an attractive jar labeled "Creme of Milk." "Here at last is what every woman in the world has been looking for," she continued. "It is a beauty creme actually made from milk. Real, honest to goodness, pure, fresh, dairy milk! Hollywood's cosmeticians say it is the greatest scientific discovery ever made in cosmetics. Already you will find this new creme on the dressing table of almost every star in Hollywood and of course we hairstylists are using it too and telling all our friends about it."

Never have I seen anyone in Hollywood show such enthusiasm over a new beauty product, for here we have a cosmetic factory on every block and some sort of a new cream is born every minute. But never before has anyone succeeded in making a beauty creme from milk, the finest skin beautifier that has ever been known. This new product is being advertised on this page for the first time anywhere—better send for a jar.

I haven't space here to tell you about my visits to the other studios but all the hairstyles I selected are in the book shown above. It is packed full of the smartest, most alluring coiffures Hollywood has ever produced. Send for this book and take it to your hairdresser—she will be able to copy one of the hairstyles for *you*. In the Duart Permanent Wave advertisement at the left, there is a coupon which you may use to send for this booklet.

Hollywood Cosmeticians Wildly Praise NEW BEAUTY CREME made from *Milk*

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Always Engaged—But Never In Love!

[*Continued from page* 45]

picture, *Anthony Adverse*, at the time, opposite Fredric March, and Mervyn LeRoy, the director, is a serious-minded young man who doesn't like to have visitors talk to his players about frivolous things during working hours.

Not that Olivia considers love frivolous. She admitted that she considers love very important and she is sure that when it comes to her she will recognize it as the most vital thing in her life. But just now she has "other fish to fry."

"I'm really glad I'm heart free," she explained, very seriously. "I guess it's safe to tell you that I am. You're not going to propose to me, are you?"

No, we were not going to propose to her. Not at all. But if the interviewer had been fifteen years younger, the story might have been different from this point on.

"All right," sighed Olivia, "then I'll answer your questions."

"She's just a child," volunteered the waitress. "Better not try any of your tricks."

"There isn't any sweetheart back home in Saratoga, California," she explained, in answer to the first question.

"No boy friends?"

"I have lots of friends," she smiled. "But no prospective husband."

"You've never been in love?"

She flushed. "Of course I've been in love. Several times. But so far I've always managed to recover."

The militant waitress was back with the trays. "The poor child can't even eat her lunch in peace," she declared, to nobody in particular.

"They take such good care of me here," giggled Olivia.

We waited until the waitress had retreated to another table.

"This prince charming—when he arrives and is recognized, will he be like Dick Powell, James Cagney, Errol Flynn or Fredric March? You've played opposite those. Which would you pick as a model for the man you would marry?"

"You left out Joe E. Brown," grinned Olivia.

"Consider him included."

Olivia ate in silence for a moment. "The man I would marry," she said slowly, "needn't be like any one else."

"What should he be like?"

Again Olivia waited before answering.

"I like to think of him as being tall and strong," she said finally. "And I would want him to be strong-minded, too, a man who would take care of me and not expect me to mother him."

"Like Errol Flynn?"

"A little, perhaps."

"Or Freddie March."

"A little like Mr. March, too."

"And Dick Powell?"

"Perhaps. But it won't turn out that way, I suppose. I'll probably marry a little man, a timid soul. A man who will ask *me* for advice."

"Like me, for instance?"

"I thought you said this was *not* to be a proposal."

"It isn't. Go on, please."

"It will not be an actor," she said positively. "That's the one thing I'm quite sure about. Actors are fine friends. I'm not so sure they make good husbands."

"A GIRL is entitled to a few secrets of her own, isn't she?" Olivia demanded suddenly.

Miss de Havilland, it seemed, was living up to her reputation as an actress. "One in a million," Director Lloyd Bacon had said in our hearing one day at the end of a difficult love scene between Olivia and James Cagney in *The Irish In Us.*

"The best actress of her age in America," Mervyn LeRoy had agreed, half way through the picture *Anthony Adverse.* "And she doesn't know it," he added gleefully.

The waitress returned with the menu and we ordered dessert.

"Have you had any proposals since you came to Hollywood?" we asked.

"Only in my fan mail," said Olivia—"and if there had been others I wouldn't tell you. Really I wouldn't."

"Do the fan mail offers of marriage annoy you?"

"Of course not. I'm human. I'm tickled pink at every one of them. There have been two, I think, maybe three."

"But no real one, from men in Hollywood?"

"That's an unfair question."

"Well then; suppose the most eligible bachelor actor in Hollywood should propose tonight. What would you say?"

"I suppose you mean Dick Powell."

"There are others, just as eligible. What if one of them 'popped the question.' What would you say?"

"I would say, 'Thank you.' And then I would explain that I am already engaged. But it won't be Dick Powell—or any one else, so far as I know."

PEOPLE kept coming by to talk to Olivia. Directors, players, writers and others. The noon hour was gone before we knew it. It may have seemed long to Olivia. To the interviewer the time galloped by.

"I'm through with *Adverse* Saturday," explained the actress as we left the restaurant Green Room, "and I'm going up home for a week or two."

For just a fleeting instant she looked suddenly very tired.

"I've been so excited for more than a year," she confessed. "So much has happened to me. Up home I can rest and think it all over, slowly, step by step."

"But you are not seriously interested in love?"

"Of course I'm interested. It just hasn't happened to me yet."

"And the boy up in Saratoga?"

"There isn't any 'the boy'."

"Here's the check," said the waitress politely but firmly. "I know Miss de Havilland is in a hurry." She had followed us out into the studio street.

"One more question, please. Does this young man, the one who was betrothed to you as a baby, does he write you letters?"

"No," said Olivia. "I know where he lives and it's a long way off. But we have never corresponded. Really, you just can't find any romance in my life—yet. Goodbye."

She was gone—but the intrepid waitress lingered on. We paid her and stomped away.

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To the many requests for advice on beauty, Ginger Rogers gives one answer, "The secret of beauty for every woman lies in color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick created in harmonized shades that dramatize the charm of every type."

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MAX FACTOR's Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type will give you an alluring, lasting color. Being moisture-proof, you may apply it to both inner and outer surface of the lips. This gives them an even color, keeps them smooth. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick $1.

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"SCREEN STARS," says Ginger Rogers, "use Max Factor's Rouge, because the color harmony shades add an exquisite lifelike color that harmonizes with the powder and lipstick." If you want to see what a difference it makes to use a color created to dramatize your type, try Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade. Max Factor's Rouge 50¢.

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Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up secret — powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shade? Mail coupon below.

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MAX FACTOR Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood: Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

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Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
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TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

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10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐Black ☐Brown ☐Blue (check color desired.)
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"Marriage Is My Success Secret"

[*Continued from page* 42]

audition. She "made good" as a beginner, continued on to New York and found minor rôles in Metropolitan Opera waiting for her. Frank, meanwhile, had won a reputation as one of America's most promising singers. And still they might not have met, if each had not decided to spend a summer in Italy. There they discovered each other—and love.

Put yourself in the predicament in which Gladys might have found herself that summer. Convince yourself, with the help of famous singers and famous teachers, that you have a great career before you—if you do not allow anything to distract you from your ambition. Ask yourself if you should steel your heart against love. Ask yourself if both a career and a man can have your devotion . . . *but Gladys Swarthout did not find herself in any such predicament.*

"I might have," she says, "if I had not fallen in love with a man who was as mad about music as I was. Love *is* demanding. It demands your time, your thoughts, your energies. It is jealous of distractions — even more jealous than ambition is. But, in our case, everything was simplified by the fact that all of our other interests were mutual interests. When we were apart, I wasn't living in a feminine world while Frank lived in a masculine world; we both were living in the world of music. We simply couldn't be jealous of each other's 'outside interests,' because those interests were completely parallel, just as our ambitions were parallel. And the more we were together, the greater those ambitions became—until finally we became convinced that marriage, far from handicapping either of us, would inspire both of us."

So Gladys Swarthout, promising young operatic soprano, became in private life Mrs. Frank Chapman, Jr., wife of the well-known concert singer. And shortly thereafter the musical world began to take note of the fact that Chapman concerts, despite their popularity, were becoming less and less frequent and that the Swarthout fame was steadily, speedily, increasing. And this is the explanation:

"MARRIAGE is a game of give-and-take," says Gladys, with all the earnest seriousness of which she is capable, "and one always gives more than the other. It is not that one loves more deeply than the other; it is that one has greater talent for giving than the other. Certainly, I feel that my love for Frank is every bit as great as his for me yet he is the one who gives more, and has given more. If I am a success today, it is because Frank's work—added to my own—made me one.

"He has given up his own career to devote himself to mine. I did not ask such a sacrifice, he insisted upon it—and refused to let me call it a sacrifice. I cannot be too humble about that gift, the gift of his fine intelligence, his keen, constructive criticism, his knowledge of music, his full time. He will work with me for hours, developing one little effect. And when Frank says that I have achieved it, I have supreme self-confidence. I trust his judgment. Not only in music, but in everything else. I never have to worry about contracts or business details, Frank takes care of everything. He is a genius."

A Paramount representative, sitting in on the interview, comments, "That sounds like a large order of orchids for Mr. Frank Chapman, Jr." And Mr. Frank Chapman, Jr., sitting across the room, smoking a pipe, reddens a bit as he explains, with a smile, that the buttonhole in his coat lapel wasn't designed for orchids. Out of her chair bounds Gladys toward her husband, and bending to kiss him, asks, "*Am* I embarrassing you, darling? You know, I mean every word of it."

Back in her chair, and momentarily self-conscious about her spontaneous demonstration of affection, Gladys continues, with a smile, "I hope you don't think this is a little 'act' I originated for Friday interviewers. It isn't. It is the real thing. I can't express too strongly my indebtedness to Frank. Few men would have been big enough to do what he has done—no matter how much in love they might have been.

A modest woman, and a beautiful and talented one, is Gladys Swarthout. Her dark brown hair is bobbed, with a loose roll of hair framing her face on each side. She wears little make-up, and that little so skillfully applied as to be practically invisible. Her wide smile reveals even, shining teeth. There are tiny circles under her eyes—but they will be erased by a trip to Nassau, on her first vacation in two years. She does not dramatize her lovely figure, having a fondness for trim, tailored suits. From tip to toe, there is no artificiality about Gladys Swarthout.

THOSE tiny-circles-under-the-eyes are partly explained by the strenuousness with which she worked in Hollywood. For several days she worked on two pictures at once—*Give Us This Night* in the mornings, and retakes on *Rose of the Rancho* in the afternoons. She is undisturbed about the debate over the quality of her first picture. (There has been no debate about the four-star rating given to her, personally.) She is just as happy that she did not start her screen career with an undisputed hit. She would much rather be working up to great glory, than trying to live up to it. And she feels that *Give Us This Night* has more to offer than her first effort did—both in operatic music and in amusing touches. And if Jan Kiepura, her co-star, is as temperamental as rumored, you won't hear about it from Gladys. She has only compliments for his artistic sincerity.

She will be back in Hollywood as soon as the Metropolitan season is ended. And this time, maybe the gossip writers won't welcome her with rumors that she and Frank are on the verge of divorce. That welcome on their first trip dumbfounded them. They thought the whole world knew about their partnership. New York did. But Hollywood is three thousand miles from New York. And Gladys' success story was unknown there. Well, here's the story.

By JAMES REID.

Can a Good Girl Be Happy in Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 46]

one day awoke to the fact that she was being hailed as "Hollywood's good girl."

"I won't be another *nice girl*!" she declared. "I won't be branded a goody-goody. I'll do something—I'll smoke a cigarette—I'll dance every night—I'll go with a different man every time!"

But Rochelle's early training forbade any of those things. She couldn't smoke because cigarettes left a bitter taste in her mouth, she couldn't dance every night because she had too much worthwhile work to do at home, and she couldn't go out with a different man every night because—well, there weren't that many eligible young men in Hollywood.

So she gave up the idea as a bad one and continued to try to be herself, while her reputation as a good girl grew by leaps and bounds until even she had to recognize it and bow to it.

Rochelle is naturally a good girl. She always has been and simply couldn't be anything else if she tried but being an ordinary good girl and being Hollywood's good girl are two entirely different things.

If she were just an ordinary good girl she could go with the same young man all the time and merely be considered conventional or she could go with several young men and only thought popular. But can she do that in Hollywood? Ah, no! Here, if she is seen with the same man twice, she's engaged to him—if she goes with several men, she's a play girl.

Rochelle just completed *Music Goes 'Round* opposite Harry Richman. Harry is lots of fun and Rochelle enjoyed working with him and also enjoyed his wit and humor between scenes. She attended several social functions where they were both guests and appeared on a radio program with him.

There was nothing unusual—nothing strange about that, but Rochelle was Hollywood's good girl and Harry was Broadway's play boy so the columnists hinted at a love affair. Harry has, for years, had his name romantically linked with numerous beautiful girls of the stage and screen. He was a play boy and a rumored engagement was expected of him. But not so with Rochelle—she was Hollywood's *good* girl and her fans didn't want her engaged or even rumored engaged to the man of many loves.

When Rochelle read their letters she burst into tears and said, "Mother, can't I have any fun at all? Can't I have friends? Can't I do what other girls my age do and still be considered a good girl?"

Mrs. Hudson's mother heart aches for her girl at such times but what can she do about it? Nothing, save soothe her and remind her that everything has its price and that public opinion has to be lived up to even if it does mean sacrificing many girlish pleasures.

Free Framed Photos of SHIRLEY TEMPLE!
See next month's Screen Book

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!
SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE
WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—
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HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!
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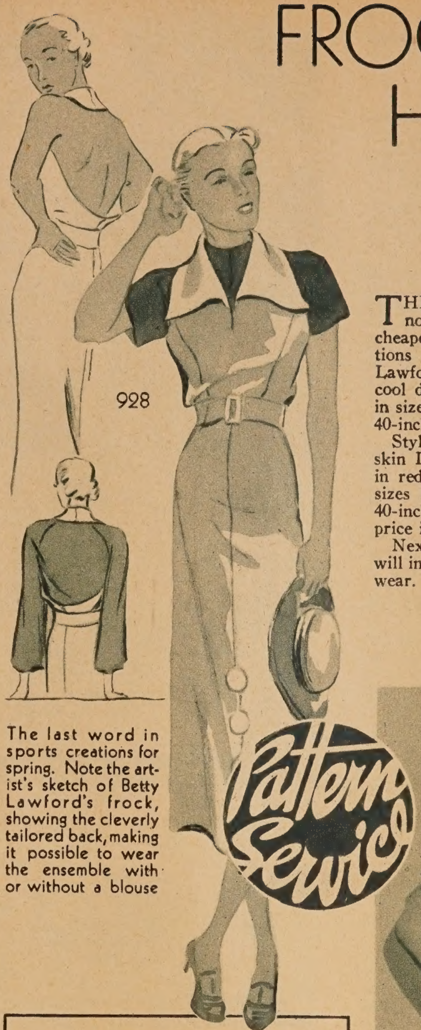
FROCKS from Hollywood Boulevard

THIS is great news! Pattern prices are now reduced from 25c to 15c, making it cheaper than ever to own the smartest creations from Hollywood. Style 928, Betty Lawford's Sport Frock is ideal both for cool days and sun-tanning. It is patterned in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts.

Style 927, Jane Wyatt's charming Sharkskin Dress, is gay and smart, particularly in red, white and blue. It is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, with 36, 38 and 40-inch busts. Remember, the new pattern price is only 15c!

Next month's patterns in SCREEN BOOK will include lovely creations for more formal wear. Watch for them!


928
Pattern Service

The last word in sports creations for spring. Note the artist's sketch of Betty Lawford's frock, showing the cleverly tailored back, making it possible to wear the ensemble with or without a blouse

Betty Lawford, popular young Universal player, personally models her chic linen sports frock of the type that catches the eye of many a male on Hollywood Boulevard

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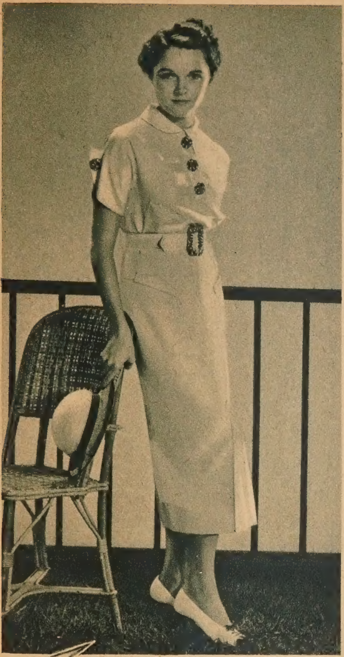
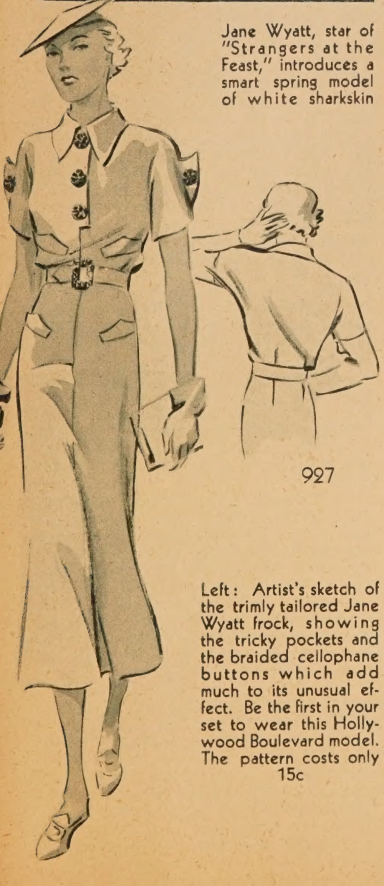


Jane Wyatt, star of "Strangers at the Feast," introduces a smart spring model of white sharkskin



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FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES
AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

Gable Talks About His Past

[*Continued from page* 41]

that day and my grandmother's words—without being vaguely conscious of a strange feeling of homesickness and depression.

"The next thing I remember clearly was the moment I first met my stepmother. My grandmother had never told me any of those crazy stories about mean stepmothers so I had no prejudice in my mind when I met her. She just leaned down, picked me up and kissed me. I loved her from that moment. She couldn't have been kinder to me in all the years I lived with her, nor I more devoted to her if she'd been my own mother.

"THIS next incident probably won't seem important or dramatic to you but it was highly important to me. It was only that the first year I was in high school I was selected to catch on the first baseball team. Usually only juniors or seniors get that spot. And did *I* feel big!

"The next thing happened a number of years later when, for the first time in my life, I was taken backstage in a theater. It was only a two by four stock company. I realize that now. But then it seemed to me the grandest theatrical outfit imaginable. It fascinated me and that was the start of my theatrical ambitions. Since then I've never wanted to be anything but an actor.

"Eventually I got a job with them as callboy and finally as an actor. The night I went on for my first speaking part is a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. The play was *The Bird of Paradise.* I don't remember what part I played. Probably I had only a line or two to speak, but the traditional figure of Edwin Booth has never seemed as important to me as I seemed to myself that night."

There was a silence for a moment and Clark's face clouded. "Another incident that's etched indelibly into my brain," he half-whispered, "occurred while I was with that same company. It was almost curtain time one night when I received word my stepmother had passed away. There was nothing for me to do but go on and play my part. But now I never hear the expression, 'The show must go on' that I don't think of that night."

He paused and gazed reminiscently into space. I knew he was living over again those years when he trouped in small companies all over the country. Oft-times the companies were stranded and the townspeople had to give benefits to raise funds to get them to their next stop. It was in Butte, Montana, that one of those companies finally gave up the ghost, disbanded, and left him stranded there.

"The next thing," Clark continued as if divining my thoughts, "happened in Butte, Montana."

"I know that one!" I cried.

Clark hung around Butte for several weeks. It was winter and there are few colder places in the country than Butte. The wind bit through his clothing and he ached from head to foot. Each day he climbed the mountainside to the post-office, looking for a letter containing money. As he went up the mountain his hopes were high. There was always the feeling, "this is my lucky day." As he came down his spirits sank lower than the thermometer. The letter never came.

About five o'clock one afternoon in March, Clark climbed aboard a freight train. The sky was a dull gray and it was snowing. He and a tramp whom he didn't know, lay on top of a refrigerator car and shivered. The lights of Butte flickered uncertainly in the winter dusk, grew dim and finally faded altogether. There was nothing to be seen save the bleak countryside almost obliterated by the whirling snow, and a very miserable boy being carried on to an unknown and most uncertain future. Nothing to be heard save the click of the train wheels and his own chattering teeth.

Clark hooked his arm around the walk on top of the car. The monotonous click of the wheels and the cold made him sleepy. The train lurched suddenly around a curve and he woke with a start. He had almost slipped off the roof. He let out a yell that woke the tramp who pulled him back to safety.

Towards morning a brakeman found him frozen half stiff on top of the car and threw him off. He was in a town called Bend, Oregon. The tramp had disappeared in the night.

"BY GRADUAL stages," Clark went on, "I worked my way down to Los Angeles. I managed to get several jobs with stage companies but I could never get anything more than extra work in pictures. I finally left Hollywood and went to Houston, Texas, as second lead in a stock company there.

"I stayed in Houston a little over a year and then went to New York armed with a letter of introduction to an agent. I had only been in town a few days when he got me signed for the male lead in a play called *Machinal* that Arthur Hopkins (at that time the most important producer in New York) was putting on. Can you imagine what it meant to me? My first metropolitan appearance under his management!

"We rehearsed several weeks and I had that part down pat. My delivery, timing, feeling—everything—was perfect. I didn't need anyone to tell me that. Then we opened in New Haven and I lost it all. I was giving a rotten performance and knew it. And no matter what I did it didn't improve as the week wore on. But Hopkins didn't seem worried. He said, 'You'll get it back.' But I didn't. Didn't, that is, until the night we opened in New York.

"If I'd known then what I found out afterwards — exactly *how* important he was—that all the bigwigs of society and the theatrical world attended his premières—I don't believe I could have given any performance at all—let alone a good one. But I didn't know. And the minute I stepped out on that stage it all came back to me with a bang. I think that first night of *Machinal* I gave the best performance I have ever given."

HIS voice trailed off and I took advantage of the break in his reminiscences to ask him a question. "I know you had a lot of tests in New York before you came out here. Didn't they mean anything to you? Weren't you excited over the prospect of getting into the movies?"

"Naw," he laughed. "I wasn't inter-

This is one for your album! The baby is Ginger Rogers at the age of one year and sixteen days. Her name then was Virginia Katherine

ested in the movies. I'd been in Hollywood and got nowhere. I was in New York and I was doing all right. If it hadn't been for my agent I wouldn't even have made those tests. But I knew if I refused to make them he'd quit trying to get me jobs in the theater."

"Didn't you get any offers from the tests?" I queried.

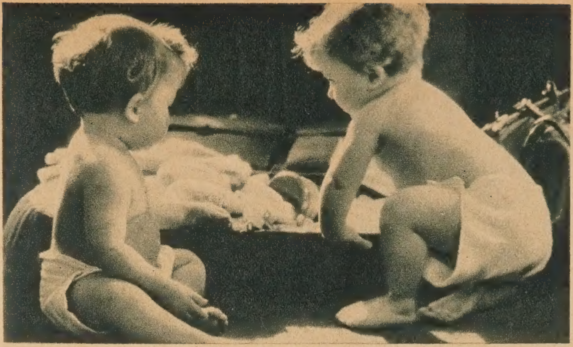
He laughed again and shook his head. "The only reaction I got from my first screen test was 'Your ears are too big!'

"There's one other thing stands out clearly in my mind," he continued. "That's my recent South American trip. People don't begin to realize what a place that is. Buenos Aires is like New York and Rio de Janeiro is the most beautiful city in the world, I think. The most thrilling part of it all came when I flew from Santiago, Chili, to Buenos Aires. It was almost the same flight I made in a picture called *Night Flight*—only this time it was real. For almost an hour we climbed steadily to gain altitude. When we reached twenty or twenty-five thousand feet we started to cross the Andes. The plane isn't made that's powerful enough to climb above them so you have to fly in the ice canyons between them. You wonder constantly how the pilots know which canyon to take—why they took this one instead of that one. Midway of the flight there's a terrifically large gilded cross on top of one of the peaks. It's called 'Christ of the Andes.' Sometimes the whole cross would be visible with the sunlight glinting on it. Other times only the top part and head of Christ would show above the clouds. That was *really* thrilling!"

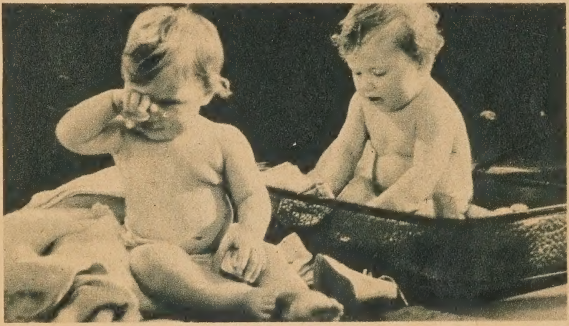
The assistant director stuck his head in the door. "We're ready for you on the set, Mr. Gable."

"Be right out," Clark nodded and turned to me. "And there, my friend, you have practically the complete story of my lurid past."

"I don't know about the 'lurid'," I muttered, "but it's certainly been a dramatic one!"



● *"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine—boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*



● *"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"*

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You Can Have What It Takes Says Grace Moore

[*Continued from page 32*]

pered by obligation. I wanted to sing. I wanted to sing in the Metropolitan opera house. I knew discouragement, even despair, sometimes, but so great was my desire, that—well, I did. And that triumph is more precious to me because I won it by my own efforts."

Again she stopped and again I waited for her to go on. When she spoke again, it was to summarize rule No. 2 for young singers who would win success.

"You must be loyal to your ambition, if you would be a great artist," she said.

"Does that mean never deviating from the course chosen?" I asked her.

She smiled. "Well, it depends upon what you call 'deviating'. For instance, I wanted to be a Metroplitan star, and I never lost sight of that desire. But in the ten years between the time I went to New York, a naive, bewildered small town girl, and the time I stood upon the stage of Metropolitan opera house, my ambition realized, I 'deviated' many times . . .

"For instance, I 'deviated' to a job in a little old dingy, greasy cafe called the 'Black Cat', where I literally sang for my supper. This wasn't the Metropolitan stage, but there would have been no supper at all if I hadn't sung there.

"And I took a rôle in a musical comedy, a road show at that, and was glad to get it even though my chief solo, far from being a great aria from opera, was nothing more elevating than a ditty called *First You Wiggle, and Then You Waggle.*

"We travelled across the country, sometimes playing one night stands, and finally went broke in one of the Dakotas. It was in the middle of the winter and my chum and I had just enough money to get back to New York. Still, when we got there, we managed, somehow. I think my next job was singing in a tea room. Anyway, I got along. Sometimes with not any too much to eat. Sometimes with the soles of my shoes perilously thin. But it wasn't so bad. I could sing. I believed in myself. Life was good . . ."

"Then you were never discouraged?" I put the question tentatively.

SHE answered me quickly. "Yes, I've been discouraged," she said. "You see, there came a time when misfortune struck like a bolt of lightning. Because of bad teachers, I lost my voice. I thought I should never sing again. I could not even speak . . ."

"What did you do?"

"I went to a great specialist. He told me he was afraid for me, but that there was one chance. He said that if I would shut myself away for six months and would not speak one word in all that time, perhaps my voice would come back.

"I did it. I went to a lodge in the woods. I read, studied, listened to my phonograph. In all that time, I never spoke. I would write even the shortest sentence to my companions on slips of paper. And when the six months were over, I was cured! My voice was better than it had been before.

"That experience," she went on, "taught me a great lesson and one I should like to pass on to every singer who is beginning a career. It is this. . . .

"Be careful; be very careful in choosing a teacher! I think it is a crime, the way in which some teachers, or pseudo teachers, ruin a young voice. The human voice is so delicate an instrument. It should be handled carefully and gently!

"It is difficult to advise as to how to select a teacher, but I think this would be a safe rule: *Choose a teacher who already has taught fine singers."*

She turned then, into happier vein. "If you would be a singer, never lose sight of the joy there is in singing," she charged. "That is what singing is: an expression of inner beauty. When you sing, sing, not notes, but the emotion that is within you. That is the boon that singing grants you. It allows you to open your soul as well as your throat." With the eagerness that is so vital a part of her, she seemed to be talking, not to me, but to some young disciple of music, sitting, shadowy, at her feet.

"I have one other rule, you might call it," she said— "perhaps the most important of all . . .

"If you would be a singer, be patient. A great voice is not perfected in a day or a month or a year. The foundation must be firm, and right. Have patience with the slowness of its building. Have patience with the exercises that are vital to success. Practice them hour after hour, day after day, year after year.

I REMEMBER a story told me when I was only beginning to study and that helped me through all the tedious, exacting, sometimes gruelling work that I did.

"A young singer was studying with a famous teacher. Day after day, he came for lessons—lessons that were costing him every cent of money he could muster. Day after day, he practiced exercises, breathing exercises, tone exercises, range exercises, nothing else. A year went by, and the exercises went on. Two years went by. Not once did he try a bit of melody, not even a bar.

"Then, one day, came the beginning of his fourth year of work. He felt discouraged, hurt, a little defiant. He respected his teacher—a man who had trained many a great voice—but he felt he could stand exercises no longer.

"'I want to sing a song!' he cried. 'Why cannot you teach me a song?'

"And then the teacher shook his head slowly, and opened the student's music book to a new set of exercises.

"'My son,' he said, quietly, 'when you are ready to sing a song, you will have no more need of me . . .'"

Grace Moore, the great singer, the lovely screen star, the fine, thoughtful woman, rose, now, and held out her hand. "I hope I have helped," she concluded. "I hope what I have said will aid someone, somewhere to find his—or her—heart's desire.

"Moreover, I do not see why a young singer truly imbued with the urge to succeed should fail, these days.

"No," she repeated, "If you really want success as a singer, then there is no excuse for failure. All you have to do is want it sufficiently."

HOLLYWOOD HOME HINTS

By JANE CARROLL

HANDY-QUICK RECIPE BOX

Iris Adrian, popular young Hollywood beauty, displaying the handy indexed recipes which she uses in her kitchen

FOR a tasty luncheon, Iris Adrian prefers a green salad with a simple French dressing. What is more, she likes to prepare her own dressing just before she tackles the crisp lettuce and fresh tomatoes which go to make up this health inspiring meal. She uses one part vinegar to four parts olive oil then adds just enough salt and pepper to make it appetizing. This dressing goes nicely on dozens of other salads for which Iris keeps neat little cards in a gadget especially designed for just such a purpose. The Pompeian Olive Oil Co. can furnish you a card indexed box just like Iris has.

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[*Continued on page* 77]

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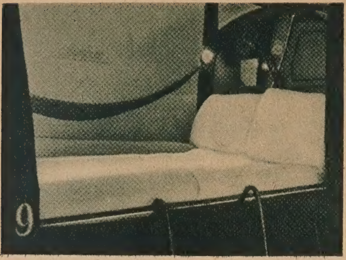

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How Ginger Rogers Was Cured of Temperament!

[*Continued from page 29*]

twelve Adolf Bohm, the great ballet master, saw her dance in a local talent show in Dallas. So impressed was he by this dynamic child with the rhythm-filled feet that he immediately sought out her mother and made her a most astonishing offer.

"I CAN make this child one of the greatest dancers of our time," he told Mrs. Rogers. "She has more than talent. She is the very soul of rhythm. Of course," he went on to say, "to truly develop that soul she would have to belong to me so that I could mould and dictate her life. Please Mrs. Rogers—will you let my wife and me adopt her, bring her up as our own child?"

"You mean take her away from me entirely?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Naturally, you would be permitted to see her at frequent intervals but her real devotion would be dedicated to the ballet."

There are mothers perhaps who would have given serious consideration to such an offer. But Mrs. Rogers, fortunately, is a very level-headed woman.

"Of course I was impressed that a master like Bohm should see in Ginger a potential Pavlowa," says Mrs. Rogers, "but as for allowing him to adopt her and bring her up in the rigid routine of the Russian ballet, I would sooner have sold Ginger into slavery."

Personally, I'm glad that Mrs. Rogers was so sensible. I am sure that Ginger, dressed up in feathers, doing a dying swan, would never have thrilled me half as much as Ginger in satin slacks, doing a dynamic tap routine.

The story of Ginger's introduction to Hollywood, however, has not been told. And because it furnishes an excellent illustration of the Rogers' variety of humor I'm going to let you in on it.

Ginger had been appearing in a Broadway musical comedy called *Girl Crazy*. The show finished its run on Saturday night and she had visions of a grand vacation at the beach. She and her mother had rented a beach shack and armed with enough canned goods to stock a grocery store they set forth for their summer retreat. Scarcely had they finished their first breakfast, however, when the telephone rang. It was Hollywood calling, offering Ginger a three picture contract.

"So we gave away the groceries," laughs Ginger, "and set out for Hollywood."

On the train with them was Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker*. He and Ginger had long been friends and when, as they neared Hollywood, he received a wire from a studio supervisor inviting him to a party, he asked Ginger to go with him.

Ginger had met the supervisor in New York but when she and Ross arrived at the party it was obvious that he did not remember her. (Imagine any man forgetting Ginger!)

"This is a swell set-up for a gag," Ross told Ginger. "I'm going to tell this guy that you're a New York heiress, on your way to Honolulu. Your name will be Elizabeth Du Pont of THE Du Ponts."

Nothing pleases Ginger more than a gag, so in the twinkling of an eye she became every inch a Du Pont. The Marx Brothers, who had known Ginger in New York, helped to build the gag, and taking the supervisor aside told him that this Du Pont girl certainly looked like a good screen bet, and that if he was smart he'd make a screen test of her.

The supervisor was skeptical but Ross and the Marx Bros. finally built him up to the place where he asked "Miss Du Pont" if she would be interested in making a screen test.

"Thank you so much," said Ginger in her best Park Avenue manner, "but I'm really not interested in a picture career. Sunning myself on the beach at Waikiki appeals to me a great deal more."

The pay-off came the following night. Ginger attended a picture première at the Chinese. As she got out of her car the radio announcer said:

"Miss Ginger Rogers, Broadway musical comedy star who has just arrived in Hollywood to make a picture, is just entering the theater. Just a minute, folks. I'm going to try to get her to come over to the microphone and say hello to you."

Ginger said a few words into the mike. "Hold it for a picture please, Miss Rogers," shouted a cameraman. Ginger looked toward the cameraman. Standing beside him, his face a deep magenta, was the supervisor who had so generously offered to give "Miss Du Pont" a screen test. Even today an occasional ribber will kid the supervisor about that Du Pont girl who turned down his offer.

DURING Ginger's recent visit east that poise was put to a severe test, particularly when she was in Washington as one of the star attractions at the President's birthday party.

The schedule for her various appearances at clubs and hotels where the numerous parties were being given was announced over the air. The result was that in spite of her battalion of motorcycle cops who tried to clear the way for her as she went from party to party, poor Ginger was nearly mobbed. She faced battery after battery of cameras, and was the cynosure of all eyes as she was presented to the First Lady of the Land.

"We were supposed to chat for a few minutes," says Ginger, "but our chatting consisted mostly in shaking hands and smiling at the cameras. Each time we started to talk some cameraman would interrupt us with, 'Please, Mrs. Roosevelt, would you mind shaking hands with Miss Rogers again?' 'Certainly not,' she would say and taking my hand in her's she would say laughingly: 'So once again we shake hands Miss Rogers.' I think we must have shaken hands with each other at least fifteen times."

It was not until she reached the last party—a breakfast at which some of the most important political figures in Washington were present—that Ginger showed signs of cracking under the strain.

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" she said to her mother just before they got out of their car. "I'd like to give one of Johnny Weissmuller's big long Tarzan screams. I feel all tight inside. I believe a good healthy scream would do me good."

Needless to say, she didn't give in to the impulse. She has been cured of temperament.

Why It Pays To Copy Joan Crawford

[*Continued from page* 33]

friends, Joan learned the priceless art of making friends—of shaping her own interests to the interests of others, of meeting each new acquaintance with intelligence, sincerity and forgetfulness of self which are unique in a very selfish world.

The net result of this mental and spiritual accomplishment is that priceless quality called glamour.

JOAN and I had been talking, casually enough, about dieting. Everybody talks about dieting in Hollywood, where extra poundage is a formidable and common enemy. A mutual friend who had joined us was regretting the chocolate pudding she had eaten for lunch.

"I know I shall gain five pounds," she complained.

Joan laughed. "You should be glad you had such a good dessert," she said. "I haven't eaten very much chocolate pudding for a long, long time."

I surveyed her trim figure, smart and svelte in plain gray suit and white silk blouse. "Surely, *you* don't have to diet," I remarked.

"Well, I do and I don't," she said. "I don't diet at all when I am working because I use up so much energy then. But when I am not working—well, there isn't anything like chocolate pudding on my menus."

"What do you eat when you are being careful of your diet?" I asked her.

Joan laughed again. "Would you like a complete menu for the day?" she teased.

"I would indeed!"

"All right. Hot water and lemon juice when I first wake up. Coffee and fruit juice for breakfast. For lunch, health wafers and a mixed salad. For dinner a thin soup, meat, two vegetables, and sometimes a salad."

"Don't you ever 'break over' and eat cake or candy or other tabu things, promising yourself you'll make up for it later?"

Just then we were interrupted. They called Joan back on the set for another shot. As she moved away, she smiled over her shoulder at me. "No," she said in answer to my question, "not ever . . ."

Well, I have known Joan Crawford for a long time, and I know that is true. I know she keeps all promises to herself; that she does not make excuses to herself. I know she maps out a certain program of procedure for each day and that she sticks to it.

Now, to eat certain things and to refuse other, no matter how tempting they are, takes will power. But such is her habit of doing what she says she will that it never occurs to her to "break over."

THE rest of her program for maintaining physical well-being is the same. She has set apart a certain period in her day to swim or to take other healthful exercise and she does it. She knows she requires a certain amount of sleep in order to look and feel her

[*Continued on page* 85]

Men who know beauty

NOW ADVISE

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES..

Russell Markert, Associate Producer, Radio City Music Hall: "The Rockettes are lovely in Marvelous the Matched Makeup. A face, like a stage setting, a costume, is at its best in color harmony."

Vincente Minnelli, producer of "At Home Abroad": "Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup follows the same principle of color-theme that theatrical producers use constantly."

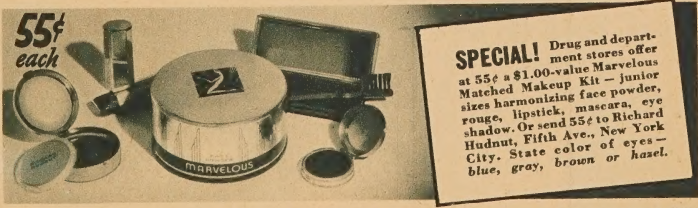
Ski Weld, Portrait Painter: "The other day I painted pictures of four very lovely girls. Each was beautiful, distinctive, in the new Marvelous Matched Makeup."

ARTISTS, photographers, stage and screen directors . . . men everywhere who know beauty are telling girls about the new makeup "keyed to the color of your eyes."

It's Marvelous . . . the makeup that matches . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara . . . all in true color symphony. And a makeup you can buy with the certainty it matches *you*. For it's scientifically keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes.*

At your drug or department store now . . . full-size packages . . . 55 cents each. Ask for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian if your eyes are brown; Patrician if they are gray; Continental if they are hazel.

Take a tip from these men who *know* the secrets of feminine beauty. Discover Marvelous the new Eye-Matched Makeup and thrill the man you like best . . . tonight!



SPECIAL! Drug and department stores offer at 55¢ a $1.00-value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit — junior sizes harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow. Or send 55¢ to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Ave., New York City. State color of eyes — *blue, gray, brown or hazel.*

COPR. 1936, RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP

by RICHARD HUDNUT

The Secret of Her
BEAUTIFUL
COMPLEXION

and her
popularity

A CLEAR, naturally lovely skin—radiant health—sparkling eyes! These are the things that attract and hold men.

Nature intended you to have these natural charms. If you don't have them, something is wrong; but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause dull or broken-out skin, loss of energy, headache run-down condition.

Thousands of women find relief for these troubles in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should feel and see a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your energy renewed! Stuart's Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at all drug stores. Try them—results should delight you!

FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. A-106, Marshall, Michigan.

BEAUTY FLASH

KNOW THE LATEST BEAUTY SECRETS—LEARN ABOUT THE NEW BEAUTY DISCOVERIES—AND ABOVE ALL LEARN ABOUT THE BEAUTY THRILL OF 1936

Get Your Name On The
Beauty Guide MAILING LIST

For Only 10c in Stamps or Coin Write Today To: BEAUTY GUIDE EDITOR
P. O. Box 25, Quincy, Mass.

How to Attract and Hold Your Man

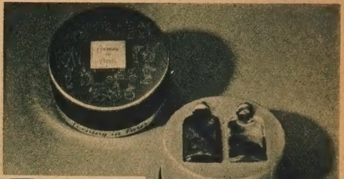
Attract and fascinate the man of your choice

Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-E, 585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

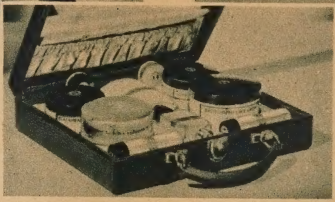
Charm Secrets of Hollywood Mothers

[Continued from page 26]

An unusual Mother's Day gift is a set of Violet Sec Dusting powder and *Eau de Cologne* by Richard Hudnut. Any modern mother would be delighted with such a gift



There is secret, seductive charm galore hidden in the Bourjois offering — Evening in Paris and Springtime in Paris perfume, with delicately scented powder



For mother, or daughter, Helena Rubinstein's Stowaway Kit is ideal for traveling

day to care for their hair, skin and nails, to take healthful exercise as figure insurance and to freshen up their wardrobes. Otherwise, they are making the mechanics of housekeeping more important than the fundamentals of their own health and attractiveness.

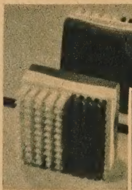
If you are a mother, I hope you will regard all this as sincere advice rather than criticism; and if you are the daughter of a mother who "doesn't care how she looks," I hope you will start a campaign to get her out of that mental rut. You'll find that a little coaxing now and then, a little persuasion in the shape of beauty aids, and an appeal to her devotion will work wonders. . . . Mothers are usually pretty weak in daughter's hands, provided the girl shows tact and understanding.

NOW that Mother's Day is almost here, you ought to plan on getting your mother a gift that will be personal and a bit frivolous, yet practical, too, to coax her into growing young again. (Don't make the sad mistake of giving her a new electric iron or draperies for the living room!) And what could fit that description better than toiletries?

For instance, there's that gift set of Violet Sec Dusting Powder in a pale violet metal box and Violet Sec *Eau de Cologne* made by Richard Hudnut. The tall, graceful bottle, as you can see in the illustration, has an atomizer top to speed application for busy women.

Violets are so popular this Spring, what with clusters of them on lapels and hats, that this set assumes a seasonal smartness. And it's ideal for mothers who have a firm conviction that more seductive scents should be left for their daughters! The box in which the gift set comes is nicely decorated with an old-fashioned bouquet of violets and the inscription, "To Mother." The set costs only $3—and if your mother becomes devoted to the violet fragrance (as she undoubtedly will) you can buy her other Hudnut toiletries with the same Violet Sec perfume—toilet water, face powder, sachet, bath salts, talcum or soap.

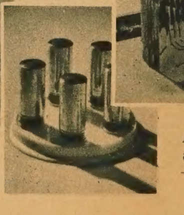
If you have a good job and a mother who likes to visit her relatives, you could scarcely find a lovelier gift for her than the $10.50 Stowaway Kit made by Helena Rubinstein and filled to the brim with ten of her nicest beauty aids. The only objection to this kit as a Mother's



A Kent brush is ideal for for hands and nails

Right, above: Luxor Hand Cream will beautify the hands of mother and daughter alike

Pretty, vivacious eyes benefit by use of cleansing and refreshing Murine



Left, above: Mothers and daughters of every type are pleased with Tattoo lipstick

An important aid to beauty —Campana Dreskin

Every woman can insure personal daintiness with Ultra Dew, Instant Dew or Dew Creme Deodorant

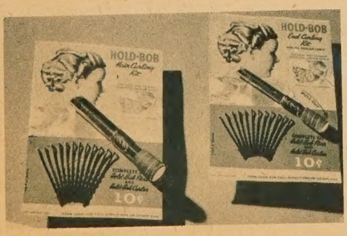
Day gift is that you will *never* be able to leave it alone, unless your mother hides it or buys you another one!

It's light and easy to carry, and small enough to be tucked away in a suitcase, if you like. The covering is of cowhide grain fabric in black or brown and on the inside cover are a large mirror and a roomy pocket for a comb, hairpins and tissues. Tucked neatly into an enamel tray are the following Rubinstein beautifiers: Pasteurized Face Cream, Youthifying Tissue Cream, Herbal Muscle Oil, Skin Toning Lotion, Blackhead and Open Pore Paste, Town and Country Make-up Film, Complexion Powder, Rouge En Creme, Hand Lotion and Eyelash Grower and Darkener. The preparations can be selected to suit dry, oily or normal skin conditions, of course.

If your mother is young and chic of her own accord, she'd adore that full size box of Bourjois Evening in Paris

[*Continued on page* 71]

Maybelline Mascara, an ideal aid to alluring eyes, may be refilled economically



Women of all ages have found that Hold-Bob Curling Kits are ideal for flattering roll curls

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

WOMEN who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

ODO-RO-NO
Regular
Instant

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5F6, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with a glamorous South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible

Tattooed lips can't chap!
TATTOO
CORAL
EXOTIC
NATURAL
PASTEL
HAWAIIAN

Now . . . for lips . . . TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof . . . actually makes lips smoother . . . younger . . . much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays . . . and it really stays . . . regardless. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then . . . tattoo your lips! TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

TATTOO

A South Sea Adventure . . . for Lips

Girls!
GET THIS
Free Art test

If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, **free**, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Industry needs artists. Girls earn as much as men. Many Federal trained artists earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Many famous artists contributed exclusive illustrated lessons to our courses. If you have talent train it at home. This may be your surest way to success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments. Get free Art Test and Book describing opportunities in art. State age and occupation. Write today.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
5466 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Visit Shirley Temple's Studio

[Continued from page 14]

Stars YOU WILL SEE at Twentieth-Century Fox

Ronald Colman

Gloria Stuart

Rochelle Hudson

John Boles

Alice Faye

island is currently attracting the more important screen stars who go there to enjoy the gay entertainment and scenic wonders.

IN BETWEEN other activities will be a trip through Beverly Hills with guides to point out the homes of famous Hollywood people. All this entertainment in Hollywood provides the high point of the two weeks vacation, but the remainder of the journey is almost equally as exciting.

On the way to Hollywood the Movieland Tour goes through the heart of Ranier National Park, provides motor trips through Seattle, San Francisco's Chinatown and many other points of unusual interest. The special train will carry only two hundred persons, which means that anyone planning to go must make an early reservation. If, by chance, any who cannot join the July 19th tour, has an opportunity for a later vacation, an equally interesting tour called The Movieland Special will begin on August 9th. Universal studios will be hosts to the second tour. Fill in the coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Mr. J. C. Godfrey, Jr.,
360 North Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours. Fill in the blanks below:

I enclose $........ Please enter my reservation now for .... persons, to insure a place for us on tour .... (state whether July 19 or August 9 tour).

A deposit of $10 per person will hold your reservation, but the booklet describing the Movieland Tours may be secured by merely filling out the coupon below.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

MOVIELAND TOUR SCHEDULE

Sunday, July 19th—Leave Chicago on special train 9:30 P. M. Central Standard Time.

Monday, July 20th—En route through Minnesota and North Dakota.

Tuesday, July 21st—En route through Montana.

Wednesday, July 22nd—Arrive Yakima, Wash. Breakfast at hotel before motoring over the beautiful new Nachez Highway to Ranier National Park. Luncheon at Sunrise Lodge. Sightseeing and motoring. On to Seattle for dinner and overnight at the Frye Hotel.

Thursday, July 23rd—Breakfast at the Frye Hotel and then across Puget Sound to Victoria. Luncheon on the boat. Sightseeing trip around Victoria and a visit to the famous Butchard Gardens. Dinner on the boat.

Friday, July 24th—Arrive at Portland early in the morning. Breakfast at the Hotel Benson. Sightseeing tour around the city of Roses and leave Portland at noon. Luncheon and dinner on the train.

Saturday, July 25th—Arrive San Francisco. Luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel. Thirty miles auto tour in the afternoon. Dinner at the St. Francis. A tour of Chinatown in the evening.

Sunday, July 26th—Arrive Los Angeles. Transfer to Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. In the evening a big Hollywood Boulevard Surprise Party as guests of Fawcett Magazines with official welcome by movie stars.

Monday, July 27th—Open morning for tour guests to do as they please. At 1:00 P. M. a trip to 20th Century-Fox studios. Later in the afternoon a motor trip around Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Santa Monica. Dinner at 8 P. M. and entertainment at The Biltmore Bowl.

Tuesday, July 28th — Morning open. Breakfast and lunch where you please. Cocktails as guests of Paula Stone with other stars attending. Dinner where you please. Overnight at the Roosevelt Hotel.

Wednesday, July 29th—All day trip to Catalina Island. Overnight at the Roosevelt.

Thursday, July 30th—Breakfast and lunch wherever guests choose. Leave Los Angeles 1:30 P. M.

Friday, July 31st—Breakfast on the train. Arrive Salt Lake City for special organ recital at the Mormon Tabernacle. Lunch at Hotel Utah. Sightseeing trip in the afternoon.

Saturday, August 1st—Arrive Royal Gorge 8:30 P. M. Arrive Colorado Springs 10:15 P. M.

Saturday, August 2nd — Breakfast on the train. Lunch at Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs. Cheyenne Mountain auto trip and returning through the Garden of the Gods. Leave Colorado Springs 2:45 P. M. Arrive at Denver 4:45 P. M. Leave Denver 5 P. M. All meals on train. Arrive Chicago 5:30 P. M.

Charm Secrets of Hollywood Mothers

[*Continued from page* 69]

Face Powder containing a test flacon of Evening in Paris perfume and one of Springtime in Paris. Bourjois advises Springtime in Paris as a sparkling daytime scent and Evening in Paris as a more alluring, mysterious fragrance for "after five" functions. The face powder, delicately scented with the evening perfume, comes in ten flattering shades. This triple-threat gift costs only $1.10.

NATURALLY, the tasks of dishwashing and cleaning that fall to a mother's lot, make it hard for her to keep her hands and nails looking well, but if she has the proper hand-beauty aids, she can defeat the effects of housework. Brushes for scrubbing stains and embedded dirt from fingers and nails are certainly part of the proper equipment. And one of the cleverest I've encountered is the new Berkeley Square Hand and Nail Brush made by the famous London firm of Kent. Only two inches square, it has bristles half white and half black; the black, slightly stiffer, are for the nails, and the white for the hands. This two-way brush costs $2 but its sturdy construction warrants the price. The bristles are from Siberian boars and are set firmly in bright-colored moulded backs—white combined with sapphire, emerald, oxblood, flame and black.

When you present the hand and nail brush as a Mother's Day gift, don't forget to include a hand emollient, to keep the skin lubricated and white. I can recommend Luxor Hand Cream, in that simple green and white jar with the Spring flowers beside it. In addition to its softening oils, it contains a delicate perfume that is also very lasting. A few quick motions, and Luxor Hand Cream is spread smoothly all over the hands, leaving not the least suggestion of stickiness. The jar illustrated costs only fifty cents.

You may have to break down lifelong prejudices to get your mother to use a *soupcon* of eye make-up, but that's no sign she doesn't need it! Eyelashes and brows have a tendency to become grey and colorless after forty—but this can be remedied by mascara artfully and sparingly applied. The application of Maybelline (the grandpappy of all modern mascaras) is easy to master, even after forty, for its consistency can be controlled by the amount of water used on the brush. The latest improvement in Maybelline (they've been improving it constantly for sixteen years) is refills for the scarlet and gold metal case. Now, instead of buying another seventy-five cent box when you've used all your Maybelline, you can buy a thirty-five cent refill with a new brush and tray. Illustrated in this article are the metal box, the carton in which the refill is sold, and the refill itself.

Whether your mother has blonde, brunette, red or grey hair, she will find one of the five shades of Tattoo Lipstick becoming—and so will you! The permanence of this lipstick is pretty universally known, the case much admired and the moderate price (a dollar) lauded; but you may not have known that there

[*Continued on page* 74]

As smooth as the
Swoop of a Gull

the Linit Beauty Bath provides *Instant Results*

The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—*a perfect skin.*

The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

YOUR DAINTY UNDERTHINGS will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT
FOR THE BATH

Linit

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

SEE "SUTTER'S GOLD"
A Universal Picture
Starring
EDWARD ARNOLD
(Under personal contract to
.....B. P. Schulberg)

Serve EDWARD ARNOLD'S
Hot TUNA Sandwich
For late evening suppers

Melt ⅓ cup butter in top of double boiler. Add ⅓ (scant) cup flour and stir until well blended. Add 2⅓ cups milk. Cook over hot water, stirring occasionally, until thick. Add 1 teaspoon salt, a dash each of pepper and cayenne, 3 tablespoons of lemon juice and ¾ cup mayonnaise. Blend thoroughly. Add 2 cups BREAST-O'-CHICKEN tuna fish shredded. Heat through, but do not stir. Serve over hot toast points. (Serves 6 to 8).

Look for the . . .
BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND LABEL
WHEN YOU BUY TUNA FISH

The non-fattening
energy food with
a delicious flavor

AMERICAN PACKED TO AMERICAN STANDARDS
BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND
Tuna Fish
EXTRA-FANCY

WESTGATE
SEA PRODUCTS CO.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

. . YOUR NAME
ON BROADWAY

Possible! Read carefully. Movie companies need "star material". Have scouts out looking for the right types. Perhaps *your* personality is what they want!

SEND US YOUR PICTURE

. . . so that we can recommend you for a screen and voice test if you appear the right type. Remember, it's personality quite as much as appearance that counts. YOU may be the one they're looking high and low for.

Pictures selected will be submitted to various movie studios for approval. Yours may be among them. With your picture (a snap-shot will do) send $1 for a full 8-ounce bottle of the marvelous *LOCHELLE* lotion . . . a lotion to make your skin "expressive", to give your hands and face the smoothness of a baby's tender skin. The ingredients in this beautifying lotion are famous for their skin-glorifying effect; unexcelled for sunburn, windburn, powder base. Coupon is for your convenience. Use it today. And be sure to wrap your picture carefully.

THE LOCHELLE COMPANY
Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Cincinnati, Ohio. Dept. F-1
For enclosed dollar* send me 8-oz. bottle of LOCHELLE. I also send picture to be submitted to movie studios if suitable.
Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City___________________State________
*Ohio orders, send 3 cents additional to cover sales tax.

I Knew Claudette Colbert When—

[*Continued from page* 43]

and stammered a reply which was really a dismissal of the subject.

THE Claudette Colbert of ten years ago was naive—timid and very schoolgirlish. In her dressing room at the Paramount Studios, a few days ago, I reminded her of this.

"You are the only one in Hollywood who knows that and I wish you would tell them here at the Studio because they will not believe me," she said.

"Have you changed so, Claudette Colbert?"

"Anything can happen in ten years and a great deal has happened to me. Yes, I have changed—I had to and every one who gets to the top of this profession, does so at a certain sacrifice. I suppose one would say I contributed my good disposition and my blushes to the altar of fame. But it is worth it. I know that I have become hard; I know that I am not always agreeable. You cannot battle your way up to all this by saying a docile 'yes, thank you,' to everyone who has a part in your career."

Miss Colbert spread her hands in dramatic gesture which embraced the blue and silver of her dressing room, the waiting town car and chauffeur outside and the submitted scripts on her desk.

"I took your advice years ago and applied for a small part in a Broadway dramatic production and no one was more surprised than I when they accepted me. And I was glad to give up the French lessons. As a matter of fact, I was not a good teacher. Although we always spoke French in my home, I was not prepared to teach it and each night I had to study the verbs and grammar harder than my pupils. At least that was one joke on the 'Madam who was seldom home' and who considered me an expert French teacher."

One quality is outstanding in Miss Colbert's character today; appreciation of the success she has had. When she came out of school and found herself in the position of having to make a livelihood, she began a period of struggle and discouragement. But she had determination and that determination is what she terms 'hardness.' If she does not forget the snows of New York streets—the doors of its residences closing on her and the whimsical fads of rich women—it is because she wishes to place a value on her station of security today.

"It is the French in me which has planned that security," she says laughingly," and it is the French in me which causes the rub when I make new contracts. If the philosophy here is 'each man for himself' and it seems to be that, then I have tried to handle my career accordingly."

'And without doubt, you have succeeded," I said.

"So they say, but there is a long road ahead for me—and a time is coming soon, perhaps, when the public will prefer the blond beauty of a continental star or the allure of a dusky Hawaian maid—you can't tell. But, although I won't relinquish my stardom with the sweetness of ten years ago, I hope to accept it as fate, and retire to—"

"New York?"

"No, no! Hollywood—always Hollywood."

"That's true," I said, "Now you are a bride in a new home—Mrs. Pressman!"

She lowered the big brown eyes and blushed.

"You are blushing, cherie," I said.

She rose to her feet—laughed loudly and long into the mirror of her dressing table.

"I am," she cried, "really, I am. Be sure and tell them."

"Tell who?"

"Everybody—anybody," she took my hand. "Seriously, though—perhaps—perhaps I am not as hard as I thought."

"Claudette Colbert, you are the little French girl I knew ten years ago—you could only be, as you were then, fascinatingly beautiful and keenly intelligent."

"*Merci bien*, can I drive you anywhere?"

We walked out to her car—it was late, and she still had many things to do.

"I am happy," she said, quite unexpectedly, and then laughed.

I left the slender, hatless girl—her hair wind-blown—standing beside her car, in the dusk.

Win $600 for An Idea!

[*Continued from page* 22]

that," said Mr. Lasky. "It certainly accents the importance of trade-marks. By the way, our contest is bringing in thousands of suggestions, they tell me."

He was referring to the Thousand Dollar Trade-Mark Contest, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., which is now running in SCREEN BOOK, *Hollywood, Motion Picture, Screen Play* and *Movie Classic*. The purpose of this competition is to get an unusual trade-emblem for Pickford-Lasky Production, Inc., the company organized recently with Jesse L. Lasky as president and Miss Pickford as vice president.

"You'd be surprised," Mr. Lasky continued, "how all are growing trade-mark conscious on the set. Even though they cannot compete, Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert—in fact everyone in *One Rainy Afternoon*, is trying to work out a trade-mark, just for the amusement of it."

Earlier in the day, Mr. Lasky had told me how the old Keystone Comedies trade-mark originated. It was back in the summer of 1912, at Luechow's Restaurant in New York City. Kessel and Beauman, then reaching out for power in the picture industry, had lured Mack Sennett—future King of Slapstick—away from Biograph and tucked him under their production wing.

Kessel, on the point of leaving for Philadelphia, drew a Pennsylvania Railroad time-table from his pocket to see when his train left.

Sennett took one look at the time-table and exploded, "I've got it, I've got it!"

"Got what?" exclaimed Kessel in amazement.

"The trade-mark for our new comedy

Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor were seen together at the Screen Actor's Guild Ball, but both deny that there is a romance on

company!" Mack pointed to the Keystone emblem on the time-table which the "Pennsy" had made famous among travelers. "If it's good enough for a big railroad, it's good enough for us."

His partners agreed and thus the Keystone Comedies—one of the most popular brands of pictures in the days of the silents—got their name and symbol.

Judges of the trade-mark contest will be Miss Pickford, Mr. Lasky and Capt. Roscoe Fawcett. They unite in urging all prospective contestants who have not yet submitted their emblem ideas to get busy and do so at once. Every mail is bringing in its volume and the judges are kept busy grading them, as they are received. An unusual number received at the last moment will only delay the final decision.

The simple rules governing the contest follow:

1. The contest opens February 1 and closes April 15, 1936.
2. All persons are eligible to compete, regardless of whether they are subscribers or regular readers, except employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., and Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc., and their families.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of your suggested trade-mark, if you describe it adequately in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated designs.
5. Winners will be announced as soon after the contest closes as possible. Watch this magazine for the exact date.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. Address your entries to Pickford-Lasky Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
8. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
9. Prize-winners agree to sign over to Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc., all rights and title to winning entries, and to accept the prize-money as full compensation for the same.

The thousand dollars appropriated by Pickford-Lasky Productions will be divided into six prizes—five of $100 each to winners of the individual Fawcett magazine contests, and the grand prize of $500 for the best trade-mark of all. This makes $600 for the Grand Prize Winner!

What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

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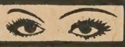

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Charm Secrets of Hollywood Mothers

[*Continued from page* 71]

are five luscious shades, the latest one a warm, thrilling red (that *stays* red) called Hawaiian. Coral is nice for redheads, Exotic for medium types, Natural for brunettes and Pastel for grey or white-haired types.

I don't believe it's too early to call your attention to several preparations that will help you to make the summer months real beauty months. In the photo on page 69 containing two bottles and a round white jar, you see three reliable perspiration correctives—Ultra Dew, which checks perspiration and gives protection for several days; Instant Dew which gives shorter protection but is quicker to use and Dew Creme Deodorant, which deodorizes but does not retard perspiration. Moderate in price and attractive in packaging, these three Marion Lambert products merit a sheaf of editorial orchids!

Campana's Dreskin, the invigorating skin freshener and cleanser, has a *de luxe* new container, shown in the photo. This octagonal bottle of sparkling, crystal-like glass has depressions in the center (pinch bottle fashion) which enable you to grasp it firmly. A good idea, for it would indeed be a shame to break *this* bottle! Dreskin, as I have said before, is unusually nice in summer, because it leaves the skin so cool and fresh and reduces large pores, which always seem more apparent in warm weather. The *de luxe* size costs $1.

WHEN summer heat begins to play havoc with your end curls, you'll appreciate my telling you in advance about the convenient new Hold-Bob Hair Curling Kits seen on page 69. There are two different size curlers, one large enough for roll curls high on the head, another smaller, for end curls. Each one comes mounted on an instruction card containing twelve Hold-Bob Bob Pins, which are used to secure the hair after it has been rolled up on the curler. Rubber ends on these metal curlers prevent them from slipping out of your fingers. Only ten cents a card for these handy little grooming gadgets.

Murine is also much appreciated when one spends lots of time out of doors, collecting dirt and dust along with suntan. This excellent lotion is safe and sanitary to use for it comes in a dropper bottle. A drop or two in each eye after a crying spell, a tennis game or a long ride in somebody's rumble seat—and your abused eyes will be cleared and rested immediately.

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Personal Previews

[*Continued from page* 49]

the picture's honors belongs to a curious little monkey named "Beppo." Critical Comment—All around, the picture is certain to please, but the more critical moviegoer may find the story a bit on the order of hodge-podge.—*Produced by Pandro S. Berman for RKO-Radio.*

Trail of the Lonesome Pine

★★★

Drama—Those who have a yen for simple, highly emotional drama will find this story of feuding mountaineers appealing, particularly because it is filmed in Technicolor, which for the first time adds rather than detracts from a picture's entertainment value. The plot concerns the Tollivers and the Fallins in whose hills thar is more lead than gold. Henry Fonda is Dave Tolliver, pledged to marry his cousin, Sylvia Sidney. Into their simple lives comes Fred MacMurray, a mining engineer. Sylvia falls hard for MacMurray, bringing out the jealousy of her mountain swain, and bitterness mounts rapidly to the real climax in which little Spanky MacFarland is killed when a locomotive on which he is playing is dynamited sky high by a hate-crazed mountaineer. Ashamed of killing the child, the clans murder only two more before the film ends on a bleak note with a simple-minded backwoods crooner singing his lament into a Technicolor sky. Critical Comment—On its debit side, the film has several moments in which emotional touches are overplayed to the point of being ridiculous. To its credit, the picture has several hair-raising moments that will excite even the most critical moviegoer. Too much cannot be said for the color, which is easy on the eyes and in itself recommendation enough for the picture. Spanky MacFarland, Fred Stone and Beulah Bondi give the best performnaces.—*Produced by Walter Wanger for Paramount.*

Rhodes, the Empire Builder

★★★

Authentic Drama, in which Walter Huston interprets the life of one of England's greatest men. Cecil Rhodes is a young man in the Kimberly diamond fields in South Africa, told by a physician that he has but six months to live. Through strength of will he lives to consolidate the diamond interests and later becomes Prime Minister of England. His eventual death is the picture's climax. Critical Comment—The film may seem a little slow for those who demand romance and action in every foot of celluloid, but it is a dignified, valuable addition to important cinema achievements. Walter Huston does a magnificent job, ably seconded by Oscar Homolka and Basil Sidney.—*Produced by G-B.*

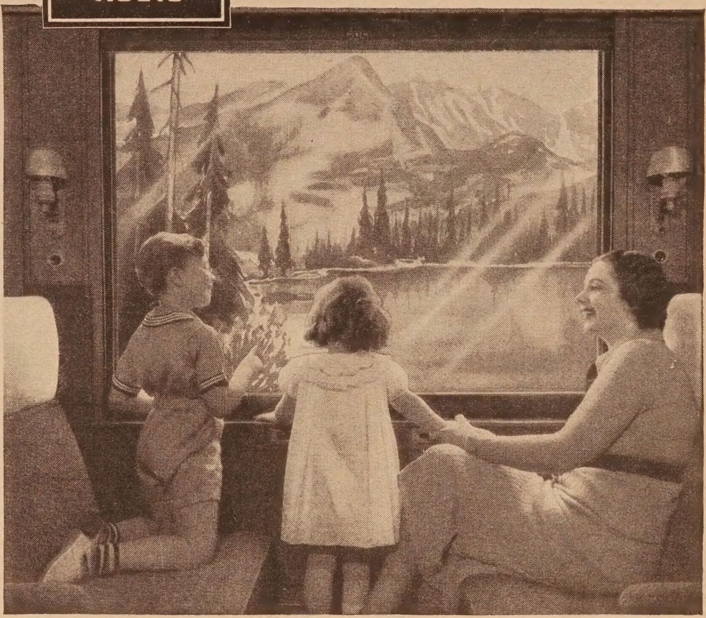
Prisoner of Shark Island

★★★

Drama—Because it is masterfully directed and well-acted by a talented cast with Warner Baxter as the star, *The Prisoner of Shark Island* stands out as an above-average picture. For those who like a change of pace, the film, being heavily dramatic and almost dismal in tone, should please. It is the story of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, a country

[*Continued on page* 83]

Burlington Route to Cool COLORADO



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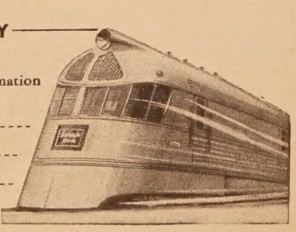

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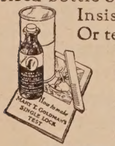

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Jean Harlow Answers 10 Disturbing Questions

[*Continued from page* 35]

girl's gown and how attractive she looked but when asked what color it was, they had only a very vague idea. I believe, however, that most men are rather partial to black or white for evening."

6. What particular feminine habits or mannerisms do men find most annoying?

"From my own observation and from what I have heard men say, I think that affectations of manner or speech, pretending enthusiasms which you do not feel and adapting attitudes which are insincere are the things that men find most annoying. Also I believe that most men are annoyed by the girl who is always trying to be 'coy'."

7. If a girl enjoys being with a man, should she let him know it? Or is it better technique to pretend to be a little indifferent?

"I believe that all men like responsive girls. If you have enjoyed an evening spent with a particular man I think he will appreciate it if you say quite frankly and unaffectedly that you have had a good time. This does not mean that you have to act as though your entire happiness depends upon his proximity. But to pretend indifference, as a means of concealing your interest, is a rather childish technique."

8. Is it ever a good policy to call a man on the telephone or is it wiser to let him do the telephoning?

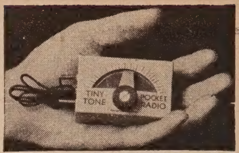
"This depends entirely on whether you have known the man for some time or whether he is someone you have just met. To telephone a man whom you have just met, unless you have a legitimate reason for calling him, such as extending an invitation to a party, is likely to put you in the rôle of the aggressor and I have yet to meet a man who likes aggressive women. When it comes to the matter of telephoning, my advice is: *Be sensible.* It is never good policy to call a man at his office or place of business unless you are calling him for some specific reason, and even then you should make your conversation as short as possible."

9. What is the greatest error the average girl makes in her dealings with men?

"Making mountains out of molehills! Making an 'issue' out of something which is really inconsequential. If a girl would stop and count one hundred before making a big fuss over some really trival matter, she will usually discover that she is merely dramatizing an unimportant something which doesn't deserve the fuss she has created."

10. If a man has some particular habit or mannerism that is annoying to a girl, should she tell him about it—or just suffer in silence?

"If the mannerism is so annoying that she doesn't enjoy going out with him, then I think she should either call it to his attention or else cease accepting invitations from him. If she cares enough for the man to want to continue going out with him, then I think she should make up her mind to forget about the



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annoying mannerisms. After all, *she* may have some little mannerisms which annoy him. If a girl really and truly cares for a man she will like him *in spite* of his mannerisms or eccentricities. If they annoy her too much, then she can't really think as much of him as she imagines she does."

Next time you feel yourself growing careless, why not re-read the answers Jean has given you? Do you admire your own habits? Aren't there one or two little mannerisms that you know should be erased? Put a question or two to the man you like best, discover his reaction to your clothes and your make-up and your general ways. You may receive some surprises but if you accept them in the right way, they will help you to improve on the girl you are.

Hollywood Home Hints

[*Continued from page* 65]

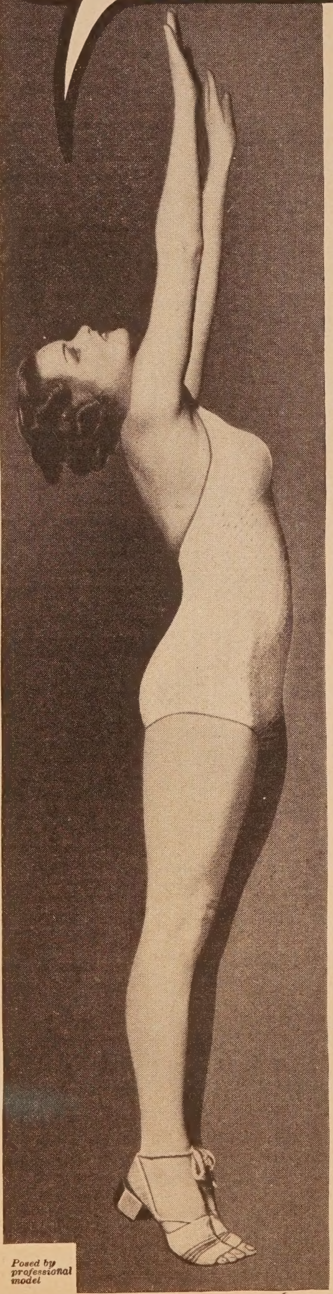
- Ever try Drano on that balky sink? After all there is nothing quite so irritating as a clogged drain pipe in the sink, and it is unsanitary, too. The dirt that is clogging the drain does not allow the waste water to go completely through the trap and leaves the water in there to harbor germs. One application of Drano will end all your worries about the drain pipe. You can almost see Drano work. As soon as it is applied it starts work on the offending clog and in a few minutes the pipe is clean again.

- Here's a furniture tip. Never store anything away without first seeing that it is properly covered and, in the case of davenports and upholstered chairs, that it is properly moth proofed. Why not go up to the attic right now and check on your stored away furniture? While you are there, look around and see if you have a broken piece stored away. If you should have a piece broken or with loose rungs, a box of Holdems is all you need. Holdems are little pieces of metal with barbs on either side to hold the loose rung in place in its socket and are as simple as that to install. Holdems last forever.

- "I wouldn't attempt to bake anything unless I knew the exact temperature of my oven or, better still the temperature of that which I am baking," says Binnie Barnes. If you ever had a roast beef dinner at Binnie's, you would realize she knows what she is talking about. Here's the secret—it's a little gadget called the Taylor Roast Meat Thermometer. It takes all the worry out of cooking and at the same time, allows you to keep things on top the oven at an even temperature.

FREE INFORMATION

If you desire additional information about any of the products mentioned in this article, address SCREEN BOOK'S Home Hints, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. Postage Only) for prompt reply.


A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE _I WAS SO SKINNY
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NEW IRONIZED YEAST OFTEN ADDS 10 TO 25 LBS. —*in a few weeks*

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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New Film Notes

[*Continued from page* 17]

A. M. Also, one white, lactable, *tractable* cow. The underscoring was Mr. von Sternberg's.

But, once they get beyond the milking song, I think you're due for a swell piece of entertainment, what with Franchot Tone and Victor Jory supporting Grace Moore in one of the best light operas yet to be filmed. The plot is rather usual; the King about to be roped in on a loveless marriage who falls in love with a charming girl who seems to be a commoner but ends up being a princess in disguise. However, it gives ample opportunity for loads of color and a half dozen swell songs, some classical, some comparatively new. Unless I miss my guess from the singing I've heard in the picture, you'll like this offering—even if certain members of the cast do wish that von Sternberg wouldn't go in for so darned much realism.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

A Great Studio Produces a Great Story

YOU have to hand it to Freres Warner! They do take on big jobs. As a story, *Anthony Adverse* was a gag for months on account of its unending length. Well, producing it seemed almost the same kind of a proposition. Out here in Hollywood we all began feeling the same way toward it that Broadway once felt toward *Abie's Irish Rose;* it was getting to be a permanent institution.

I was on the set one day, talking to Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and asked him what had prompted him in taking on such a tremendous and very long job. He looked at me for a long time in silence, then let go, nervously, energetically with both barrels.

"*Anthony Adverse* is the story of a boy born out of wedlock as the result of one of the most beautiful and tragic love stories ever written. He is adopted from a foundling's home by a rich merchant who turns out to be his own grandfather. He finds love affairs and adventures in every corner of the world. Wherever he goes dramatic happenings color his life. His only real love is his first one with the beautiful Angela. He lives with her for a single night and adventure again calls him to the far corners of the earth. When he returns still greater drama unfolds in his contact with the Napoleonic court when he realizes that Angela is now Napoleon's mistress—and then meets his own illegitimate son by Angela and takes the youngster with him to even greater adventures.

"The publicity men can talk about it being a sensational best seller, and artistic masterpiece and a literary milestone, but Jack Warner and I like it for the same reason—because it's perfect picture material! Put Fred March in that part, boy, and you've got entertainment plus!"

With that he rocketed away intent upon detail on the set. This one rather amused me; the talented director and a live-stock specialist were intent upon trying to train a goose not to hiss and make passes at March's legs as he walked through the square at Livorno. Directly across the big stage another *Adverse* company was at work on another set. Young Anthony, played by a newcomer to the screen,

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HUSH Stick Deodorant
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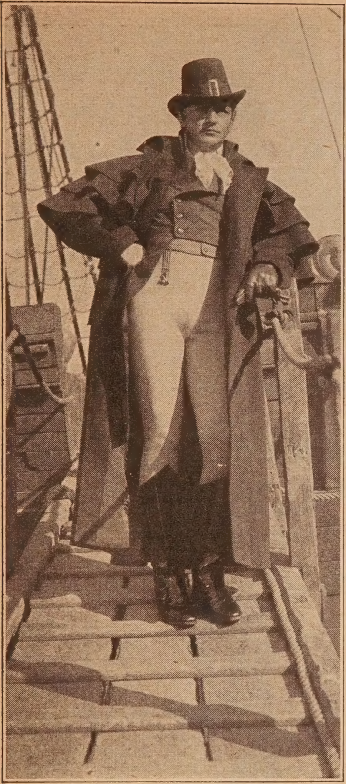

Fredric March as he appears in the title rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, one of the most beautiful and tragic love stories ever written

Billy Mauch (not March), was going through a scene with an assistant director. Mervyn hopped over there for a second and was gone to a third stage where he had another assistant rehearsing a mob scene of African slaves in a Gold Coast town. To watch him at work was like watching a chess prodigy playing three different games at once against three different opponents. Between the three companies he has a cast of ninety-eight speaking parts to watch headed by the inimitable March, Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise.

Anita, incidentally, had her first rôle on the screen as a child playing March's daughter. In *Adverse* she plays the part of March's mother!

But, while on child actors, don't miss this young Billy Mauch. He's ten and a twin—but a twin whose own mother can't tell him from Bobby when they're both in make-up. Billy, in fact, when he became annoyed with having to take Latin lessons for one scene, called his twin who is also his stand-in and sent Bobby in to take the lessons for him! No one ever tumbled to the deception until Billy was called on set and didn't know his speech. It then developed that half the time the wrong boy was acting and the other one standing-in and vice versa! . . . But if the camera and Mervyn LeRoy didn't spot the difference, neither will you—or I!

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THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR—Paul Muni in a powerful portrayal of Pasteur, the great French doctor who struggled against tremendous odds in his fight against disease and death.—*Warners.*

MODERN TIMES—Charlie Chaplin pits himself against the confusion of this modern age in a grand, if somewhat out-dated comedy. Paulette Goddard scores a hit.—*United Artists.*

CEILING ZERO—Behind the scenes in the lives of commercial flyers, with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Isabel Jewell in perfect characterizations.—*Warners.*

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—A bloody page from the annals of British naval history, so perfectly filmed that it cannot help but be chosen as one of the year's best. Cast includes Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.—*Metro.*

ROSE MARIE—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy warble their way through a colorful musical romance with Eddy as the Northwest Mountie.—*Metro.*

PETRIFIED FOREST—Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in the screen version of a tremendously successful stage play.—*Warners.*

THE MILKY WAY—Harold Lloyd as the milk man turned prize fighter. Top flight comedy.—*Paramount.*

★★★½

ANYTHING GOES—Pleasing musical comedy with Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Charlie Ruggles superb in the rôle of a gangster disguised as a clergyman.—*Paramount.*

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Shirley Temple adopted by a lonely lighthouse keeper who helps her dodge the truant officer. Dancing of Shirley and Buddy Ebsen is outstanding.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★

THE LADY CONSENTS—Ann Harding as the discarded wife who fights for her husband and wins him back.—*Radio.*

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Mae West bumps off a Chinaman and turns fugitive. Victor McLaglen and Phillip Reed are the men in the case. Lusty wisecracks.—*Paramount.*

DESIRE—Dietrich's best in some time. As a jewel thief she gets Gary Cooper into plenty of trouble.—*Paramount.*

NEXT TIME WE LOVE—Plenty of suffering in this, but more for the cast than for the audience. Margaret Sullavan is the career woman who seldom sees her husband, but gets around to it just before he dies.—*Paramount.*

KING OF THE DAMNED—Problem of how well prisoners can be treated, with Conrad Veidt and Helen Vinson.—*GB.*

THE SINGING KID—Al Jolson as the entertainer, jilted by Broadway, who fights his way back.—*Warners.*

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—Jed Prouty, Spring Byington and June Lang in a pleasing domestic drama.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

MESSAGE TO GARCIA—John Boles in a screen version of the famous old story, with Wallace Beery and Barbara Stanwyck.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★

DANCING FEET—Poorly constructed musical, but good performances by Eddie Nugent, Vince Barnett, Isabel Jewell and Joan Marsh.—*Republic.*

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Victor McLaglen and Mae West in a scene from *Klondike Annie*, Mae's lusty, all-wisecracking comedy

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Proving that Gladys Swarthout has great possibilities in a straight rôle, but not in a picture about a singing fisherman, particularly when the fisherman happens to be Jan Kiepura.—*Paramount.*

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Story about an international spy ring. Exciting moments and a good performance by Irving Pichel.—*Republic.*

HELL SHIP MORGAN—Depicting the thrills of tuna fishing through a nice little story interpreted by George Bancroft, Ann Sothern and Victor Jory.—*Columbia.*

BOULDER DAM—A boy who has leanings toward cowardice meets a girl who straightens him out. Building of Boulder Dam used as background, with Ross Alexander, Patricia Ellis and Lyle Talbot in the cast.—*Warner.*

YOU MAY BE NEXT—G-Man story with a new twist about gangsters who kidnap a radio engineer, forcing him to broadcast interference against important programs with the idea of collecting ransom. Ann Sothern and Lloyd Nolan.—*Columbia.*

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND—Story about a big time actor who gets mixed up in small time show business and falls for a leading lady. Film features the 'Round and 'Round song, with Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson heading the cast.—*Columbia.*

WALKING DEAD—Another Karloff spook film. This time Boris is a musician, electrocuted and brought back to life to scare the daylights out of the cast and audience.—*Warner.*

HER MASTER'S VOICE—Cute little comedy about a marriage that displeases everybody but the bride and groom, made laughable plus by Edward Everett Horton and Peggy Conklin.—*Paramount.*

MUSS 'EM UP—Mystery which begins with the killing of a dog and ends when two chauffeurs bite the dust. Preston Foster and Margaret Callahan.—*Radio.*

GENTLE JULIA—Jane Withers prevents the city slicker from taking a sweetheart away from the small town Romeo she adores.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THREE GODFATHERS—The story of three desert rats who adopt a baby. Chester Morris, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan in the cast.—*Metro.*

THE LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED—Lew Ayres as the fighting marine who can't keep out of trouble. Isabel Jewel is the girl who saves him.—*Republic.*

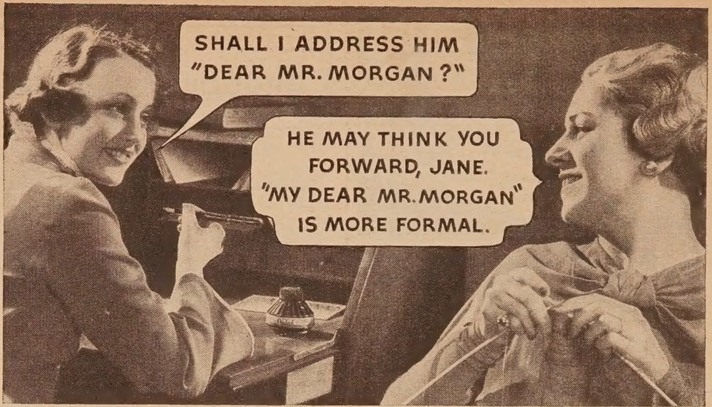
ROAD GANG—Grim story of prison brutality with Donald Woods as the young journalist who is railroaded to jail.—*Warners.*

★

SILLY BILLIES—Not much to this Wheeler and Woolsey comedy which has the pair as traveling dentists. Gags are weak and the story mediocre.—*Radio.*

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY—Horror murders backstage in a movie studio. Nice scenery but plot unconvincing. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake and Gail Patrick.—*Paramount.*

F-MAN—Comic story about a soda jerker who turns G-Man. Cast includes Jack Haley, Grace Bradley and Onslow Stevens.—*Paramount.*


SHALL I ADDRESS HIM "DEAR MR. MORGAN?"
HE MAY THINK YOU FORWARD, JANE. "MY DEAR MR. MORGAN" IS MORE FORMAL.

SOCIAL MISTAKES

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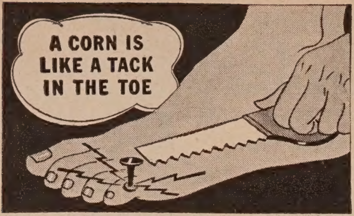
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Baltimore, Md.—Jeanette Beck
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger Phillips Co.
Baton Rouge, La.—Ellzey Shop
Beaumont, Tex.—The Fashion
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Canton, Ohio—Stern & Mann
Cleveland, Ohio—The Halle Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Jenny, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Pickett's, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va.—The Vogue
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla.—Irwin's
Dallas, Tex.—Titche Goettinger
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Houston, Tex.—The Fashion
Hot Springs, Ark.—Eleanor Harris
Hutchinson, Kan.—Pegues Wright Dry Goods
Huntington, W. Va.—The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss.—R. E. Kennington Co.
Jackson, Mich.—Bess Winchester Gowns
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Joplin, Mo.—Ramsay's
Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfeld's
Lansing, Mich.—The Style Shop
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Little Rock, Ark.—Kampner's
Louisville, Ky.—Besten & Langen
Lubbock, Tex.—Craig Gholson Co.
Madison, Wis.—Simpson's
Memphis, Tenn.—Levy's Lad, Toggery
Miami, Okla.—Rose Bud Shop
Milwaukee, Wis.—Florence Danforth
Mishawaka, Ind.—Milady Shop
Monroe, La.—Bella Scherck Davidson
Muskogee, Okla.—Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
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New Orleans, La.—Jack Sutton
Newport News, Va.—Nachman's Dept. Store, Inc.
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Norfolk, Va.—Ames & Braunley, Inc.
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Pheonix, Ariz.—Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's
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Sacramento, Calif.—Bon Marche
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San Antonio, Tex.—Frost Bros.
San Diego, Calif.—Ballard & Brockett
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
Shawnee, Okla.—Mammoth Dept. Store
Shreveport, La.—The Fashion
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A CONCENTRATED OINTMENT

An amusing moment from *Follow the Fleet*, showing Fred Astaire and the picture's "menace," Astrid Allwyn rehearsing a love scene for the benefit of Fred's sailor buddy, Randolph Scott

Personal Previews

[*Continued from page* 75]

medico who innocently becomes involved in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and for the sin he never committed is sentenced to life imprisonment in America's worst penal institute. His persecution, attempts to escape and final vindication as a result of his heroic battle against the dread "Yellow jack" are simply and realistically told, despite one or two melodramatic moments which might better have been left on the cutting room floor. Lighter moments which are a happy relief to the picture's grey tone are furnished by Claude Gillingwater, the fire-eating rebel grandfather, and Ernest Whitman, the loyal negro servant. Best scene of the picture is the opening shot which shows a mob celebrating the end of the Civil War.—*Produced by Darryl Zanuck for Twentieth Century-Fox.*

Everybody's Old Man

★★½

COMEDY — Introducing Irvin S. Cobb as a featured actor for the first time in a pleasing little film story about a retired manufacturer who returns from a vacation to make a comeback in business with his young nephew as a rival. There is also an interesting romance between Norman Foster and Rochelle Hudson. CRITICAL COMMENT—Because Irvin S. Cobb is a humorist and has a likeable, though homely countenance, a comparison with the late Will Rogers is inevitable. On the screen, Cobb lacks the flair for comedy and the ease of manner which characterized Rogers, but he should do well in character rôles if not pushed too suddenly into stardom. Altogether a lively and interesting little feature made worthwhile by the capable direction of James Flood.—*Produced by Twentieth Centry-Fox.*

FOLLOW PERSONAL PREVIEWS EACH MONTH FOR A REALLY ACCURATE GUIDE TO BETTER PICTURES

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Tastes Delicious"

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YOU'LL LIKE ITS SPICY FLAVOR! Its delicious taste alone makes a great many people Dentyne enthusiasts. It's fragrant—it's smooth—and the flavor is lasting. An excellent chewing gum in *every* way. Note the smart flat shape of the package—made to slip handily into pocket or purse — an original and exclusive Dentyne feature.

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Let this Dollar Offer start you on the SAFE Way to slenderness, at better drug and dep't stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send $1 for big, generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or better, save money by sending $5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) **Sent immediately in plain wrapper.**

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Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease which often persists for years.

Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

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LAKE LABORATORIES
Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-6, Detroit, Michigan

Looks like romance—it *is* romance. Francis Lederer, star of *One Rainy Afternoon*, appears more than a little fond of his leading lady, Ida Lupino. Ida, they say, returns the compliment

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 8]

complex in the matter of coin flipping. Remember Raft in *Scarface?* Both George and Clark confess that they do the coin flipping to steady their nerves—and it is a sure cure for that jittery feeling.

JANET GAYNOR and Robert Taylor officially ended their brief romance when *Small Town Girl* was completed. Inside information is that Janet has always romanced her leading man in every picture on the theory that their love in the screen play would film more like the real thing. If the story is true, Janet gets credit for being a smart young lady.

TULLIO CARMINATI, who played Grace Moore's leading man in *One Night of Love* was presumed to be making his first screen appearance in that picture. As a matter of record, Carminati was in Hollywood in 1932, playing in five silent pictures. His co-stars were Constance Talmadge, Pola Negri, Florence Vidor and Virginia Valli.

BING CROSBY and Mrs. Bing Crosby anticipate a blessed event! But it's not of the usual sort. The event they are anticipating is that one of Bing's string of horses may win a race before the whole film colony goes broke backing Bing's entries.

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THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM Gives Your Eyes a New Deal

If you wear glasses, or think you should, our FOUR MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER—containing the inspiring story of glasses discarded for Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism, Old Age Sight, Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., as told by USERS AT HOME of this Revolutionary System—will be mailed FREE upon request.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1931, C.M.Co.

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AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS
Dept. A-61, Indianapolis, Ind.

Why It Pays To Copy Joan Crawford

[*Continued from page* 67]

best, and she gets it. Incidentally, another rule of Joan's which any girl in quest of beauty and good health might do well to follow is this:

Leave liquor alone!

Joan never drinks. In a few brief words, she explained why, that day when I watched them film *Gorgeous Hussy.* "I don't care much for liquor," she said, "and not at all for the after-effects that even the best regulated drinking seems to produce, sometimes . . ."

And that is that. Joan Crawford directs her entire life with the same clear contemplation of what she wants and what she must do to get it; what she does not want and how she must avoid that.

The most glamorous girl in Hollywood. Yet she leads one of the simplest and most wholesome existences! If these pages were reels of film and my typewriter a projecting machine, the pictures of Joan that you would see are these:

Joan, her hair tied up with a ribbon, perhaps, sitting on a stool in front of her victrola, dreaming over her favorite music—the great arias from opera, mostly. Joan in a simple little sports suit driving in her own small car to the top of a high hill, somewhere, to drink in vistas of Southern California beauty. Joan glowing over household affairs with various members of her servants' staff, all of whom adore her. Joan cleaning out her own dresser drawers, completely absorbed in this homely task. Joan curled up in a big chair on the other side of the fireplace from Franchot, reading and studying through many a long, quiet evening.

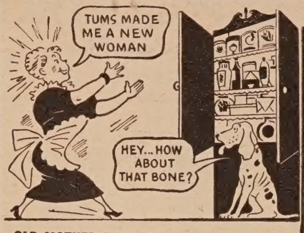
FRIENDLY, impulsive, sensitive Joan Crawford has made mistakes. She has been hurt—and badly. She has known discouragement. But never has she lost sight of what she wanted from life, nor of the inevitable fact that "where there is a will, there is a way."

"Of course, I fail in what I am trying to do, sometimes," she said to me one day. "But all in all, I believe from my own experience the truth of a certain homely saying I've remembered since I was a child: 'Can't is laziness.' I believe that if you think you can do a thing, then you can. I believe no obstacle is so great it cannot be overcome."

And apropos of this, let me tell you a story about Joan and how, with the very force of her will, she helped one of her best friends to conquer an affliction which was ruining his life.

It was some trouble with his speech, which neither medical science nor his own efforts could remedy, apparently. Then Joan took a hand. She insisted he could overcome the difficulty if he would only have confidence in himself. She kept at him, never accepting his admitted defeat, always urging him to try again. She inspired him with her own confidence until—

He won! He is completely cured, now. And he says with conviction one cannot doubt that he owes it to Joan, the girl who does not know the meaning of the word "can't."


TUMS MADE ME A NEW WOMAN
HEY... HOW ABOUT THAT BONE?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND . . .

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$250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

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MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRE
TUMS
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HANDY TO CARRY

A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

—— SIMPLE RULES ——

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified promptly thereafter.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 22-B, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri. (Be sure to enclose wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS.)

PIMPLY, ROUGH SKIN
due to external irritation

Cleanse clogged pores—aid healing of the sore spots the easy Resinol way. Sample of Ointment and Soap free. Write Resinol, Dept. 4G, Balto., Md.

Resinol

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.
Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet,** *"How To Destroy Superfluous Hair Forever."*
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paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

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LEARN TO DANCE AT HOME

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(Includes Plain Waltz; Fox Trot; Tango; Carioca; Continental, etc.)

$1 EACH

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Sent prepaid or C.O.D. (In U.S.A.) plus postage.

FREE with $2 order—your choice one pair dancing taps or latest "Top Hat" exhibition dance.

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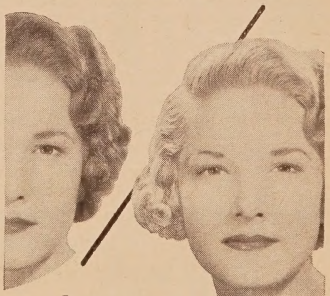

can be lightened 2 to 4 shades with Shampoo-Rinse

BROWNISH Blondes, want hair that's golden, radiant, alluring? Of course that's your wish. Then do what thousands of gleaming, glamorous blondes do to keep their hair soft, silky golden. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the most faded, brownish blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter *in just one shampoo!* And Blondex works its wonders *Safely,* too. For it's an absolutely harmless rinse—not a harsh chemical or dye. Use Blondex today. Recapture that golden loveliness of childhood. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

TIRE PRICES CUT!
on GOOD YEAR
GOODRICH·FIRESTONE
FISK·U·S· AND OTHER FAMOUS MAKES

Here are the outstanding standard brand tire bargains of the year, repaired by the improved "criss-cross" method and by skilled workmen. You take no risk when you buy from **York, the old reliable tire house** with 19 years of service in this field. Thousands of tire users throughout the U. S. declare our tires give them LONG, SATISFACTORY SERVICE. **Buy Now**—at these reduced prices and SAVE MONEY.

We Receive Hundreds of letters like this
"I bought a 34x4½ of you 2 years ago and it is on my truck yet and good for another year."—John H.Silverthorn,Mich.

$1.85 29x4.40-21
$2.15 28x4.75-19

Don't Delay — Order Today!

BALLOON TIRES

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$1.85	$0.85
29x4.50-20	2.00	.85
30x4.50-21	2.10	.85
28x4.75-19	2.15	.95
29x4.75-20	2.20	.95
29x5.00-19	2.55	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.55	1.05
5.25-17	2.60	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.10	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.25	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.35	1.35
6.00-16	3.65	1.45

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$1.85	$0.75	33x4½	$3.10	$1.15
31x4	2.65	.85	34x4½	3.10	1.15
32x4	2.65	.85	30x5	3.30	1.35
33x4	2.65	.85	33x5	3.40	1.45
34x4	2.90	.85	35x5	3.55	1.55
32x4½	3.00	1.15			

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES
(High Pressure)

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$3.70	$1.95	34x7	$9.95	$3.25
33x5	3.75	1.45	38x7	9.95	3.95
34x5	3.95	2.00	36x8	10.65	3.95
32x6	7.25	2.75	40x8	12.65	4.15
36x6	9.00	3.95			

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.25	$1.65	7.50-20	$5.40	3.75
6.50-20	3.60	1.95	8.25-20	7.60	$4.95
7.00-20	4.85	2.95	9.00-20	9.40	5.65
			9.75-20	12.95	6.45

ALL OTHER SIZES
DEALERS WANTED

SEND ONLY $1.00 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. ($4.00 on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct **5 per cent** if cash is sent in full with order. To fill order promptly we may substitute brands if necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—HEAVY GAUGE CIRCULAR MOLDED. Guard against price advances. Order Now. **We agree to replace at half price any tire failing to give 9 months' service.**

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 4605
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

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Mail Coupon Today—SURE

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Rush FREE list of U. S. Government big pay JOBS, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work. Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name ....
Address ....

Shirley Temple As You Never See Her

[*Continued from page 31*]

She went into an operatic sequence with Slim Summerville and Guy Kibbee that I think are some of the funniest still pictures ever taken—and I think they're funnier than any scene in the picture itself, because Shirley told me: "Anf'ny, I'm 'giving this' more than I did in the picture, just for you!" (See photo page 31).

EVERYBODY knows about the crush she had on Jimmy Dunn, and that was no mere publicity man's stunt either. She was really crazy about Jimmy. And then—she went to work in *Our Little Girl* with Joel McCrea. Now Joel is a great, handsome, rugged lad for whom bigger and more famous stars than our Shirley would fall. And Shirley transferred her heart from Jimmy to Joel.

The Shirley crushes are kind of hard on her men. She wants them with her all the time. She'd take them home with her if she could. They have to play with her between takes, even. Her crush on Joel was so heavy that I could never get her to pose alone; she always had to have McCrea with her. Joel cooperated with me—when I was ready to shoot, I'd wiggle a finger and Joel would lean suddenly out of range—and I'd have my solo shot of Shirley.

And then came the day Jimmy Dunn arrived to visit her on the set where she was working with Joel!

The whole company, wise to Shirley's fickle heart, watched to see what would happen. Shirley saw Jimmy and with a squeal of delight, ran to him and hugged him and kissed him. Then she looked over her shoulder—and caught a glimpse of Joel walking off the set.

Like an eel, in an instant, she was out of Jimmy's arms—and after Joel! At the gate, she caught him. From that moment on, she watched the two of them like a cat with two mice—and neither one could get an inch out of range. She kept them with her, together, all day long. Just wait until *that* one grows up!

Me?—oh, yes, she got a crush on me, too. But why, I can't imagine. Because at the close of one day's work, I went to her bungalow on the lot to say good-bye. I'd been given a few days off to go to Yuma to be married. I said good-bye to Shirley, who looked at me, wondering. I said good-bye to her mother. Shirley broke in:

"Where's Anf'ny going, Mommy?" she asked.

"He's going away to get married, dear," Mrs. Temple told her.

Slowly, Shirley turned those eyes on me. There was no famous Shirley smile behind them; only a depth of hurt and resentment. She didn't say another word

I DISCOVERED a NEW Way to REDUCE

Surplus Fat Goes Without Severe Exercise or Starvation. Easy! Safe!

IS YOUR weight a joke to your friends? It certainly isn't funny to you! Now it may be your turn to laugh and be happy—thanks to SLENDO HERB TEA.

- *"I have lost at least 20 pounds in the 4 weeks that I have been taking SLENDO HERB TEA."* Mrs. F. C. Vermont.
- *"Since taking SLENDO HERB TEA I reduced five pounds and feel much better. Kindly rush another package."* Mrs. H. A. New York.
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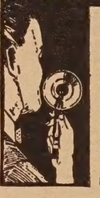
TRUTH
These testimonials are guaranteed to be true. Originals are on file and may be examined at our offices.

THIS new, different tea, blended from pure medicinal herbs and roots, is just the thing for overweight people tired of freak diets and ineffective methods. Just send name and address together with **10c** for liberal trial package of SLENDO HERB TEA and directions. Write today!

Sample 10¢
Shipment limited to U.S.A. and Possessions.
MODERN MEDICAL CO.
1420 S. Halsted St., Dept. 15-E, Chicago, Ill.

Free Framed Photos
of Shirley Temple!
SEE NEXT MONTH'S SCREEN BOOK



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HEALED WHILE WORKING

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DR. F. G. CLASON VISCOSE CO.
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If you are dissatisfied with your hair inquire into unique French method **KnoGray.** **Colors hair any shade,** blonde to black, **from the same bottle.** Not a restorer, exact match, instantaneous. **KnoGray** colors roots perfectly. Permits Permanent Wave, curl. Cannot fade or rub off. Apply yourself, day or night. **ENTIRELY DIFFERENT** from anything you have known. Booklet **Madame Turmel, Dept. 26A, 256 W. 31 St., N. Y. C.**

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO.** Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

Shirley celebrates her birthday on April 23rd, and among her gifts was a set of quintuplet twins from "Pat" Crawford, a five-year-old friend in Toronto, Canada

to me; just calmly turned her back.

Mrs. Temple told me later that Shirley saw the pictures in the paper of me and my bride. "Mommy," she asked then, "why did Anf'ny have to go an' do that—just when I liked him so much?" Mrs. Temple explained that not infrequently, marriages do occur, and that it just happened to me this time.

WHEN I got back from my honeymoon, Shirley avoided me throughout each day. I finally caught her—told her my marriage would never, never, never make any difference in the way I felt toward *her*. She relented—but it was days before we were the same old pals again!

But her heart is big. I remember one other time when we were having a spat. It lasted three days. The fourth day, a dirty little ragged orphan was brought to the studio for some shots to boost a Community Chest drive. I had to take a picture of Shirley taking a ticket to a benefit show from the little urchin's hand. With the same cold disdain with which she'd been cold-shouldering me for three days, she came over for the shot.

In the midst of it, I saw her chin wobble a bit, and there were real tears in her eyes. As they led the orphan out, I saw Shirley look after the departing figure with a strange expression on her little face. A bit later she came to me and put her hand in mine.

"Anf'ny," she said, simply: "did you ever see anybody so—pitiful—as that little boy?"

I shook my head.

"Anf'ny, when I looked at him I nearly cried."

"You did cry, just a little, Shirley," I told her.

A moment of silence.

"Anf'ny—please—let's not fight any more. Ever. Let's be friends." And the squabble of three days was over!

The way kids' minds work is odd, isn't it?

Here's a Tempting Dish for Housewives

NATION-WIDE
NESCO PRODUCTS WEEK
MAY 11 TO 23

$8.95

Introductory Offer We want you to know what's new in kitchening—glossy white, trimmed in black, with knobs red as a rose—stainless, acid-resisting, almost everlasting, flare bottomed to save fuel. And they come in sets like that shown here.

NESCO *Stainless Enameled Ware*

Look at this practical and beautiful assortment, at the remarkable Nation-Wide NESCO Products WEEK Price of $8.95. You must see them.

To be truly up-to-date your kitchen and pantry equipment must match. For Nation-Wide NESCO Products WEEK, NESCO dealers are showing the NESCO Kitchen and Pantry Ensemble.

NESCO *Durable Japanned Ware*

Now you can get it in the same black, white and rose as the Enameled group above. See what is offered at the right. The Cake Cover and Salver Set may be obtained separately for **$1.29.** Regular Value, $1.65.

NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING CO.
173 North Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

$6.95

Regular Value $8.30

SEND 50c for 75c Value, 2¾-Pint SAUCE PAN

Test in your kitchen acid-resisting, stainless quality of new NESCO Enameled Ware. Pours right or left. Quick-heating flare bottom. Send for Sauce Pan and literature describing other NESCO utilities.

SEE YOUR NESCO DEALER'S WINDOW

A NESCO PRODUCT

OLD MONEY WANTED

WE PAY THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PRICES

UP TO $5000.00 EACH

Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

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founder of
ROMANO'S COIN SHOP

**BIG CASH PREMIUMS
FOR HUNDREDS OF COINS
NOW CIRCULATING**

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Don't sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH

1860 Cents **$50.00**—Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890, **$20.00** each—Half Cents **$250.00**—Large Copper Cents **$2000.00**—Flying Eagle Cents **$20.00**—Half Dimes **$150.00**—20c Pieces **$100.00**—25c before 1873, **$300.00**—50c before 1879, **$750.00**—Silver Dollars before 1874, **$2500.00**—Trade Dollars **$250.00**—Gold Dollars **$1000.00**—$2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, **$600.00**—$3 Gold Pieces **$1000.00**—$5 Gold Pieces before 1888, **$5000.00**—$10 Gold Pieces before 1908, **$150.00**—Commemorative Half Dollars **$6.00**—Commemorative Gold Coins **$115.00.**

PAPER MONEY—Fractional Currency **$26.00.** Confederate Bills **$15.00.** Encased Postage Stamps **$12.00.**

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ROMANO'S COIN SHOP, Dep. 551, Springfield, Mass.
Gentlemen: Please send me your large illustrated list for which I enclose 10c in cash carefully wrapped.
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GOOD NIGHT, SISTER!
HAVE A GOOD TIME!

SHE WAS TOO FAT!

And then she made up her mind to get thin and did, without hard exercise or starvation diet

Nobody loves a fat girl—but why mope about it when you can so easily get rid of that excess fat by means of a tried and true corrective, known and recommended by physicians the world over?

Many years ago medical science discovered that obesity—when an abnormal condition—is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies.

That element—which is the chief ingredient of Marmola—has since been prescribed to thousands of overweight women, with amazingly beneficial results. It is taken with their meals. They do not wear themselves out with exercising, do not starve themselves, nor drain their systems with drastic purgatives. Yet day by day they have felt lighter, more alert, more energetic. Soon they find their weight satisfactory. **The excess fat has simply slipped away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

Sounds like a miracle, but thousands of women who have taken Marmola as directed — 4 tablets a day — might well tell you it's a demonstrated fact. Indeed, since 1907, more than 20 **million** packages of Marmola have been purchased — proof positive that nothing succeeds like success. Marmola is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

Marmola is on sale by all dealers—from coast to coast.

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"ATHLETE'S FOOT"... POISON IVY... BITES... RASHES... ECZEMA!

WHY suffer the maddening torment of burning, itching skin? For any kind of itch on any part of the body, simply apply soothing, cooling HYDROSAL and amazing relief follows in seconds! And relief is lasting. HYDROSAL penetrates through the skin, helping Nature swiftly heal sick, irritated tissues. Millions have found it an unalloyed blessing for all kinds of itching outbreaks—eczema, rashes, poison ivy, "Athlete's Foot", pimples, prickly heat and many others. Used by doctors and hospitals with great success for years. Now available to the general public for the first time. Ask your druggist for HYDROSAL.

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IMMEDIATE RELIEF OR MONEY BACK!

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Liquid or Ointment 30c-60c

Sold By All Druggists

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Why Dick Powell Wants Marriage!

[*Continued from page* 13]

three nights a week, after the last audiences had left, we'd rehearse until two-thirty for the next week's show. For seven years, I had to juggle time to get six hours sleep."

"Tough break for the girls," I remarked, kidding him. "I don't see how you could manage many heavy dates . . . and gals demand attention, you know."

"Yes," said Dick Powell, seriously. "That, more than anything else, is the one thing that caused my divorce. It was an impossible situation—unfair to her, and I knew it at the time. But there wasn't anything I could do about it.

I DID try to quit, you know. Once I gave up my job and went to Florida. Tried to be a real estate salesman. But I got there just as the boom was over," he remembered, ruefully. "Another time, I quit again, and went to Chicago as a salesman for the International Harvester Company. But I just couldn't make it go. I made $90 a month—and just playing the banjo and singing, I never got less than $90 a week in the theater, union scale."

In Hollywood, Dick's life is ever more strenuous now than ever. Besides making four or five pictures a year—big pictures, such as *Shipmates Forever, Broadway Gondolier*, and the present one, *Hearts Divided*, he does radio work, appears in countless benefits, and takes an hour singing lesson every day.

"Not only that," he resumed, coming back from a lengthy phone conference with his agent, "I rehearse for that radio program every Tuesday and Thursday night, Friday afternoon, all day Sunday—and Thursday afternoon if I'm not *working*. In my spare moments I'm on a constant search for new songs. And yet"—his eyes lighted up and the famous smile came out again like sunshine—"it's the most fun I've ever had! I'm crazy about all the people in the show, and in spite of all the time it takes, it's just like play.

"And I'll tell you something else. A little while ago, I was offered $7,500 a week for four weeks to make some personal appearances. Think of it! Thirty thousand dollars in four weeks! Why, that's more money than I ever thought of making, in all my wildest dreams. There just isn't that much money! But then I sat down with a piece of paper and pencil and I figured out that if I did go, by the time I'd paid all the income taxes on it, there'd be only $2,200 left. And by the time I'd paid my expenses on the trip, I'd have only three or four hundred a week left for myself. So I said to myself, Fella, you've been doing all right for quite a while now. You're supposed to be worth more than that. Wouldn't it be worth three hundred dollars a week to you to have a vacation instead?" So I didn't sign the contract—but the way it worked out, I didn't get the vacation either!"

"Well then, what will you do, if you do retire at the end of these three years?" I asked Dick Powell. "I bet you'll find you can't *ever* quit. It's in your blood."

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED!

Do you want a new, straight nose? Does your face look old and wrinkled? Have you a youthful figure? Do your ears protrude? Are you troubled with thick lips, blemished skin, etc.? If you wish to know how these faults may be corrected, send for

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Pay postman $1.00 *plus postage*. (Or you can save postage by enclosing dollar, with order.) If not fully satisfied after 5 days, money will be gladly refunded. Write today.

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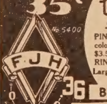

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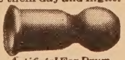

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"What did you think I was going to do? Sit in front of the fire all day and get fat?" he demanded. "No—I'll still keep on doing radio work—I hope maybe my voice will be trained enough by then so I can do some concert work, like James Melton. But I'll only try and make just enough money to get along on. And then I can have the things I really want."

A WIFE, and children. Those are the things I think Dick Powell really wants. And the time to devote to them. But he won't try it while there's any danger that a second marriage might also end in the divorce courts because of the long hours, neglect, and inability to take her places, that he admits are so unfair to any girl.

"Why, it's getting so I can't even get a date when I do have time for one," he confided as if he expected me to believe it. "I expect any minute I'll be reduced to taking the cook out. And I really believe that marriage is necessary to every man. Why, look at any man in Hollywood you can name—Joe E. Brown, Warren William, Pat O'Brien, Gable, Paul Muni—haven't they all done their very best work while they've been married?

"I've often been asked whether or not I think my fans would like me to marry. Now, I bow to my fans' wishes in almost every respect. They've put me where I am today, and they have a perfect right to guide my life if they want to. I've always tried to please them, and I promise I always shall. But about marriage—well, that's the one thing I'm going to please myself about. So when the time comes, I'm going to put it up to them.

"'Please, folks,' I shall say. 'You wouldn't want poor old Powell growing into a crochety old man with nobody around the house to keep him company, would you?'

"And I think they'll come through. Darned if I don't!"

Modes and Manners

[*Continued from page* 23]

ing the sentiment of the occasion would be a gesture of thoughtfulness.

Should the gentleman precede his companion down the aisle of a theater or should he follow her?

Precedence in "parading" down the aisle is determined by the seating arrangement. If the seats are reserved the host should go down the aisle first handing the stubs to the usher, his companion or party following in the order in which they will sit.

What is the gentleman's position while escorting two ladies?

The gentleman should take the curb side of the pavement. This applies when walking with one or more.

Let the stars answer your problems on etiquette and manner of dress. This column will be edited each month by a different glamorous movie star. Next month your editor will be Miss Grace Moore. Address all questions to Modes and Manners, SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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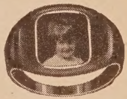

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With the Editor IN HOLLYWOOD

The biased attitude about this and that in the Film Colony

SPANKY MAC FARLAND is the Charles Laughton of Toyland. You can take all the rest of the baby actors back to the kindergartens where they belong. Spanky stole such a big slice of *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* that the rest of the film, if run separately, would look like a screen test, and the secret of his appeal is a remarkable fact. Erin O'Brien Moore explains it. "He knows how to listen," she says. It seems that "listening" is something few actors can do, off screen or on, and that's why Spanky should and will become a star in his own right, depending on which intelligent producer grabs him first.

● FRED ASTAIRE has been jittery for months. Publicity gets him, for one thing. For another, he has the feeling that he shouldn't be just the male half of a "team." His logical complaint on that score should be settled, now that his sister, Adele, has arrived on the scene. Without in the slightest detracting from the grace, ability and beauty of Ginger Rogers, there is no denying that Fred and Adele Astaire would be sensational on the screen as they once were on the stage. A pox on Hollywood, if it fails to pair them in pictures immediately!

● SPARE THE ROD—and spoil the child, a saying of ancient vintage, aptly may be applied to the business of reviewing pictures. Too often films are, to quote a phrase recently credited to a Hollywood producer, "just half way between stupendous and colossal," and half empty theaters are mute testimony to the public's opinion of advice from its movie critics. For this reason SCREEN BOOK inaugurates Personally Previewed Pictures on page 48 of this issue. Every film previewed in this department is seen personally by the editor, guaranteeing a uniform opinion. You may agree or disagree, but there will never be a "no decision."

● DICK POWELL is now ready to turn editor. With two feminine star editors of SCREEN BOOK ahead of him, Dick is next to wield the editor's pencil. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he demanded. "Getting soft in your old age? All right, I'll edit your magazine for you, even if you did ask Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard first. But don't think I'm going to let you take over my job—I think too much of my reputation." And so the deal is sealed. With the July issue we give you SCREEN BOOK, personally edited by Dick Powell, and from where we sit it looks nothing short of sensational.

● THE NEXT MIRACLE, as described by Robert Jones, color director of *Dancing Pirate*, will be a device that will bring actors off the flat surface of the screen and right into the audience. "I don't know just how it will be done," he admits, "—probably with mirrors and a gauze screen of some sort, but with color as the current step toward realism, the other must inevitably follow." Jones predicts also a somewhat distant phenomenon that we hope will come within our lifetime. He says that by some device yet to be discovered, everyone can become immediately present to everyone else. For instance, while in Panhandle, Texas, you get a sudden uncontrollable desire to get in touch with Jean Harlow. You just press a button and there she is. Imagine!

Fred Astaire has been "jittery." Now is the time to star him again with his sister, Adele. Photo above shows them as they appeared at the height of their success on the Broadway stage

● STUDIO ROWS have been the pet pastime of Hollywood big-wigs these days. First Jimmy Cagney put out to sea in a double huff. George Raft walked out of a Carole Lombard picture, which is the height of something because it is hard to imagine anyone walking out on that gal. Figuratively, Miss Mae West wrestled with several story treatments and no end of supervisors over her new film, *Klondike Annie*. Marlene Dietrich long has been nursing sorrows which are too involved to relate here. Of course, there is nothing that clears the atmosphere like a good healthy fight, but a little less bickering and a little more acting might possibly result in better pictures—and that is precisely what fails to happen in most cases.

● BETTE DAVIS has copped the best acting award for her work in *Dangerous*, and thereby hangs a tale. Hollywood's "doper-outers" insist that she was merely given the award this year because the Academy was more than a little ashamed of not having slipped her the gold statuette for her last season's work in *Of Human Bondage*. It all sounds quite logical, except for the fact that Bette's acting in *Dangerous* was clearly better than the best of the year, with Elisabeth Bergner in *Escape Me Never* as a possible point for argument. To detract from the achievement of a great actress by hinting that she didn't deserve the honor this year is unsportsmanlike. And to compare the genius of Bette Davis with the ingrown naivete of Katharine Hepburn in *Alice Adams* is incredible nonsense.

● GORGEOUS FEMININITY saturated the Biltmore Bowl on the evening the Academy Awards were made, and much of it overflowed into the bar where your editor sat waiting for the main event, safely out of ear-shot of the long-winded speakers. There were amazingly angular women and a few bloated beauties of yesteryear, too, but for the most part the sweeter sex was superb. We thought that, of all of them, Merle Oberon (picture on page 15) should have had a gold statuette for being the most beautifully groomed lady there. And, if given a choice between taking home for our mantlepiece a statuette or a choice among the beauties, we would have grabbed the blonde and fascinating Virginia Bruce without an instant's hesitation.

● CAROLE LOMBARD is living proof that at least one actress has a delicious sense of humor. Following the release of her new picture, *Love Before Breakfast*, she did not, as is customary according to Hollywood tradition, buy a full page advertisement to glorify herself in one of Hollywood's "trade papers." Instead, she caused to be inserted among all the other personal pats on the back a beautiful portrait of her Pekingese, "Pushface the Killer." "Pushface," you will remember, had an important, if doggy rôle in *Love Before Breakfast*, and Carole's advertisement stated that he would be available for future picture work if properly contacted through his agent.

● AS WE HUSTLE this copy to press, we learn that Darryl Zanuck, alert movie wizard, is planning additional pictures starring the Dionne Quintuplets. This is good news for the public, but more particularly for theater owners to whose ears the only music is the tinkle of cash at the box office. With one Quintuplet film annually, the theater men's only worry is years ahead when they will have to build new marquees to satisfy the five little ladies' demands for equal billing.

Carl A Schroeder

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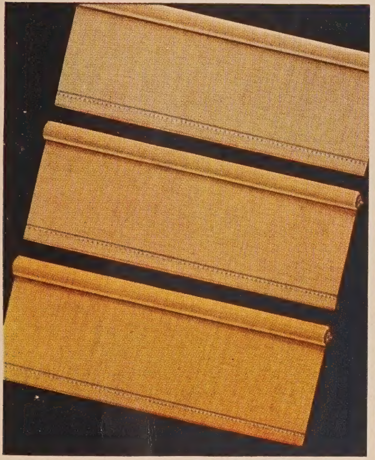

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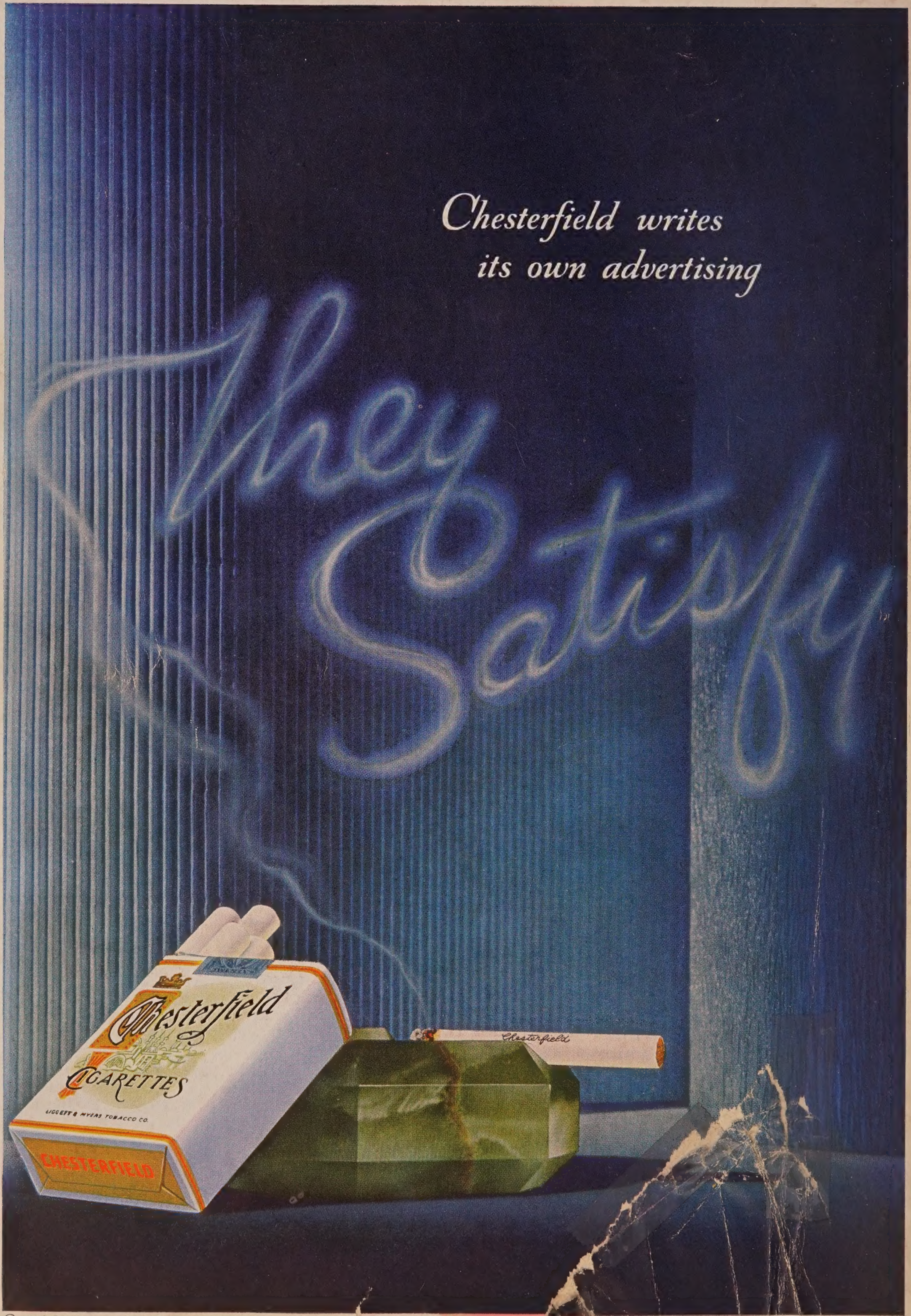

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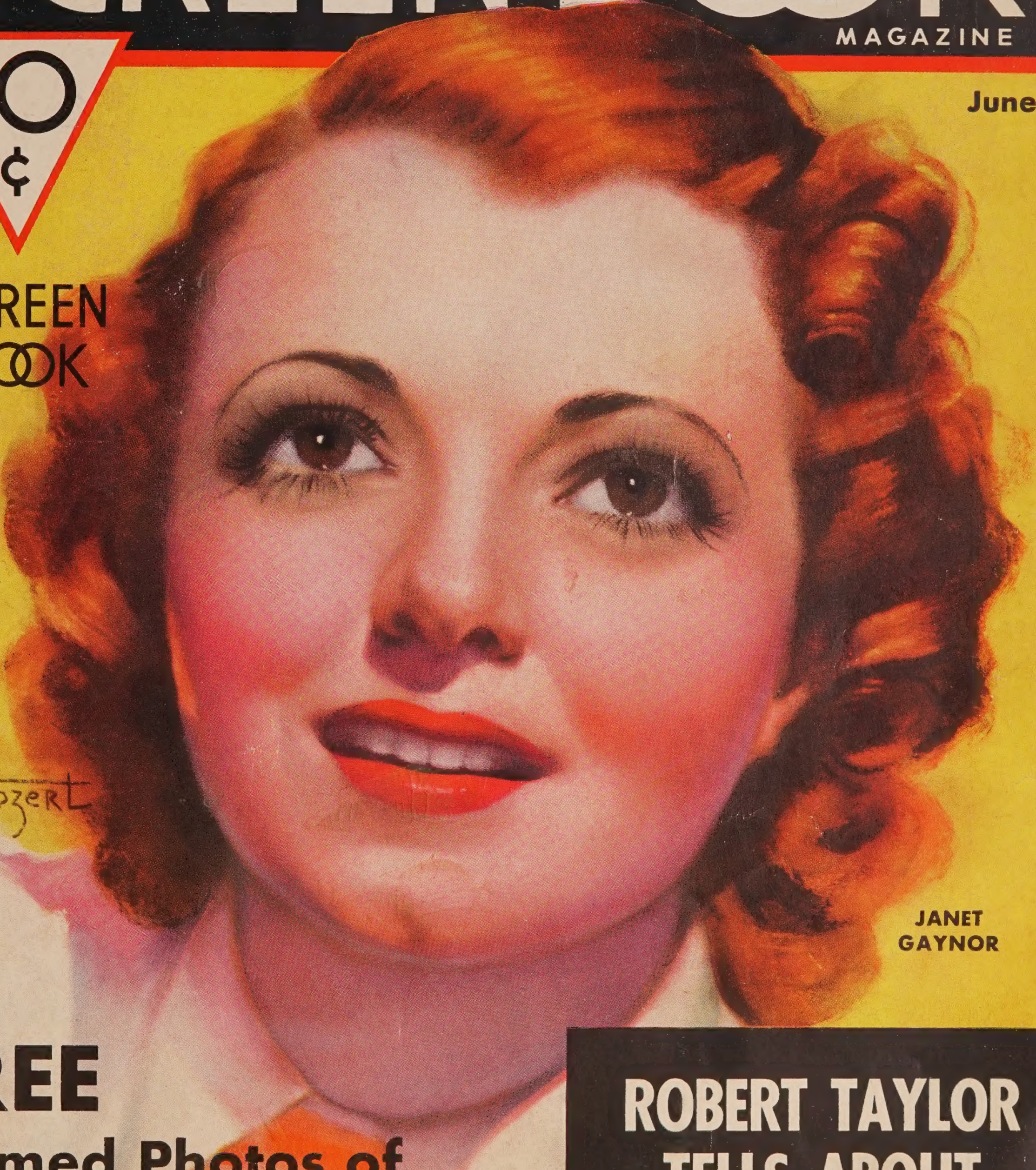

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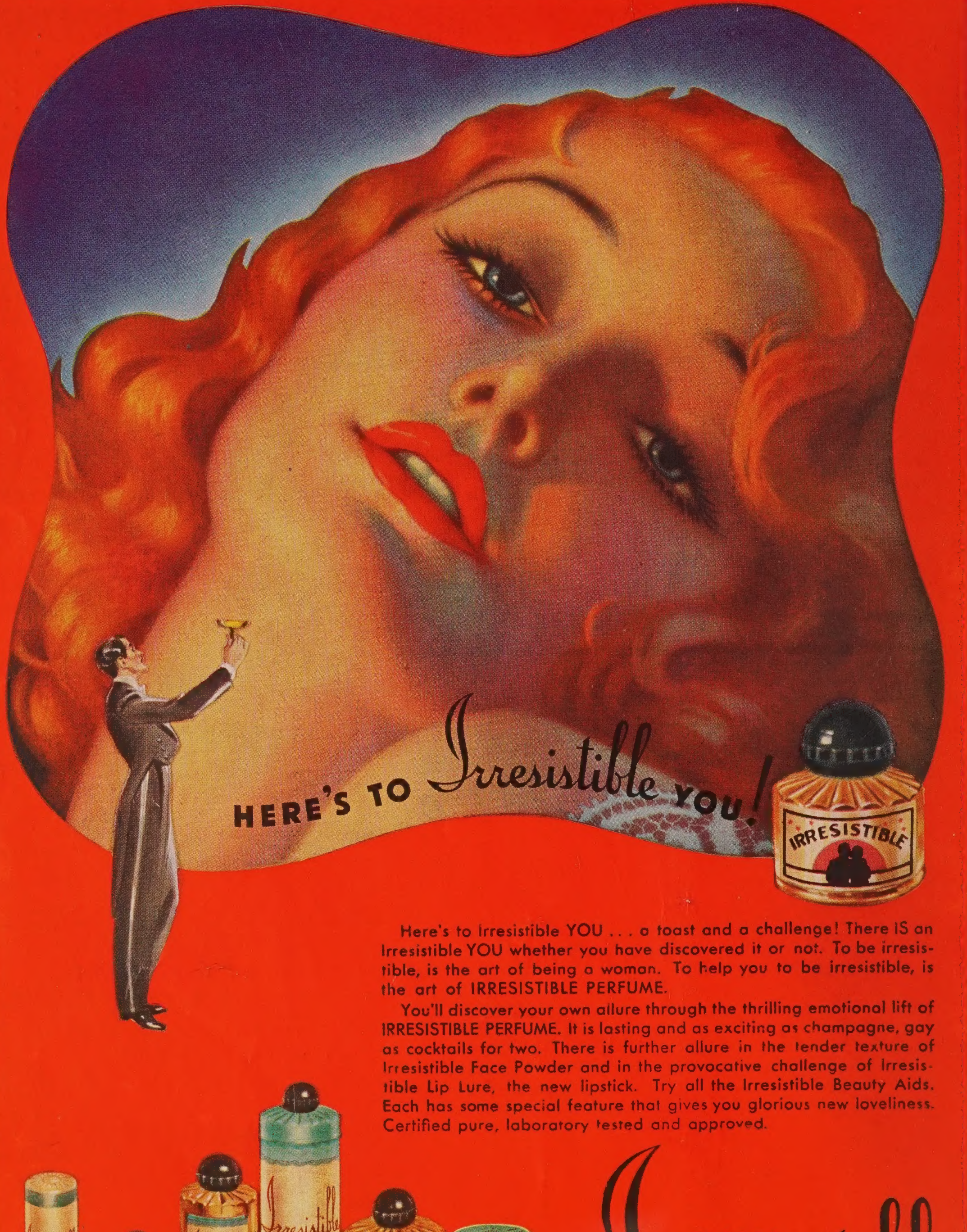
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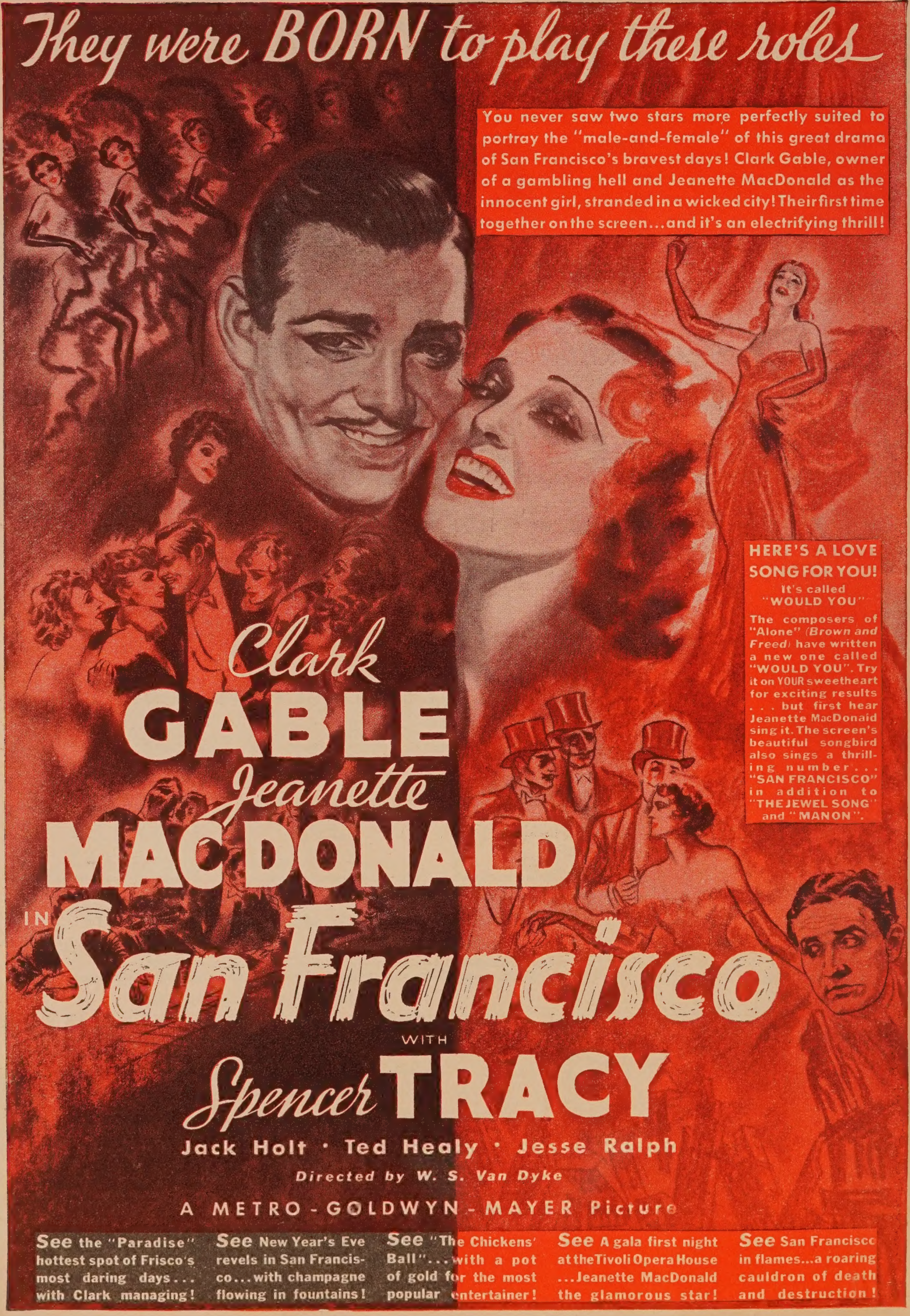

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Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

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See "The Chickens' Ball"... with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House ...Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames...a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

JUNE
1936

SCREEN BOOK

The News Magazine of the Movies

Vol. XVI
No. 5

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor-in-Chief

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

NEWS FEATURES

By Veteran Hollywood Reporters

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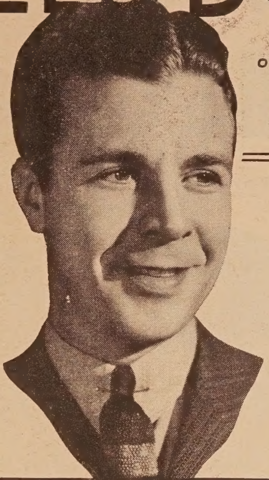

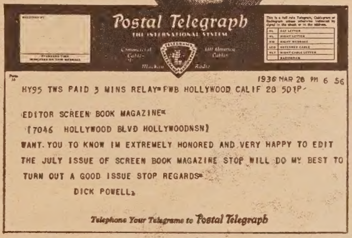

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DICK POWELL.

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DICK POWELL has generously consented to become the guest editor of SCREEN BOOK for the July issue. Every page in the magazine will bear the stamp of his electric personality. The stories will all be of his own selection, and he will write several of his own features. The only star-edited magazine published, SCREEN BOOK for July will be a treat no ardent moviegoer will want to miss. Get your copy early!

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TODAY'S GOSSIP

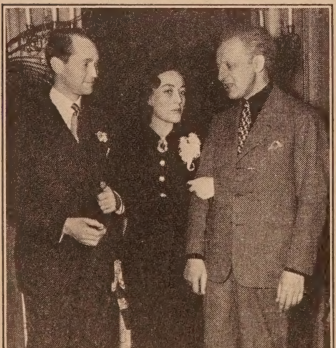
By the Star Reporter

The news behind the news in Hollywood

PERT KELTON, who wears goofy hats, a dizzy smile and made fans laugh in *The Bowery* and other movies, and now with Hal Roach, is to sing "Micaela" to Ponselle's "Carmen" in the Hollywood Bowl June 25 and 26. While other actresses were "between pictures" Pert was doing her scales. Impresario Maurice Frank of the Hollywood Bowl Grand Opera Festival says her voice is better than 50 per cent of the *Micaelas* he has heard at the Metropolitan.

JEAN MUIR, Hollywood's plain, intellectual actress has blossomed out in striking gowns designed by Margot Fischer, vivid wife of George Fischer of Warner Brother's Radio department. Jean looked pretty in a bow-bedecked taffeta gown the night of Contemporary Theater's forum at Hollywood Masonic hall. Alas, she got stage-fright and was bewildered when she forgot her lines. But then, Jean's talk followed Rouben Mamoulian, Garbo's admirer and director, one of the most brilliant speakers in the colony. Jean, 'tis said, is smitten on George Brent.

Monopoly has taken Hollywood by storm. Here, three confirmed addicts are hard at work. Jack Oakie is putting over a fast one on Frances Drake as Kent Taylor kibitzes on the set of *Florida Special*



One of the largest social events of the season was Joan Crawford's party for Leopold Stowkowski. She is shown with husband Franchot Tone and her guest of honor

JOAN AND FRANCHOT TONE, with a coterie of Beverly Hills socialites, have discovered a quaint night spot in a small Japanese theater in downtown Los Angeles' mercantile district. Every night a group from Hollywood "catch" a Japanese movie. A Chinese opera company, which had been stranded in San Francisco, moved into an adjacent theater for a week presenting something of a temporary rival. But, since the Chinese were "in person" and raised the curtain when the actors got there, the element of time worked in favor of Nippon.

ISABEL JEWELL frequents cocktail lounges of Hollywood when she's not working. Her high-powered drinking consists of milk and iced-tea. She's worn a white ribbon since her Lee Tracy romance and won't go places with elbow-benders. Larry Lee, orchestra leader of Beverly Wilshire hotel is background for this elegant Jewell.

JULIE HAYDON, born Donella Donaldson, but re-christened by RKO as a threat to Ann Harding, will be a surprise to admirers when she comes on the screen in *The End of the World*. It has been a year since Noel Coward presented her in *The Scoundrel* after seeing her on the stage with Francis Lederer in *Autumn Crocus*. Julie's bosses at Paramount couldn't find a story for her, so she took time out to build her health and strength. She plays ping-pong, tennis and rides horseback, but must be home in bed by 10 o'clock except on Saturday nights.

NAZIMOVA, once Hollywood's darling, but unfortunate in her love for a movie director, had the old town in the palm of her hand when she appeared in *Ghosts* at the Biltmore. Everyone wanted to meet her, but she was exclusive as Garbo. Harry Ellerbe, Ibsen's "Oswald," had laughs when friends among the juveniles gave their impression of how Ellerbe went mad. He played with Margaret Sullavan in *So Red the Rose* and squired dazzling movie beauties to luncheon-spots during his "Ghosts" visit.

[*Continued on page* 8]

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

"SONS O' GUNS"

Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs
"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.

(Advertisement)

NO PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic ... and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed.* A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards ... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a *correctly timed* laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

30 YEARS' PROOF

For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F.G.66
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name........................
Address........................
City........................Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page 6*]

Two of Hollywood's most beautiful sun-bathers are glimpsed on the beach in an "airplane" shot from the camera of Charles Rhodes

KATHARINE HEPBURN in slacks and polo coat of navy blue, breathlessly rushed into the cocktail bar at El Paseo, Santa Barbara. "Slightly Hepburnish," observed a whiskey-sour sipper. "Positively Hepburnish," retorted the star, wolfing a crunchie and hurriedly departing.

JUDITH ANDERSON AND HELEN MENKEN, co-stars of the Pulitzer prize winner, *The Old Maid* didn't speak to each other, off-stage, during the run of the play. They made up while in Hollywood. Story is going the rounds how Menken, in taking test for *Queen Elizabeth* in new Hepburn film, thought she was off the sound-track and made a remark that she wouldn't like her friends to hear. It will be preserved in RKO's vaults, never to be released. Her secret is safe!

GRACE MOORE was reported so unhappy in making her last movie that she is reported through with films, confining her art to concert and operatic stage and radio.

FRANKIE VAN, once a lightweight boxer around Cleveland, Ohio, came to Hollywood when his day was done to be a fight referee. Now he is stand-in for Al Jolson.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr. was in Hollywood for only a brief period recently but the smart boys and girls of the film colony ribbed him about his English accent. They had him recount his adventures in London. Doug's friends said he was on to the gag and laid the accent on purposely thick.

JANET GAYNOR, the little red head's romances go "round and round." Robert Taylor, Al Scott, a couple of San Franciscans and at this writing Howard Hughes, millionaire. Janet is mostly concerned with her next movie contract after her Twentieth Century-Fox picture is completed. Since Winfield Sheehan is at Paramount it looks like that may be the answer.

MONA BARRIE says about 90 per cent of her fan mail is from the feminine sex. During her career she received but one mash note, from a dairyman in South America who offered her his heart, hand and his cows. Mona has a husband.

MARLENE DIETRICH has found a way to salvage fur coats. When she tires of wearing them she has them made into bed coverings. Make your own wisecracks.

JEAN HARLOW is really an actress who has a book. Now she's in Elissa Landi's class, only possibly at the foot, because Elissa has written many books. Jean's volume is titled "Today is Tonight." Sounds like a Gertrude Stein title.

MARY PICKFORD has eight fur coats in cold storage vaults in New York City which she takes out when she visits Gotham. They've never been seen in California.

CONSTANCE COLLIER moved from a turret apartment in Beverly Hills to the ground floor because her pet pekinese couldn't stand the altitude. Or so they say.

[*Continued on page* 10]

Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

. . . in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES
presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes!

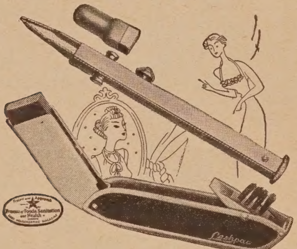
A CAST OF HUNDREDS
featuring
CHARLES COLLINS
Dancing idol of Broadway
FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits
STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"
Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.
Distributed by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

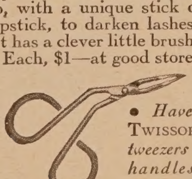
Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

BRIGHT EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

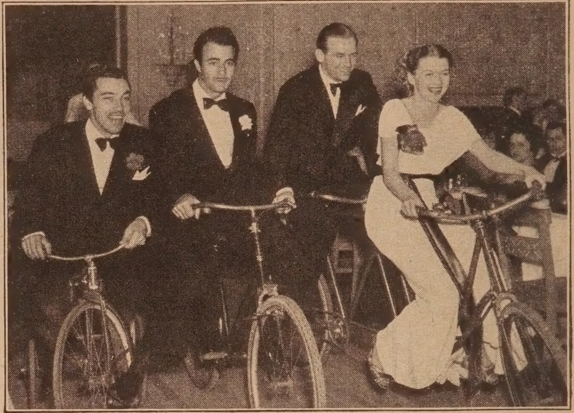
Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* SB-6.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 8]



Stars go in for bike racing at parties. Cesar Romero, Gilbert Roland, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Betty Furness ready to take off at the starting line

MAE WEST says that if the distinguished Dr. Fulmer Mood or any other historian will give her the name of the ship that followed the Mayflower she'll organize a society composed of those who missed the first boat.

LADY CAVENDISH, Fred Astaire's sister, Adele, denied interest in films, but she took some screen tests, and will make her movie debut in Selznick's *Dark Victory* it is said. Her husband, Lord Cavendish, was so flabbergasted by the props on the *Romeo and Juliet* set that he fell in a lily pond thinking he was on land.

CLARK GABLE is not romancing with any movie luminary, he says. Tying his name to Carole Lombard's is a "gag" with both of them in on it. Gable is, by his own admission, unattached and playing the field. The pay-off is too heavy.

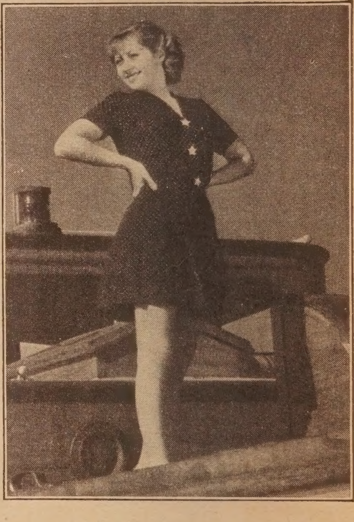
JULIAN JOHNSON, Twentieth Century-Fox story editor told a young author who demanded to know why his screen yarn was turned down:

"I have always liked the plot from the first day Noel Coward wrote it."

AILEEN CARLYLE in her early 20's, has given birth to 20 babies—screen babies. She was Mrs. Dionne in *The Country Doctor*. She is single, but stood the ordeal nicely.

GENE FOWLER, newspaperman, scenarist, novelist, and writer of unprintable verse wrote the screen play, *A Message to Garcia*, but never did find out what the message was.

RUBY KEELER thinks it unfair that gossipers saw her in Phoenix, Arizona, without Al and started the story the Jolsons had separated. Ruby was in Arizona to consult a specialist about the health of her younger sister, who is ill.



Joan Blondell opens the yachting season by posing for her picture on one of the many trim boats plied by the stars up and down the Pacific coast

ALICE FAYE says she's tired of being paired with this and that male player in a romantic way. Alice says if someone can find her the right sort of man who would make a good husband for her she will get married. The line forms on the right, you boys who are single and unattached, and you must prove you have no sweetheart when you make application. And in Leap Year, too!

BOB BURNS has publicized Van Buren, Arkansas, so much that the city treasury is getting low on postage stamps, Mayor Tom English wrote the hillbilly actor. Bob is planning a bazooka benefit to help the town.

GRACE BRADLEY and Frank Prince may get married quicker than they originally planned due to the fact that gossip had her stepping out with Addison Randall, Glenda

Farrell's beau. It seems that Grace and Randall left Mitchell Leisen's house together, after attending a big party and news photographers snapped their pictures, with captions calling attention to their romance. "Nothing to it," said Grace.

KAY FRANCIS gets a laugh over the story told on the Warner lot about a Berkeley dancing girl bemoaning the fact that producers are overlooking her stellar possibilities. "Over on the next stage they're making *Florence Nightingale*. And who do they pick for the lead? Kay Francis! That dame can't sing a note."

BINNIE BARNES told the mayor of San Francisco that she thought San Francisco was a beautiful place when she went to the première of *Sutter's Gold* with Edward Arnold. "This is the first time I have been out of California" she told the mayor.

MARY ANITA LOOS and Francis Lederer have been attending shows given by the little theater groups. The peppy Mary seems to confine her costumes to white.

VERA GORDON has a grandchild, aged two months, who is taking up much of her time since she finished the stage play *Dreams*. She is building it a nursery in her own home because her daughter, Mrs. Sid Steinfeld allows the wee one to visit there often.

RUBY KEELER was just nosed out by a civilian golfer at the Hillcrest golf tournament, thus putting herself among the foremost players of the movie colony, of which Irene Dunne, who made a hole in one, is a leader. Miss Keeler's personal appearance brought out a terrific following.

FRITZ LANG, European director, making *Mob Rule* at M-G-M, is unwittingly the focal point of extras wagering on when he will accidentally drop his monocle. He's taking eight weeks—or more—to make *Mob Rule,* in which George Walcott gets his

[*Continued on page* 81]

—*Coburn*

Frances Sage, young RKO player, is trying her cinema wings for the first time in Ann Harding's picture, *The Witness Chair*

They wondered why he passed them by, for *Her*...

KAY
VIVIAN
FRANCES

She was so *Fragrantly dainty*

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So *alluring* . . . your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

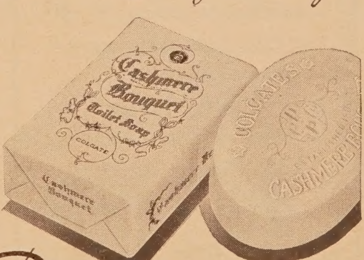
And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers glamorously . . . Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved ★ 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

EASY NOW TO GET TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS WHITE!

New!

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

1 GETS TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT *. . . adds charm to any smile!*

2 IS TWICE AS SOFT *...safe even for children's teeth!*

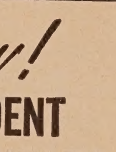
3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY *. . . foams between teeth*

4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER *...far more economical to use!*

Large Can 25c

Family size 50c

Holds over twice as much



The Professional Tooth Powder for Daily Home Use

LETTER PAGE

Love Shirley Temple

Win a framed photo of Shirley Temple! See details below

$15.00 Letter

And What Next?

AND now Hollywood is going "operatic." What next? Not that I don't enjoy Tibbett's voice, but simply that, heretofore, movie heroes have been such that a girl could go home, after two breathless hours of cinematic love-making, with the delightful conviction that she had been kissed. Aside from their faulty love-making, some of the opera stars who have recently invaded Hollywood actually cannot act. And what do they do about that? Exactly nothing. It's no matter if Miss A's eyes are crossed and she repeats her lines like a tired extra; if she can sing, she has a movie career. Now—I ask you—is there no justice?—*Dorothy M. Hutchinson, 325 W. 21st St., Indianapolis, Indiana.*

$10.00 Letter

Orchids to Colman

WOULD like to send orchids to Ronald Colman for his marvelous portrait of Sidney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities.* Sidney Carton had been the hero of my girlhood; he came to life on the screen. There never has been a time when Ronald Colman over-acted. The picture's beautiful ending should make us all realize that, when our time comes to cross The Great Divide, we will live again. Could anything be more beautiful? "Perhaps in death I receive something I never received in life. It's a far better thing I do than I have ever done. It's a far better rest I go to than I have ever known." By a mediocre actor it could have been tragedy, but with Colman it was triumph!—*Margaret Wilcox, Alma, Nebr.*

$5.00 Letter

And More For Lombard

I WISH to thank Miss Carole Lombard for her inspiring editorial in the April issue of SCREEN BOOK addressed to all stage and movie-struck people. I received more information from her editorial than from any article of its kind before, and I feel that

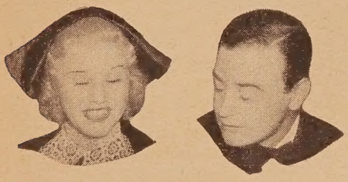
[*Continued on page 82*]

HOW TO WIN A FRAMED PORTRAIT OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE

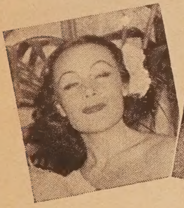
Five beautiful framed portraits of Shirley Temple will be awarded free, in addition to the usual splendid cash prizes offered for contributions to SCREEN BOOK'S Letter Page. Simply address Letter Page, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Take Away Those LIGHTS!

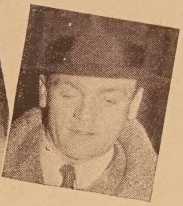
Stars themselves chuckle at these "forbidden photos"



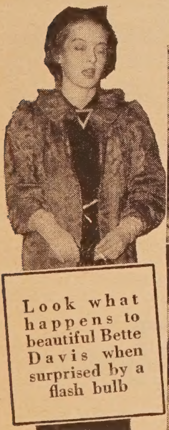
The lady—you'd never guess it—is Ginger Rogers and the bored escort is husband Lew Ayres. Blinding lights caused this effect



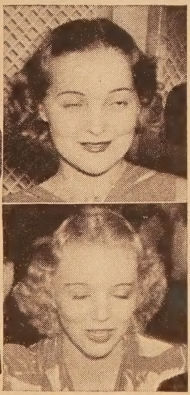
Poof! Flash! And Dolores Del Rio acquires a strange look of disdain



Jimmy Cagney usually looks good in news photos, but not in this one



Look what happens to beautiful Bette Davis when surprised by a flash bulb



Above: Pat Paterson and below, Virginia Bruce. Forgive us, ladies, the temptation was too great to resist

"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"

THERE was a young actor
...oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see...
The answer is simply that
he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis LEDERER
in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

with
IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes · Joseph Cawthorn
Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE
Released thru United Artists

THE PICTURE YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

The Golden Voice of
GRACE MOORE
•
The Romantic Dash of
FRANCHOT TONE
•
The Glorious Melodies of
FRITZ KREISLER

Grace Moore

FRANCHOT TONE

"The King Steps Out"

WALTER CONNOLLY
Raymond Walburn · Victor Jory · Elisabeth Risdon
And the World-Famed Albertina Rasch Ballet
Screen play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Frank Capra's genius achieves another masterpiece in this magnificent comedy drama by the brilliant Robert Riskin.
See it now—you'll want to see it again!

GARY COOPER

Mr. Deeds Goes To Town

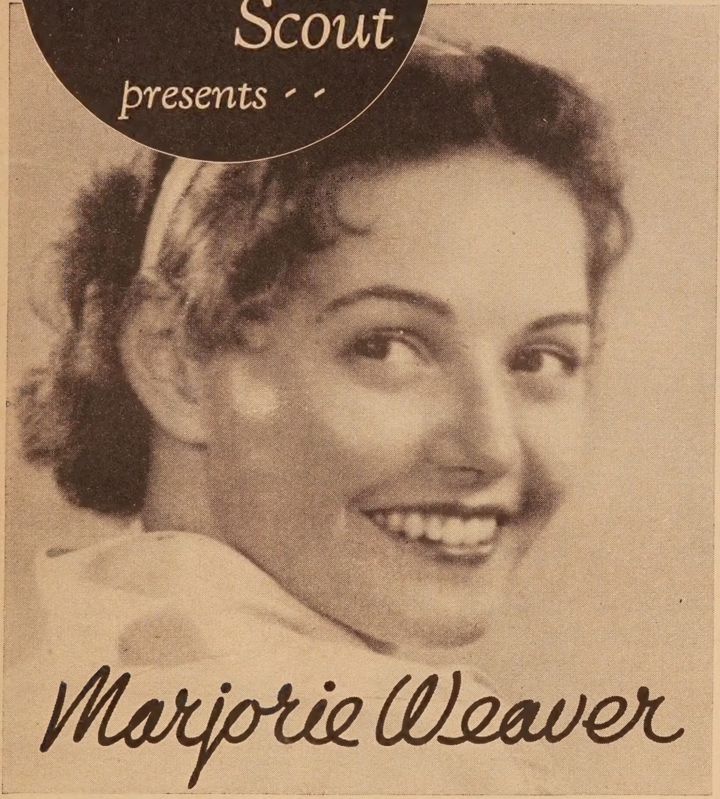
JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft · Lionel Stander
Douglass Dumbrille · H. B. Warner
A FRANK CAPRA Production

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Story by Clarence Budington Kelland

SCREEN BOOK'S *Talent Scout* *presents - -*

Follow this column each month for news of tomorrow's stars



Marjorie Weaver

Out of the South comes a delightful new personality to make a bid for stardom

SELDOM does a talent scout discover so unusual a personality as Marjorie Weaver, whose sparkling beauty and fresh charm have already gained attention in Hollywood.

Marjorie is a Louisville, Kentucky, girl, a genuine Southerner. Her loveliness is well known to people of the blue grass country who have known her as the winner of several beauty titles. Before graduating from her 'teens she was named Miss Kentucky and has twice been selected the most beautiful girl on the campus of Indiana University, where she was a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority and an active participant in the school's amateur theatricals.

Early last year on a hunch she entered SCREEN BOOK'S Ruby Keeler contest and much to her delight was declared first prize winner, an honor which brought with it an opportunity to study dancing at Jack Blue's famous school in New York City. An independent girl, Marjorie decided that she must support herself while studying. On her arrival in New York she sought and promptly secured work as a photographer's model. Today, her friends recognize her in many a nation-wide advertisement. Soon the studios learned of her beauty and talent; quickly they began spirited bidding for her services. Warner Brothers won out and after two screen tests signed her to a seven year contract. She will soon arrive in Hollywood to begin a screen career—and those who have seen her predict immediate success.

Slenderized
BY
JANTZEN

In the new Jantzens you will find the loveliest fabrics of the year in richness of texture and beauty of design. The marvelous elasticity achieved through Jantzen-stitch gives them figure-control qualities to an amazing degree. They mold the body into slenderizing lines of beauty. Being Jantzens, they fit perfectly, permanently.

IRENE BENNETT, *appearing in the Paramount picture,* **"The Sky Parade"** *wears the Jantzen* BRÄ-TUCK MIO, $4.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50 - $8.95.

Jantzen
molded-fit swimming suits

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 281, Portland, Ore.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models. *Women's* ☐ *Men's* ☐
Name ________________
Address ________________

The Dancing Divinity

JESSIE MATTHEWS

in

"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

with

ROBERT YOUNG

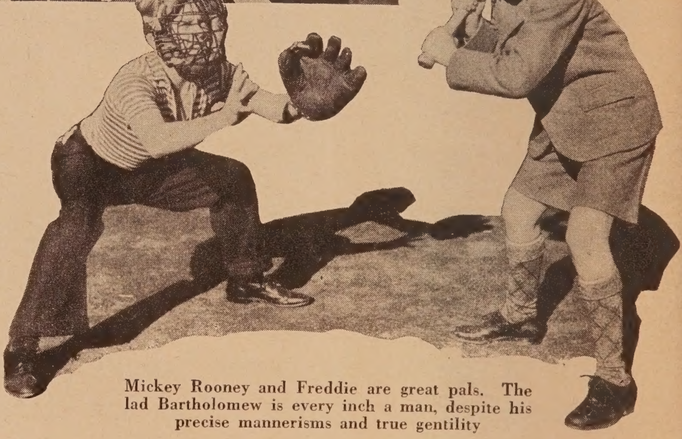
. . . . . *Romance, Comedy, Adventure in Rhumba Rhythm . . .*

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*

Freddie Bartholomew Can TAKE IT!

"Cissie" and Freddie Bartholomew; together they present a combination that is new to Hollywood—rare devotion and intelligence keep them riding the crest of the waves



Mickey Rooney and Freddie are great pals. The lad Bartholomew is every inch a man, despite his precise mannerisms and true gentility

HOLLYWOOD has it that Freddie Bartholomew is a perfect little gentleman. Freddie's definition of that much-discussed word puts him right in line for claim to the title. Says Master Bartholomew, in his exquisite English accent,

"A gentleman is a stand-up guy who can take it."

And Freddie can.

When long-suffering directors, inured to the vagaries of temperamental darlings of the screen, get together in Hollywood, they still tell the story of the "whipping scene" in *David Copperfield*. That scene, you remember, was the one in which Basil Rathbone, as the cruel stepfather, viciously beat the small boy, and the original plan was to have Freddie's stand-in, Ray Sperry, act as *whipee*. That is, it was until Freddie was told about it.

"You mean?" he inquired, "That Ray will take the whipping, but the audience will think it's me being whipped?"

Director John Cromwell explained that that was what he meant.

An inbred, English sense of fair play was manifest in Freddie's reply. So was a newly acquired American sense of vigorous expression.

You will never really know the sensation among child actors until you have read this story

By Marcella March

Freddie Bartholomew at the age of five. He has always been known as a "beautiful" child, but wants his friends to know that he is every inch a rough and ready fellow

"Nix!" Freddie stated. "It wouldn't be fair. And I can take it!"

And so they put pads across Freddie's shoulders, under his suit coat, and told Mr. Rathbone to go to it. He did, daring to be realistic in his beating, because he knew the little shoulders were well padded. Old troupers on the set marveled at the expression of anguish, at the real tears, that appeared on Freddie's face as the beating progressed. You did too, probably. The sequence had to be shot several times. There was a close-up to be made of the wrathful Mr. Rathbone. There was a close-up to be made of the suffering Mr. Bartholomew. With each succeeding take, Freddie looked more and more as if he were suffering. They congratulated him, and called him a swell actor. Perhaps that was the only time that Freddie Bartholomew was overrated.

That night when Miss Bartholomew, Freddie's aunt and "best friend," was giving him an after-bath inspection to see that he hadn't missed any spots with the soap, she was horrified beyond words to find that the swell actor's back was covered with ugly red welts.

"The padding slipped," Freddie explained simply at her outcry. He dismissed her tearful "But why didn't you *say* so?" with masculine toleration for feminine emotionalism.

"I didn't want to spoil the scene, Cis," he told her, adding, "Never mind, Cis. I can take it."

Freddie was almost as proud of those welts as of his [*Continued on page* 71]

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!

No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (23) FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*________ *State*________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

GANTNER
Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS

"Jinx" Falkenberg, appearing in Big Brown Eyes Walter Wanger Productions!

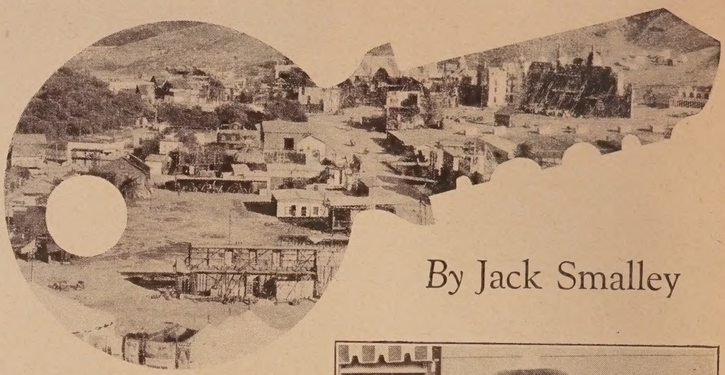
Miracles of smartness! Gantner floating bra* suit (above) in gorgeous quilted matelassé . . . cork buttons . . . $8.95. Below, uncut velvet effect, soft as sea-mist . . . perfectly adjustable, with multicord straps . . . $7.95.

(*amazing concealed semi-detached uplift, found only in a Gantner)

Gantner styles at smart shops everywhere! (Style book upon request)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
San Francisco Chicago New York
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

HERE'S YOUR KEY to the CITY!



By Jack Smalley

What greater gate could a key unlock than the gate to a movie studio? Your key to Hollywood will let you into Universal City!

While enjoying the Movieland Tour of the studios, you will also "meet up" with such sights as this: Ken Maynard and his two trick zebras

SCREEN BOOK presents to you, dear reader, the key to the city!

That means Hollywood, of course, and we're going to let you unlock all those doors which bar the way of the public to the inner portals of this glamorous colony.

Never before has such an opportunity been offered to visitors to Hollywood as will be found in SCREEN BOOK'S second annual Movieland Tour. In fact the trip last year was so successful that two have been arranged for the summer of 1936.

The first four hundred people who sign up for the two weeks' vacation trip from Chicago to Hollywood and back will have an experience in store which will be long remembered. Are you going to be one of *the 400*? It's going to be as exclusive as the social 400 of Newport, for that is all that can go on the two trips—200 in each house-party.

The special trains leave Chicago July 19 and August 9.

After leaving Minnesota and Montana, the trippers arrive at Yakima, Washington, where a side trip through Rainier National Park is planned. Then on to Seattle, where a motor tour will present the sights of the city. Next day is a boat trip to Victoria and back. A stop in Portland, then to San

You're to attend a party at Paula Stone's house, you know, where you'll meet many of her Filmland friends. Here are some of them—Toby Wing, Paula, herself; Henry Willson and Anne Shirley

Francisco, where a tour of Chinatown will be a feature.

Arriving in Hollywood, the party will make its headquarters at the Roosevelt Hotel, a block from SCREEN BOOK's office.

Sunday evening of the arrival will be given over to the first big party, a dinner at the historic Brass Rail where stars will be present and a novel entertainment program presented.

The next day, Monday, is devoted to unlocking those forbidden studio gates, and 20th Century-Fox will be hosts for the first trip, Universal Studios for the second.

In the evening will be the annual banquet, at the Biltmore Bowl, favorite rendezvous of the stars. A floor show, dining and dancing, will feature the entertainment, and again you'll have famed screen players as your hosts.

Tuesday will have two big events—a trip to Ken Maynard's new wild west circus at his ranch for lunch with stars and circus performers, and the annual cocktail party.

Paula Stone, as explained in the April issue of SCREEN BOOK, will be hostess at this party, and you can imagine what fun that will be. Paula has invited oodles of pals to be there, so bring your kodak and take home lots of snaps of your favorite stars.

IN THE evening Max Factor is throwing open the doors of his beauty salon to the trippers, and refreshments will be served while his plant is inspected, and souvenirs given the ladies. Everyone knows the Factor products, and of course the studios couldn't get along without his cosmetics. You'll be amazed at his plant and rooms where the stars are given individual beauty make-up to suit their personalities.

Wednesday is set aside for a boat trip across the channel to Catalina Island, playground of the southland, a spot as beautiful as you'd find anywhere in the world.

And so, with every moment crowded with something to see and do, the Movieland Tour members will set out for home again, to stop in Salt Lake City and Denver before completing this great two weeks' vacation.

The key to this wonderland is yours.

Just write for the handsome, illustrated booklet describing the tour. If you wish to make sure that you will be included, inclose $10 per person for your reservations. Only 200 can be taken on each trip.

Drop a note asking for the booklet, addressing it to Mr. Joe E. Godfrey, Jr., Manager, Movieland Tour, 360 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill, or use the coupon below.

JOE GODFREY, JR.,
360 N. Michigan Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, at no obligation, free booklet describing the Movieland Tour.

I enclose $............ for which please reserve .... tickets on the tour leaving

....

Name ....

Address ....

....

Here are the Winners!

IN THE FIRST SEARCH·FOR·TALENT

These seven young women are the lucky winners in the popular Search for Talent conducted by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play! They have been sent to Hollywood . . . all expenses paid . . . Good luck, young ladies. HOLD-BOBS are happy in the part they played in offering you your big chance!

Reading from top to bottom, the winners are:

Dorothy Kate Brown, Atlanta, Georgia

Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind.

Margaret Hehn, Chicago, Illinois

Helen Dax, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dorothy Dalton
Memphis, Tennessee

Caroline Oliver
Tallahassee, Florida

Frances Nalle
Dallas, Texas

Here's *Your* opportunity

HOLD·BOBS ANNOUNCE A SECOND SEARCH·FOR·TALENT

A winner selected every month—who will receive a screen test and $50.00 in cash!!

Because of the tremendous popularity and the intense interest with which the recent Search for Talent was received . . . HOLD-BOB bob pins in conjunction with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines are giving *you* another chance for movie fame!! In this new Search for Talent you may enter as many times as you wish . . . if you're not a lucky winner one month, you have a chance the next month!

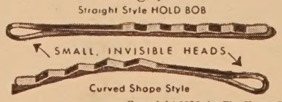
All you need do to enter is fill out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photo, and send it to Search for Talent Headquarters. At least one of the monthly winners, at the conclusion of the entire contest, December 31, 1936, will be sent to Hollywood, all expenses paid, to appear in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio!!

While you're filling out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card—notice the outstanding features of the HOLD-BOB pin: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; *and* HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match your hair. No wonder HOLD-BOBS are so popular and are Hollywood's favorite bob pins.

Get full details for entering the new Search for Talent on the back of every HOLD-BOB card. You can identify HOLD-BOBS by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-66
Chicago, Ill.

HOLD-BOB
NOTICE
SMOOTH SATIN FINISH
10¢
THE SPRING THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE



Copyright 1936, by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Starting MAY 1st

Rosita Moreno
in "House of a
Thousand Candles,"
a Republic Picture

Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with Winx Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of Winx to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try Winx today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use Winx regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

Winx Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy Winx (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake Winx and Liquid Winx. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry Winx Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of Winx Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

CREAMY
B-2X
CREAMY MASCARA
WINX
CAKE

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

JEAN ARTHUR *Defeats Her* JINX!

By Whitney Williams

TODAY, Jean Arthur stands on top of the world . . . just as four years ago she found herself immersed in doubt.

Four years do not comprise a particularly lengthy period in the cycle of life. For this blonde and extremely capable young actress, however, they have wrought a transformation altogether amazing.

Back in 1931, Jean owned the worst inferiority complex in Hollywood. She didn't think she was attractive, she didn't like her figure, she didn't believe she could act sufficiently well ever to amount to shucks on the screen.

That was four short years ago. All that is discarded now, and in its place a self-confidence reigns second to none in the movie capital. Just what induced this change forms one of the most gripping chronicles of personal triumph ever to come out of Hollywood and reveals for the first time a girl's victory over herself.

Jean started out in life much the same as any other miss. Neither bashful nor forward, she didn't know she possessed either an inferiority or a superiority complex until she entered motion pictures.

After graduation from high school in New York, Jean answered an advertisement and landed a job modelling for a commercial photographer. Her blonde Nordic beauty registered so well and adapted itself so perfectly to the needs of photographers and artists alike that ere long she found herself in constant demand.

For a year or two, she posed for many outstanding figures in this field, among them Howard Chandler Christy, who made her the subject of many of his most famous drawings. Jean became so enthusiastic about her work that she relinquished all thoughts of developing into a teacher of French and German. This had been uppermost in her mind during her high school course.

MOTION picture producers made a practice in those days—1923—of watching the advertisements and art exhibits in their search for new faces for the screen. So often had Jean's countenance been recorded, both through the medium of the camera and pen and pencil, that the screen test which took place was inevitable.

Almost overnight, Jean and her mother left their New York home for Hollywood, the little model clutching in her hand a contract to the Fox studios. Heralded as a magnificent "find," because of the excellence of her test, the studio rushed her into the leading rôle of its *Temple of Venus*.

"And that is where and why I developed the most beautiful inferiority complex you've ever seen," comments Jean, in recalling those days which wielded so potent an influence over the years that were to come. "Without any

Jean Arthur's first picture was a terrific flop—so bad that another actress had to be substituted in the leading rôle. But now it's a different story for the girl who fought with herself to recover from an inferiority complex which halted her career

experience at all, I was cast in a starring rôle and expected to turn in a highly dramatic performance.

"For our first few days shooting, we went on location on the Santa Cruz Islands, about thirty miles off the coast of Santa Barbara. I was so ignorant of studio ways that I didn't even know I should have taken my mother along as companion. Consequently, I was alone, without a friend to turn to during those awful hours.

"THE director tried for three days to get me to act the way he wanted, but I was so nervous and discouraged by my inability to make anything of the part that I'm afraid I gave a pretty poor account of myself. Anyway, at the end of that period, he decided he wouldn't work with me any longer and notified the studio of his decision. The studio immediately sent out another actress for the rôle.

"About seven o'clock in the evening, he came to me and said, 'There's a fishing boat leaving for the mainland at eleven. Do you want to take that or wait until morning?'

"I wanted so [*Continued on page* 74]

When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,

When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,

Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .

Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen . . .

Compose yourself
WITH
Beech-Nut
THE *QUALITY* GUM

Beech-Nut
CANDY COATED
5¢
PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
5¢
BEECH-NUT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

"My face and back were simply covered with pimples, and no medicine seemed to help."
"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them and soon began to see results."
"I felt better; pimples vanished. When friends envy my skin, I advise Yeast Foam Tablets."

"HERE'S MY SECRET OF A LOVELY SKIN"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

IF YOU are one of the thousands of unhappy girls who are looking for the TRUTH about ugly skin blemishes, eruptions, and pimples—who want to be relieved of embarrassment—let the above true experience encourage you. It is typical of countless letters of gratitude from women who have disposed of skin trouble and won back their charm with the help of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you, too, are embarrassed by a skin marred with ugly blemishes—let Yeast Foam Tablets show you the way to regain your beauty. By supplying vital corrective elements, they rid the body of the poisons which cause such trouble—quickly, naturally, without discomfort. Get Yeast Foam Tablets today, and regain the beauty of a lovely, clear skin.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. FG-6-36

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ State ________

SECRETS from the KITCHEN of ANITA LOUISE

A dainty dessert that should captivate the fancy of the most fastidious dinner guest.

By Grace Ellis

A baker's delight and served to a queen's taste. Anita Louise, "Queen Titania" of Hollywood's Shakespearian experience presents a jelly roll, prepared by Katherine Welker

It takes just three minutes to mix and but 13 minutes to bake! Miss Welker sifts the flour. One minute consumed

It is simple when one knows how to roll it! There go another two minutes!

IT'S spring. And noon. And twenty-five minutes, exactly, until lunch time. And there are to be guests, cronies who were asked to stay, who answered "Yes!"

"Katherine Welker, could we possibly have jellyroll—strawberry jellyroll?"

Anita Louise—until recently labeled the most beautful young woman in Hollywood, but since *Anthony Adverse,* admitted to be also a top-notch actress—thrusts another rose into a table bouquet, and queries the clever young person who manages her kitchen.

"Indeed, we could, Miss Anita. I've a whole twenty-five minutes for it. And it's only a twenty minute dish."

"It's so awfully good. The gang'll love it. And there's fresh strawberry jelly for it, too, isn't there? I'll open the jar and set the table while you do the roll."

Anita's strawberry jellyroll is the superlative sort of dessert one would *expect* to be a favorite dish with a girl whom only superlatives can describe. It can be made in practically nothing flat. It can be filled with any one of a dozen fillings. It tastes like nothing in the world, but its own luscious self!

Let's watch Katherine Welker toss it together. And then keep our fingers off our *own* mixing bowls, if we can!

First she whisks the oven gauge up to 400 degrees. Then she grasps a flat, low-rimmed cake-pan (about 10 by 15), greases it on the bottom and sides, lines the bottom with waxed paper, greases that—and turns around to flip a recipe card from a convenient file. A peep over her shoulder shows the following:

FEATHERY JELLYROLL

(Miss Anita's Favorite)

¾ cups sifted cake flour
¾ teaspoons double-action baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
¾ cups sugar, sifted
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 glass strawberry jelly, or other filling

Sift flour once. Measure. Combine baking powder, salt and unbeaten eggs in a bowl. Place over smaller bowl of hot water and beat with rotary or electric beater, adding sugar gradually until mixture becomes thick and light colored. Remove bowl from hot water. Fold in flour and vanilla. Turn into greased, lined cake pan (15-10 inches). Slip pan into hot oven—400° F.—and bake 13-15 minutes.

Loosen cake from pan edge with sharp knife. Turn at once onto cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper, spread with fresh jelly, jam, custard filling, or fresh fruit mixed with sweetened whipped cream. Roll, holding cloth firmly about cake. Place wrapped cake on rack. Cool slightly. Unwrap. Place on doily-lined plate. Slice and serve with, or without, whipped cream.

Miss Welker uses the electric beater to mix the roll. The smaller bowl is just of a size so that the water in it covers the bottom of the larger bowl. It takes about 2 minutes for the whirring beaters to whip the egg- [*Continued on page* 87]

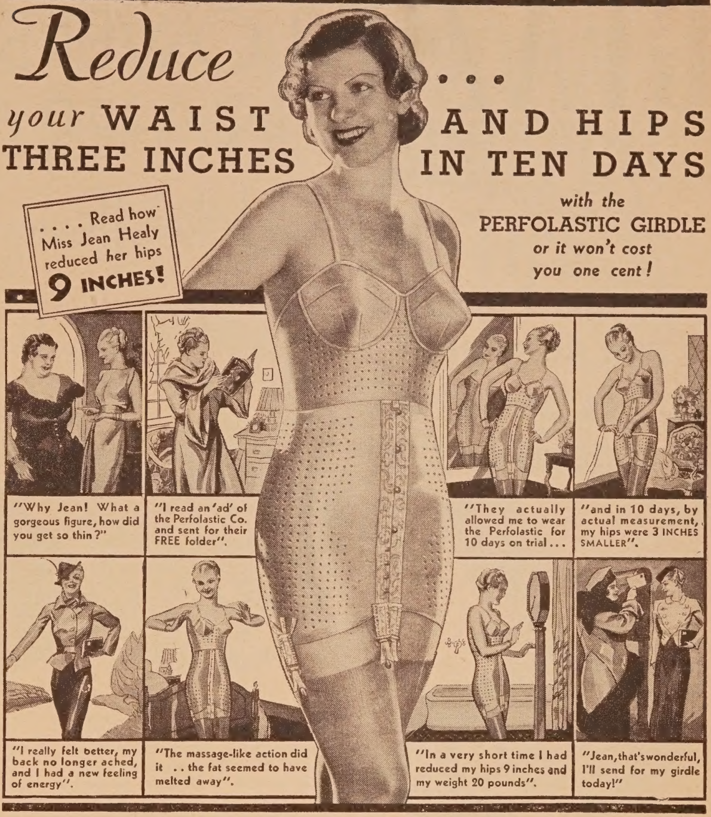
STRAWBERRY JELLY IS NEW!

And marvelously good. You'll want Anita Louise's recipe. It's been included in a new leaflet of luscious spring jellies and jams. And it's FREE. Merely inclose a STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. Write Grace Ellis, SCREEN BOOK'S food editor, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Connecticut. Ask for:

Luscious New Jellies And Jams (With Anita Louise's Strawberry Jelly recipe)	Free
Fresh Peach Chiffon Pie (Anita's favorite pie recipe)	Free
How To Make Perfect Angel Cake (Revised Edition)	5 Cents
Bridge Bites For Spring Months	5 Cents
Clever Announcement Parties (And Bridal Showers)	5 Cents

Letters without return envelope cannot be answered.

SUMMER is the ideal time to REDUCE!


Reduce . . .
your WAIST THREE INCHES
AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE or it won't cost you one cent!
. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 East 42nd St., Dept. 76, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

■ *Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Post Card.*

GLAZO *presents*

A NEW POLISH FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OLD-STYLE FORMULAS

G
GLAZO
Liquid Polish
20¢

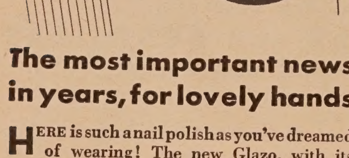
The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre ... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

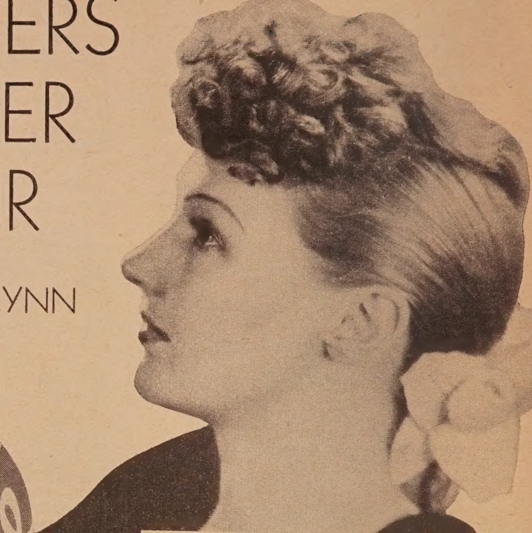
For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.



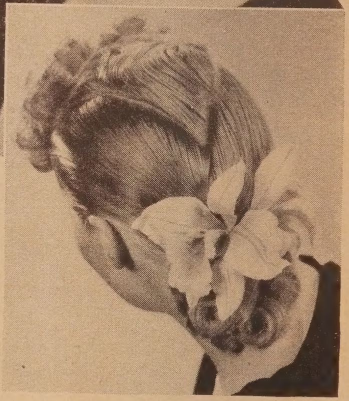
FLOWERS IN HER HAIR

By JANET LYNN

Beauty Service

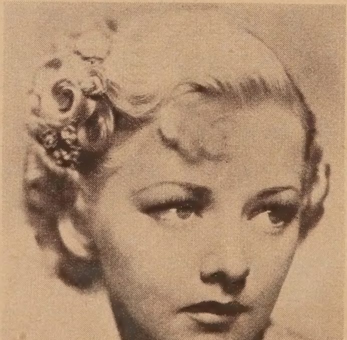


Astrid Allwyn's lovely hairstyle shows masses of curls pinned back by an exotic orchid, separated by a wide expanse of sleek hair and a triangular parting



The orchid, so that it does not protrude but instead seems part of the coiffure, is placed in the natural curve at the very nape of the neck

THESE fascinating new hairstyles worn by Astrid Allwyn, Lois Lindsay and Anita Louise are certainly not suitable for the work-a-day world, but who wants to look as stiff and uninteresting as an adding machine all day long? Much as we modern gals like our jobs, life would be pretty drab if we couldn't forget them one or two evenings a week. . . . And there's nothing like a spray of flowers in our hair to submerge the business automaton and bring out the woman in us!



Pink rosebuds and blue forget-me-nots are woven into the demure yet sophisticated coiffure of Lois Lindsay

But there's a trick to this art of decorating the hair. You can't just grab a rose and graft it onto your ordinary coiffure. It will look as out of place as a dowager at a lunch counter. . . . By studying the photographs of Astrid Allwyn's lovely hairstyle, you'll see what I mean. Notice how the masses of curls are separated by a wide expanse of sleek hair and that odd triangular parting? And how the orchid is placed in the natural curve at the nape of the neck, so that it does not protrude strikingly, but instead seems a part of the coiffure? And isn't the exotic orchid itself much more suitable for this type of coiffure than daisies would be?

This style illustrates another rule in artistic hairdressing that is important. When you have fluffiness or masses of curls on the forehead or top of the head, there should be

[*Continued on page 62*]

GIFTS for BRIDES and GIRL GRADUATES

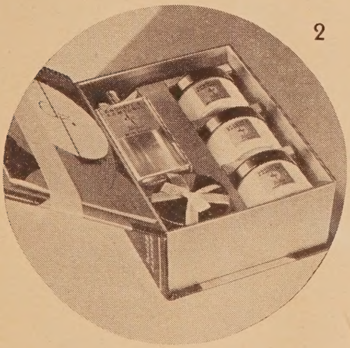
Aids to beauty that will enchant every woman

IF YOU have a friend who is going to receive a wedding ring or a diploma in June and are wondering what to give her to commemorate the Day, you may find an answer to your problem on this page. . . . At any rate, I hope you'll send cosmetics instead of pickle forks or a pencil set!

For if anyone ever needed gifts of beauty, it's the bride, beginning a lifelong struggle to retain her husband's love and respect, and the graduate, starting out to look for a job. . . .

1

Husbands like their wives to be dainty, feminine creatures, with an aura of perfume about them, so I can suggest—urge, indeed—a trio of scented bath preparations. What could be more delightful and refreshing than Cheramy's April Showers "Eau de Cologne" (in a smart new bottle), Bath Salts and Dusting Powder (1)? The three can be had for only $3.45.


2

3

The first thing a girl should learn when she starts to work in an office is to keep herself well-groomed from 9 till 5—but not to turn her desk into a boudoir. She should keep a kit containing beauty essentials in her desk, then retire with it to refurbish her face. Daggett & Ramsdell's "Beauty-Maker" Kit (2), which looks like a book, contains all that is needed except lipstick and rouge and costs $2.50.

A Ba-bara Bates Basic Manicure Set (3) will be a friend to bride or graduate; for husbands cool when their wives' hands look neglected and employers fire for the same reason. . . . In this $2.75 set are a buffer, nail polish cream, cuticle cream, pusher, nail file and Smoothie (glorified emery board). Ranged beside it are cuticle oil, soap tablets and hand lotion, also by Miss Bates.

4

Husbands are quite silly about pretty feet, and have a horror of ugly, neglected ones, so it's a smart bride who gives herself regular pedicures and dresses up her toenails as carefully as her fingernails. Dr. Scholl's Toe and Fingernail Requisites Set (4), costing only 75 cents and containing a helpful booklet on the care of the feet, will make this task easy.

INTIMATE SHOPPING TIPS

By MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

Authority on Feminine Hygiene

Naturally, we women can't ask a man clerk about personal hygiene accessories. So let me give you the benefit of my experience on intimate items in which you can have complete confidence. Mary Pauline Callender

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

For Personal Daintiness

If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard me tell how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. See how long the large 35c can lasts, and you'll agree this is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You!

In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1400, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

I'VE FOUND A NEW WAY TO BUY RAYON UNDER-THINGS!

"I ask for garments made of Spun-lo"

It's Stabilized to Resist Runs . . . Shrinking and Fading

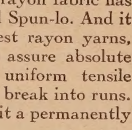
PUT an end to guesswork in buying undergarments! A new, finer rayon fabric has been developed. It is called Spun-lo. And it is stabilized! Made of finest rayon yarns, scientifically controlled to assure absolute evenness of texture and uniform tensile strength. No weak spots to break into runs. And a special process gives it a permanently dull lustre. Get Spun-lo stabilized rayon in all your undergarments. It costs no more. As always, the price depends on styling and workmanship. You'll be amazed to find how long it wears . . . how beautifully it fits after washing. Also available in men's undergarments.

Industrial Rayon Corp.
Cleveland, Ohio

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL WHEN YOU BUY UNDERGARMENTS . . *In addition to the brand name of the maker, look for this label which identifies the Spun-lo fabric in underthings.*

Spun-lo *The Stabilized Rayon Fabric*

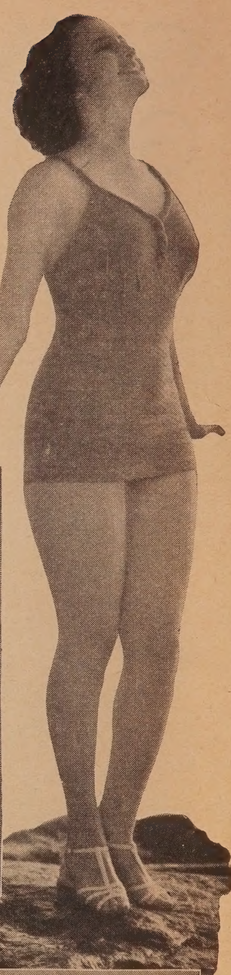
Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine



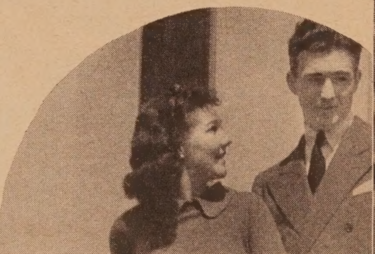
In the NEWS SPOTLIGHT

Tag along with the cameraman and catch your Hollywood favorites as they enjoy leisure moments

Ho! for Davy Jones' locker!! Olivia de Havilland takes a dip in the briny after completing her rôle of Angela in Warner's *Anthony Adverse*



"Concentratin' on you" is the motto of both Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, who are seen together almost daily



Honeymooners! After an elopement, Jean Parker and newspaperman husband, George MacDonald, snapped for the first time

Marlene shows the latest wear for rain (including an umbrella in disguise) as she sees Dolores Del Rio off to Europe

SCREEN BOOK

JUNE, 1936

Why Claudette's Love Theory Failed!

By Sonia Lee

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, disciple of the "civilized" marriage while she was the wife of Norman Foster, is now the conventional wife of Dr. Joel Pressman, the distinguished surgeon. It defines her complete change of attitude, of ideas and ideals, and even new values.

Her modern love theories failed, and because she is a girl with an intelligence strong enough and a spirit courageous enough to admit mistakes, she began her second marriage on an entirely different basis from her first.

It marks not only a reversal of conviction, but also the coming-of-age of Claudette Colbert.

She met Norman Foster at the beginning of her ambition, excited by the possibilities in front of her, by the glowing face of success, by all the theories of marriage and of life which the very young hold.

To her a woman's independence was a religion. The maintenance of individuality a creed. Above all, a career was all important and the sacrifice of self not too great a price to pay.

She was dazzled by love, but more dazzled by the future. Because she knew so little of herself, because she was not yet a woman grown, she had no inkling of either the sources of a woman's happiness, nor how to maintain it.

Long before her first marriage ended, she knew that she was missing much in life and in marriage by the way she and Norman lived. In separate establishments, jealously guarding against a blending of personality. Not sharing troubles and tribulations and griefs and disappointments which each encountered.

In constantly turning a bright face to love, they missed the purpose of marriage. Even while Claudette and Norman were passably happy, she realized that that independence of hers robbed her of many of the privileges to which a woman is heir. If she had her independence, she also had no one to make her conscious of her womanhood.

Once she admitted that women were not meant to be independent. That, as a modern woman, [*Continued on page 66*]

This Marriage Failed

Explaining a famous star's return to old-fashioned ideas of marriage

This Will Succeed!

FRED ASTAIRE DANCING

FRED ASTAIRE finds in the morning almost daily letters on the subject of *How to Dance*. We got to chatting about them recently and this story is the result of that conversation—a sort of general answer to thousands of letters. Fred has been considerably upset about the situation for some time because he's that kind of a guy at heart. But he hasn't known quite what to do about the answers to these requests.

"A dance routine, either taps or ballroom, is no secret," he said as we lit cigarettes and settled down, "but, so help me! I don't know how to explain one, or write about it, so that anybody else could follow it. I'm a lot more used to expressing myself by actually dancing than talking about it. You know, this business of dancing isn't as simple as it might seem. I've worked at it all my life with the result that I'm getting along pretty well right now. Lots of my friends are kind enough to say that they want to learn how to do some of the same things they've seen me do and I'd really love to tell them."

He grinned with that strangely sheepish, boyish quality that he has—especially when he's cornered and made to talk about himself. "It's really quite flattering to have people feel that way, but it makes you feel a little like a heel not to be able to do anything about it. It's not that I don't want to, but, honestly, I don't know where to begin! I've always been afraid that some of them might not understand why they haven't gotten the answers they asked for."

"Sort of puts you behind the eight ball, doesn't it?"

"Behind the eight ball? Don't be silly—there isn't any more room there! Nowadays you have to go behind the nine! But seriously, you can ask a man who has been successful in almost any other line of business how he did it and he can usually come back with some rules like, 'honesty is the best policy', 'go to work early and don't be a clock-watcher', 'never say die' and all that sort of thing as applied to his own line. But theatrical dancing is a different proposition.

"All you can say, really, is that to tap-dance, for example, you just get up there and tap! You probably won't burn up the floor at first, but you've got to keep at it just as a golfer has to keep swinging at the ball to ever develop a good drive.

"One thing about these maxims, though—there is one that definitely does apply to dancing. Never be afraid to work overtime. I've found that some of the best routines and ideas that I've ever had have come a long time after the usual eight hours of work have come and gone. You can't measure work like that in hours, you know.

"MOST people who want to learn this type of dancing seem to start in at the wrong end. An amateur almost always wants to learn 'steps'—where to put their feet when. In a sense, that's almost like a boy just learning to drive a car asking Ralph Di Palma how to skid a racer around a hair-pin bend in a dirt track. One reason for that mistaken approach is that people see a routine that they like. They like it because it's simple—not too full of acrobatics and half-beats—and, because they feel that it is within the realm of possibilities for themselves. They want to go home and try it out if the number really sells itself.

"And that's where the misunderstanding comes in.

"Something is lacking. Then they feel that the thing to do is to ask somebody they feel is expert in the line. I get a few letters and I'm stymied. I don't want to be trite and just tell these friendly people the obvious facts that it takes years of training. Years in which you're trying to harness a vague natural talent that you can never put your finger on, trying to harness it and bring it out. I don't mean just running through a number when a hot tune comes in over the radio. I mean putting in eight solid hours a day working one routine over and over and over again until you wish you'd been better at figures in school and gone into accounting instead.

"Now don't get this wrong. It's important. I don't mean that to painstakingly learn to work through a single short routine is going to take anybody with any natural aptitude years to do. But I do most emphatically say that it will take years to be a dancer. There's as much difference between amateur dancing and professional as there is between a man who can handle his fists and a veteran prizefighter, or between a high school essay writer and a successful novelist.

"Success in any line means the almost unconscious development of style—individual style that sells and marks you apart from competitors in the same field. Now style can't be taught in the usual sense of teaching. And if it could be, I, for one, don't think it ought to be, for the obvious reason that it would stifle all your own individuality that is trying to express itself through dancing in answer to the call of musical rhythm latent in you.

"The result would be a flock of mechanical dancers—and, heaven knows! there are enough of them already. The reason so many of them don't get further along is that the public instinctively realizes that the output is mechanical and therefore a bit inferior. I've been in audiences and watched dancers on the vaudeville stage do taps that for sheer noise and intricate adornment are nothing short of incredible. But they don't sell. I finally came to the conclusion that the reason for it is because they have tried to elevate mechanics to a high art when, actually, mechanics in dancing should only be a means to an end.

By Bill Ulman

A veteran Hollywood writer who scored another fine scoop in securing this authorized story from the screen's foremost dancing star

Gives a LESSON!

You won't be another Astaire after reading this interview, but you will know more about dancing than you ever did before!

ASTAIRE SAYS—

"I do most emphatically say that it will take years to be a dancer."

"I've been in audiences and watched dancers on the vaudeville stage do taps that for sheer noise and intricate adornment are nothing short of incredible. But they don't sell."

"You've got to learn to dance before you can tap or go in for elaborate steps."

"It's like this: The reactions of your muscles and limbs to a certain musical impulse should be mechanically automatic, just as a good driver is never acutely conscious of shifting gears. It's the driver who has to think before each move he makes that usually causes accidents. We say, 'He didn't react quickly enough to avoid the smash.' The trouble was that he had to think what to do. A fighter in the ring is in the same spot. If he has to stop and think, 'Now's the time for the old one-two punch!', he'll probably end that thought in a horizontal position. His opponent may be a much dumber man, but, because he reacted on instinct, he got in there first.

"TO BE brief, you've got to learn to dance before you can tap or go in for elaborate steps. Everyone thinks they have a swell sense of balance because they can usually keep on their feet, but in creative dancing that balance must be spelled with a capital 'B' and it can only be acquired to a fine point by years of seemingly useless and boring practice. A sense of rhythm does not necessarily follow just because you appreciate good stuff for what it is. To be really rhythmical your muscles must be so educated to music that they react almost without conscious volition. And, believe me, it does take years of work to accomplish those two fundamentals—and, strangely, you're never conscious of the change within yourself until somebody says, 'Boy! How you've changed!' and then you come back, 'Changed? What do you mean! You're crazy! I've always been this way!'

"The next step is a lot easier—and that is the step that so many people write to me for help in long before they've accomplished the other two. When you come to harnessing the accumulated subconscious knowledge you've absorbed through the multitude of sweating hours and expressing [*Continued on page 86*]

BETTE DAVIS In Person

By
Marian Rhea

What the talented girl they call "Hollywood's finest actress" is really like

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, veteran producer of Filmdom, stopped speaking and cleared his throat. . . .

Thousands crowded the spectacular Los Angeles Biltmore Bowl that night of the Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Academy ball, but there was no sound among them now. They were waiting for the climax of the night—the awarding of the year's trophy for the best screen performance by an actress.

D. W. Griffith, master of ceremonies, cleared his throat again. The silence, now, was one of those that fancy writers call "deafening." Then—

Bette Davis dancing with her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, on whom she loves to play practical jokes. They are one of Hollywood's most devoted couples

"To Miss Bette Davis, for her work in *Dangerous*, I—"

But they didn't wait for him to finish, that crowd at the Biltmore Bowl. They clapped and stamped and cheered as the spotlight picked out a little blonde girl and followed her progress from a table near the dance floor to the speakers' platform. . . . A little girl wearing a blue and white print frock with severe lapels —and no jewels. . . . The pretty but simple kind of costume a co-ed might wear dancing on a Friday night.

She stopped before the master of ceremonies. Took the proffered award. Spoke her thanks briefly, generously giving credit to director and producer of the picture that won her this tribute. . . . Returned to her table, the small gold figurine in her hands.

"It—it's a pretty little doll, isn't it?" she said. Flippant words, you're thinking, aren't you? But they were just a game bluff. Bette Davis was as near to crying that moment as she had been, off the screen, for a long, long time. She wasn't meaning to be flippant. She was only trying not to—as she told me later —"break down and howl."

Bette Davis is fond of outdoor sports and "roughing it." She admires courage greatly, and the reason is revealed in this story

You see, there was drama back of that Academy Award for 1935 to Bette Davis. The world knows the story—how she had to wait a year for the tribute that many thought should have come to her last year for her work in *Of Human Bondage*.

But now that rankling disappointment was over. The award was hers. Academy members were claiming her First Lady of Hollywood. The world, too. Fame is fickle and fortune fleeting, but on this night, Bette Davis had in her possession a tangible symbol of success.

As it happened, the next day I had lunch in Hollywood with a friend from out of town.

[*Continued on page* 60]

Franchot Without JOAN

By James Reid

FRANCHOT TONE and Joan Crawford will never make another picture together. So say the gossips, who point out that few Hollywood couples ever have appeared together on the screen after marriage. But ask Franchot if he and Joan may star together soon, and this is *his* answer: "I certainly hope so."

A surprising answer, perhaps. But Franchot is a surprising person—one of the best actors on the screen, one of the most popular, and one of the least known.

He is known as an actor, thanks to the screen. He is known as the constant companion of Joan Crawford, thanks to the columnists and news photographers. But he is not known as Franchot Tone, human being. Believe it or not—his whole story has never been told. The story of how he happened to land in Hollywood. I interviewed him between scenes of *The Unguarded Hour,* in which, as co-stars, he and Loretta Young play man and wife, surrounded by an all-British cast that includes Roland Young, Dudley Digges and John Buckler. He plays a young English lord, a prominent barrister-at-law, who is thrust by a strange set of circumstances into the position of defending himself against the charge of murder. Just before our interview began, he finished a courtroom scene in which Loretta appears as a surprise witness. A dramatic moment, in which he had to portray suppressed emotion, wearing the white wig and long black robe that dignify English law in English courtrooms, even today.

As he walked off the set toward his "dressing-room," a cubicle of canvas erected in one corner of the huge sound stage, he still looked magisterial, despite the cigarette he was smoking. He is easily six feet tall, and draws every advantage from his height with his erectness. That is the first thing that you note, meeting him face to face. Next you note his eyes—brown, alert and appraising. His high forehead. His firm chin. His wide, slow, diffident smile. Here, you instantly feel, is a man who is more sensitive than most, more thoughtful than most, who makes no "snap" decisions, but holds firmly to the decisions that he does make.

That impression is borne out by his story.

"It wasn't until my junior year at Cornell that I thought I might become an actor," Franchot told me. "From then on, it was in the back of my mind. But so was teaching. And so was law.

"The dramatic club crystallized my ambitions. I wanted something to do on the campus, and I decided that I wouldn't be happy until I joined the dramatic club. So I tried that first. And I stayed with it for the rest of college. Professor A. M. Drummond, head of the Public Speaking Department and a great teacher, was the first person who gave me an idea that I might become an actor—that

[*Continued on page* 54]

One of the finest stories ever written about any actor

Save Hollywood's

Says DOLORES

A frank interview with a long-famous star who sincerely believes Hollywood is in danger of losing its magic name

By Arden Russell

DOLORES DEL RIO—It is my good fortune to know her well. And I promise you that it does not matter how often one sees her, tribute to her beauty comes breathlessly with each meeting. That clear, shining beauty which is but more luminous after ten years in Hollywood. I watched as she entered her great living room where I was waiting. Watched the young grace of her as she crossed the black lacquer floor, a gown of soft white chiffon billowing and trailing about her. A gown the Greeks might have envied for their goddesses. Skin of a honey clearness and color. Hair of midnight. Deep black eyes in sooty-lashed frames. A warm scarlet mouth, and a low true voice colored ever so little with the remnants of an accent.

I, who felt that the thing which had happened to Hollywood, was that it was losing glamour!

We sat before the wide chromium faced fireplace in her living room. Her slender hands had exercised their legerdemain among the eggshell china, the shimmering silver of her tea service. I knew as I accepted the cup that my tea would grow cold as my eyes were filled with the warmth of appreciation which Dolores inspires. She who has kept her faith with Hollywood. With her public. With herself!

"Yes, I think a little thing is wrong with Hollywood. A tragic thing may happen, though each day a little prayer-refrain goes through my mind. 'Please don't let it happen. Don't let glamour die!'"

"I do not know exactly why this is happening. I do know *how* it is happening. In a hundred tiny ways the stars themselves are responsible for the gradual waning of glamour. Suddenly the cry is 'be human' . . . 'be like everyone else', where it used to be . . . 'be different' . . . 'be sincerely yourself'. There is a great energy expended in an eagerness to impress the public that Gloria Gorgeous whose beauty and loveliness on the screen stops one's breath, is just a sweet little girl whose every thought is the same as any Susan Jones in any Cobbs Corners.

"I think this is wrong. I think that the public does not go to see its favorite on the screen because that favorite is like them. They want to feel she is different. They do not want to feel they share the same problems. Perhaps I do not put this too well, but you know the saying . . . *familiarity breeds contempt*? That is true. Is it true because only a friend 'is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same?'

"It is not necessary to put on an act, as you say. But I deem it necessary to dare to *avoid* putting on an act. Really, everyone is different. Why should we then suddenly try to be all alike?

"Height, five feet, three inches . . . weight, one hundred and fifteen

Dolores Del Rio has stayed longer in the spotlight than most of her sister stars—and the reason is that she has retained her glamour

GLAMOUR!

DEL RIO

"I shall not become old and sere with the regret of things I have left undone"

Is Dolores Del Rio Right?

"We should never be careless about our obligations to our public. I am no more sincere about anything in my life than I am about that. I do not subscribe to this new fashion of making ourselves as uninteresting as possible."

pounds . . . hair, platinum blonde . . . or, as it is at this moment, brownette? Wear the hair to the shoulders, drive your own car, wear no make-up, live as Susan Jones lives. I cannot believe that is what Cobbs Corners or Susan Jones wants.

"I am a movie fan myself. Truly I am. And I know I want to feel the star dust in my eyes about my favorites. I want them to have something I do not have. I do not want to have what they have. I do not want to know what cold cream they use . . . I do not want to see pictures of them over a cook-stove . . . even if they are good cooks, I do not care to see them cooking!

"We should never be careless about our obligations to our public. I am no more sincere about anything in my life than I am about that. I do not subscribe to this new fashion of making ourselves as uninteresting as possible. As 'natural', they call it, as possible. Why, suddenly, is 'naturalness' synonymous with doing many things which actresses never thought of doing before?

"Why should I change my way of living? I have organized my life for my happiness. I love beauty in everything. In my home, in my garden, in my wardrobe, in my very food! Many people may not love beauty as I do . . . but they will not dislike me for being true to myself. Now, will they?"

SHE paced across the soft white rug of the room, paused beside the low wide, shining crystal coffee table freighted with the tea things and a great bowl of fragrant lilies.

"If I am living honestly . . . then I am living glamorously. I cannot, for the life of me, see any drama, any vitality in living according to a pattern set by someone else. Some one who does not look like you, think like you . . . feel like you.

"Life is so very, very short. I live every moment fully. I do the things I want to do. Each morning I awake to adventure of a new day. I shall not become old and sere with the regret of things I have left undone. I shall not make of my days a memory chain of boredom, unfulfillment. When my life is done, I shall know that it has glittered brightly. With happiness one day. Glittered brightly with tears the next, perhaps. It will not have been fogged with the monotone of 'you must do this, or you must do that.'

"How can an actress retain mystery, allure, in this new scheme of things? They have it on the screen. They are expressing themselves on the screen. Why, oh why, must they be so conscientiously eager to destroy it in their off-screen lives?"

You never see Dolores shopping on the boulevard in slacks, face unpowdered, hair ungroomed, disfiguring dark glasses accenting a failure at disguise. A great, streamlined town car of polished maroon and sparkling chromium glides noiselessly to the entrance of a shop. A broad-shouldered, impassive-faced chauffeur leaps to attention as he swings open its door. There is a pause . . . no wild-haired, nervous, chattering female catapults self-consciously across the walk, but a graceful, exquisitely groomed young woman, of serene assurance, emerges. Youngsters swarm from nowhere . . . grubby bits of paper are held toward her. "Autograph!" The chauffeur hands her a gold pen. She smiles seeingly at each of the signature supplicants . . . the large, angular hieroglyphics of her signature are penned on each piece of paper . . . the crowd smiles shyly and quietly . . . they open a path for her in wide-eyed silence. Del Rio has passed!

"They do not jostle and laugh and kid with her passing. They wonder and go their way with an indelible vision in their memory! She has not lessened the

[*Continued on page* 80]

NORMA SHEARER —*from Extra Girl* to Stardom!

Norma as she appeared in *Pleasure Mad* in 1923

The new story of a great favorite whose rise to fame was a Hollywood miracle

Leslie Howard as Romeo and Norma Shearer as Juliet. Of all the women who have played this famous Shakespearian rôle, Norma is the most beautiful, Hollywood contends

THEY are calling Norma Shearer the most beautiful *Juliet* of them all. And when you consider the album of beauties who have portrayed the immortal *Juliet*, this is really something. To me, however, the amazing thing is the fact that the girl who rates these plaudits was, a few short years ago, merely an extra.

From extra girl to *Juliet*—no wonder we call Hollywood a Magical City! It is stories like Norma Shearer's which make it so. A novelist in search of a heroine or an ambitious girl looking for a model to copy might each find in the romantic life story of Norma Shearer a source of inspiration.

Originally, Norma possessed no genius qualities. There was about her no flaming aura which caused those with whom she came in contact to predict that she would go far. Indeed, none other than the great Zeigfeld assured her that she had "nothing to offer." And D. W. Griffith advised her to go back to her home town and forget her dream of being a screen star. "Your eyes are too pale. They can never be photographed successfully," he told her.

But neither of these men took into consideration the three basic assets which Norma Shearer possessed in a marked degree—ambition, a driving energy, and brains. These three attributes would have carried Norma to the top of any profession she might have chosen to follow. That she chose acting as a profession was due, in part, to the influence of an actress aunt who paid frequent visits to the Shearer home when Norma was a little gadget.

But let's tell Norma's story in continuity.

It begins on Grosvenor Avenue in Westmont, a suburb of Montreal. It was here that Norma was born. She was the youngest of three children. Her father was the president of the Shearer Construction Company, a flourishing concern which had been established by Norma's grandfather, who crossed the sea in a wind-jammer.

Her childhood was happy and carefree. Her summers were spent swimming and sailing on the Canadian lakes. In winter, she skiied and skated and went sleigh riding behind her dad's spirited horses. As a youngster Norma wore boys' clothes and played boys' games. She could ride without a saddle and sail a catboat almost as soon as she could walk.

She did not go to school until she was ten. The reason was that Norma didn't want to go to school. Her mother, wisely, did not force her to go. At this time Norma's absorbing interest was music. And she showed such marked talent that her teacher was convinced that she would one day become a celebrated concert pianist.

But Fate, Destiny, whatever you choose to call it, prevented that.

A series of circumstances brought about the collapse of the Shearer Construction Company. Overnight, almost, everything

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Norma Shearer was once told that her pale eyes would prevent a successful screen career . . . She did not go to school until she was ten years old . . . She once "plugged" songs in a music store . . . Having relatives in the theater, she began at an early age to dabble in grease paint . . . By selling a piano, she and her mother secured enough money to purchase railroad tickets to New York, where Norma's career began and "ended" abruptly?

Norma Shearer is one of the few women to successfully combine motherhood and a career. This early portrait shows her with her son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., who is now six years old

By Grace Mack

the Shearer family had was lost, including their home. They moved to a tiny house in another part of town. The three children started looking for work.

Norma, who was only about fifteen, talked herself into a job as a song-plugger in a Montreal music store. She who had been brought up on Bethoven and Brahms found herself pounding out such jazz gems as *They're Wearing 'em Higher in Hawaii* and *Naughty, Naughty, Naughty,* for ten dollars a week. She confesses that as a hot pianist she was only lukewarm. But she managed to stick it out for nearly a week. During that week she did a lot of serious thinking.

"My mother's brother was married to an actress," says Norma in speaking of the first flutterings of her desire to act. "They had their own stock company and each summer they paid us a visit. I had often sat wide-eyed, listening to their exciting stories of the glamorous world behind the footlights. My greatest thrill, however, had been to unpack my aunt's make-up kit and with her help transform myself into an amazing and, to me, enchanting creature with long, black-beaded lashes and scarlet cheeks and mouth. Dressed in one of her stage gowns I paraded before the mirror, imitating the actresses I had seen in the theater in Montreal.

"NOW that it had become necessary for me to earn my living I naturally thought of the stage as a career. I talked it over with my aunt and she encouraged me. 'But if you're going to be an actress,' she told me, 'New York is the place for you to go. Of course you're too young to go there alone. Your mother would have to go with you.' She might just as well have suggested that we go to the moon for we had absolutely nothing to use for railroad fare. Finally, I had a bright idea. My piano—I would sell that."

The sale of the piano brought enough money to buy railroad tickets for Norma, her mother, and her sister Athole. Armed with a letter which the aunt had given them to a friend who had a rooming house, they set forth.

[*Continued on page* 68]

Love

as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring
Ronald
COLMAN
(Beau Geste)

featuring
Claudette
COLBERT
(It Happened One Night)

VICTOR
McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

ROSALIND
RUSSELL
(Rendezvous)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX

Monopoly on Beauty

VIRGINIA BRUCE

There may be arguments concerning which Hollywood star comes first in beauty, but few will quarrel over the fact that Virginia Bruce is a leading contender for that honor. An ex-Follies girl and ex-wife of the late John Gilbert, Virginia represents the exotic type of American beauty. It is no wonder that she was selected for an important rôle in *The Great Ziegfeld*

MARY LOU DIX

At first glance Mary Lou may suggest to your mind the glamorous personality of another star. Dietrich, for instance? Or, Twelvetrees? Columbia directors say she isn't a composite of a glittering bevy of beauties but a definite, provocative individual that you'll get to know better when she appears in *The King Steps Out*. She was once a member of the famous Goldwyn Girls

CAROLE LOMBARD

Here is the summer girl, the June bride, the gay divorcée, the alluring widow, the sirenic blonde, the scintillating star, the come-hither vixen, the amusing guest, the sophisticated hostess. In short, it is Carole Lombard, posed by an imaginative photographer who harnessed the sun-arcs in his stillroom to bring out devastating lights and shadows and achieve a photographic masterpiece

GLORIA STUART

No list of Hollywood's beautiful women would be complete without Gloria Stuart, a blond vision whose personality is as intriguing as her appearance. Gloria, at present, is working with Shirley Temple in her new picture, *Poor Little Rich Girl*

ANITA LOUISE

A breath-taking portrait of Anita. You may not believe it, but the costume is a nightgown designed to be worn in *Anthony Adverse*. Anita thinks it so beautiful that she wants to purchase it for her own personal wardrobe as a hostess gown

Janet Gaynor, who appears with Robert Taylor in *Small Town Girl*, is somewhat like the girl he may marry, but she's not *the* one!

ROBERT TAYLOR'S *Ideal Sweetheart*

You may have some of the qualifications Robert Taylor demands. Read this story!

By Jerry Lane

IN THE spring a young man's fancy . . . turns to his Ideal Sweetheart! And Robert Taylor is no exception. Ordinarily it's as difficult to make Bob talk about women as it is to get a Lindbergh interview, but this time he melted. Maybe it was the fragrance of jasmine floating through the window that did the trick. Or the fresh row of tulips out in his garden. Or Irene Hervey's new spring hat—he'd just come from lunch with her. Anyway, Bob fell to discussing Woman. *The* Woman who could capture his dreams—and his heart—come leap year or any other time.

"I suppose every man has his Ideal Girl," he remarked. "The one he hopes to find some day and marry. That's only natural. Sometimes he has a distinct mental picture of her. But I think most men only know what they like in a girl and they look for that. Complexion doesn't matter. They don't give a whoop if she's a blonde, brunette or redhead so long as she measures up in other ways. At least that's the way I feel about it.

"I've sort of built up my ideal as I went along. Not from any storybook heroine but from the girls I've known. She is a composite of the qualities I liked best in each one.

"For instance," Bob shifted in his deep arm chair, lit his pipe and stared at the tulips, "there was that little sixteen-year-old blonde back in Nebraska. Boy, she had a number one talent that is irresistible to any mere man," he grinned reminiscently. "*She actually listened to you!* I don't mean she was in any way the simpering kind but she did make you feel you were the only one. You had her full, complete, and undivided attention. And that, I've learned since, is an art. You take some girls out and their glance is a million miles away. Everything distracts them. No matter what you start to talk about, they veer off the subject like a sailor on ice. But not Marie. She helped along and put you at ease. That's a wonderful gift in any girl.

"Then there was the Scripps College junior I met while I was studying out here in California at Pomona. *She* was the first real love of my life. I'll probably never be able to forget her entirely. She was small—and I've preferred them that way ever since. She was gracious—another requisite my ideal has to have. And she was wholly feminine. There was nothing of this hail-fellow-well-met about her, although she was a gay companion. No parading of efficiency. If she was brilliant and ambitious she certainly didn't make an issue of it.

"You know," Bob mused, "it's funny how women throw away their biggest asset, *femininity*. They want to meet a man on his own grounds and I think that in itself kills romance for the majority of men. What's the use of having an Ideal Girl if you can't look up to her and feel she's on some higher level? You want her a little mysterious, a little hard to attain. But not too hard, of course . . .

"That was the trouble with this lady. I asked her to marry me—and she promptly married someone else.

"For three months I was sunk. In fact, I thought I was through with women forever. When I heard our

[*Continued on page 88*]

GARY'S *FIRST* LOVE

By Clark Warren

His first love and last—not in the ordinary sense—is a love that great men sometimes have

THE line sang through the air and the fly dropped gently on the surface of the pool. The fish doesn't live that would have been startled by that finished dexterity in casting a line at twenty yards.

Gary Cooper smiled contentedly as he ambled forward, smoothly reeling in his line. He hadn't said a word, but if you know your "Coop" you'd have known that he was supremely happy, his eyes gleaming in faint anticipation.

He wasn't in the High Sierras after trout. He was standing on "The Campus," the small enclosed square of lawn and pond within the Paramount studio grounds, testing out a rod and reel. Gary was getting ready to go fishing, I figured, as I watched him. He nodded as he passed me sitting on the steps of his dressing-room.

"Good rod, that!"

I nodded.

He returned in a minute with a new bolt-action .30-06 rifle. It was a pretty gun and he handled it with reverent care, gently caressing the stock of fine curly walnut, his eye dancing as he cast it along the slender, blue-black barrel. He drew a slow, steady bead on the radiator cap of Mae West's car two blocks away, bringing the gleaming object to a fine sight on the crossed hair-lines of the telescopic sights. He grunted in satisfaction.

I waited for him to start talking. Sometimes he does, sometimes he doesn't. I felt that this was apt to be a good day for "Coop" for two reasons. One was that all this preparation signified he was getting ready for another trip; the other was that he had grunted twice in fifteen minutes and had given voice to the remark about the rod. With Gary that approaches the garrulous. He'd rather do things than talk about them.

His mother still tells the tale of Gary coming back from his African hunting trip. All they could get out of him was that "nothing much happened. Just wandered around with a few fellows and got a couple of shots in." The next day mounted heads and tanned hides, elephant tusks and native spears began arriving in drays. Of course, nothing much could have happened while he was in Africa!

But, as I say, I'd just dropped in to see what the gods had in store and it seemed that they were being good. I felt that I might even toss in a leading question.

"Heard you were buzzing off to Bermuda again?"

"Yeah . . . sail fish are runnin'."

"How come the fly rod and carbine on a Bermuda trip?"

"Oh, I dunno. . . . Reckon we might stop off some place on the way." He carefully swabbed the barrel with absorbent cotton, squinted down the graceful sworls of the rifling, each ridge as sharp and true as the day he bought it. Great indication of a man's character, that. Sloppy guns and tackle and you're a sloppy man. He grinned. "You never know when they'll come in handy. . . . Did I

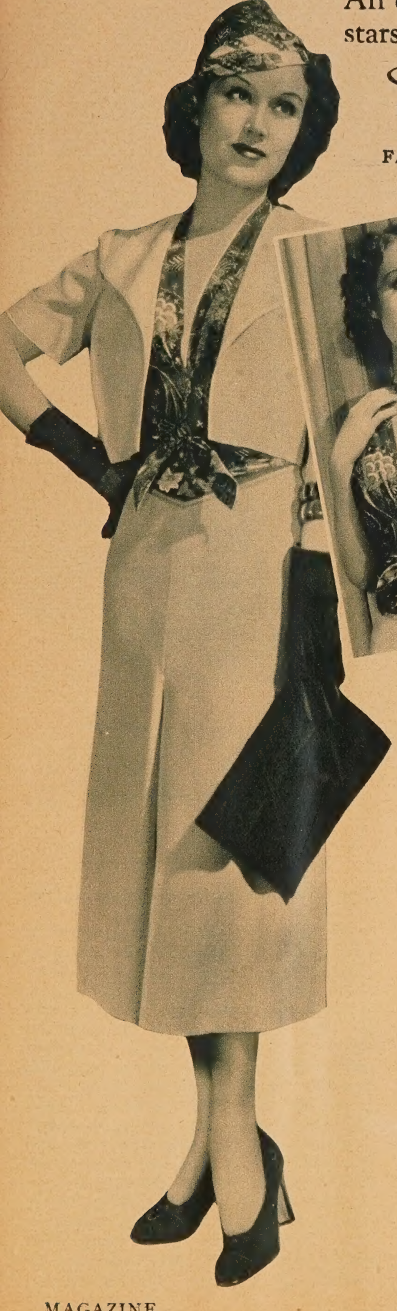
[*Continued on page* 58]

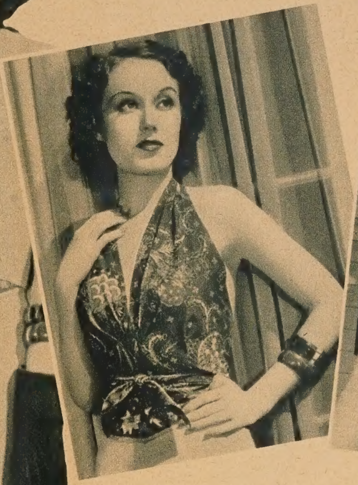
ART BOWS to UTILITY

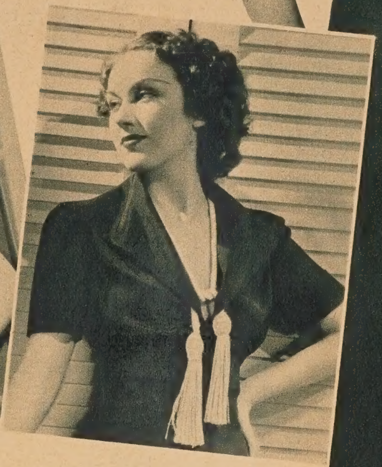
An explosion of the old myth that stars must be lavish to be stylish

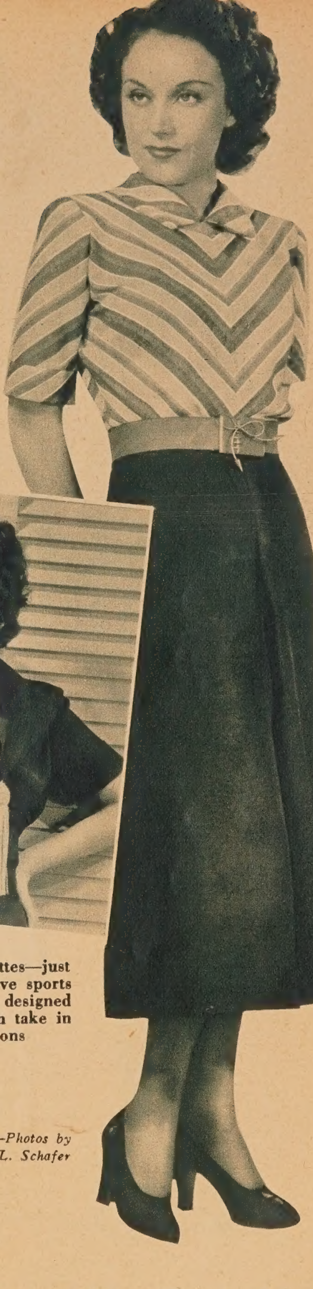
Sally Martin

FASHION EDITOR OF SCREEN BOOK









Fay Wray wears Congo beige sharkskin for smart afternoon affairs. The halter gilet and draped turban features striking new Javanese print

Navy blue culottes—just the thing for active sports wear! Lange has designed two blouses which take in most occasions

—Photos by A. L. Schafer

CAST from your mind any thoughts that one must be intricate to be original. There is originality in studied simplicity and good taste in utilitarian design.

Such impressions one carries away after a visit with Samuel Lange, Columbia's latest acquisition in the cinema fashion field. This brilliant designer is outstanding in that his originality springs from basic simplicities rather than bizarre intricacies. His style is developed from a basic theme and his designs possess a smart practical simplicity.

In the first category Lange expresses a new and refreshing idea. In creating his clothes his thought is not only to dress the star in the latest fashion but rather to bring to that star the influence of the country suggested by her personality. For example, Marian Marsh suggests "English" while Fay Wray's type brings to mind the south seas and the Orient. Lange does not believe in bringing the current mode to the star unless, as such, it particularly suits her individual type of beauty. Therefore, even in this day of varied style influences, he chooses from none but instead delves into books on ancient art and history and studies old customs. This "basic" research enables him to bring new and exciting hidden influences into his fashions. By this method he is capable of instilling an entirely new motive in each and

[*Continued on page 70*]

MODEL Your Way

There is one sure way into the movies, and *you* can travel that route!

Lovely Jane Hamilton attracted attention as a model and won a contract at RKO studios

Statuesque Virginia Reid stepped from her career as a model into the movies. Her newest picture is *I Dream too Much*, in which Lily Pons scored a sensational success

The most famous of all ex-models—Norma Shearer, whose face appeared in advertisements for automobile tires long before she thought of the screen as a possible life career

Success for you as a model if you can answer yes to these seven questions.

1—Have I perfect features?
2—Am I intelligent?
3—Am I good natured, adaptable?
4—Is my beauty of the natural rather than the artificial type?
5—Am I self-reliant, resourceful?
6—Am I self-critical and can I take constructive criticism from others?
7—Does my beauty photograph well?

IF YOU have what it takes to be a professional model, you have what it takes to get a screen test. And if a screen test is all that you need to convince Hollywood that *it* needs *you*—well, we'll be seeing you in the movies!

Norma Shearer modeled for New York photographers before she ever stepped before a movie camera. So did Frederic March, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Helen Vinson, Dolores Costello, Constance Cummings. Today, there are nearly half a hundred stars and featured players in Hollywood "who wouldn't be there if they hadn't been in this modeling business first." The quotes are from the one man who knew all of them "when"—when they were unknowns. His name is John Robert Powers. He is head of the oldest, biggest and best models' agency in the world.

He has been called "the Ziegfeld of the modeling business." Actually, he supplied Ziegfeld with many of his beauties. He sees more pretty girls in one year than the late Great Glorifier saw in ten—and has started far more on bright, well-paying careers. For when this handsome, forty-three-year-old, happily married Irishman looks over candidates for modeling, he isn't seeking one certain type; he is constantly looking for new, individual faces and personalities. Which is just what the movies themselves are seeking—if there is talent to back up individuality. Studio talent scouts are constantly asking to test Powers girls. And when John Powers feels that one of his models is ready, in every way for

to FAME

By
Marian Campbell

Marjorie Weaver won a SCREEN BOOK contest, became a New York model, studied dancing and is now under contract to Warner Brothers

Dorothy Thompson, arrestingly beautiful brunette, who became one of the LeRoy Prinz dancers

Lucille Ball, another discovery from the ranks of models, is seen with Fred Astaire in *Follow the Fleet*

a screen test, he sees to it that she gets it.

For example, that beautiful girl in the cigarette ads, the glamorous soap ads and smart fashion photos. Her name is Anita Counihan. She has been a model for just a year and a half. During most of that time, the see-all columnists have raved about her as the most beautiful example of animated femininity in New York. Talent scouts have long had their eyes on her. A few days ago, Powers felt that she was ready for a screen test and arranged one for her with RKO-Radio. And not only did she photograph like the proverbial million dollars; she also showed that all-essential spark of personality, of self-expression.

Studios, you have heard, won't spend money to teach acting finesse to unknowns these days. Well, RKO-Radio is spending money to teach Anita Counihan—and the teacher is none other than Frances Robinson-Duff, who has been dramatic coach to such stars as Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins, among others. Anita is worth some expenditure. You see, she has been a model.

Do you remember the name of Marjorie Weaver? You will! Several months ago, she won a nationwide beauty contest conducted by SCREEN BOOK. Her photograph stood out from several hundred, and she was given as a prize, a three-months course in a famous New York dancing school. Soon after her arrival in New York from Louisville, Kentucky, several talent scouts registered interest in her, but did nothing about it. Marjorie not only worked with a will at her dancing; she also studied dramatics, and—she became a photographic model in her spare time. She had posed for a mere handful of photographers when the talent scouts were at her door, insisting on tests. Today she holds a Warner Brothers contract. She is on her way to Hollywood, fame and fortune.

IT ISN'T accidental that so many models win screen chances—or that so many ex-models are today's screen stars. John Powers says, "It would be far more easy for a model to become a movie star than for a movie star to become a model." There are reasons. Ten of them. And again I repeat: If you have what it takes to be a professional model, you have what it takes to get a screen test.

But what does it take to become a model? There are ten primary requirements. Let me tell you about them. Let me tell you about them in the form of ten questions. Ask yourself these questions—answer them honestly. Then, if you think you can answer them to John Powers' satisfaction, he will be waiting to see you. The Address is 247 Park Avenue, New York City—and his office is on the second floor. Don't write or telephone first. Walk in. He can't judge you without seeing you.

These, then, are the ten questions that John Powers would recommend that any would-be model should ask herself:

1. *Do you have perfect features—well-balanced*

[*Continued on page 76*]

HOW PICTURES ARE RATED

★★★★ Perfect Picture. ★★★ Good Entertainment. ★★ Not Bad. ★ Ho Hum! SCREEN BOOK'S strict standard of rating is applied without discrimination to all pictures. Readers are urged to remember, however, that even in the "Ho Hum!" classification may be occasional scenes to make a movie-goer glad he didn't stay home with the cat. You read the reviews and take your choice.

PERSONAL

By Eleanor Barnes

Every picture honestly reviewed at its first Hollywood showing. Follow the star ratings!

Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur, stars of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, score the best performances of their careers under the masterful direction of Frank Capra

I Married A Doctor

★★★½

COMEDY DRAMA—The rich, human document by Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street*, has come to the screen under the new title, altered somewhat, but sticking close enough to the original idea to retain its appeal and dramatic values.

It is outstandingly good in adaptation, and the performance of Josephine Hutchinson, as the bride who goes to the small town from the big city, is appealing and graceful. Miss Hutchinson's forté is for this type of thing, but unfortunately, until now, she has appeared too fragile to be clearly etched as a personality.

Surprisingly good is Pat O'Brien, as Dr. Will Kennicott, and here once again is proved that an actor, if given new things to do will escape himself. O'Brien has been hard-boiled so many times that audiences almost expect to see him only that way.

Archie Mayo's direction is smooth and convincing.

Ross Alexander, however, with over enthusiasm, has made the young Swede farmer who wants to be an artist, just a nut. Perhaps he was too ambitious and suffered as the result, thus weakening the structure of the plot.

There are many distinguished names in the supporting cast. Guy Kibbee does a neat job as a leading town citizen; Louise Fazenda's semi-comic Swedish maid is an improvement on her old broad comedy characterization; Ray Mayer, as the town radical is exceptionally good; and Sam Wren, Margaret Irving, Janet Young and others reflect the nice tempo established by the director.

CRITICAL COMMENT: Careful consideration for Sinclair Lewis' classical characters, with a sincere approach to the underlying theme in the book, *Main Street.—Produced by Warner Brothers.*

Mr. Deeds Goes To Town

★★★★

ROMANTIC COMEDY—Director Frank Capra goes to town again, in very good company. He takes with him his old side kick, Robert Riskin, whose way of adapting stories to the screen is nothing short of genius, and he carts with him Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur.

This is a picture that embodies all the virtues of a good entertainment. It has a fine theme: the hero is an idealistic, practical man, despite the fact that he plays a tuba in a small town band and writes poems for Christmas cards. His philosophy is kindly and sensible, although at times it has earmarks of being screwy.

It has drama: the hero receives $20,000,000 from an uncle he doesn't know and is lifted from his lethargic life into the active and deceptive environment of a rich man being *taken* by those who want his money.

It has love interest: a heroine who must decide between her duty as a newspaperwoman and her love for the man. This is excellently worked out by the authors and turned to a delicious brown by the director and players.

PREVIEWS

Leading characters in Hollywood's most ambitious spectacle, *The Great Ziegfeld*. Luise Rainer, William Powell and Myrna Loy give excellent performances

Shirley Temple succumbs to the DeMille complex and does a bathtub scene for *Poor Little Rich Girl*. The miniature aquarium is a novel and interesting touch

Josephine Hutchinson discovers just what it means to be a doctor's wife in a small town. A scene from *I Married a Doctor*, in which she appears with Pat O'Brien

It has fun: a small-town hero experiencing the joys of playing fireman in a big city, and going on a *branigan* with some newly found acquaintances.

It has pathos: hundreds of hungry and penniless Americans seeking aid from a benefactor, and their explanations of their unfortunate circumstances.

It has satire: meetings of philanthropic and civic groups discussing the deficit in artistic enterprises.

It has circumstantial evidence: the hero defends himself on a charge of insanity because of his hair-brained exuberance over romance. This episode will make every theatergoer think seriously about the amazing way their chickens will come home to roost.

It has fantasy: two old ladies descending upon a courtroom from an atmosphere of the past.

It has suspense: in several scenes, once when the hero discovers himself betrayed by the girl he loves, and again when he is held on a lunacy charge.

It has farce: grand, extravagant moments, scattered throughout the piece.

It has brought back a good, old-fashioned word called pixilated.

Audiences are pixilated with absolute joy when they behold *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

CRITICAL COMMENT: The most delightful excursion in the theater in months.—*Produced by Columbia Pictures.*

Sutter's Gold

★★★½

EPIC ADVENTURE—Not attempting to stick too closely to fact, but telling with gripping force and beauty the futile attempt of a man to create an agricultural empire when fate decreed that gold should be found on his property, this film has a potency difficult to achieve in 82 minutes of screening.

Jack Kirkland, Walter Woods and George O'Neil intelligently knitted together this tale that adquately selected high-spots of the glamorous era, concentrating upon sweeping melodrama in the early episode and the pathos of the finale where Sutter, old and broken, is tragically evicted from the land he hoped to restore.

Edward Arnold of *Diamond Jim* fame, plays Sutter. He does a fine bit af aging, not only through the aid of the make-up department, but in the spirit of the character. His voice, his great bulk and his apparent sincerity stand the test of a difficult rôle.

Lee Tracy, as Sutter's ne'er-do-well companion, who always complains and threatens to quit him, but never does, is a fine complement to the star, Arnold.

Binnie Barnes provides the sexy complications as a Russian siren who leaves Sutter after his power is gone. She is lovely to look at.

Katherine Alexander's sympathetic rôle as Mrs. Sutter, deserves worthy comment.

An amazingly good cast, with William Janney and Nan Grey, Harry Carey, Robert Warwick, James Marshall, Montagu Love, Billy Gilbert and others.

This film is exquisitely treated photographically by George Robinson and the art direction is superb, credit going to Albert D'Agostino.

CRITICAL COMMENT: Painstaking detail has been utilized by Director Cruze, who highlights each episode with delicate irony or human understanding. This film deserves serious consideration by thoughtful movie fans as an intelligent picturization of a little-known phase of U. S. history.—*Produced by Universal.*

[*Continued on page* 59]

Take the Guesswork out of your permanent wave . .

COARSE
POROUS
DRY
OILY
BRITTLE
FINE

Did you ever stop to think that your hair is just as individual as your fingerprint? You know, of course, that some hair is oily—other hair dry; that there is elastic—porous—brittle—coarse—fine—strong and weak hair, as well as many other types.

And to insure absolute success of your Permanent Wave . . . the material used must be scientifically correct for your particular type of hair.

Would you like to take the guesswork out of your next Permanent? Of course, you would. And now for the first time you can be sure before you enter your favorite beauty shop that—

1. Your hair has been scientifically and microscopically tested for tensile strength, quality and texture.
2. The material used for your wave is exactly right for your type of hair.
3. The solution and pads used on your head are your own personal property—fresh and clean.
4. That you have taken every precaution to insure perfect satisfaction with your next Permanent.

HAIR SERVICE, INC. offers you, FREE . . . this scientific test of your hair. Simply cut a small strand of your hair, and send it to us. We agree to diagnose and analyze your hair and will send you a personal permanent wave unit, consisting of the proper solution for your hair and 36 permanent wave pads! More than enough for most heads. Take them to your favorite beauty shop and be assured that the materials used are comparable with those used in giving most $10.00 permanents—that they are hygienically safe, and can be used with practically any permanent wave machine.

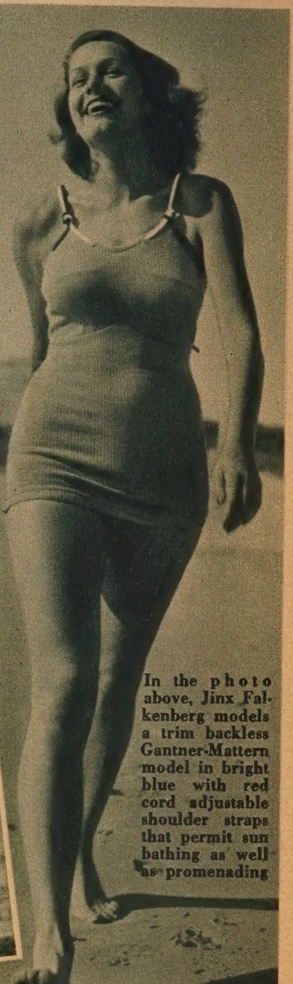
Remember . . . you pay only $1.00 for the solution and pads. The personal scientific analysis is FREE. You may pay postman if you prefer.

HAIR SERVICE, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Please scientifically analyze enclosed strand of my hair.
☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for personal permanent wave material.
☐ I will pay postman $1.00, plus postage, on receipt of personal permanent wave material.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________
My hair is ☐ Bobbed ☐ Long ☐ Dyed ☐ Bleached ☐ Natural Shade

Hollywood's SWIM STYLES

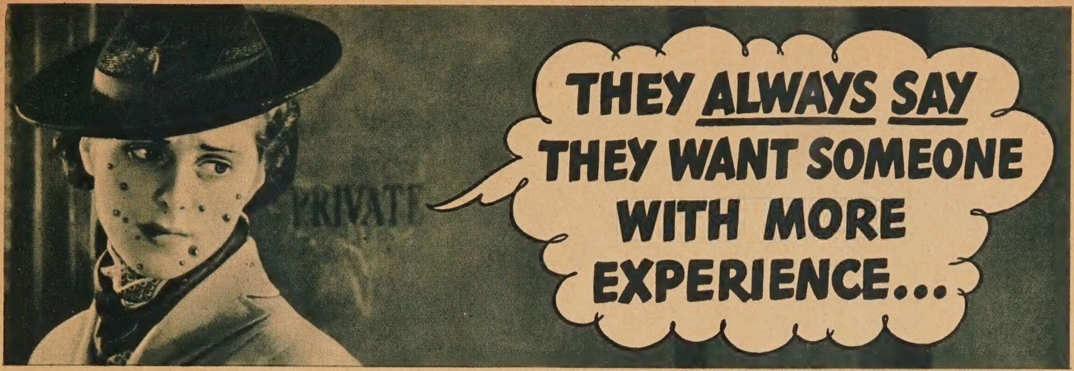
Beautiful Jinx Falkenberg, screen newcomer, models new bathing costumes as Movieland's beach season begins

Jinx says her new Gantner-Mattern suits are ideal for bathing

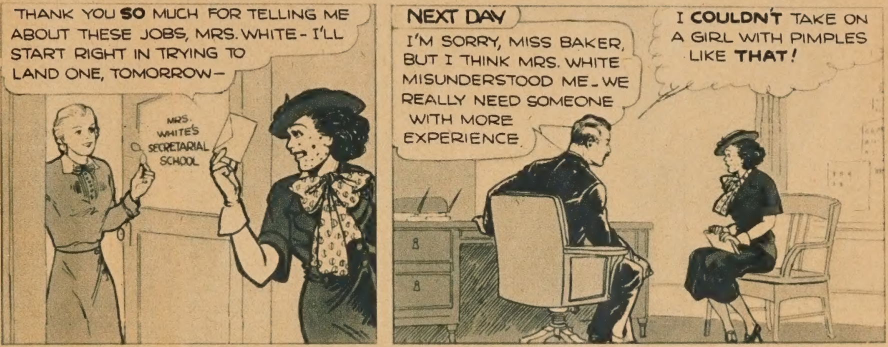


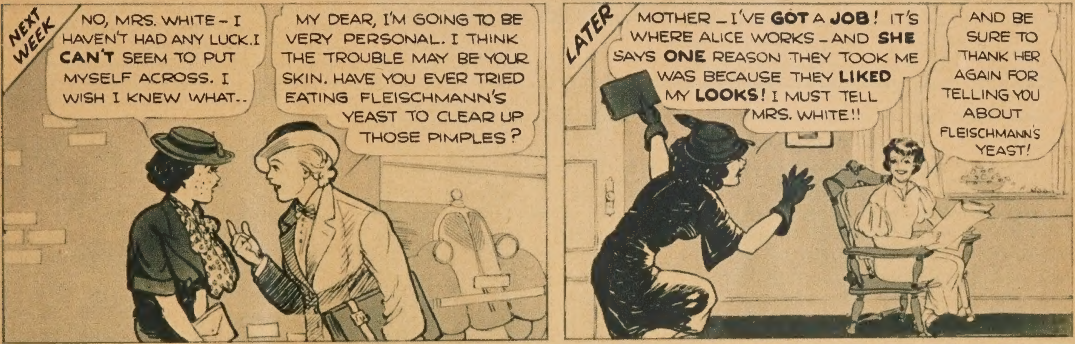
In the photo above, Jinx Falkenberg models a trim backless Gantner-Mattern model in bright blue with red cord adjustable shoulder straps that permit sun bathing as well as promenading

Photos below and right: Jinx in an attractive heavy-ribbed suit of light blue. It is an unusually flattering variation in the one-piece style—just the suit to compliment a supple athletic figure


PRIVATE
THEY ALWAYS SAY THEY WANT SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE...

-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB


THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW-
MRS. WHITE'S SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
NEXT DAY
I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE
I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!


NEXT WEEK
NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT..
MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?
LATER
MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!
AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

SAY - MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE-LAST FOR YOU -
JIMMY - ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

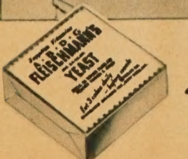
Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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IS *Your* HAIR AS BEAUTIFUL AS ROSINA LAWRENCE'S?

ROSINA LAWRENCE
20TH CENTURY FOX STAR

Choose one of Duart's Hollywood Hairstyles and your hair can be as lovely and alluring as that of any star

It's the truth! A screen star's coiffure is her ONE personal feature that you can copy exactly. First, send for the FREE book of Duart's screen star coiffures. Then, take it to your hairdresser and do just as the lovely stars themselves do—demand a genuine Duart Permanent Wave. Duart is the only wave endorsed by the MOTION PICTURE HAIRSTYLISTS GUILD. The distinguished members of the Guild are responsible for the beauty care of each and every star in all Hollywood Studios. Their highly prized beauty advice has brought glamour and allure to many a star. No matter what type or color hair you have, a Duart Permanent Wave will bring you new and radiant loveliness.

Remember to ask for *your* SEALED package of Duart waving pads for your next permanent.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

Brighten Your Hair with Duart Rinse

Choose from 12 beautiful shades. No dye—no bleach. Rinses the hair "squeaky clean" and adds a touch of sunlight. Send 10 cents for a full 2-rinse package and the FREE book of Duart's Screen Star Coiffures. See coupon.

DUART

PERMANENT WAVES

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

SEND 10¢ FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

Name..
Address..
City.............................. *State*..............

6

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

NEW TYPE CREME OVERNIGHT

by DORIS DUMONT

HELP! I'm becoming hysterical. Phones ring, photographers dash in and out, mail pours in by the bagful, four secretaries work at racing speed to keep up. Who would have thought the introduction of this new type creme made from milk would have caused such a tidal wave of interest. Excuse me if I sound breathless and confused. The magazine has just wired, "Where is your article—you are late," so I'm writing this and eating a three o'clock sandwich at the same time (no lunch today), for this copy must make the next air mail.

BEAUTY editors of famous magazines and newspapers all over the country are writing, wiring and telephoning for information to give their readers on this, the first beauty creme ever made from milk. At the same time, stars, social celebrities, and hundreds of others just like yourself, dear reader, are writing in to say that never in all their lives have they used any creme, lotion or soap, that produced such marvelous results—and so quickly. I'm not good at astrology or fortune telling but I predict right here and now that Creme of Milk—that's the name of this new type creme, will revolutionize the whole face creme industry. As you perhaps know there are thousands of brands of face creme, but never before in all the world has anyone succeeded in making a face creme from pure, fresh, dairy milk. Let me pause here and give you briefly the reasons why Creme of Milk is such an overnight sensation.

BELOW: *Kathleen Burke, famed "Panther Woman" of the screen, removing her makeup with Creme of Milk.*

ABOVE: *Gilda Grey, soon to be seen in "The Great Ziegfeld," says, "Every beauty-wise woman knows that nothing can replace milk on the skin."*

MILK has been famous as the Number 1 skin beautifier for thousands (yes, thousands!) of years. Scientists have now found out why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are very closely related to the natural oils of the human skin. You see both the milk oils and the skin's own oil are produced by the same natural process—glandular secretion.

THESE milk oils can penetrate the outer skin tissue and the pores more quickly and

BEAUTY IS SENSATION!

ABOVE: *Edith Hubner, Guild member and head of the Hairstyling Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, says: "Even blase Hollywood has never seen any creme to equal Creme of Milk."*

BELOW: *Maxine Jennings, star of "The Witness Chair," RKO Radio picture, marvels at the quick, easy cleansing effected by Creme of Milk.*

more deeply than any face creme ever known before. Besides, the milk oils have a revitalizing effect on the skin and bothersome blackheads, clogged pores, dryness, roughness, oiliness and other skin surface troubles are quickly banished.

THE skin specialist explains it this way. Ordinary cremes, lotions or soaps *remove* the natural oil from the skin at the same time the dirt and makeup are removed. Thus, almost every woman today is bringing on skin trouble by actually *starving* her skin for natural oil. Prove this to yourself, the specialist says, by comparing the skin on your face with the skin on other parts of your own body.

REPLACE the lost natural oil and you will quickly win back the natural beauty of your complexion. It's as simple and easy as that. But then, aren't all the best things really simple?

STORES everywhere are being supplied with Creme of Milk as fast as possible but production is far behind. Best thing to do is write direct to me (I'll hire four more secretaries if I have to) and you'll get your first jar of Creme of Milk by return mail—postage paid. Send fifty cents for regular size jar or $1 for large economy size. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif. P.S.—Creme of Milk will stay sweet and fresh practically forever.

BELOW: *Mrs. Peverell Marley, Hollywood socialite and lovely wife of camera expert Marley, snapped at headquarters of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.*

ABOVE: *Joan Marsh, fascinating young RKO star, snapped while opening her first jar of Creme of Milk.*

AMAZING NEW BEAUTY CREME made from *Milk*

Milk replaces lost natural oils of the skin—then dryness, blackheads, coarse pores and other blemishes are banished.

No ordinary creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin. And now all the beauty benefits of pure fresh dairy milk have been made into a delightful and entirely new type of face creme—Duart's Creme of Milk. This is the quickest, simplest, easiest and most effective beauty treatment ever. Just a minute morning and night. You can almost feel your skin drinking it in. Creme of Milk positively will not grow hair and it will stay sweet and fresh no matter how long the jar sits on your dressing table. Mail our coupon now. You will be delighted and surprised at the thrilling effects Creme of Milk will have on your skin from the very first day.

DUART'S
creme of milk

MAE CLARKE

starring in "A House Of A Thousand Candles," a Republic Production, says: "Milk has been the finest of all skin beautifiers since the beginning of civilization—and now that science has discovered how to make a beauty creme from milk—every woman can easily enjoy its marvelous effects on the skin."

All Hollywood Praises Creme of Milk

Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty is officially known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They are responsible for the beauty care of EVERY STAR in every studio in Hollywood. All 85 of their official members ENDORSE CREME OF MILK, the *only* face creme they have *ever* endorsed.

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it—every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

NINA ROBERTS, Vice President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist at United Artists Studio says: "Creme of Milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery of our time. Use it just once and you'll never go back to ordinary cremes."

DUART'S
creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

In 50c and $1 sizes at your favorite Cosmetic Counter

TRY CREME OF MILK *for only* 10c

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.

I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name..

Address......................................

City.............................. *State*.................. 6

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."

"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized ...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

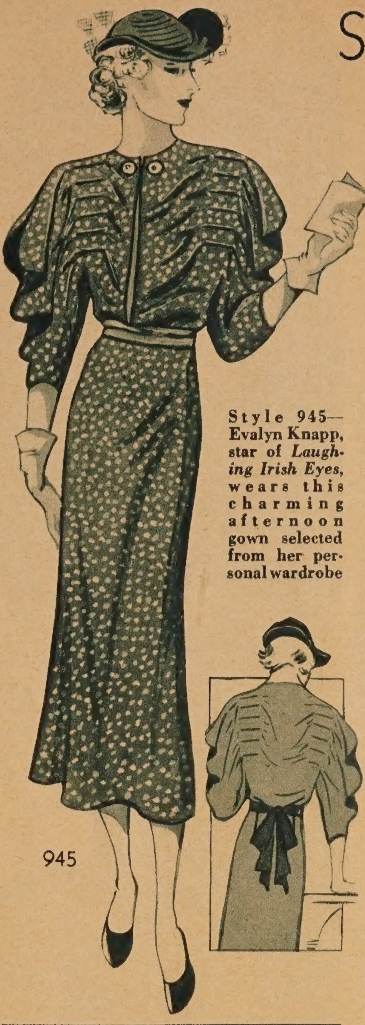
Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upraod today. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

SCREEN STAR PATTERNS for the SUMMER WARDROBE



945

Style 945—Evalyn Knapp, star of *Laughing Irish Eyes*, wears this charming afternoon gown selected from her personal wardrobe

SUMMER is already here and naturally our thoughts are turned toward planning that vacation wardrobe. Style 945, Evalyn Knapp's gay little navy China silk dress printed with tiny white birds is just the thing for luncheon and afternoon wear. Sheer cotton or linen prints in dots, florals or stripes would be equally smart for this simple to sew dress. It is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.

Style 943 adopts the wasp waistline in this youthful jacket suit in brown taffeta printed in small flowers worn by Evalyn Knapp. This attractive model would be grand made up in plain or printed linen. It is patterned in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36 38 and 40 inch bust. Pattern price, 15c each.

Evalyn Knapp is popular around Hollywood—and so is the Chinese silk frock she is wearing. You can make one like it easily

MAIL THIS COUPON

SCREEN BOOK Pattern Dept., **Patterns**
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. **15c**

For the enclosed..............cents, please send

me ☐ Pattern 943,

Size .... Bust ....

☐ Pattern 945,

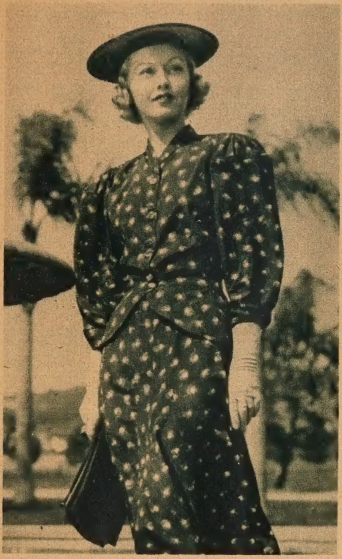
Size .... Bust ....

Name ....

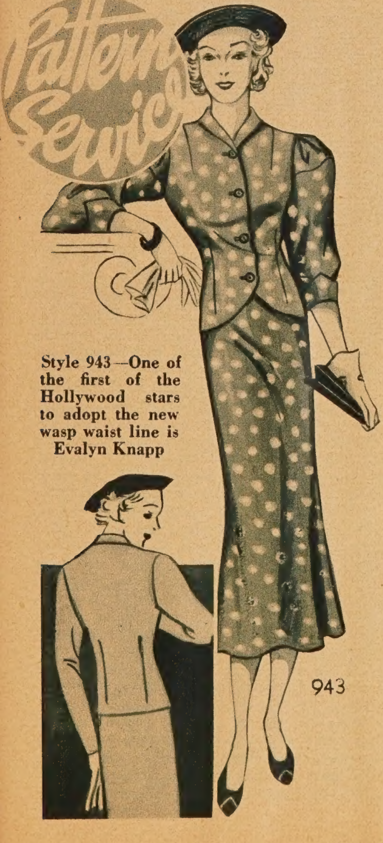
Street ....

City.. State.................

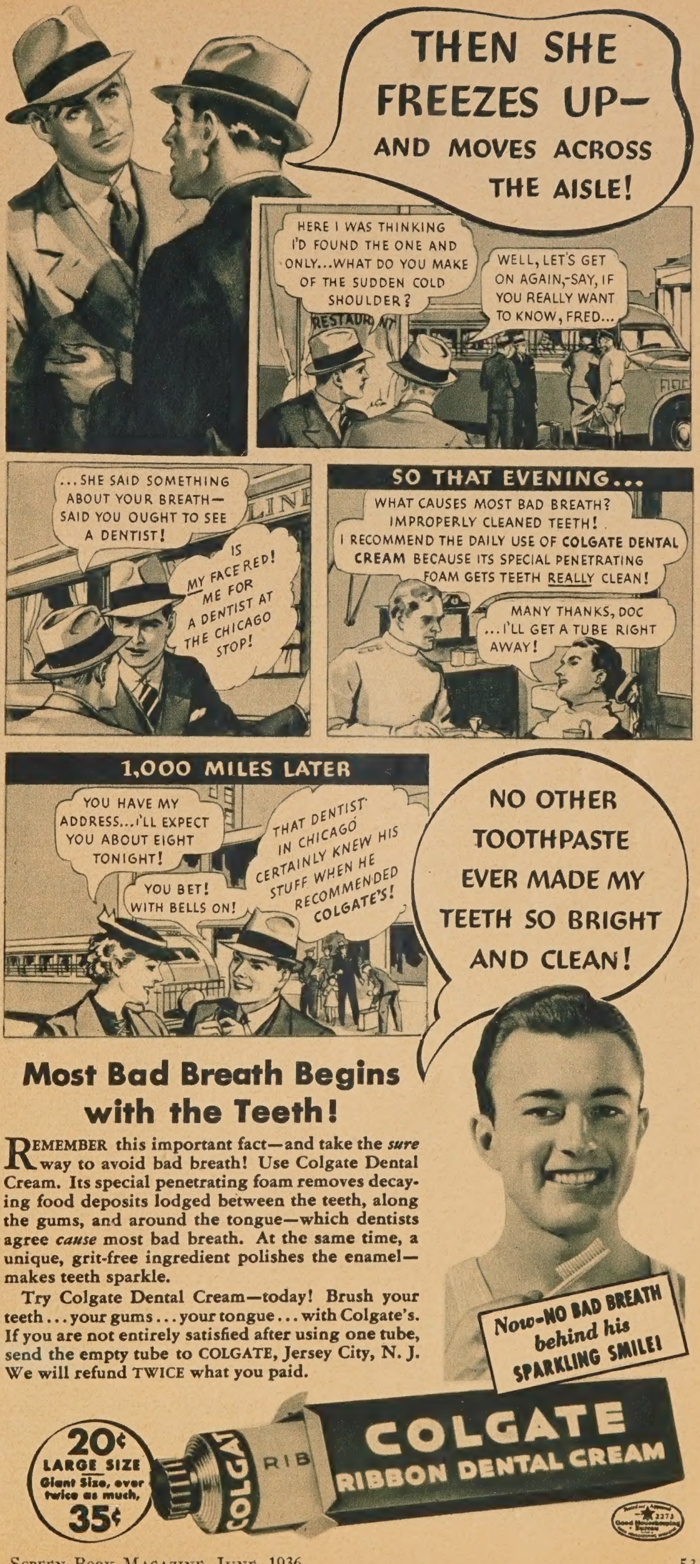
Place check marks in squares above to indicate your order. All patterns 15c each. In Canada, mail coupon to SCREEN BOOK, Pattern Dept., 133 Jarvis St., Toronto.



Evalyn steps out for early spring shopping snappily in this taffeta suit. The pattern copies this ensemble exactly


Pattern Service
943

Style 943—One of the first of the Hollywood stars to adopt the new wasp waist line is Evalyn Knapp


THEN SHE FREEZES UP— AND MOVES ACROSS THE AISLE!
HERE I WAS THINKING I'D FOUND THE ONE AND ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE SUDDEN COLD SHOULDER?
WELL, LET'S GET ON AGAIN,-SAY, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, FRED...
RESTAURANT
...SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BREATH— SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST!
IS MY FACE RED! ME FOR A DENTIST AT THE CHICAGO STOP!
SO THAT EVENING...
WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH? IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
MANY THANKS, DOC ...I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT AWAY!
1,000 MILES LATER
YOU HAVE MY ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT YOU ABOUT EIGHT TONIGHT!
YOU BET! WITH BELLS ON!
THAT DENTIST IN CHICAGO CERTAINLY KNEW HIS STUFF WHEN HE RECOMMENDED COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

"I COULDN'T TAKE A STEP IN PEACE!

Every Move, Every Position, Cost Me Pain"

ANY person with Piles knows what suffering is. Piles cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

A Scientific Formula

Effective treatment today for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treatment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Real Results

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Send for Trial Tube

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 37-F, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and postage.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY________________STATE___________

This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Franchot Without Joan

[*Continued from page* 31]

acting was an exciting career. He gave me his own enthusiasm for the stage.

"This wasn't just another dramatic club. It was a very good little theater—not out to make money, but to present dramatic art. We put on three or four one-act plays every week-end, and six full-length plays strung out through the year. I didn't specialize in any one type of rôle. I played leads, character parts, comedy parts. I wanted variety. For that matter, I still want it.

"It wasn't long before I had serious acting ambitions—but I was keeping those ambitions more or less to myself. Mother knew about them, and she encouraged them. Every time I was in a play, she came down to Ithaca to see it. She understood that I wasn't just stage-struck; that I was half reaching out for a career. And if I thought I might develop into something on the stage, and be happy doing it—well, she was all for it. I know that there are stories to the effect that my family objected to my going on the stage. They aren't true. The family was all for me, all of the time. In fact, if it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't be here today."

He paused. I asked, "Did your stage ambitions interfere with college—or did college interfere with your ambitions?"

"My Senior year, I made Phi Beta Kappa, and Kappa Beta Phi. I earned a half-year's credit on an M. A. degree—which I would need if I wanted to teach. And I was assistant to the professor of Romance Languages; I wasn't doing any actual instructing, but I was keeping records, correcting papers, and serving as a general handy man, constantly dabbling in French. Just in case I needed it later. I hoped I wouldn't. I intended to work in stock during the summer, and make a go of acting.

"I got a job for the summer with the Gary McGarry Players in Buffalo. Then I thought I was ready for Broadway. Broadway thought differently. I was in New York eight weeks before I found my first job—a fifteen-dollar-a-week job. And it wasn't on Broadway. It was with the New Playwrights' Theater in Greenwich Village.

"The fifteen dollars helped me to eat, with the help I had from home. I don't know how I could have lasted many more weeks, if it hadn't been for that job . . . when it was so easy to go back to college, start studying again, and go into teaching.

"I thought I was going to work for an art theater—you know, the great ideal of every college dramatic club. It *should* have been an art theater, but it was a most awful flop. Finally, I was approached by a young crowd that called themselves The Group Theater. They had ideas about making art out of drama. I was inclined to be cynical, but I went to one of their meetings and listened, and it all sounded very good. . . ."

HIS cigarette burned short, he looked around for an ash-tray (something an actor never seems to have), and ended by crushing the cigarette under foot.

"That was in 1928. For three years we worked together, about thirty of us, before we ever produced a play. That's a long time to keep an ideal alive. Or to keep enthusiasm alive.

"The prime promoters of the idea were two men named Strasbourg and Klermon, who taught the rest of us all that they knew about the Stanislavsky method of dramatic technique. It was amazing, what they accomplished in my case. I had come to New York, couldn't get work, and finally had had to take a fifteen-dollar-a-week job. I held that job for six months, working with the Group Theater on the side all during that time. At the end of six months, I went up to Broadway again, read a part in a producer's office, and he wouldn't let me out until I had signed for the part. I never had any more trouble earning a living."

Thoughtfully, he fingered the make-believe, but realistic bandage that he was wearing on his right hand for a coming scene in the picture.

"In 1931, I was playing in *The Age of Innocence* with Katharine Cornell when Morris Carnoffsky, one of the leaders of the Group, told me that we had a chance at last to produce a play. The Theater Guild had agreed to let the Group Theater produce *The House of Connelly* and would put up half the money for production, if we could round up the other half. We found an 'angel' for our half, and then we fell to work. I dropped out of *The Age of Innocence* to join them.

"We went to a quiet little hamlet in Connecticut, called Brookfield Center, to rehearse. We lived in an old, broken-down boarding house and rehearsed in the barn—without scenery. We were there twelve weeks, and then we had to wait six weeks more for the Theater Guild to unwind red tape and approve the presentation. Most of us were starving by that time. We had gone up to Brookfield Center with just three thousand dollars. And thirty of us had lived on that for eighteen weeks!

"We made the critics conscious of us with our first play—but *The House of Connelly* was not a hit. Every play we produced from 1931 to 1934 was the same—an artistic success, a box-office 'dud.' Until finally we presented *Men in White*, by Sidney Kingsley, which was an instant success, ran a year, and was bought by the movies. Then we were on our way.

"When we took the jaunt to Brookfield Center and announced that we had formed a co-operative art theater to produce on Broadway, everybody said, 'How can you have a theater without actors?' Morris Carnoffsky and I were about the only ones who had actually appeared on Broadway. But nowadays, every time the Group Theater puts on a play, the critics say, 'As always in a Group Theater production, the performances are unexcelled on the current stage.'" He apparently derived great satisfaction from drawing this contrast. "The Thirty Who Were Scorned have become the white hopes of the American theater."

When did he first think of pictures? "Off and on, I would think of them," he confided. His eyes lighted, reminiscently. "When I was in college, I got steamed up about them. First National sent a director and a camera around to the major colleges, picking out prospects for films, and I was one of the ten chosen for tests at Cornell. For three weeks afterward, I was positive that I was going to Hollywood to make seventy-five dollars a week and become the hero of the hour. Then they ran off all ten tests in a local theater. And as soon as I saw mine, I was positive that I'd never be in pictures. . . . Out of all the 'discoveries' made at colleges on that junket, I understand there is only one left in Hollywood—and he is Fredric March's stand-in. So it was just as well that I didn't make the grade, I guess.

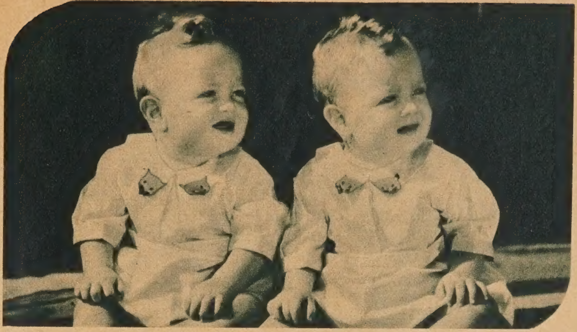
"Then, after I had done a few things in New York, I made more tests—more than fifteen of them. I was tested by every company except Universal and Columbia. Among others, I made two for Paramount, two for RKO, one for Warners, three for M-G-M, two for Fox. Finally, I just quit. As a movie possibility, I was apparently hopeless. Then I was in a play with Jane Cowl, *A Thousand Summers,* and Al Altman, the M-G-M talent scout, asked me to make one more test. I told him that it was useless, that I just wasn't a movie type. He said, 'We've got a new kind of film now. People are photographing much better.' I didn't know whether to believe him or not. I said, 'All right—if you'll make this test exhaustive.'

"It was exhaustive, all right. We worked on it two days, and I really made three tests, not just one. I did a dramatic scene, a comedy scene, and a character part. And I was signed—to do a character bit as a tough guy in a Jean Harlow picture. Jean and I are scheduled to play together in *His Brother's Wife,* but we weren't destined to be together in that first picture.

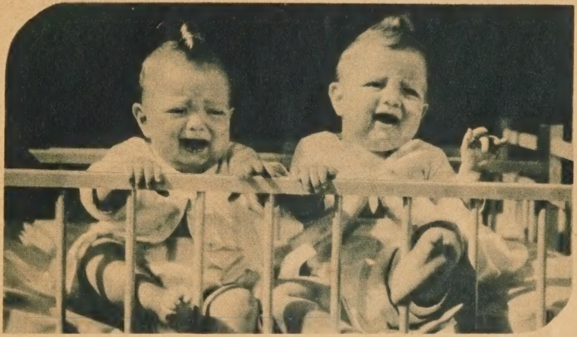
"'This is no tough guy,' the casting director said—and that was that. He put me in another picture, in a dress suit. I never wore evening clothes in all of the time I was on Broadway—six years. But they're about all I have worn on the screen."

WHO was the person with imagination who cast him for *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*? "That was an accident. They had been shooting eight days, with Harry Wilcoxon in the rôle, when they suddenly decided that they had two men of the same type—Gary Cooper and Wilcoxon—in the principal rôles. 'This will never do,' they said. 'We need contrast between these two characters.' I was the only actor available, so I was picked. (They told me all this.) I had just finished a picture, and I was all set for a month's vacation, but I had to go over to Paramount and report for work. I went around for two weeks, grumping. Then, when the picture was nearly finished, Henry Hathaway, the director, told me that he wanted to make a few retakes of the first scenes. He said, 'I know how you felt, those first few days—but you'll be happier if those scenes are made over.' We made retakes of almost all of them.

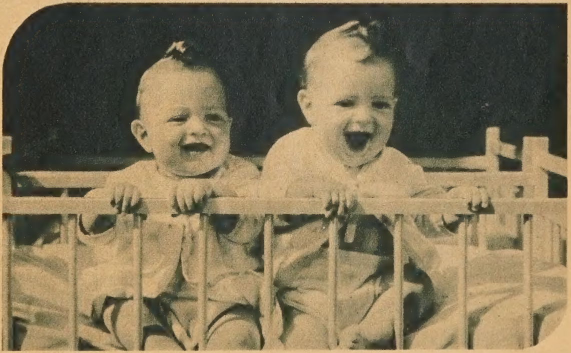
"You know, I fought the idea of playing an Englishman—especially a silly Englishman. That was the way the part was originally written; it was changed after we started shooting. Gary Cooper was a Canadian; Dick Cromwell was alibied as having gone to school in America; I was the only one of the trio who had to be an out-and-out Englishman. But that's one picture I'm glad now that I have made. *Mutiny on the Bounty* was another. And again I was an Englishman! Now I'm an English lord and lawyer in this picture—and I'm getting worried. Maybe they're going to type me." (He didn't look worried.)



"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



'Ah-h . . . ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

• • •

Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson & Johnson
Borated Talcum

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUNDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS..!

Feed Them "*Strength Building Iodine*" for Blood and Glands!

Thousands Say It's Quickest Way to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh—Make You Strong and Rugged—Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better—Advise Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says one of the principal causes of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time—to regulate metabolism—the body's process of converted digesed food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Thousands say, for NATURAL IODINE in convenient concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

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IF YOU TOOK A SCREEN TEST!

You might be frightened as famous stars were or, oddly enough you might not

Evelyn Venable congratulates husband, Hal Mohr, on winning the best photography award. Read what Mohr has to say in this interesting interview

By Mark Dowling

AL JOLSON became a nervous wreck. Garbo was badly made up. Edward Arnold showed his excitement by pacing up and down. Leslie Howard remained cool as a cucumber.

That's how these now-famous stars reacted when they faced the Waterloo of many a Hollywood newcomer—their first tests!

They weren't famous, then, many of them. Just bewildered, hopeful aspirants to movie fame and fortune, gambling their futures against a brief fifteen minutes on the screen.

And the man behind the cameras, judging their fate, was Hal Mohr, ace cameraman, who has recently directed photography of such pictures as *Midsummer Night's Dream, Captain Blood and The Green Pastures.*

"Don't lose hope—even if you've had no experience in acting," he told me. "Strangely enough, experience never helps in a first test before the movie cameras. *Veterans of the stage are more nervous than real amateurs!* Al Jolson was a Broadway headliner when I tested him for *The Jazz Singer*. He became so upset that I thought he'd have a nervous collapse."

A soft spoken, friendly man who has known the picture industry since its infancy, Hal Mohr is in private life the husband of Evelyn Venable, and the father of little Dolores Venable Mohr, now three months old.

"That test of Al was the most important I ever made," he explained, "since the success of the first all talking picture depended on his taking the part. I stopped shooting, every few minutes, and chatted with him, hoping to overcome his nervousness. Finally we got some pretty fair stuff—and he made the picture that changed Hollywood overnight."

The same courtesy is shown every newcomer, be she famous Broadway headliner or unknown aspirant from some small town. But most who take tests are pitifully unprepared. Few can afford the elaborate preparation of Gladys Swarthout, who studied for months before making her first tests!

"I tested Garbo when she was completely unknown in this country except as a protégée of the famous director, Stiller," Mohr told me. "I made a few close-ups of her—and reported that I believed she had little chance because she photographed poorly."

Hal couldn't know that Garbo's shyness in a strange new land—and the fact that make-up artists had so smeared her expressive features with heavy grease-paints—were responsible!

"MY WIFE, Evelyn Venable, has told me the other side of the story. She knows how a 'testee' feels whereas I usually can appreciate only the reactions of those behind the cameras. Evalyn came from the stage, and the glaring lights of the movie studios almost blinded her at first. The range of the camera is much more limited than a stage, too—and that confuses Broadway veterans."

Even present-day stars don't show at their best when they undergo tests for new rôles, Mohr added. You'd be surprised at the fright of world-famous actresses when they must go to the studio for an important test for a new part.

"The most interesting test I have made lately was of Boris Karloff for *The Walking Dead*," Mohr told me. "Boris plays a typical Karloffian creation, a man who is electrocuted and then brought back to life by a doctor's genius. The process of rejuvenation distorts one side of his face to a leering mask—that's where my problem came in.

"The beginning of the scene had to show Boris with a natural face. Then the audience must watch it gradually distort until it was a mask of horror at the end of the scene. We refused to resort to tricks of cutting."

And the "horror" make-up must be applied *before* the scene began—and remain somehow invisible during the first part! Mohr drew a red mark on his hand with a bit of red crayon, and held a piece of red glass before my eyes. Looking through it, the red mark of the crayon became invisible!

"Using this principle, that red seen through red does not show—we used red make-up on Karloff's face, and 'shot' him under bright red lights. Even to the naked eye, the red make-up didn't show. Gradually I added blue lights, which made the make-up stand out more and more."

Remember this—and you'll appreciate the scene all the more when you see the new Karloff picture, *The Walking Dead*! Knowing such tricks is what makes Hal Mohr valuable to producers, for whom he has worked ever since he became a cameraman at the age of fifteen.

Bluff and hearty, beloved by everyone who works with him, he is nevertheless a tireless student of everything pertaining to his profession. He has followed photography, first as a hobby and then as a job, ever since he was a youngster.

Between school hours, he got hold of an old projection machine and from its parts built a modern picture camera—that worked. He spent his vacation time filming local news events around his home city of San Francisco. Sid Grauman's father owned the Empress Theater, and

[*Continued on page* 83]

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Gary's First Love

[*Continued from page* 42]

ever tell you about the time we were coming back from New York and the plane had to come down in the emergency field outside Palm Springs?"

He knew darned well he hadn't, but I didn't say a word. Afraid of stopping the flow once it started.

"Well, we were just going to hop out and phone in for a car to take us the rest of the way when we saw the field attendant leaning out of the shack on the field and waving at us to stay put. Couldn't figure out what was the matter, why he didn't come on out the door if something was wrong. Pretty soon he leans through the window with a pump action .22 and starts popping away at the ground sometimes here, sometimes there. We began to figure the guy had gone loco—you know, out there on a lonely field by himself too long!"

Gary chuckled. "The pilot and I were wondering whether we ought to make a run for it and get his gun or just wait and see if he'd quit of his own accord when all of a sudden we saw something squiggling on the ground right where the attendant had shot last. It was a rattler. Field was lousy with them. Rains had run 'em down out of the hills and a couple of dozen had picked out the landing field to roost in. We had to shoot our way out! We weren't in much of a hurry, anyway, so we just parked there in the plane and popped at 'em for a while. Kept track of hits and had kind of a competition. Between the three of us we bagged quite a few. I enjoyed that trip."

"You got funny ways of enjoyin' yourself, Mister! I'll stick to a typewriter and you can have your rattlers—I'll be alive still when you miss one of those shots once!"

"Not the way you write, you won't!" Nice guy, Coop! I was beginning to wish I hadn't gotten him talking.

GARY is a funny sort of man. I don't think he likes civilization if you figure civilization to mean cities and lots of people. He can't stand cocktail parties and all that stuff.

Therefore most of his free time you'll find him roaming the hills with a dog, pipe and gun or forked over a horse. If you've never done it, he'll tell you that you'd be amazed the grand and sensible things you'll hear that way, and then when it's quiet and dark you can pull up by a fire and listen to it crackling which sure beats the tar out of hearing Blondie Hollywood prattle about how her leading man tried to swipe a scene from her today, the big *baboon!*

Gary Cooper is the only man that I know that hasn't been changed by Hollywood. Maybe one reason is that he never took his feminine fan mail too seriously. It kind of embarrassed him more than anything else when some of the ladies got sentimental about him. Another thing, he'd be a lot happier if he didn't look so much like himself. But you couldn't miss that long, lean guy in any crowd. He stands out and he gets recognized and his face flushes some and he wishes he could get the hell out of there. But he doesn't. He'd be afraid of being rude to somebody and hurting their feelings. His courtesy is too ingrained to allow that. At first an awful lot of people took advantage of that sensitiveness, but somehow now he's got a couple of friends that watch out for him, in situations like that. They work for him, but that doesn't mean they've jobs with Gary Cooper—they're just good friends. The fact that they get paid doesn't signify—they're just part of the Cooper outfit. There are three of them and I don't think there's a thing on earth they wouldn't do for him. Jack Moss, Cracker Henderson and Slim wouldn't be nice guys to tangle with in case they figured you'd done anything to hurt "Coop." He inspires that sort of feeling in the few people who really know the guy.

HOLLYWOOD interviewers squawk a lot about what a tough subject Gary is to write about. The trouble isn't with Gary. It's with them. Ask Gary a lot of intimate questions like that and he's miserable from a combination of embarrassment and a carefully controlled desire to smack somebody on the snoot. After seven years in pictures he still thinks its his business whether or not he sleeps raw and some people in Hollywood think he's backward or taciturn because he doesn't tell them. Personally, I think he's got more sense than the whole kit and caboodle. Another thing, leading men are supposed to talk about ladies and the Grand Passion. Well, the funny thing there is that Gary still figures that gentlemen don't talk about ladies in public!

By the time you read this Gary will be sitting on the taff rail of a cruiser somewhere off the coast of Bermuda. He'll have a heavy rod in his hands and a lot of line out and he'll be hauling away and slacking up—playing a sail-fish, if his luck holds, in one of the toughest battles a man can find on sea-water. But you can bet his bottom dollar he won't be leaping up and down and yelling. His mouth will be a tight smile and the only emotion he'll show will be the ripple of a jaw muscle when the fish pulls a smart stunt trying to get unhooked. Gary doesn't waste his energy trying to make people look at him.

He's gotten pretty much what he's wanted out of life by that quiet concentration of his. He doesn't get off on the wrong track once he's set his bearings. Gary wanted a ranch of his own. He wanted a house to stay in when he's working in town fixed up the way he likes a house—which doesn't mean modernistic and fashionable, it means comfort, leather and wood-smoke. He wanted a smaller ranch house in the desert near Hollywood where he could keep horses and get away for a week-end. He wanted all those things when he wandered into town, a ranch-hand looking for a job, seven years ago. And he wanted a couple of real friends.

Gary Cooper is one man who got what he wanted out of Hollywood and didn't have to sell his soul to get it. You see, out under the night skies of the Montana plains you get a pretty good idea of what you want out of life and what you're willing to give for it. "Coop" was never willing to sacrifice his self-respect for anything on earth. That's why he's happy today.

And he got what he wanted by doing it. How about the rest of us?

When good pals pose together—Otto Kruger with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young at the première of *Rhodes*

Personal Previews

[*Continued from page* 47]

Moonlight Murder

★★½

MYSTERY—Would lose its charm in revealing any of the plot to a potential audience. It is a confounding puzzler, by virtue of its novel motive, and other movie producers will be kicking themselves around the block for not having thought up the idea, which emerged from the brains of Al Cohen and Robert T. Shannon.

Such nice persons are suspected as slayers of Leo Carrillo, an operatic star! Benita Hume, Katherine Alexander, for instance! Then there's J. Carrol Naish, as a maniacal composer, who is a cinch to be guilty of the crime. H. B. Warner's modest demeanor makes him a candidate for the questionable honor. Duncan Renaldo and Leonard Ceeley are rival tenors who look very suspicious under the circumstances while Pedro de Cordoba's sinister manner furnishes him with the perfect aura for accusation.

Since Chester Morris is a young, bright-eyed detective with the perfect nose for ferreting out crime, and since Madge Evans is around to help him, in her amateurish fashion, there is no reason for the audience to get jittery while the hectic plot unfolds.

Carrillo's first flight into theatrical fame came through *Lombardi, Ltd.,* when he played the love-sick Italian dress-designer who believed the wrong woman. He has since swung into the roué realm, reaching an amusing place in the current film with his beguiling manner.

CRITICAL COMMENT: Novelty and laughs are not too pronounced to conflict with the

[*Continued on page* 67]

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

ROCKETTES REVEAL new makeup secret

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

BROWN-EYED Emmy Lou Petri wears Marvelous Makeup, Parisian type

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FOUR GORGEOUS ROCKETTES, *from paintings by Ski Weld, noted illustrator.*

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For here at last is makeup that matches . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara, in true color symphony. And here's makeup that's *right* for you . . . scientifically keyed to your personality color, that color that never changes, *the color of your eyes.*

Artists, models, beauty experts approve this new makeup now featured by drug and department stores . . . Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow, or Mascara . . . guaranteed for purity by Richard Hudnut . . . full size packages, 55 cents each. (Canada, 65 cents.)

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55¢ each

Harmonizing face powder, rouge lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara, only 55 cents each. Ask for DRESDEN type, if your eyes are blue; PATRICIAN type, if your eyes are gray; CONTINENTAL type, if your eyes are hazel; PARISIAN type, if your eyes are brown.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP

by RICHARD HUDNUT

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I DO!
I DO!
EXCESS ACIDITY
NO-BOO-DEE KNOWS HOW GOOD WE FEEL WE AL-KAL-IZED AF-TER THAT MEAL
ACID INDIGESTION
ONE NEVER GETS A HEADACHE, SON, FROM BEING OVER WISE.
BUT IF I DO, I'M WISE ENOUGH TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
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Alka-Seltzer

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Bette Davis In Person

[*Continued from page* 30]

She had never been to Hollywood before. She had never seen a movie star in person. But, an ardent movie fan, as many people seem to be these days, she was intensely interested in the stars, especially as personalities. She explained:

"I can see them in pictures and judge them as actors and actresses, myself. But their real characters—that is a different matter. What I wish I could know is: Off the screen, what are they like? Take Bette Davis, for instance, a favorite of mine. I know she is a fine actress; but—is she a fine woman or is she just commonplace? She is talented; but is she nice or a regular little vixen? She is attractive; but is she friendly or completely high-hat? Having won the Academy Award, she is tops *on* the screen, but is she tops *off* the screen as well? *What is Bette Davis really like?*

I suppose that is a question many fans are asking, especially since the Academy Award and its attendant new limelight for Bette. And I believe it is one I can answer. Because I've known Bette for a long time. . . .

What is she like? Well, the first thing I would say is that she is *innately kind*. This is what I mean:

The first time I ever saw Bette was at the Chapman Park hotel in Los Angeles, official headquarters for women athletes during the Olympic Games of 1932. I was working for a Los Angeles newspaper then and was assigned to "cover" the women and the women's events at the Games.

They had had some of the women's track events that hot August afternoon I am talking about, among them the javelin throwing. I don't remember what team won but I do remember something else—the almost pitiful showing of the Japanese girls' team. They were so small, so bewildered in this strange land. They seemed so much younger. They tried gallantly, but they were no match for the older, stronger, inherently huskier girls of other nations. Down they went to defeat—last in every event they entered.

And now they were back at the Chapman Park hotel, gathered in a corner of the music room with their ever-present chaperon. One of them was sobbing out her disappointment in her own language which made it all the more pitiful, somehow.

And then Bette Davis walked into the hotel. Bette always has been a fine swimmer and she had come to see the Olympic swimming stars, some of whom she knew. She paused on the threshold of the music room and one of the Japanese youngsters saw her. The little girl's face lighted up and she cried out something in Japanese. The chaperon came over to Bette.

"You are Mees Dav'ees?" she questioned. Her English was broken but wonderfully polite.

"Why, yes," said Bette.

"Ah, we have seen your peeect-ures," said the little Japanese woman. "Would you grant honor by shaking the hand?" She thrust out her small brown hand and Bette shook it warmly while the little Japanese girls gathered around, chattering in their own tongue. Finally, the one who had been crying proffered an autograph album to Bette with a shy question. The chaperon translated a bit hesitantly:

"She asks you to please make your name on the page?"

Smilingly, Bette scribbled out that big signature of hers. And then she made a lovely gesture. Offering a book of her own to the little girl who had felt so badly over the Olympics, she said: "I saw you on the track this afternoon. You were very courageous in the face of defeat. Won't you do *me* the honor of writing your name in *my* book?"

It wasn't an autograph book. It was just an address book she carried in her purse. But it served its purpose. Her disappointment completely forgotten, the little girl pleasedly inscribed her name on one of its pages, as did the others when she had finished. . . .

I SAW Bette a couple of nights later at the Coconut Grove. She was with a tall, slender, quiet-mannered chap with dark, curly hair. Not terribly good-looking, but *nice*-looking. All through that evening she laughed and danced with this chap, and looked into his eyes with an expression that meant only one thing—love. She was pretty well known in pictures by this time and people kept staring at her, but she never seemed to notice. She was aware only of her partner. . . . He was Harmon O. Nelson, Olympic orchestra leader. They're married now, as you probably know. She always calls him *Ham*. He calls her *Spuds*. They're still in love. . . .

If you know Bette you also will enjoy in her that incorrigible flair for practical jokes. Not the mean kind, but certainly very complicated ones. There is, for example, the matter of the automobile she bought for Ham's birthday.

It seems that Ham likes to drive a car, drives one very well and, with real justification, is a little proud of his prowess at the wheel. So Bette decided to get him a new car as a birthday surprise. That is, another car. She wasn't working at the time and she spent five days finding just the right car—a nifty 1919 T-model Ford, stripped. Price $20. The deal made, she had the car driven to a garage near her home and promptly went into serious conference with the head mechanic.

That was on a Wednesday. The following Saturday night Bette had a party for Ham. When the guests had arrived and also the peak o' the evening, as it were, came a ringing of the door bell, and there stood a messenger with a placard for Ham.

"Happy birthday to you!" it read. Then the messenger stepped aside and, behold, the $20 automobile stood in the driveway, painted a pale pink.

Bette appeared at Ham's side. "Do you think you can drive it?" she inquired, innocently.

Ham bristled. "Sure I can drive it," he asserted. "Watch me!"

Grandly, he seated himself on the pink seat. Someone cranked the thing with resulting roar.

"Adios!" yelled Ham above the din. "I'm off for a jaunt!" But fate decreed otherwise—aided by Bette and the neighborhood mechanic. With increasing shimmying and sputtering, the car suddenly accomplished what is probably the only perfect imitation of the one hoss shay demise in history. It went completely to pieces, setting Ham down hard amid the wreckage. Everyone shouted, except Bette who looked very demure as she helped her husband dust himself off.

"Well, we were watching," she remarked, innocently.

Ham surveyed her with a wry grin. "You little devil!" he remarked. "I'll get even with you!" But he hasn't yet.

WHAT is Bette Davis like? Well, another thing—she's one of the most persistent girls I've ever known. "Blankety-blank persistent" was the way Jack Warner may have phrased it in the matter of the *Golden Arrow* company getting off for the Santa Anita races for the handicap.

Everyone from Bette down to the third grip on the set wanted to go. But the studio schedule said work—work all day. So Bette took pen in hand.

"Dear Mr. Warner," she wrote (or words to that effect) "we'd like very much to get off for the races some Saturday."

Well, Mr. Warner liked his employees to have a good time, but to suspend production on a picture for a whole afternoon was not to be considered. So his answering note to Miss Davis said: "No." Kindly but firmly.

The company lost hope, then, but Miss Davis wasn't daunted. She wrote another note. Same text. Different wording.

Like the auto episode, this began on Wednesday. By Saturday morning, Mr. Warner had received some seven notes, all from Miss Davis concerning the desired vacation for the races. But he was still holding out.

Then Bette staged her master stroke. She "said it with flowers." At ten o'clock a lovely bunch of forget-me-nots arrived at the Warner sanctum, with card inscribed: "Ah, please."

I wasn't there, but they do say Jack Warner gave up the ghost. At any rate, he sent for Sam Bischoff, supervisor, and Tenny Wright, in charge of production operations, and between them they worked out a schedule for shooting so that there would be no lost production time on *Golden Arrow*.

So Bette went to the races and lost eleven dollars.

I COULD show you other Bettes too, if this were a book instead of just a story. I could show you the Bette who works sixteen hours a day when a picture is in the making, keeping "in character" even when she is off the set. I could show you a Bette who is so honest she freely admits, sometimes vouchsafes the information that her blondeness "came out of a bottle." I could show you the Bette whose eyes fill with tears, even now, when she speaks of the sacrifices her mother made that she might study for the stage. The Bette that can't do enough for that mother, now that fame and fortune have come. The Bette who remembers all of the old friends who "knew her when." The Bette whose temper flares when she sees an injustice—and sometimes with less worthy provocation, but who is ready an instant later to say she is sorry.

There's not much of the touted "Hollywood glamour" about Bette Davis. She's too real. There's not much of the Hollywood stamp of beauty, either. She's too much herself. There isn't anything overly high-brow or Heaven-anointed or genius-set-apart about her.

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You owe it to *yourself* to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, *even once*, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself *completely* by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm *dry*.

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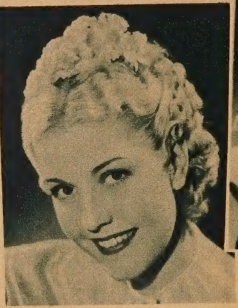
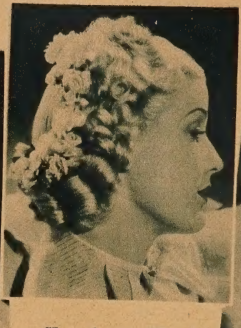
Flowers In Her Hair

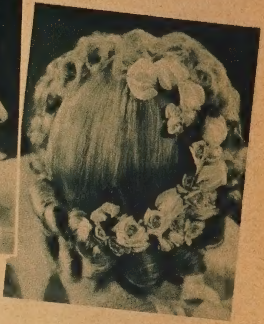
[*Continued from page 24*]



Charming Anita Louise offers a Victorian knot of pale pink carnations for your approval. This style is grand for the short girl giving a semblance of more height



How do you like the flower garden fantasy Anita Louise wears with so much grace? This is lovely for the very youthful type



This rear view of Miss Louise's hairdress shows tiny rosebuds and sweet peas fastened inside the halo effect making the coiffure reminiscent of gentle Ophelia

none at the sides of the face; indeed, the hair should be brushed back smoothly, with the ears exposed. Similarly, if there is fullness at the sides of the face, with the ears full or partially covered (as in Lois Lindsay's coiffure), the hair should be brushed smoothly off the brow.

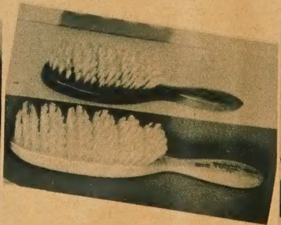
Those are pink rosebuds and blue forget-me-nots woven into Lois' demure yet sophisticated coiffure. It looks modern from the front and left side, but quaint and girlish from the right side, where a thick cluster of curls covers the entire side of the head. The almost invisible fringe of bangs over the right eye adds to the flattering femininity of this style, without destroying the lines and general off-the-face feeling.

And how do you like the two flower-garden fantasies Anita Louise wears with so much grace? It's the same basic hairstyle, but with different floral decorations. In the photo where she is smiling, Anita wears a Victorian top-knot of pale pink carnations. This particular style will give a semblance of height and dignity to the girl who needs it. You can see for yourself in the profile and rear view photos that the hairs is arranged in a sort of halo of curls that encircles the head. A crescent of tiny rose-buds and sweet peas is fastened inside this halo, to make the whole coiffure tenderly reminiscent of gentle Ophelia.

I imagine you are thinking, at the moment: "Those coiffures are all right for movie stars, but out of the question for me!" There, however, you are wrong. The stars' hair receives the same kind of treatment as yours—provided, of course, that you don't *neglect* your hair, but shampoo it every week, brush it daily and have good permanent waves. If you have a knack at copying hairstyles yourself, all you need to achieve the same effects as those shown here are: (1) a good permanent wave, (2) wave lotion, (3) curlers and bob pins, (4) a sprig of flowers and (5) a little imagination. If you haven't this priceless knack, then there are lots and lots of good beauty operators who will supply it for a small sum. Even

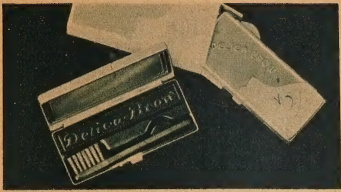
drene
drene
drene

An aid to beauty is this Drene shampoo which leaves the hair soft and lustrous. Don't fail to try it!



Two sizes in the Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes with serrated bristles which are characteristic of these brushes and give the scalp a stimulating massage

The new Halo Hair Fragrance is made by the Ogilvie Sisters expressly for use on the hair. It is inexpensive, too



Something new in the way of packaging mascara is seen in the swanky red and gold metal container of Delica-Brow

Before applying mascara use Eye-Gene, a new lotion that comes in an attractive blue and white bottle

though your favorite operator can't create new and unusual styles like these, she can undoubtedly copy them, if you're patient and furnish her with pictures as a guide.

Kathleen Burke is seen using the find of the month, a new all purpose preparation called Creme of Milk made by Duart

All of these three movie actresses—Anita Louise, Astrid Allwyn and Lois Lindsay—have Duart Permanent Waves, that you yourself can have if you want to. . . . This well-known system is used in many beauty shops all over the coun-

[*Continued on page* 64]

Two minutes gives you a quick "pick up" facial by using Lavena, a facial made from oatmeal

Mum provides safeguard to personal dantiness

If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal . . . *immediately* . . . and enjoy a beauty bath *sensation* . . . try the Linit Beauty Bath.

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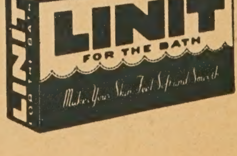
. . . AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...*soft* and *satiny smooth* as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.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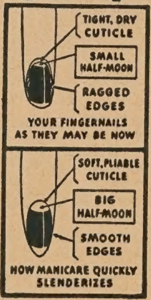
Manicare supplies the oils which help keep nails from getting dry and brittle. It removes stains, including nicotine. It removes odors of foods and dishwater. May be used at any time . . . does not disturb the polish. At dep't and drug stores. 35¢ jar. Courtenay's MANICARE. ©'35 Allcock Mfg. Co.



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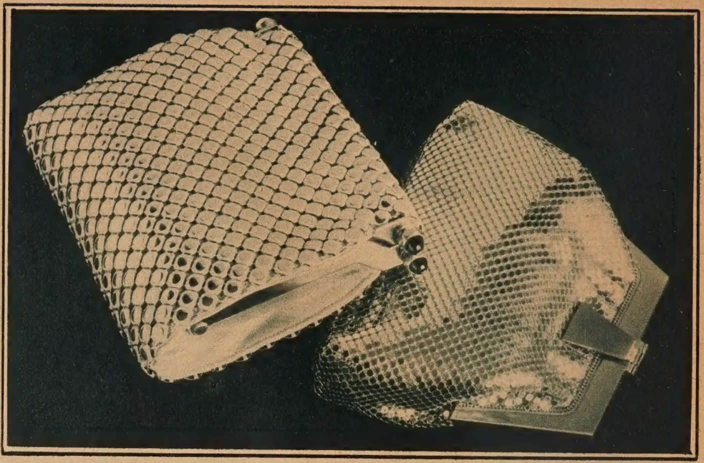

Genuine beauty and fashion assets—an Armour mesh pouch bag which comes in silver or gold finish, and a chic Scissors bag manufactured in assorted colors. They are seen in the most fashionable shops on Hollywood Boulevard

Flowers In Her Hair

[*Continued from page 63*]

try; and the quality of the solution used as well as the instructions given to operators make it more than certain that your wave will turn out well. The one warning I have to offer you—is not to disregard trade names. It's foolish to buy a car without knowing what kind it is; but no more so than to ask for a permanent wave without specifying the manufacturer's name and, furthermore, seeing to it that you get what you ask for. You may be sure that the movie stars demand nationally advertised waves. Their appearance means too much to risk having their hair ruined, even temporarily.

The tyrannical camera "picks up" and highlights each hair so clearly that shampoos every few days are an essential for film actresses. . . . You may not have to face a camera, or have a big contract at stake, but it's just as necessary to your business and social success that your hair be thoroughly cleansed at least once a week. . . . This is especially true in warm weather, for then, if you neglect hair hygiene, you risk offending two senses instead of one—sight *and* smell!

STANDING in a row like the Three Bears in the photo on page 62, are bottles of Drene, a greenish-amber liquid that takes a lot of the boredom out of shampooing. It requires only *one* teaspoonful of Drene, *one* sudsing and *one* rinsing to cleanse your hair thoroughly, making it lustrous, film-free and fresh as a flower! Soft or stubborn hair is extremely pliable and easily set, too, after a Drene shampoo. The large size bottle contains six ounces, enough for twenty-four shampoos, and costs $1.

Two more aids to hair beauty illustrated here are the Pro-phy-lac-tic Stranzit Brushes. The Patrician, in the foreground, has a gleaming maple back and is of generous proportions; while the Junior Stranzit in the background is smaller, cozier—just right for anyone with small hands and bobbed hair. It has a plastic back that comes in several bright shades. The serrated bristles, characteristic of these Pro-phy-lac-tic brushes, give the scalp a stimulating massage and make it easier for you to brush your hair properly—that is, strand by strand, in an upward motion. Each of these brushes costs $2.50, a modest price for such sturdiness and utility.

Summer nights spent dancing place a definite emphasis on your hair—not only on its lustre but also on its scent. . . . So if you want to make the most of your opportunities you'll be canny and get some of the new Halo Hair Fragrance pictured in that atomizer bottle. It's made by the Ogilvie Sisters, expressly for use on the hair, and besides scenting your locks sublimely, adds gloss and helps to keep your wave in place. You simply spray it on after your hair is dressed. Without the atomizer it costs $1.25 and with it, $1.75—at leading department and drug stores.

Two products that add to eye allure are the recently repackaged Delica-Brow and the new lotion, Eye-Gene, both pictured. Delica-Brow itself is well-established, but the swanky red and gold metal container in which this excellent mascara now appears *is* new. . . . There's a black bakelite tray to eliminate messiness, a serviceable mirror and a good brush to help you make your pale lashes dark and glamorous. Price is 75 cents.

Apply mascara and eye shadow, by all means, but before you do, use a good cleansing, refreshing lotion, like Eye-Gene, to soothe and clear the eyes. Make it a daily habit, like brushing your teeth, and you won't regret it! Eye-Gene is grand after outdoor sports, cleaning house, crying over spilt milk, or spending an evening in a smoke-filled room. Its handy flat blue bottle with dropper attached can be tucked into your purse easily. Eye-Gene costs 60 cents and is made by Scott Phillips, Chicago.

LOTS of new products this month! The one Kathleen Burke is using is a new all-purpose preparation called Creme of Milk. It actually does contain the natural oils found only in cream or milk, so its name is no empty gesture. It is white, creamy and easily spread, and has a delicately unobtrusive fragrance. The container, I think, is stunning—white with a cerise label, very simple and modern. Creme of Milk is made by Duart, the permanent wave people, and is priced at 50 cents and $1 a jar.

Food produce is entering the beauty picture—what with facial cream made of milk and now—Lavena, a facial made of oatmeal! Both milk and oatmeal have definite beautifying properties, as our great-grammas well knew, but science, fortunately has eliminated their messy properties. . . . Oatmeal as a food just doesn't intrigue me, personally, but I'm getting more and more enthusiastic over oatmeal as Lavena dishes it up. Whenever Life begins to batter me, I just give myself a Lavena Facial and pay no attention! A fine, lavender-scented powder, Lavena is mixed with water to form a paste, spread on the skin and allowed to remain two minutes, for a quick "pick up" facial. For a prolonged face pack, leave it on until it dries (while you're taking your bath, for instance). There is an immediate improvement in the texture of your skin—it becomes smoother, softer and more refined. The large can illustrated holds enough for 30 treatments and costs only 65 cents.

The two jars of Mum are a reminder—and I hope a timely and effective one—that (1) personal daintiness is still one of the major requirements for beauty and that (2) Mum provides an easy and sure way of attaining that daintiness. If every girl would consider her deodorant as indispensable as her lipstick, there'd be a great deal more charm and beauty in this not-quite-satisfactory world. Don't you agree with me? For practical purposes, I recommend the 60 cent jar of Mum for your bathroom shelf and the 30 cent size for your desk, purse or week-end bag.

Good looks mean constant care, but a simple and faithfully followed formula will help you clip coupons of success both in your social and business life. You must realize that each day you face a battery of glances, and many times you are judged by your appearance. Is your hair cut and curled to make you look your best? Is your dress correctly fitted, clean and becomingly cut? There are tricks of make-up to be learned in these columns that will make you a lovelier person—and a more agreeable one, for a charming woman is a woman who knows she is admired.

CONFIDENTIAL BEAUTY SERVICE

If you have a personal beauty problem, or wish to inquire further on any of the subjects mentioned in this month's beauty article, write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. Postage Only).

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Why Claudette's Love Theory Failed!

[*Continued from page 27*]

she had bound herself to a new pattern of living, which, on acquaintance, was by no means as fair as it seemed to be at first.

She realized that neither she nor Norman were achieving the happiness and contentment to which they were entitled. She recognized that a woman's rôle was to be protected and that a man's rôle was to protect. And that she was paying a price too high for the right to manage her own household, to look after her own affairs, to fight her own battles, and to lean on her own courage.

IN THE beginning, her modern marriage seemed feasible. It seemed even essential. Norman is a quiet, studious person, happiest when he is alone, when he can sink into himself. Without the responsibilities of family relationships or obligations. On the contrary, Claudette is gregarious. She is most content when she is with her family, when she can exercise her latent gifts for housewifery. When she is surrounded by her laughing, intimate circle.

It was this consideration of their different temperaments which first gave them the idea of separate establishments. In addition to that, Claudette was so intent on a career, so eager to protect herself against too many encroachments on it, that any marital arrangement which guaranteed her immunity against the ordinary concerns of marriage, seemed wise.

But then, Claudette had not cut her eye teeth on life's experiences. She had met problems and had conquered them; had met heartaches and had overcome them. But always alone. Sharing troubles seemed to her a violation of herself as an individual, and an admission of defeat.

She was too young, too untutored in the ways of men and women to realize that marriage is built primarily on companionship — a companionship equally compounded of the high-lights of life and of its shadows.

She and Norman had their high-lights together. The shadows they kept to themselves. And so for the first two years they were blissfully content. It was because their modern marriage was more in the nature of an adventure, than of a partnership between two people dedicated to each other and to each other's welfare.

Unquestionably, if Claudette and Norman had undertaken marriage in the usual way, they would have encountered numerous bumps in the first months of their marriage. They would have had their squabbles, their disagreements, their moments of angry passion, followed by sweet and healing reconciliation. But during all this they would have made their adjustments to each other. They would have become a blend, a unit, which is the basis of real marriage.

And so the marriage which began as a marriage of convenience, became a marriage of great inconvenience. For when the break came it involved not only the end of marriage, but also a complete abandonment of modern theories.

IT IS my belief that spiritually Claudette's and Norman's marriage ended long ago. Long before she went to Mexico for her divorce. But both were unwilling to admit defeat of their experiment. They had cherished their theories even at the cost of contentment and happiness.

The novelty of her independence wore off. As Claudette matured spiritually and artistically, she began to have a larger vision of a woman's purpose and position in life. She knew that her independence was a wall against romance, a wall against masculine tribute, a wall against all the small things which embroider life.

Undoubtedly, Norman would have been much more content if Claudette had depended upon him more. Came to expect him to wait on her, to protect her. If she had made him feel the sturdy oak instead of a pal with whom she had entered into a marital arrangement. It would have subsidized a masculine ego, made him believe that he was essential to her well being. But as it was, here was Claudette, not only able, but insistent upon doing everything for herself; upon taking all burdens on her own shoulders, the knocks on her own chin. If life gave her a kick, she would pick herself up and dust herself off. Not for one instant did Norman feel that he was making life either easier or happier for Claudette. And that, of course, was a contradiction of woman's sphere and of man's sphere; of woman's nature and of man's nature.

The actress conceded that each individual case presented individual approach, but she struggled, sometimes against better judgment to keep her theory alive.

After the first flashing days of romance, they had nothing left. No community of memory to carry them over the days when love languished.

CLAUDETTE today, in her second marriage, is not keeping love at arm's length. She has blossomed as she has matured. In her second marriage she is finding the answer to all of a woman's yearning for protection. Dr. Pressman is a specialist of note. He has a distinguished place in medical circles of Los Angeles, and his skill is recognized. Theirs is a partnership of love and not of convenience. Claudette's admiration for her husband is boundless. Because she is so sensitive, because in the last few years she has achieved a new viewpoint regarding human relationships, she pays proper tribute to his position and his work in assuming all the duties of wifehood.

Claudette's growth in the past two years has been remarkable, not only as an actress, but also as a person. Her brilliant and intuitive mind has given characterizations to the screen extraordinarily vivid. And it is this ability to analyze, not only situations but also herself, which undoubtedly helped Claudette abandon her theories of "separate" marriage, for a marriage in accordance with age-old pattern.

Her courage has brought her fame as an actress, has led her feet to the highest rung on the Ladder of Fame!

Her courage in readjusting her ideas of living will undoubtedly bring her a new, a fresh, a vibrant happiness she has never known before—in this, her second marriage.

You will see a more glorious Claudette in her next Paramount picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd among the interested spectators at a recent tennis match in fashionable Palm Springs

Personal Previews

[*Continued from page* 59]

horror phases of this film that will hold the attention of a class of moviegoers who get a wallop from mystery pictures.—*Produced by Metro.*

Thirteen Hours By Air

★★½

COMEDY-MELODRAMA — Disregarding the importance of plot and concentrating upon fast dialogue and situations, vigorous melodrama, disguised as comedy, fairly shoves Fred MacMurray into a pilot's seat where he can cast suspicious glances at Joan Bennett while he tries to conquer his love.

It is a story with moss on it. The motley throng of transcontinental air passengers who get mixed in a mystery when a blizzard forces the ship down, try to get unscrambled.

Amusing and at times exciting, Mitchell Leisen directs the melodramatic phases of this piece with broadness so as to overcome hokum that might tempt audiences to boredom, or what is worse, lure them into the open spaces these fresh summer nights.

MacMurray is definitely a personality to be reckoned with among potential male stars. He accepts his post good-humoredly and makes the best of scanty material.

Joan Bennett's slightly petulant, baby face, is piquant as usual. She is a captivating blonde who can express comedy in a fashion few newcomers to the screen comprehend.

It is ZaSu Pitts who forlornly waves her hands and flutters her eyelids to the amusement of audiences. Fred Keating, recently recuperated from his third operation since arriving in Hollywood, contributes a well-etched performance as the fortune-seeking count. Bennie Bartlett, a juvenile of promise,

[*Continued on page* 69]

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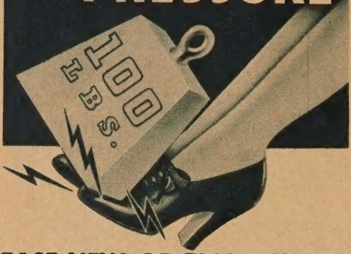

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Norma Shearer—from Extra Girl to Stardom

[*Continued from page 35*]

"The rooming house isn't much of a place," the aunt explained "but the woman who runs it is a good sport and she'll trust you for your rent until you can get on your feet."

About all that could be said for the room in which the Shearer trio settled was that it contained a none too comfortable double bed plus a less comfortable cot and it was large enough to contain a wardrobe trunk. The trunk served as a table off which they ate their breakfast which usually consisted of rolls purchased at a nearby delicatessen and coffee made over a tin of Sterno.

Outside their window the elevated trains rushed by making a constant din. To Norma, however, this strange new way of living spelled drama. Bagdad-on-the-subway. Anything might happen.

Norma knew nothing whatever about the Broadway ropes. She had a few letters of introduction to theatrical agents and producers which she promptly presented. She might as well have dropped them into the nearest waste basket.

It was characteristic of Norma that she should aim high. And almost as soon as she arrived in New York she went to see Ziegfeld in the hope that he would allow her to decorate the Follies. Instead, he advised her to forget show business.

"You see, my dear girl, you really have nothing to offer," he told her. "You can't sing, you can't dance, and you're too small for a show girl."

"And of course he was right," says Norma in recalling that interview. "I didn't have anything to offer—not even experience. All I had was determination and the knowledge that I had to find work—*or starve.*"

She remembered that a photographer had once told her that she wasn't really bad looking when she smiled. She decided that she would cultivate the habit of smiling, whether her heart felt like it or not. She soon discovered that the smile worked. Bored office boys and indifferent agents who had previously dismissed her with a curt "Nothing today" began to act a little more human. And finally, the miracle happened. An agency called her about a job.

It was for extra work only, but Norma was grateful. The story of that first movie job has been told before. Many times, in fact. But because it so aptly illustrates her mental alertness and resourcefulness I am going to tell it again.

WHEN she reported at the studio she found that some fifty girls had been called and that only a dozen were needed. Breathlessly, she watched the assistant director weed them out, picking the prettier, more experienced girls. Norma had been crowded to the back of the room. He hadn't even noticed her. Finally, he had selected nine . . . ten . . . eleven girls. Norma saw her first big chance slipping through her fingers. Suddenly, she coughed. The sound caught the man's ear and for the first time he looked in her direction. She flashed him her most charming smile.

"Okay," he grinned. "You'll do."

If Norma Shearer had not been wholly sincere in her determination to become an actress she would never have survived the hardships and discomforts of those first days in pictures. The studio was in Mt. Vernon, some distance from New York. This meant that she had to get out of bed before it was daylight, swallow a cup of coffee and dash across town—she walked to save car fare—to the Grand Central station to catch an early train.

The studio was a huge, barn-like affair and all of the girls dressed in a big unheated room. Sometimes they sat around all day, shivering in paper thin costumes, waiting to be called on the set. Nearly always it was midnight before Norma got back to her shabby little room and fell into bed.

For a time she worked more or less steadily. Eventually she graduated from extra work to bits. The world was beginning to look rosy again.

"My biggest problem was clothes," says Norma in speaking of those days. "I felt that an actress must have eye-compelling clothes. And since it was winter and I couldn't afford a good looking coat I conceived the idea of wearing a mannish overcoat, a man's felt hat and carrying a walking stick. I felt that such a costume would at least attract attention because it was different. It did. When I walked along Broadway people turned to stare at me. I was naive enough to think that I was making an impression. I know now how ridiculous I must have looked."

AFTER months of intermittent extra work and bits, through some miraculous stroke of luck Norma was given the leading rôle in a picture called *The Stealers*. Her spirits skyrocketed. She was practically a star! But, paradoxically enough, in spite of the fact that the director told her she was good, with the conclusion of that picture her luck seemed to take a holiday.

She was shrewd enough to know that after playing a leading rôle it would be professional suicide to revert to extra work. But after weeks of living from hand to mouth, making the endless rounds of the studios and agents' offices in all sorts of weather, carrying a package of worn stills under her arm, seeing about rôles which somebody else always seemed to get, she would have been only too glad to accept extra work. But she couldn't even obtain that.

Finally came the day when Norma knew that they were at the end of their rope.

"It's foolish for us to stay on here," she told her mother. "I guess I just haven't got what it takes. If we're going to starve we'd better do it at home."

The memory of that humiliation—going back home *licked*—is still vividly etched upon Norma Shearer's mind.

Her enthusiasm at low ebb, she sought work in Montreal and through sheer persistence succeeded in getting a job posing for a commercial photographer. It was far from realizing her ambition to be an actress. Destiny was beginning faintly to weave its pattern, to lay a foundation which was later to serve her well.

Next month's story will tell of the spin of the wheel of fortune which took Norma back to New York . . . and eventually to Hollywood. Watch for it in SCREEN BOOK.

Shirley Temple acquires a coat of tan and a finished technique in bicycle-riding while vacationing at the Desert Inn

Personal Previews

[*Continued from page 67*]

is the hero, who started out to be an annoyance.

CRITICAL COMMENT: Sketchiness of ideas, a hastiness of treatment, gives this film the tone of having been rushed through as a programmer. It is entertaining enough, but cannot be classed as a gigantic. MacMurray's personality lifts it from dullness.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Little Miss Nobody

★★★

FAMILY FARE—Horatio Alger, Jr., would have glorified in the plot of this slim, exciting story of orphan life, had he been concentrating on tomboyish girls instead of youths with a purpose.

Here Jane Withers, in cute impudence enthusiastically leads a feud against a grumpy marketman with parentless kids being championed by her. Since Jane crusades for justice, even though her approach appears wrong, there is pathos, bathos and humor enough in this concoction to meet the needs of those who dote on juvenile stars carrying adult responsibilities.

Jane nobly sacrifices chances of adoption in favor of a little friend, played by Betty Jane Hainey, but Author Frederick Hazlitt Brennan sees to it that Jane Withers is rewarded at the end of the scenario.

After watching Bonita Granville, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, *et al,* one is led to endorse the old adage, "and a little child shall lead them."

CRITICAL COMMENT: John Blystone directs his child players understandingly.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page 85*]

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Art Bows To Utility

[*Continued from page* 43]

every costume design. Once he decides upon a motive from some particular country, accessories, even colors, are carried out in a manner characteristic of that country, down to the most minute detail. Thus is simplicity given a glamorous subtlety.

By studying the methods of this successful designer the average woman is able to harness her intelligence to her economy and achieve a smart simplicity in her dress that sparkles with good taste. Architects dig deeply into the past for their structural ideas. Lange reflects this influence for at one time his interests were along that line. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, but the greater part of his life was spent in Paris. After traveling around the world he decided to settle in New York where he opened an exclusive shop on Park Avenue.

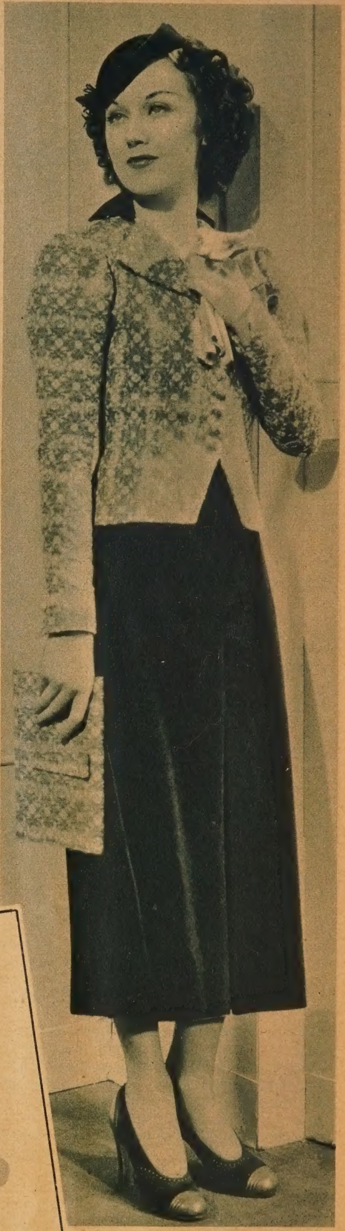
Lange will be remembered in fashion circles as the originator of the still highly popular shirtmaker dress which he designed for the actress Hope Williams. He also created the first tailored evening gown and started the fad of pleated skirts for formal evening wear. For three reasons this designer was costume stylist for the Earl Carroll Vanities.

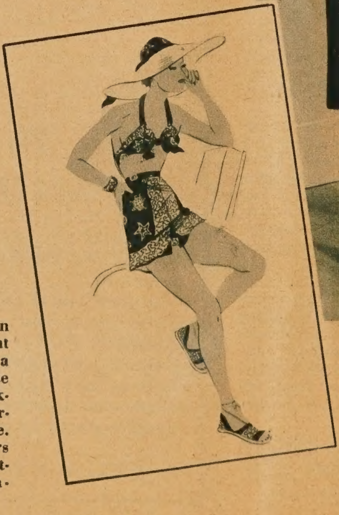
Columbia Studios brought Lange to Hollywood for the Frank Capra picture, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.* The studios saw in him what they sorely needed, a creator who could give the screen clothes that were smart, individual and yet extremely practical and wearable—a tremendously difficult combination to find in one mere human.

His first great secret of success lies in the fact that his clothes are youthful.

Because Lange's clothes are creations you and I would not only want to wear but COULD wear without feeling theatrically dressed, I have chosen the wardrobe he designed for the charming Columbia star, Fay Wray, to wear in *Roaming Lady.* They are summer clothes and it would be difficult not to enjoy a summer in them.

[*Continued on page* 84]





Brown velveteen and Indian print combine in a pencil silhouette to make a cocktail and informal ensemble. Broad shoulders and wasp waistline are important

The Far East influence is seen in Fay's novel Javanese sunsuit. A removable short skirt serves several purposes

Freddie Bartholomew Can Take It!

[*Continued from page* 17]

new American slang. They were his pledge pin, his insignia of admission into the lordly fraternity of he-men.

Having settled that, Freddie went on to show Hollywood that he could also dish it out. He's a young gentleman of determination, is Mr. Bartholomew. No one needs tell *him* to obey that impulse. He usually does. If it involves heaving a brick through an arc light, well . . . the brick is likely to be heaved. As a matter of fact, the brick *was* heaved.

The time was July, the fourth. The occasion was a party at the home of Kay Mulvey, popular Hollywood publicist. It had been an exciting day for Freddie, the crowning event, for him, consisting in the fact that "Cis" had consented to his staying up for the shooting of the fireworks. Freddie isn't often allowed to stay up after eight, and, to quote him, staying up is "my very fondest form of fun." No wonder that he felt he owed a debt of gratitude to those fireworks.

The party assembled on the lawn, and the first rocket was set off. It proved a disappointment. Somehow, it didn't seem as bright as it should be. The second proved equally dim.

"It's the arc light," someone finally discovered. "It's so bright that it dims the fireworks."

"Ha!" exclaimed Freddie, jumping up and down in his excitement. "So it is! Well, I'll fix that." Freddie bent to the ground, and picked up a brick, and a moment later the disturbing arc light bit the dust, victim of a well-directed throw. Freddie looked around triumphantly, blissfully oblivious that he had been guilty of a crime against law and order. The business at hand was shooting sky rockets, and he had overcome the last obstacle to its success.

When David O. Selznick chose Freddie to play Fauntleroy, Hollywood became suddenly aware of the similarity between the histories of the little Lord and the little actor. As Freddie himself put it after the suggestion was made to him.

"Why, *yes!* We are alike. Ceddie was a little American boy who went to England to be an Earl, and I'm an English boy who came to America to be an actor. He had his Dearest, and I have my Cis, and we both like to ride horseback!"

There was one point of resemblance that Freddie overlooked. Fauntleroy was noted for his unstudied ability to win the affections of those with whom he came in contact. Hollywood has many stories to tell, and tells them, of hard-boiled actors, directors, and interviewers who, after seeing the Bartholomew boy, walk away with rapt looks in their eyes, whispering to themselves, "That child!"

There is something about Freddie that gives one the feeling that this child is made of clay a bit finer than that used in the manufacture of ordinary humans. Noble is a word that might describe Freddie; yet his ancestry is of average, middle-class English stock. Perhaps the Hindu seer who wrote a fan letter to Freddie has the explanation. He said that he believed that many centuries of reincarnation were required before a perfect human could be born, and that

[*Continued on page* 72]

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Freddie Bartholomew Can Take It!

[*Continued from page 71*]

Freddie was undoubtedly a finished product, a climax to which the centuries had been building. Such a theory might be put in the file marked "cockeyed" by the skeptical, but anyone who has met Freddie loses any skepticism that might exist that this is a child of destiny.

During the filming of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, someone suggested that this was really a story of friendship. We wanted to know what Freddie's idea of friendship was.

"Well," he pondered, "A friend is *not* a fellow who comes up to you and says, 'Here's a nickel. Now can I be your friend?' No sir! A friend is a person who likes you, and when he gives you something, it's because he wants to."

WE ASKED Freddie what he would do if, like little Fauntleroy, he were given all the money he wanted. (Freddie's salary when he came to Hollywood was $125.00 a week. He received a nickel a day as his allowance. His weekly salary now is $1,000.00. He still rates his nickel a day. The rest goes into a trust fund.)

Some of his imaginary plans for the spending of the money were typically childish. He would buy a steamboat for his grandparents, a Duesenberg for Cis.

"And," continued Freddie, "I'd take care of all the children that play extra parts in pictures. I'd see that they were paid two weeks salary every month, whether they worked or not."

"Why only two weeks salary?" we wanted to know.

"Well," Freddie explained, looking at us in some surprise. "I'd want them to look for work the other two weeks, you know. It wouldn't do for them to become *absolutely* lazy!"

Freddie's idea of a career we discussed one night in the gracious comfort of the Bartholomew home on the beautiful Beverlywell Drive.

"I want to write," Freddie advised us. "I think I'd like to write historical novels, laid in about the sixteenth century. That's my favorite period of history . . . when things were *turbulent*, you know, and modern ideas were just beginning to come in. I'd like to write just as I please about the things I'm interested in, and not have anybody saying, 'Now you write like *this* . . . or else!'

"In the sixteenth century a man wrote a book, a sort of prophecy. It was all about houses on wheels, and traffic in the air, and that sort of thing. It's all come true. But at that time, most people thought he was touched *here*." Freddie tapped his forehead significantly. "However, that man had knowledge. And foresight. That's what I want to get. It's something no one can take away from you. If I have it, I'll be a good writer, and then I can take care of Cis in her old age."

A white-capped negress, the Bartholomew's one servant, interrupted Freddie's confidences.

"Eight o'clock," she announced.

"Will you excuse me, please?" the future novelist asked ruefully. "I'm afraid I'll have to scram."

His voice came back as he pattered down the hall.

"Lily, don't you *love* 'scram?'"

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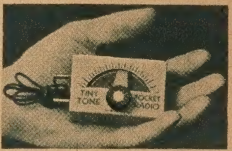

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Ernest Grissom, Inc.
Amarillo, Texas
Blackburn Bros., Inc.
Beaumont, Texas
White House D. G. Co.
Corpus Christi, Texas
Smart Shop
Dallas, Texas
A. Harris & Company
El Paso, Texas
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W. C. Stripling Co.
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Robert I. Cohen, Inc.
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Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
San Antonio, Texas
Joske Bros. Co.
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Ben F. Smith D. G. Co.
Waco, Texas
Goldstein Migel Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Paris Co.
Danville, Virginia
Belk-Leggett Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia
Rices Fashion Corner, Inc.
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She has what it takes

except one thing

She's pretty . . . .

She's lively . . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long*. With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration

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Harmless · Non-smarting · Tear-proof
Smooth · Creamy · Easily Applied Without Water
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The Perfected CREAM MASCARA -by Maybelline

After long and intensive research to formulate a cream mascara that would be worthy of the name Maybelline, we are proud to announce the finest of all cream form mascaras! We know you will be delighted with the new MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA the first time you try it, because it is:

1. Easily applied—without water.
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If you have been disappointed or dissatisfied with other cream mascaras upon discovering they are waxy, gummy or stinging to your eyes—try MAYBELLINE'S perfect and harmless cream form mascara for really delightful eye beauty. The generous introductory size in a specially constructed dainty gold-metal tube, complete with exclusively molded brush, is obtainable NOW at all leading ten cent stores. Colors: Black, Brown and Blue. For perfect eye make-up in good taste—

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BLACK

Cream and Solid Form Mascara, Eye Shadow, Eyelash Tonic Cream, Eyebrow Brush, Eyebrow Pencil

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

Jean Arthur Defeats Her Jinx!

[*Continued from page 21*]

desperately to get away that I left that night. The trip back to the mainland will always remain a nightmare. A storm was blowing up and the boat tossed about like a tiny cork. Added to my other grief, of failing in my work, I had to get seasick. I lay over a barrel, I remember, and cried all the way across the channel, pitching back and forth with the movement of the boat. I must have been a pretty sight! I've never been so miserable in my life." Jean smiles now, but the recollection is a sad and rueful one.

"After I finally got home, and sobbed out my failure to my mother, I didn't go near the studio for days. I was too ashamed and embarrassed from having been taken out of my first part even to show my face."

THAT experience kindled in Jean the spark of inferiority that was to besiege her for so many years. Instead of forgetting that dismal picture debut, dismissing it and thinking only of the future, it preyed upon her overly-sensitive mind to so great an extent that for nearly ten years it influenced her life. Had she "clicked" with the director in that initial film rôle, gone through the picture without his harsh criticisms, this story doubtless never would have been written.

Realizing that she lacked the proper dramatic background, Fox placed her in a number of comedies to teach her the rudiments of acting. Although she apparently acquitted herself satisfactorily, she could not expel from her consciousness memories of those first days in Hollywood . . . and time only aggravated that inferiority complex that now held her steadfast in its deadly grasp.

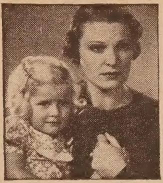
Only her mother knew of the struggle that was raging in Jean's over-wrought mind. She pleaded and coaxed and argued with her daughter, but so deeply had the roots been imbedded that her words of wisdom were of no avail. As the years passed, Jean found herself sinking still further in the mire of despond.

To Hollywood, she presented a superior attitude that at once made her resented. The colony thought she was putting on "an act." Adjudged a capable enough actress, Paramount placed her under long-term contract and assigned her to various leading rôles. But even her success in such pictures as *The Greene Murder Case* and *The Saturday Night Kid* did not materially affect her state of mind. Those of you who suffer from this malady will readily understand Jean during this period.

Finally, taking the bull by the horns, as it were, she deserted Hollywood and trekked eastward to New York. A plan had been crystallizing in her brain for some time. If she could only leave Hollywood and its associations that constantly reminded her of her first failure as an actress, she might regain control of herself once more. A theatrical career, she thought, might solve the problem. Acting upon this scheme, she walked out on an industry that still offered her a handsome livelihood.

In New York, a pleasant surprise awaited her. The name Jean Arthur, she found, held recognition for many and scarcely had she been in town a week

A NEW IDEA IN LIFE Protection



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Stick Deodorant
For Body Freshness

CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK

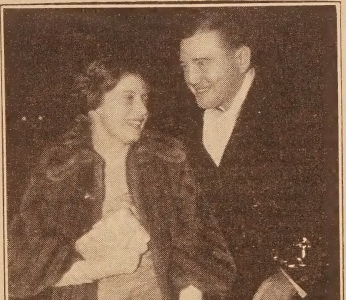
than a stage producer summoned her for a part in *Foreign Affairs,* co-starring Dorothy Gish and Osgood Perkins.

Although the rôle was not overly large or important, it stood out. In an appealingly dumb characterization of a scullery maid she won favorable notices from every critic in New York and applause from the audience.

FOLLOWING a series of other plays on Broadway and in summer stock at Southampton and Red Bank, her entire attitude gradually changed. A fluency of style on the stage made her a favorite in every play in which she appeared . . . and the timid little mouse began to acquire a normal, healthy outlook upon life again. Closely analyzing herself, she discovered a devil-may-care spirit that she didn't even suspect she possessed.

Visiting her parents over the Christmas holidays in Hollywood, Columbia prevailed upon her to enact the leading feminine rôle with Jack Holt in *Whirlpool.* Here was her chance, then, to test herself, to prove to herself that she no longer was imbued with that shadow of inferiority that had been her nemesis so long. The results scored in that picture sent her soaring, for without exception reviewers hailed her as one of the season's most promising younger dramatic actresses.

As I say, today this actress, who once was cursed with the worst case of inferiority in Hollywood, stands on top of the world, literally swinging it by the tail. One glance at her on the screen, in such films as *Diamond Jim, The Whole Town's Talking, Public Hero No. 1* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* and in her flip manner, her perfect possession of herself, is conclusive proof that she is complete mistress of herself. Jean Arthur's triumph over herself forms one of the great success stories of Hollywood.



—Rhodes

Rare indeed are the public appearances of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix, who are devoted to their young twin sons

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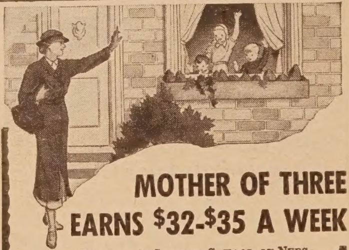
SOUTH SEA COLOR FOR LIPS



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TEN *months* TO PAY BALANCE

ROYAL—"America's Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers"—offers these specially selected super-values to make 50,000 new friends right away! **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** and Royal's famous liberal terms. Send name and address with only $1.00 deposit; state age, occupation, etc., (if possible give 1 or 2 business references). **All dealings strictly confidential. No red tape—no direct inquiries—no interest or extras. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money refunded.**

Only $27.85 *for Both* **$2.69 a month**

LD-3 . . . Exquisitely matched engagement and wedding ring ensemble of hand engraved 14K Solid White Gold. The engagement ring is set with a specially selected, dazzling genuine blue-white center diamond and 2 fiery diamonds on each side; the wedding ring is richly engraved to match. **Only $2.69 a month for both complete.**

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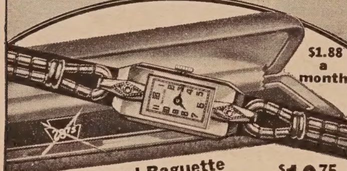

2 Diamond Baguette ***Now only*** **$19.75**

LD-1 . . . Elegantly styled, modern, genuine Baguette wrist watch at an amazingly low price. The streamlined white, lifetime case is set with 2 brilliant, genuine diamonds and fitted with a fully guaranteed movement. Smart, link bracelet to match. $29.75 value specially offered at $19.75. **Only $1.88 a mo.**

17 Jewel Waltham ***Now only*** **$24.75**

Handsome Genuine leather strap included free!

LD-2 . . . Factory guaranteed Famous 17 Jewel WALTHAM "Diplomat"—offered at a sensationally low price. Richly engraved, permanent white case; Fitted with link bracelet to match and smart new extra leather strap. $37.50 value, complete for only $24.75. **Only $2.38 a month.**

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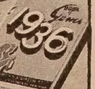

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Many of our successful students are now making big money. Our simple methods make it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing at home, in spare time. New low tuition rate. Write for big free book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," today. State age. Address:

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Model Your Way To Fame

[*Continued from page 45*]

features? "Only one out of one thousand have them. Anita Counihan is one out of a half-million. When a girl first comes to us, she may have no posture, no carriage, no grace, no charm—but if she has perfect features, she still is a possibility. Age? We have models of all ages. Height? . . . This is unimportant. Fashion models usually are tall and willowy, yes. But the illustration type can be of any height . . . Figures? We don't demand anything more than the average. But facial features—there we do demand perfection. The kind of perfection that is natural, not the product of make-up magic.

2. *Are you intelligent?* "Intelligence—this is just as important as fine features. Many of our girls are college graduates. But when a girl comes in and wants to be a model, we do not ask to see her diploma. All we do is talk with her. Five minutes of desultory conversation can tell us all that we need to know about her intelligence. We have an index to her alertness, her ability to concentrate, her ability at self-expression, the variety of her interest, the application she gives to her tasks."

3. *Do you have a good disposition?* "A keen sense of humor is always an asset, and good humor is a necessity. A model has to be willing to work long hours, with a smile. She has to be able to take criticism with her chin uptilted. She has to be able to adjust herself to all types of people, not expect them to adjust themselves to her."

4. *Do you give an impression of being fresh and wholesome—or do you give an impression of being sophisticated?* "We like girls to be fresh and wholesome. Those qualities are irresistible, photographically perhaps because they are rare. People are always attracted to the beautiful girl whose beauty looks non-artificial, whose interest in life looks natural. That's why I say that the New York model has more chance to become a movie star than a Hollywood actress has to become a model."

5. *Are you self-reliant?* "Self-reliance is very important. A model must have an aptitude for facing situations that may arise. She is the kind of girl who can answer 'yes' to the question: Is every new situation a source of new interest? She is so full of youth that nothing fazes her. Audiences, certainly, don't faze her. Self-consciousness isn't one of her liabilities. She has the knack of feeling at ease—or, at least, looking at ease—in any setting. She gives an immediate impression of intelligence, of quick adaptability."

6. *Are you self-critical?* "If a girl cannot analyze her bad points, herself, she is futile as a model. She will not be able to differentiate between constructive, helpful suggestions and criticism that should be tossed out of the window. Every model knows that the cry is constantly for 'new faces.' If she is self-critical, she can figure out new ways to arrange her hair to make her look like a different person—new ways to dress to enhance her attractiveness. She sees how she can improve her posture, her carriage, her walk. Photographers and art directors constantly give a model hints about self-improvement, if they

Thrilling EYE MAKE-UP

CLEAR, VEINLESS WHITE EYES
LOOK LARGER, LOVELIER!

LOST *beauty . . . no allure . . .* when eyes are muddy or prominently veined! Use new, scientific EYE-GENE before "dates" always! Clears even *bloodshot* eyes in seconds . . . or money refunded. Soothes and refreshes tired, smarting, strained, itching eyes almost *instantly*. Makes them white, sparkling, lovely! Safe. Stainless. At drug and dept. stores.

EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved 1945 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

The Best **GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME**

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

OILY, SHINY SKIN!

BLACKHEADS! LARGE PORES!

"Oily Skin is a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS. Never Squeeze Blackheads! It causes Scars, Infection!" warns well-known scientist.

Use wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Amazing NEW scientific discovery. This medicated, pore-purifying liquid acts *quickly, safely*. Gently, thoroughly flushes pores. A marvelous aid in overcoming Blackheads, Large Pores, Oily Skin, embarrassing "Shine", Muddiness. Lightens! Beautifies your skin! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. No harmful chemicals! No staying home! Guaranteed pure! Thousands of grateful users—men and women. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary creams, cosmetics. Nothing like this Secret Formula. Prove it to yourself NOW! Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleerplex Wash TODAY! Just write your name and address on a piece of paper, enclose $1, plus 10c for postage and mail direct to KLEERPLEX (TC 15), 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City—or pay postman $1. plus COD charges. Outside U. S. $1.25 and no CODs. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

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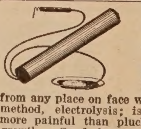

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from any place on face with this simple instrument. Proven method, electrolysis; is safe, can not injure skin. No more painful than plucking hair with tweezers. No re-growth. Send for one today, don't wait. Only $1.25 postpaid. Superior model $2.00 postpaid. Guaranteed.
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CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up peskiest corns or callus. Contains pure castor oil, camphor and corn-aspirin. Absolutely safe. Winner of Good Housekeeping Seal. Easy directions on label. 35c bottle saves untold misery. Druggist returns money if NOXACORN fails to remove any corn or callus.

feel that the hints won't be wasted. A successful model is one who hasn't wasted them."

7. *Do you have photographic proof of your modeling possibilities?* "What a mirror tells, and what a camera tells, can often be two totally different things. Beauty doesn't always photograph. Personality doesn't always photograph. But if you have proof that the camera is kind to you, the road to modeling is just that much smoother."

THESE, then, are the seven all-important questions that you should ask yourself—and be able to answer with a high rating—before opening the door of John Powers' office and, possibly, the door of movie fame and fortune.

It's a rare girl who becomes a model by sheer luck, as Anita Counihan did. This pretty daughter of a well-known cartoonist, Bud Counihan, went with a girl-friend to a models' agency while the girl-friend applied for work. While the other girl was being interviewed, a photographer entered the reception room, took one look at Anita, and told her that she was just the girl he wanted for a fashion portrait that afternoon. She took the job. (The other girl, who thought she had modeling possibilities, did not make the grade.)

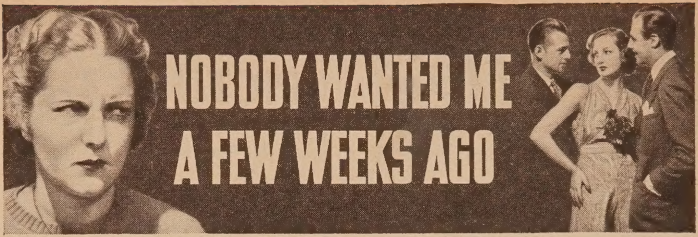
"To be a model," Anita says, with refreshing candor and a total lack of false modesty, "a girl should have a very clear skin. An olive complexion is an asset, because it is soft. High cheekbones and thin faces are much easier for a photographer to light than round faces are. Green or blue eyes are much easier to light than are brown or light blue. And good teeth—even and white—are a necessity. The requirements are more severe than they are for the movies.

"The life of a model is a short one. Photographers are constantly looking for new faces. I realize the danger ahead of me when someone told me she had seen my picture four times in one magazine. 'This will never do,' I told myself. 'People will soon get tired of seeing the same girl constantly.' So now I spend half my life changing my coiffure and plotting new ways to look different for the next sitting. Unconsciously, I guess, I noticed that this was what movie stars do. Incidentally, you fare better if you have bobbed hair.

"The fees of a model? Five dollars an hour for ordinary photographic work—more for color work or posing for artists. Nudes? No girl has to pose in the nude unless she wants to do so. It pays higher, of course. Personally, I have never done any—because I felt it would cheapen my value as a fashion model. Are we protected from unwelcome advances? Yes. If any photographer or advertising agency man makes such advances, all a model has to do is to report the incident to John Powers—and that photographer or that agency can never employ a Powers model again.

"We get many of our clothes free—sometimes for modeling them in photographs, sometimes for wearing them to night-clubs and restaurants, where they will be seen and commented upon. It's a glamorous life. But now I'm ready for something new. I've done about everything I want to do in commercial work—and the movies offer a new interest."

As Anita Counihan says, it's a glamorous life. And it *can* lead straight to the movies.


NOBODY WANTED ME A FEW WEEKS AGO

But now she's the most popular girl in town

IF YOU WEREN'T SO SKINNY YOU'D HAVE MORE FRIENDS
HERE'S A GIRL GAINED 12 POUNDS IN 3 WEEKS WITH IRONIZED YEAST
IT WOULD MAKE A NEW GIRL OF YOU...TRY IT
I WANT SOME IRONIZED YEAST
FOLKS SAY THEY'VE GAINED 10 TO 25 LBS. WITH IT
A FEW WEEKS LATER
YOU'RE SO POPULAR IT'S HARD TO DATE YOU UP
YES, BUT I WAS MIGHTY LONELY TILL I PUT ON 10 POUNDS
Posed by professional models

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. with new "7-power" yeast tablets

IT certainly seems a crime against yourself to remain "skinny" and unable to attract friends when thousands have gained pounds of solid, naturally good-looking flesh this new easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new "7-power" discovery, which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on 5 to 15 pounds, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normally attractive pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.

"VARIATION"

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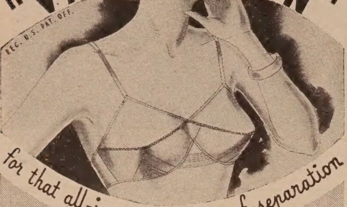

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★★ Not Bad ★ Ho Hum!

★★★★

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR—Academic but interesting war on microbes waged by Paul Muni against French background, with fragile love tale. —*Warners.*

MODERN TIMES — Baggy-trousered Charlie Chaplin satirizes modern man caught in machinery of big business in his first film in five years. Chaplin wrote, directed, starred in and arranged music as well as determined to marry the heroine, Paulette Goddard.—*United Artists.*

PETRIFIED FOREST—Bette Davis wins love of Leslie Howard in an Arizona desert town, with enthusiastic but idyllic results. Follows stage play closely.—*Warners.*

THE MILKY WAY—Cream of comedies with Harold Lloyd punch-drunk on milk and love, until he's knocked sane in the squared circle.—*Paramount.*

ROSE MARIE—Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald sing in modern Hollywood version of musical show. Jeanette reveals temperament, humor, beauty and glamour. Eddy is the mountie who gets his man and woman.—*Metro.*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY is a splendid little man trying to live up to the elegance of English crests after a babyhood of poverty. Freddie Bartholomew is a gentleman in the making, in the finest sense the expression implies.—*United Artists.*

★★★½

THE MOON'S OUR HOME—Grand comedy with Margaret Sullavan and real-life ex-husband Henry Fonda teamed for first time. She portrays a movie star and he a globe-trotting author who scorns movie stars. While both are traveling incognito they meet, fall in love, marry. Then truth outs and fun begins. Charlie Butterworth helps. —*Wanger-Paramount.*

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Time changes the course of true love for Preston Foster, a millionaire who thinks he can buy everything including Carole Lombard, who thought she was sweet on Cesar Romero.—*Universal.*

THESE THREE—Careless adults discuss emotional problems within earshot of an unpleasant little girl who carries the gossip, thus wrecking three lives. Is an off-shoot story, beautifully told of the "unnatural" love theme in "The Children's Hour."—*Sam Goldwyn.*

WIFE VS. SECRETARY—A wife's silent battle to keep her husband's love against the wiles of a sexy secretary. Myrna Loy is the wife and Jean Harlow the secretary. They war over Clark Gable, but don't all women?—*Metro.*

★★★★★—★★

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—Five stars for the quintuplets and two for the picture, the comedy being based on the jittery attitude of the father of the Dionne babies. Jean Hersholt's performance as Dr. Dafoe is sensitive, and the wee ones are adorable.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★

CAPTAIN JANUARY—A lonely lighthouse keeper helps Shirley Temple dodge the truant officer.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

NEXT TIME WE LOVE—A newspaper correspondent's matrimonial problems with an actress, sympathetically and exquisitely treated. Margaret Sullavan is the star.—*Universal.*

DESIRE—A continental jewel thief finds love a gay experience under the tutelage of an American automobile salesman, he being Gary Cooper. Since Marlene Dietrich's escape from Josef von Sternberg's direction she reveals comedy qualities heretofore hidden.—*Paramount.*

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MESSAGE TO GARCIA—Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles and Wallace Beery portray a famous old story in modern tempo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

SINGING KID—Broadway jilts Al Jolson and he fights his way back to fame with song.—*Warners.*

KING OF THE DAMNED—Conrad Veidt and Helen Vinson reveal another side of prison life, with some thought spent on rehabilitation of criminals.—*G-B.*

SMALL TOWN GIRL—Full of chuckles, some pathos is Janet Gaynor's plight as small town gal who marries charming Robert Taylor. Lewis is father-in-law and Binnie Barnes the other girl. —*Metro.*

BIG BROWN EYES—Joan Bennett, manicurist who knows all the answers, and detective boy-friend Cary Grant round up gang of murderous jewel thieves. Full of good wisecracks and exciting action.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

THE UNGUARDED HOUR—Strong mystery story revolving around man-and-wife Loretta Young and Franchot Tone, who is arrested as murder suspect. Tone gives topnotch performance and Roland Young deftly handles comedy relief.—*Metro.*

SNOWED UNDER—George Brent, playwright with only two acts, is snowed under with work, hero-worshipping Patricia Ellis and two ex-wives, Genevieve Tobin, No. 1, and Glenda Farrell, No. 2. Lively comedy farce.—*Warners.*

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—Many laughs in this mystery when the great detective takes wife and fourteen children to circus. Up to standard of Chan series with Keye Luke trying to help his dad.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

YELLOW DUST—Richard Dix in a gold-quest film. He comes west, saves the life of a prospector, fights stage-coach bandits and shoots it out with Onslow Stevens, a gambler, for the love of Leila Hyams.—*RKO-Radio.*

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED — George O'Brien shows how the Canadian police work. Irene Ware and Stanley Fields help.—*Sol Lesser.*

MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT—A flock of murders are solved by Marguerite Churchill and Lyle Talbot. Uninspired, but will appeal to lovers of horrific drama.—*Warners.*

★★

DANCING FEET—Eddie Nugent, Isabel Jewell and Vince Barnett try to make a poor musical good.—*Republic.*

HELL SHIP MORGAN—Tuna fishing as a sport and an industry, told nicely by George Bancroft, Ann Sothern and Victor Jory.—*Columbia.*

ROAD GANG—Serious drama goes hokum in grim revelations of prison brutality with Donald Woods as a newspaperman railroaded to jail in political feud.—*Warners.*

THE LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED—And the Marines get into trouble again. Lew Ayres —one of them—is saved by Isabel Jewell.—*Republic.*

BOULDER DAM—Against the background of the great engineering project of the west a cowardly boy gets courage through a girl's inspiration. Ross Alexander is the boy and Patricia Ellis, the girl.—*Warners.*

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Jan Kiepura is a singing fisherman and Gladys Swarthout romances with him. The plot is dull.—*Paramount.*

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Irving Pichel does some nice work in an international spy ring. Exciting.—*Republic.*

THREE GODFATHERS—Desert rats adopt a baby.—*Metro.*

MUSIC GOES 'ROUND—and there is no stopping the tune in this tale of a small show Harry Richman joins to escape problems of a big-time actor. Rochelle Hudson is the answer.—*Columbia.*

WALKING DEAD—If the name does not slay you, Boris Karloff probably will, as a musician electrocuted and brought back to life.—*Warners.*

YOU MAY BE NEXT—Radio engineer is kidnaped by gangsters. New twist on G-Man story, with Lloyd Nolan and Ann Sothern.—*Columbia.*

★

SILLY BILLIES—is unfunny picture of Wheeler and Woolsey as traveling dentists.—*RKO-Radio.*

F-MAN—Soda jerker is too stupid to be a G-Man. He's Jack Haley.—*Paramount.*

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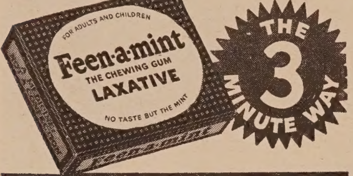

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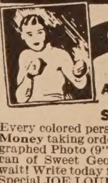

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Save Hollywood's Glamour

[*Continued from page 33*]

ideal they have of her. Stars are the public's idols . . . because they are different. Because they bring romance, beauty, release—to drab lives. The screen stars are the fairy princesses of the public's dream world. Then they see a picture of their favorite frying eggs! They read of how she peels her own potatoes!

"The start of this campaign 'be human?' I do not know how it started. This edict . . . 'fill your wardrobe with such clothes as only the average woman can afford' . . . where will it lead us? I know its continuance is robbing the stars of their own glamour and is robbing the fans of romance. Don't you agree with me?"

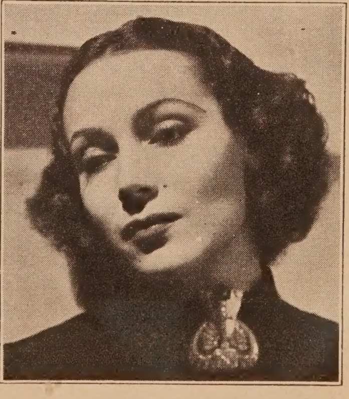
I DO agree with her. I am a movie fan too. When I go to a picture, I want to get away from the things which happen every day. I want beauty and romance. I want the hunger of my eyes filled when I put my unromantic little quarter on the box office sill. I want for the next hour to be free from reminders of my workaday life with its problems and fears and its wonder about the future. Those whom romance has passed by, can buy it for a quarter.

So I left this glamourous lady in her exquisite home, surrounded by the beauty which is hers. Left her there with her eagerness to please her fans, carrying with me the violence of her plea for them.

The sunset was challenging the grey fog of Santa Monica. Its challenge changed that fog to a cloud of rose. The heavy fragrance of gardenias and magnolias in Del Rio's garden clung to my nostrils. The fog closed in, blocking out the shining copper of her house, making ghostly shadows of the majestic cypress hedge, but as I looked back before turning up the hill a truant sun's ray hit the shining chromium of the gateway to her home . . . it shimmered like polished platinum through the fog. So does the glamour of Del Rio shimmer in our darkened world.

She is beautiful, and gracious, and unafraid of living.

She will keep the faith.



Sultry Dolores Del Rio wears the chic clip of enormous size at the virginal neckline of her attractive afternoon gown

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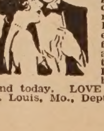

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Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 11]

chance to go over in Hollywood. George was Lysander of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, had a serious operation, but is ready for assignments.

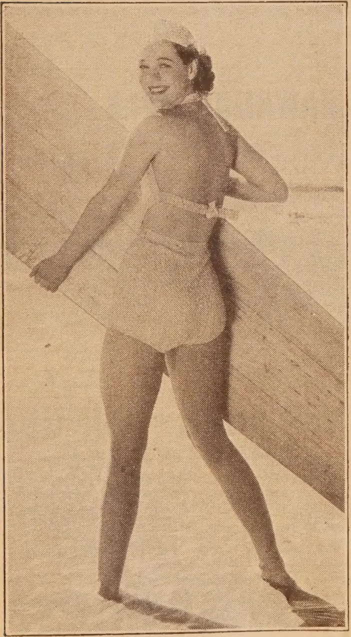
ROBERT SINCLAIR, New York director, follows the example of George Cukor and John Cromwell by sitting on movie sets watching the wheels go round. He's to put Norma Shearer through her paces in *Pride and Prejudice* after her excursion in *Shakespeare*.

YACHT CLUB BOYS are not only good entertainers, but fine bridge players. Why shouldn't they be? There are four of them. Anyway, Eddie Selzer of the Warner publicity department found them to be $47 better as a quartette than he was as a bridge player.

ANN SOTHERN and Roger Pryor are expected to visit the court house for a marriage certificate when he gets his final divorce papers in August.

MARGARET LINDSAY keeps busy at Warner's studio, but her romance flourishes with Pat de Cicco who visits her often on the set. Margaret has been wearing smart printed frocks these early summer days.

JUNE TRAVIS and Jules Leitzer of New York continue to show great interest in each other.



—*Schafer*

Martha Tibbetts, in a feathery mood and a new rubber suit, catches up on her surf-boarding after finishing her bit in Columbia's *The Blackmailer*

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. . . by NESCO

Fashion dictates color ensembles

A NEW original idea—the NESCO KITCHEN ENSEMBLE. Practical, everyday kitchen utensils and equipment become ORNAMENTS—a prime requisite of interior decorating. Imagine—NESCO Enameled Cooking Utensils and Containers in *matched sets*—a lovely symphony creating new atmosphere in your kitchen.

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NESCO *"Garden Girl"* Japanned Ware

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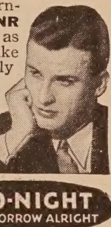

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ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
567 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

Letter Page

[*Continued from page* 12]

my colleagues did also. Miss Lombard's article was so plain and simple, yet filled with welcome advice and truth. Since introducing the "Guest Editor" series for SCREEN BOOK, the people who once "looked down" on Hollywood have learned that the city isn't merely made up of beauty, laughter, noise and good times, but also of down-to-earth people with real intelligence. Please let us have from time to time in the future other guest editors who may give us interesting and inspiring contributions.—*Charles Wade Jackson, Edison, Ga.*

All readers will be interested to learn that Dick Powell assumes the guest editorship of SCREEN BOOK'S July issue. He will welcome suggestions from his many friends.—Editor.

$1.00 Letter

Chaplin and Nijinsky

TRUST Charlie Chaplin, even in this blasé era, to be different and be it better in a big way. I never saw Nijinsky. I wish I had. But since I saw Charlie Chaplin roller skate ballet in *Modern Times,* I don't feel so badly. For sheer grace and poetry of motion—not to forget incidental thrills when he skims to the edge of an opening to the floor beneath—It leaves nothing to be desired. I think Nijinsky would have been first to congratulate Charlie on the act. Now I'm hoping Charlie makes another picture before I go blind with old age.—*Marie Brennan, 4094 Wilmington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.*

$1.00 Letter

Annoyed Movie-Goer

ALTHOUGH I enjoy pictures very much, there are times when I am annoyed by trivial errors in some scenes. One scene I recall before the French revolution showed on the mantelpiece an alarm clock manufactured by Big Ben. In Bill Boyd's picture recently a band of outlaws only guard the trail from the south, leaving the north open for invasion. Would a leader of this band who classed himself with Napoleon be so thoughtless? Please don't misunderstand me, but I think that on the whole they could be more careful.—*Edward Ratcliffe, 299 Coronado Bldg., Denver, Colorado.*

$1.00 Letter

Colbert Clicks

I AM a sincere admirer of Claudette Colbert. She is so perfectly natural in her rather whimsical situation as a bride in *It Happened One Night, She Married Her Boss* and *The Bride Comes Home.* She may have been "dragged" as a bride over numerous doorways, but I say we need more like her. She possesses a very real sense of humor which we need so much in this old world of ours.—*Mrs. Roy Caverly, 303 W. Washington, Howell, Mich.*

Winners of the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest will be announced in the July issue!
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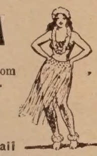

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If You Took A Screen Test!

[*Continued from page* 57]

hired Hal to make news reels for his programs.

Later, in Hollywood, Mohr worked as cutter, cameraman, and director. He photographed super-specials for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. He directed Harold Lloyd comedies. He photographed *Outward Bound*, one of the early talkies.

He met Evelyn Venable as cameraman on *David Harum*, in which she appeared. Will Rogers acted as matchmaker and repeated to Evelyn Hal's remark that she had the most perfect face he had ever photographed.

Most faces, you see, don't match! One side is always a little different from the other. You don't notice such tiny imperfections in real life, but the camera exaggerates them so that a lovely girl may become a monstrosity on the screen!

That's why so many famous women come to Hollywood to enter the movies—and then go back home! They may be society leaders, heiresses to million-dollar fortunes, and Broadway favorites—but something about their features refused to register properly with the cameras!

Another difficult assignment was testing the colored folk for *The Green Pastures*. Some of them had never done picture work before and they became stiff with self-consciousness.

"We were looking for simple, unaffected types," Hal explained, "and it was difficult to get them to act that way before the cameras."

After the picture started, Hal discovered with amazement that one of the biggest problems of Marc Connelly, the director, was in persuading the colored folk to use the "dialect" white people expect of them.

"Actually," Hal said, "most of them speak perfectly natural English, like you or me."

We interviewed him on one of the sets of this picture, and watched him take the scene where the old negro preacher explains the Bible to a group of little colored children in Sunday School.

The natural delight of the youngsters in acting was amusing to watch. Utterly without self-consciousness, they were in deadly earnest about the business of becoming picture stars!

"If every newcomer who made a test could attain that same freedom from nervousness," Hal remarked with a smile, "the statistics on successful tests wouldn't be so discouraging."

Out of the thousands of newcomers Hollywood tests every year, he told me, only one in a hundred receives a contract. Only one in a thousand is an Olivia de Havilland, starred in her first year.

Only one person in a bigger group than that has an instinct for projecting his own personality in such a manner that the camera can capture its essence. Usually there is a latent quality that must be developed.

"If more of them would learn something about picture work—if they'd watch pictures actually being filmed—or perhaps try extra work for a time—the list of failures wouldn't be so big," Hal added.

For movie tests, whether haphazard, carefully conducted, or painfully rehearsed, are still the only way to contracts, leading rôles and stardom in Hollywood!

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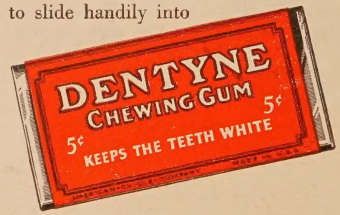

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Art Bows to Utility

[*Continued from page 70*]

While fundamentally, there are only three outfits in addition to the evening gown and play combination, actually they unfold into a complete layout to serve every summer purpose.

WE WILL begin with the play suit which is made in an extremely smart material, Javanese print. Remember we said before that Fay's dark type of beauty called forth the Far East influences? If you are a blonde try only to emulate the style not the fabric for as you can see from the sketch you are offered a new idea in design which would be equally smart in another material perhaps more adaptable to your type.

Next in line is a sports outfit. Fay is seen wearing just the thing for active outdoor play—a culotte skirt! Fay's culottes are navy blue sharkskin, a color and material that combines beautifully with various blouses, sweaters or short sports jackets. Two different blouses are pictured. The first is sharkskin, the same fabric as the skirt, and worn for spectator sports wear.

THE second blouse is for less dressy occasions and is made of a very light weight wool. It is seamed front and back giving the diagonal stripes the effect of a single herringbone. The background is white with stripes in red, green and blue. This blouse has a youthful pointed collar and a wide red suede belt worn laced together in front á la gaucho. Lange designed as an accessory a large navy blue chiffon handkerchief that may be worn folded triangularly under the collar. With this blouse the same hat and shoes are worn thus saving on that item.

Outfit number two in Congo beige sharkskin is worn without the coat for active sports and with the coat at any smart afternoon affair. Again we have the culotte skirt, this time combined with a Javanese print. The halter gilet features glorious shades of earth red and Indigo blue. Fullness is obtained through the bust line by small high placed inverted pleats. The halter ties at the neck in back and wraps around the waist to end in a nonchalant knot in front. A new idea that we haven't seen before is the low center point cut of the blouse that comes well over the top of the skirt.

The next picture shows Fay wearing a short bolero jacket made of the beige sharkskin. This features the wide square collar line, short sleeves and an upward swinging tilt to the waistline. With the jacket are worn two wide bracelets, a tremendously chic Javanese draped turban, blue gloves, bag and shoes.

For the afternoon teas and cocktail hour Fay poses in a new coat dress. The skirt with inverted front pleat is brown velveteen, which Lange claims, is as smart for summer as it is for winter wear. The jacket is an Indian print in red, gold and green on a light beige background. Square padded shoulders are a new style note and are achieved through intricate gathers placed on top of the armholes. Self-covered buttons march down the front to the flared peplum. High wide revers and a small collar of velveteen are important. A bag of the Indian print, chamois gloves and brown shoes and hat complete a very fetching and practical gown for informal wear.

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Personal Previews

[*Continued from page* 69]

Farmer In The Dell

★★★

COMEDY—Fred Stone must make up his mind whether he is to be an imitation of his friend, the late Will Rogers, or step out as himself—one of the great entertainers of the twentieth century.

Stone, an Iowa farmer, sells his holdings and moves to California where his wife, Esther Dale, sees film opportunities for their daughter, Jean Parker.

Casting directors think Miss Dale camera-fodder. Results are that the wife gets very snooty, nearly wrecks domestic tranquility until the old man gets hold of himself and puts her in her place. Daughter Jean returns to her grocery clerk boy-friend and the wife reforms.

Frank Albertson, as the boy-friend, and Moroni Olsen, as a director, contribute outstanding performances.

CRITICAL COMMENT: Fred Stone will grow tiresome if he continues a doddering type of movie personality. There is not enough definition to any of the characters to sustain interest. Some responsibility for this weakness rests on the author.—*Produced by RKO.*

Robin Hood Of El Dorado

★★★

EARLY CALIFORNIA ROMANCE—Joaquin Murietta, romantic bandit of 1848, central character of countless legends, is given to the screen through the brilliant personality of Warner Baxter.

Not of epic magnitude, this film has a certain majestic sweep in the outdoor scenes to give it quality above the average run of summer releases.

Joaquin suffers at hands of American settlers until in desperation he retaliates in the manner he understands best. The Gringos had killed his friends, mistreated his blind mother and his bride, had humiliated him by a public whipping for a wrong he did not commit, and hanged his brother.

Thus justifying the bitterness in the heart of Joaquin, his biographer, Walter Noble Burns, has his bandit-hero die from wounds upon the grave of his beautiful bride, although there are actually so many legends about the robber's death that it is optional with the theatergoer to accept or reject the authenticity of this one.

Baxter gives a stunning performance of the character. He has fierceness in dealing with his enemies and tenderness in his treatment of women. He is the cast, although here and there a face appears, such as Eric Linden's in a brief interlude dealing with the American viewpoint during pioneer days.

J. Carrol Naish occupies second spot in importance to the star as a three-fingered bandit. Bruce Cabot, Paul Hurst, George Regas and Francis McDonald are the important male players.

Margo is the bride, a splendid characterization is hers. She dies all too soon. Of course, Soledad Jiminez is there and Ann Loring is victim of a bandit's bullet.

CRITICAL COMMENT: Lovely photography, a fine cast, but Director William A. Wellman hasn't captured the color of early California life, even though he succeeds in achieving screen entertainment.—*Produced By John W. Considine, Jr.*

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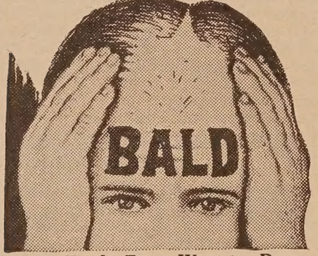
WHY MEN GO



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Now a new method enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, thin hair and baldness to easily remove the congested, thin outer layer of scalp skin. This permits opened pores and follicles to absorb air, sunshine and a blood-stimulating compound to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots in promoting hair growth as nature intended. It is all explained in a new treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS," showing anatomy of your hair and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 127-A, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

Fred Astaire Gives A Dancing Lesson!

[*Continued from page* 29]

yourself to music through it is when you come to the real joy there is in dancing. And it's only then that you ever find out if you've the stuff it takes to make people go out and buy it.

"Trying hard is half the battle. But, there must also be in a person an inherent desire to continue struggling along the line to a definite goal. It is sometimes an instinct to rest after we reach a certain stage in progress, but the battle only starts when you reach that particular place where all looks easy to you. That's when one's troubles really begin.

"It is also true that many persons will perfect themselves in one phase of a career, concentrating on what seems to be the hardest part, while sluffing through that which seems easiest. That's why some of the most difficult tasks to execute have a suave, definite polish and the least complicated tasks take on an air of difficulty.

"This is where the true student continues his grind.

"*If* you're lucky enough to get out there and sell them something new that they like—in other words if they like the person you're expressing through your educated feet and all the rest—then you will learn if all the work you have done has been worth it!

"BUT, again, if you put it on the basis of trying to pass that certain something on, I feel as though I am up against a stone wall. It's certainly not secretiveness because anyone can watch a film or study action snapshots, but that won't be very much immediate help until they have put in the serious work I've mentioned here first.

"So 'tis that I can only answer, 'I don't know!' and I'm awfully afraid that some of them will think I'm just evasive. But I've been dancing for a considerable time and, frankly, I've grown so unconscious of fundamental technique that it startles me. Put yourself in the position of the man who was called upon to describe a horse to another who hadn't even seen a drawing of one and trying to come through with a recognizable verbal picture. In a lesser degree I'm in the same spot. I know what a horse looks like and what goes into a good step, but, truthfully, I'm darned if I could give a decent descripiton of either.

"I'm painfully conscious that what I've tried to say about dancing now is similar to saying that the horse is big, has four legs and a funny looking head—but it's all fundamentally right.

"But there's a strange tag to all this. When the same people who write me for 'steps' have put in the time and work to learn how to actually execute those apparently simple movements—they won't be writing me for advice! They won't need it! They'll have reached the point where they are creating their own dance story, the continuity that makes a dance mean something.

"They'll be saying, "Imitate Astaire's stuff? What for? I've got an idea or two myself! He's got his methods—I've got mine. And good luck to him! He'll need it because now *I'm* coming through . . . Gangway!"

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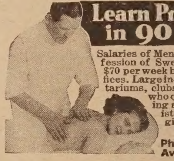

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Secrets from the Kitchen of Anita Louise

[*Continued from page 23*]

sugar mixture into a feathery golden mass. A rotary beater will substitute very satisfactorily, Miss Welker tells me, but it requires more than triple the time to get the same feathery results.

Fresh Strawberry Jelly—made just the day before—makes the filling for this particular jellyroll. (The jelly recipe is easy and luscious. We'll be glad to send you a copy.) But any type of jelly, jam or cream pie filling, may be used.

In rolling the cake, Miss Welker turns up the cake edge about 1 inch, then lifts the cloth high enough to raise the turned edge off the table. This starts the cake rolling. Then she lifts the cloth higher and higher, using the left hand to lift and the right to guide the rolling and keep the cake straight. When the cake-end is directly underneath, the cloth edges are tucked round to keep the cake rolled. Onto a rack, and into the window it goes. Then out of the cloth and onto the doily lined plate it is whisked, just as Miss Anita comes through the swinging doors.

Other jellyroll fillings which these two particularly like, are:

LEMON-COCONUT FILLING

Combine ½ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons flour and a dash of salt in the top of a double boiler. Add ⅓ cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water and 1 well beaten egg and cook for 10 minutes, over rapidly boiling water, stirring constantly. Remove from water. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Then fold in ¼ cup grated coconut, cool slightly, and spread on freshly baked jellyroll.

FRESH STRAWBERRY FILLING

Wash, hull and cut in halves, 1 pint of fresh strawberries. Fold into 1 cup of sweetened stiffly whipped cream, and spread on fresh jellyroll, which has been allowed to cool for just 2 minutes before being rolled.

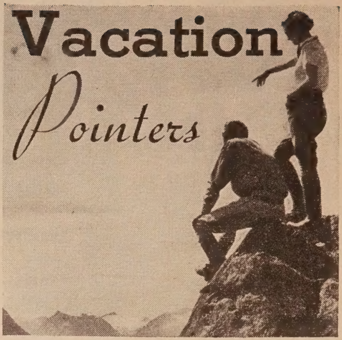
RASPBERRY CREAM FILLING

Fold 1 glass of raspberry jam and 2 teaspoons lemon juice into 1 cup of stiffly whipped cream, and spread on freshly-baked jellyroll.

CALIFORNIA CREAM FILLING

Combine ½ cup sugar, 5 tablespoons flour, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 1½ cups milk, (or 1 cup evaporated milk and ½ cup hot water), in the top of a double boiler. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon orange juice mixed with 2 well-beaten egg yolks, and mix thoroughly. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from fire. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cool until not more than lukewarm. Spread on fresh jellyroll. Top with chopped nuts and quartered seeded dates, and roll.

And now get down your mixing bowl, and beat up a Jellyroll! Easy to make and easy to eat! You'll love it, and so will the family!



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Dept. 196 420 S. Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Robert Taylor's Ideal Sweetheart

[*Continued from page* 41]

big dramatic production on the campus was to be *Journey's End* it seemed at last as if fate were being kind . . . There wasn't a woman in the cast! I played the part of Captain Stanhope and fate was kind in a far different way than I imagined. Ben Piazza, casting director for M-G-M at the time, was in the audience that opening night. A few days later I had signed a contract with the studio and a few weeks later I was in Hollywood . . .

"HOLLYWOOD—and the Russian Lady. Somehow, they're strangely related in my mind. She was the first professional actress I'd ever known. Dark and exciting and sophisticated. She'd been married and divorced twice and very likely I amused her. I wasn't in love but I was very proud to be seen with her. Nothing makes a fellow feel so good as being seen with a smart looking girl. And the Russian Lady was that. She wasn't actually beautiful but she knew how to make the most of her appearance—which is probably the same thing. Her sophistication was real, the kind that comes with assurance and poise and a rich interest in life. And immediately I endowed the girl of my future with a degree of sophistication. Enough to give her self-confidence so that she wouldn't get flustered easily. Fluttery females are *not* the kind that men prefer!

"The little Russian did a lot for me in the way of knocking off rough edges. My social life was still at the sophomore stage when I met her. I had never gone in for it very strongly and it lacked—well, *finesse* . . ." Bob laughed and the corners of his eyes crinkled. He re-lit his pipe. "In the small matter of ordering dinner, for example. I was darn' self-conscious about it the first time I took her to the Russian Eagle. But in a subtle way she taught me how to go about selecting the right sort of meal-for-two. It was Trina, too, who taught me that it's quite possible to hold an intelligent woman's attention throughout a whole evening without flirting, or flattering her. She had a genuine understanding and sympathy that's a tonic to anyone.

"Voice, hair and eyes . . . I believe those are the three things about any woman that impress a man first. If her hair is nicely kept it's bound to make her look neat. And eyes—Personally, I prefer the kind that don't sparkle and don't tell all. I go for the slumbrous kind that keep things half hidden—*a la* Marlene Dietrich! Of course there are a good many imitations, the Tenth Avenue Greta Garbos, but you can spot them as fake a mile away. A fellow appreciates a girl who is natural and doesn't strike poses. Perhaps," he added, "I should have headed the list with that . . . I'll tell you who has these qualities as much as any girl I've ever known. That's Irene Hervey."

IRENE, the very charming young person who was placed under contract by M-G-M about the same time as Bob. Who was in Oliver Hinsdell's dramatic school with him there in the studio . . . who buoyed him up when Bob was so discouraged he asked Louis B. Mayer for a release from his contract.

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30x4.50-21	2.40	.85
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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35
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30x3½	$2.35	$0.75	33x4½	$3.45	$1.15
31x4	2.95	.85	34x4½	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	.85	35x5	3.95	1.55
32x4½	3.35	1.15			

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33x5	3.95	1.45	38x7	10.95	3.95
34x5	4.25	2.00	36x8	11.45	3.95
32x6	7.95	2.75	40x8	13.25	4.15
36x6	9.95	3.95			

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.75	$1.65	7.50-20	$6.95	3.75
6.50-20	4.45	1.95	8.25-20	8.95	$4.95
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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hollywood is Dog Heaven
Find out why in the
July issue of
SCREEN BOOK

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

IS SHIRLEY TEMPLE
A Poor Little Rich Girl?

- She's the richest child star on the screen—beloved and praised by millions! What has it done to her? Is she actually a poor little rich girl? You'll find out in June HOLLYWOOD Magazine, in a vivid, appealing article about your favorite star!
- Nelson Eddy, Bing Crosby, Loretta Young—these are a few of the personalities you will read about in June HOLLYWOOD! Don't miss a single one of the many interesting stories!

JUNE
Hollywood

Hollywood
5

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Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

SAFE because it is easier to clean

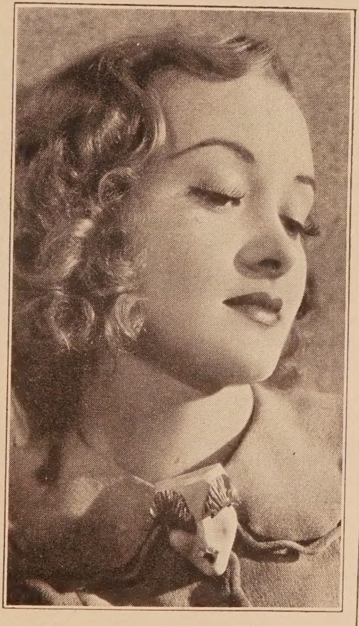
HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE

They have been something more than casual sweethearts. During almost every picture Bob has been in rumors have spread about his devotion to the leading lady. It began with Jean Parker in *Murder in the Fleet* . . . followed through to Virginia Bruce in *Society Doctor* . . . and recently reached a new high with Janet Gaynor with whom he's currently playing in *Small Town Girl*. But his friendship with Miss Hervey continues. . . .

As a matter of fact, if the Ideal Girl did happen along right now she'd find our Mr. Taylor slightly weary. He's been working for a year without much time off for social trimmings.

"If most men hate to wait as much as I do, then every Ideal Girl is punctuality itself!" he affirmed. "Incidentally, I don't want my ideal to be the playgirl type. You know—the type that feels she has to be out every night with someone whether she really likes him or not. And I don't want her to have an ingenue complex. Flowers in the hair and ruffles and frills are *out* as far as I'm concerned.

"Wasn't it Maurice Chevalier who said that most women work too hard to be charming? I think that's true. They'd be a lot more attractive if they'd just forget their nose was shiny and didn't bring out the lipstick every five minutes. After all it's an interesting personality that counts most. . . . And if it's interesting enough, a girl can make a man forget even his ideal!"



MARIAN MARSH, appearing in Columbia production, "Queer Money" dotes on seeking attractive and original gadgets. This time she has selected a mask clip with long bizarre metal eye lashes and a smug sophisticated mouth, to contrast the solid color of her sports costume. The mask was designed by the Gardner family of artists who last season launched the Schiaparelli masked fan. Those interested in this latest fashion fantasy may write Sally Martin, Fashion Editor, care of SCREEN BOOK, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

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THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

Surveying the newest screen developments

Olivia de Haviland will be seen in *Anthony Adverse,* a lengthy picture which inaugurates the new era in movie presentation

THE theater is coming back!

The theater that America loved and lost when the talkies came, is being brought into small towns and big cities by the motion picture industry!

And, Florenz Ziegfeld is bringing this change to pass!

Ziegfeld, who never took his glittering confections of entertainment on the road; Ziegfeld who typified, more than any other man, perhaps, the haughty sophistication and isolation of New York; Ziegfeld reaches from the mists of the past and glorifies the American movies!

Climaxing a trend for longer feature films, *The Great Ziegfeld,* which takes three hours to screen, now definitely gives to the amusement devotee an entire evening in the theater.

● It will mean that certain houses will be dedicated to presenting spectacles of merit for those who like their film fare unbroken in continuity and distinctly away from what the trade refers to as "program pictures."

The three-hour film is not a new idea but rather a revival of what the master showman, D. W. Griffith, inaugurated with *The Birth of a Nation* two decades ago.

King of Kings and *Way Down East* were presented to audiences like the legitimate plays when road-shows were the thing!

A party spirit pervaded the theater on such a night. There was anticipation in the gay hurry and bustle of the lobby before show time! Theater-going was an event to be planned for!

While these films in no way detracted from the charm of houses that showed smaller and less important productions, there was a dignity about the motion picture edifice that featured big-league productions.

● Indicative of a return to prosperity is the wisdom or foresight of major studios that include in their 1936-'37 schedules powerful and luxurious photoplays where the essentials of the story command more time in the telling of it than 85 minutes.

So get out your best bib and tucker—the movies are going places!

It was Radio who really started the movement for longer pictures with *Little Women.* Audiences were so delighted with it that time fairly flew past while Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker and Frances Dee provoked laughter and tears by their charming performances.

David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty as well as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were all considerably longer than the average picture.

Now comes Columbia's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* with more than two hours of enchanting romance, comedy and high ideals.

In the van will be *Anthony Adverse,* which Warner Brothers spent a fortune in making; *The Good Earth* is one of several lengthy pictures from the M-G-M lot, the most discussed promise being *Romeo and Juliet* with Norma Shearer as the fair Italian maiden who loved a romantic youth in Verona.

Mary of Scotland undoubtedly will run longer than usual Radio pictures.

Under Two Flags is a Twentieth Century-Fox film for Ronald Colman that will command more than the average attention.

Universal's *Show Boat* and *The Green Pastures* are of more than ordinary length.

Cecil B. DeMille's *Buffalo Bill* falls in the category of *three-hour* productions.

● Will this venture by Hollywood producers appeal to fans accustomed to an assortment, almost a vaudeville program, of films? Will dull, uninteresting "fillers" be eliminated?

Will picture goers prefer double-bills with novelties frequently screened to make up for a structural weakness in the entire program?

Or, will those who just want to drop in for part of a show, while waiting to *kill time* turn their thoughts away from the movies by this arrangement, which will have definite curtain time?

Lengthening a bad picture will not improve it, but it is also true that some great literary works have been forced into an unnatural condensation in order to meet what seemed an arbitrary allotment of time in which to enact the story.

But, won't it be fun to dress for the theater again?

Won't it be thrilling to sit in your favorite picture house before the curtain goes up and wait for the magic moment when swelling notes on the sound track blast into the theater announcing another epic is about to unfold?

● SCREEN BOOK is interested in knowing just what its readers think of the new order of presenting Hollywood's most formidable pictures.

SCREEN BOOK would appreciate opinions of film-goers who have ideas on this subject.

Would you like to sit through a film that takes three hours to unreel?

Write in your ideas on this subject, will you? We are anxious to know your reactions and your favorite film stars feel the same way about it.

Remember, it is your opinions which in the long run dictate all of Hollywood's policies. Too often by not communicating your desires to Hollywood's producers through one medium or another, you leave those men, whose sole desire it is to produce entertainment tailored to your needs, completely in the dark.

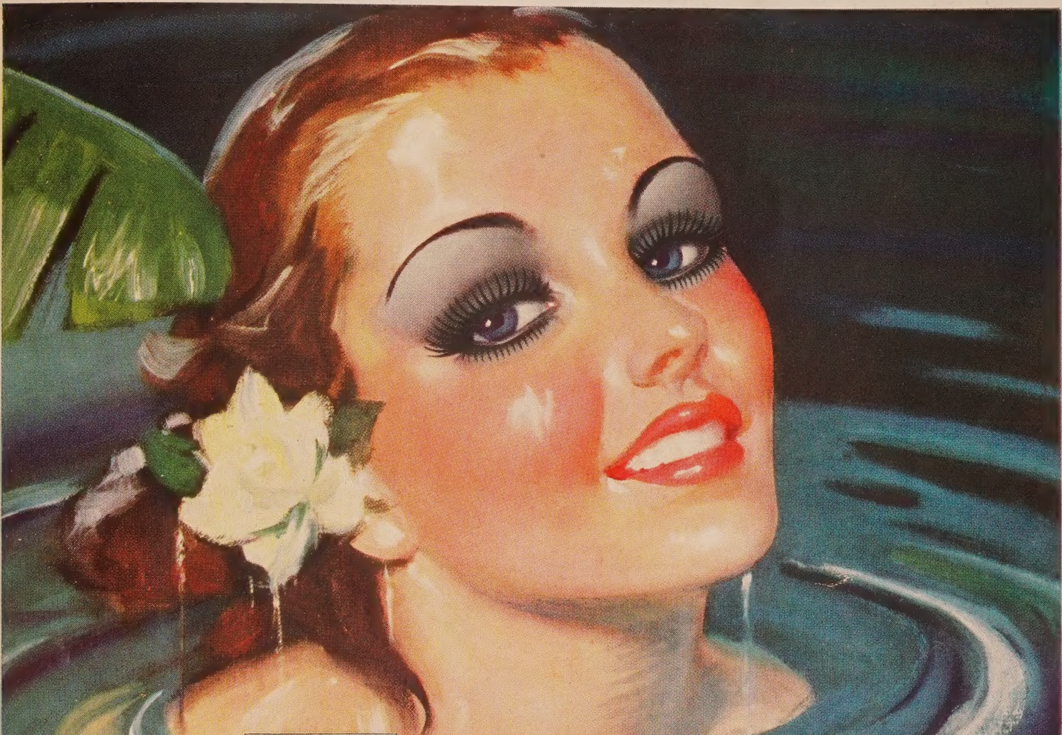
But, in the meantime, we must all look forward, with keen anticipation, to new ideas that will be revealed on the screen with favorite stars of long standing holding their own against the onslaught of newcomers, like Errol Flynn for instance.

It is as if Ziegfeld, who glorified the American girl, and who gave up to Hollywood some of his most beautiful *discoveries,* has not lost his faith in the theater or his belief that eventually the two would be blended into one glorious medium to meet the wants of those who love all the arts, including that which is Hollywood's.

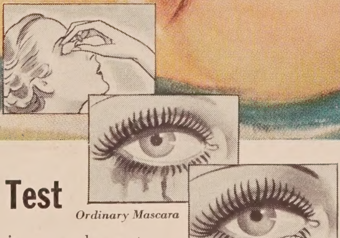
Roscoe Fawcett

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Truly waterproof—far easier to use—because not mixed with water when applied



Waterproof TATTOO*... the South Sea maiden's own secret of enchanting eyes*



Ordinary Mascara

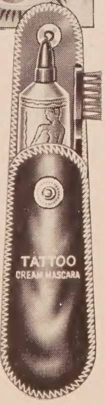
Tattoo

Make the Eye-Cup Test

Instead of waiting for tears, rain, or a plunge to show you, in a tragic way, that your mascara isn't safely smear-proof, make the eye-cup test . . . with an eye-cup full of water. If your lashes are covered with old-fashioned mascara they will likely become a sticky, "runny" mess . . . showing how easily the charm of your eyes can become a disillusioning smudge upon your cheek.

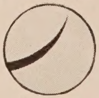
Then . . . tattoo your lashes with Tattoo Cream Mascara . . . let it dry . . . and make the eye-cup test. TATTOO cannot run or smear . . . you'll be delighted to discover that each tattooed lash, regardless of the drenching bath, remains beautifully tattooed!

The two little circled pictures at the right show another reason why you will become loyal to TATTOO once you have tried it. In the top circle you see how a tattooed lash is smoothly and evenly darkened from base to tip. Obviously, such lashes appear entirely natural and a thousand times more entrancing than lashes from which hang beady clods of lumpy mascara.

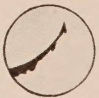


TATTOO's smoothness likewise makes TATTOO extremely easy to apply—far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply whisk it on. Your very first try will yield a perfect result. Instantly your lashes will become exotically dark; they will look twice their real length, and will have a lovely, coaxing curl. TATTOO is non-smarting—non-irritating—and absolutely harmless. TATTOO your eyelashes once and you'll never go back to old-fashioned mascara.

Black, Brown or Blue only 50c . . . complete with brush in a smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . at all toilet goods counters.



Showing how evenly smooth a tattooed lash would look under a microscope . . . the reason why tattooed lashes are more alluring.



Lashes coated with ordinary mascara look like this under a microscope . . . rough, lumpy, unattractive.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. F-50, Chicago

10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue (check color desired).

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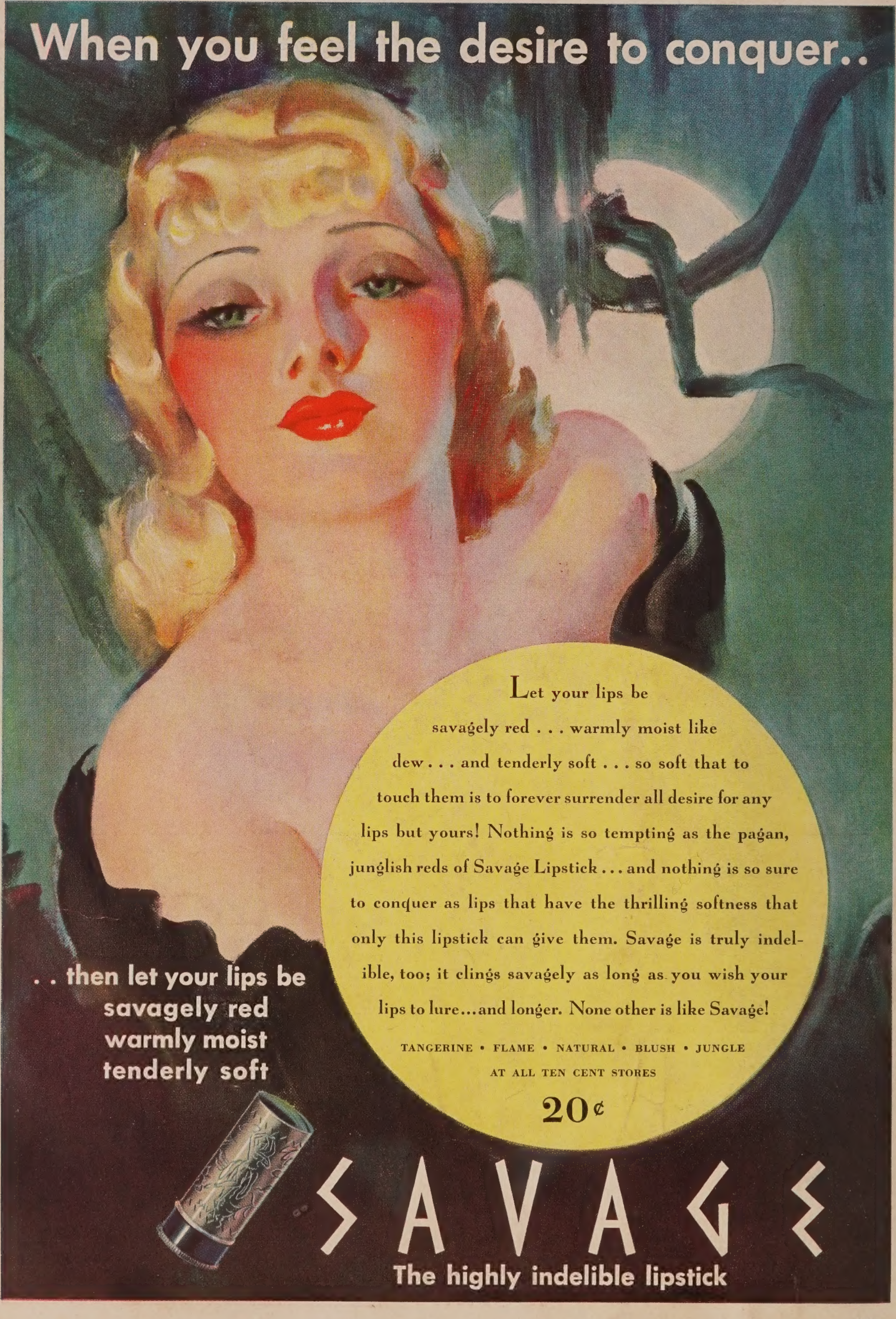
TATTOO CREAM MASCARA


When you feel the desire to conquer..
.. then let your lips be
savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft
SAVAGE
The highly indelible lipstick

Let your lips be savagely red . . . warmly moist like dew . . . and tenderly soft . . . so soft that to touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan, junglish reds of Savage Lipstick . . . and nothing is so sure to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your lips to lure... and longer. None other is like Savage!

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JULY

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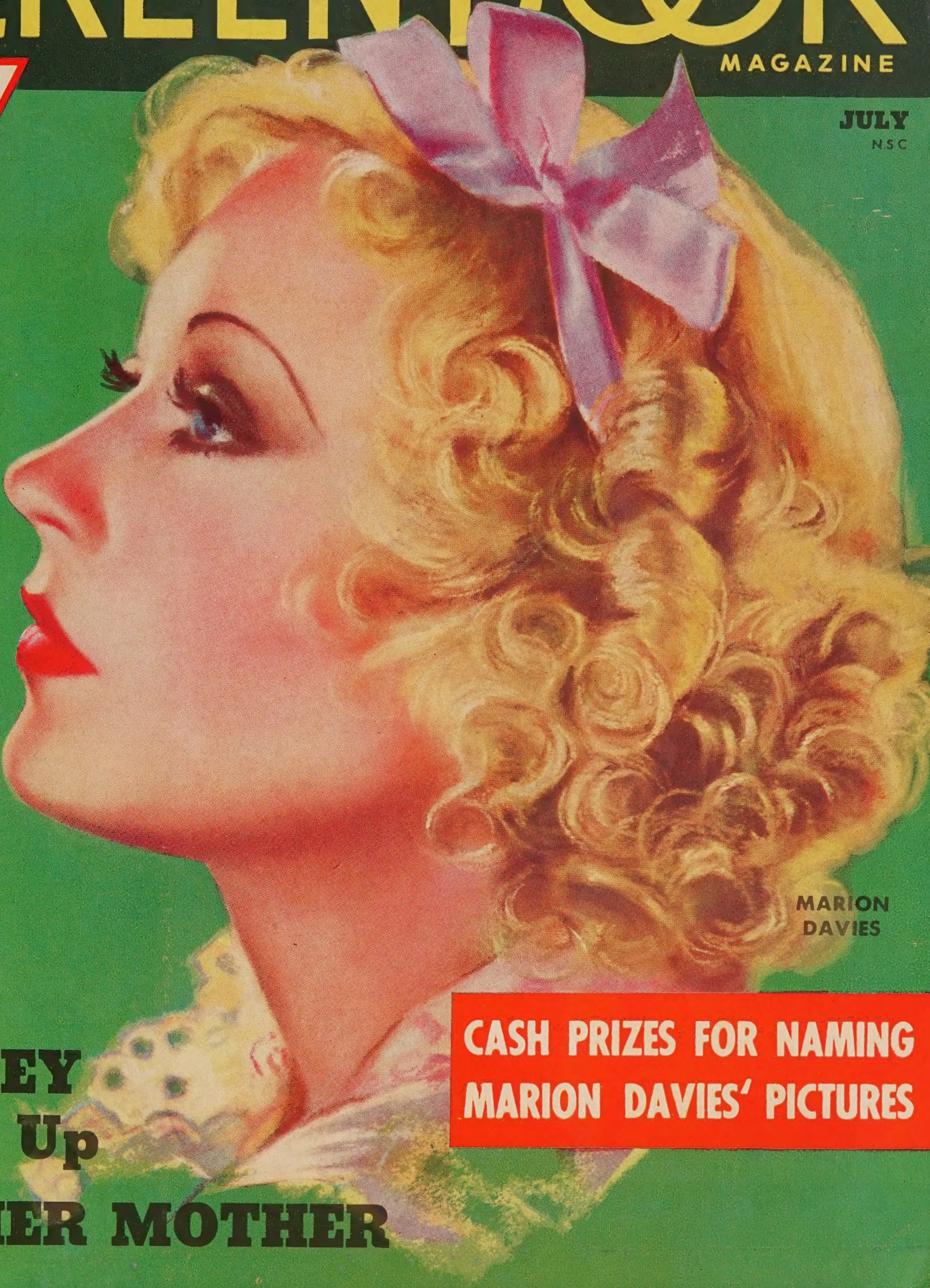
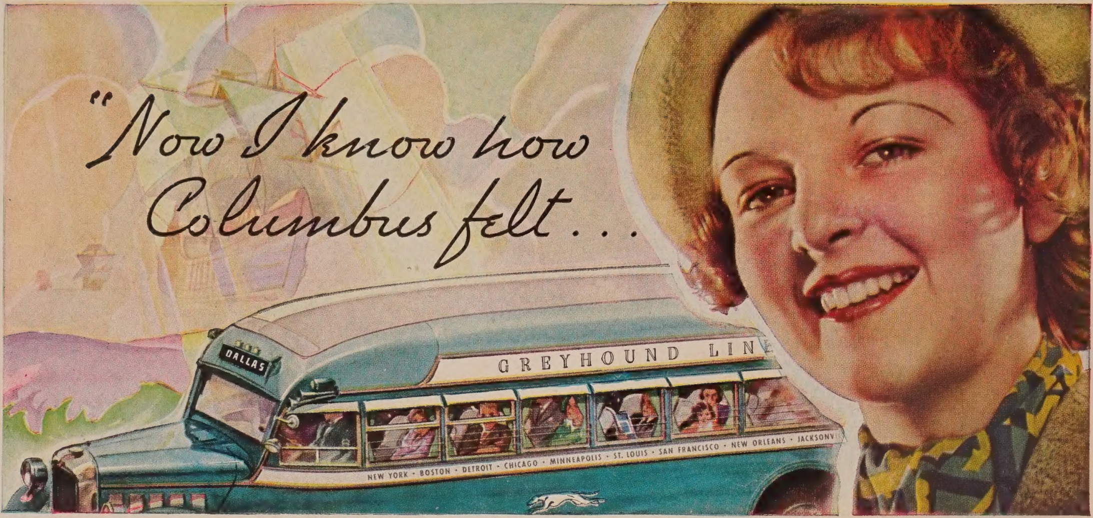


MARION DAVIES

CASH PRIZES FOR NAMING MARION DAVIES' PICTURES

When SHIRLEY Grows Up —by HER MOTHER


"Now I know how Columbus felt . . .
DALLAS
GREYHOUND LIN
NEW YORK · BOSTON · DETROIT · CHICAGO · MINNEAPOLIS · ST. LOUIS · SAN FRANCISCO · NEW ORLEANS · JACKSONV

I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA !"

"*'See America first!'* I've heard that phrase all my life—but it was just another slogan until I made this memorable Greyhound bus trip. Starting on the east coast, we swung clear around the continent, westward by one great highway, returning east another—and this was only one of several coast-to-coast circle tours that Greyhound offered me!

"Now I've revised the old slogan . . . for you *'See America BEST'* when you travel by Greyhound! I've met and made friends with the *real* America—its kindly, interesting people, its surpassing natural beauty, its mountain grandeur and desert magic, huge cities and charming country towns.

"And what a comfortable way to explore—in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip was less than gasoline and oil for a small private auto. Let me mention just a few of my delightful memories:

"Our big bus paused in the Delaware Water Gap while passengers marveled at the towering mountain walls—the sparkling ribbon of river below us.

"Everyone smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off the bus at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were bound!

"From the Greyhound Terminal in Cleveland, we could clearly see the Great Lakes Exposition—so we stopped over for an exciting day.

"What a thrill—when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our highway, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream!

"Yes, sir, the bears ate right out of my hand, in Yellowstone National Park! I wouldn't have missed that short side trip for anything in the world.

"When we stopped in a grove of giant California redwoods it took fifteen of us stretching our arms wide, to circle one of those tremendous trees.

"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see workmen spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.

"Imagine—masts of a ship sticking out of a grassy hillside, with sailors at work in the rigging! Crazy? No, just a movie location near Hollywood.

"Of course, we stopped off for a day at the San Diego Exposition—even lovelier this second year—and Agua Caliente only a few minutes away.

"I can never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside the Apache Trail of Arizona.

"We actually visited a foreign land! Stopping at El Paso, we couldn't resist crossing the Rio Grande bridge into glamorous old Juarez.

"The romance of the real West came to life again at Dallas—where we spent many fascinating hours at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

"Grand old southern melodies! They came floating through the star-filled night as we stopped for dinner near an Alabama plantation.

"Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia's amazing Natural Bridge—in beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

"As we rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, a brilliant military parade swung along, only a few feet from our bus windows."

"So there are some of the highlights of my Greyhound trip. Why don't you plan just such a journey of exploration for yourself? Whether you travel a few miles or a few thousand, Greyhound offers the most interesting way, and by far the most economical." *The coupon below will bring complete information on any trip you may plan—or you can step into the nearest Greyhound office, (or telephone) to secure rates and schedules. Start now, by mailing this coupon.*

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Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed at left, for interesting pictorial folders about Texas Centennial Exposition ☐, Great Lakes Exposition ☐, San Diego Exposition ☐. (Check which one.) If you have some other trip in mind, jot it down on this line, and we will send full information.

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"Barbarous!"

SAYS HOSTESS

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"

SAYS DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." *(But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)*

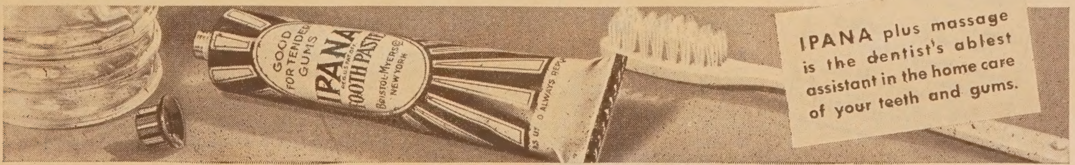
DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

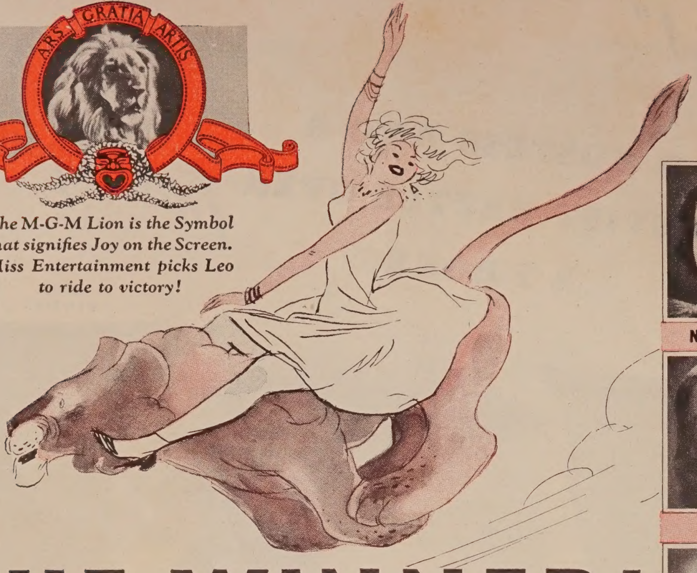
"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.



IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.



The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" . . . On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"

Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Greta Garbo

Clark Gable

William Powell

Myrna Loy

Jeanette MacDonald

Nelson Eddy

Luise Rainer

Jean Harlow

Wallace Beery

Robt. Montgomery

Eleanor Powell

Freddie Bartholomew

Robert Taylor

The Marx Brothers

Charles Laughton

Laurel & Hardy

Jackie Cooper

Lionel Barrymore

John Barrymore

Spencer Tracy

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

JULY
1936

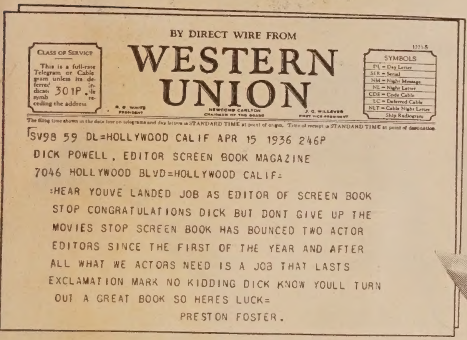
SCREEN BOOK

The News Magazine of the Movies

Vol. XVI
No. 6

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor
FLORENCE JOHNSON
Executive Editor

DICK POWELL, Guest Editor



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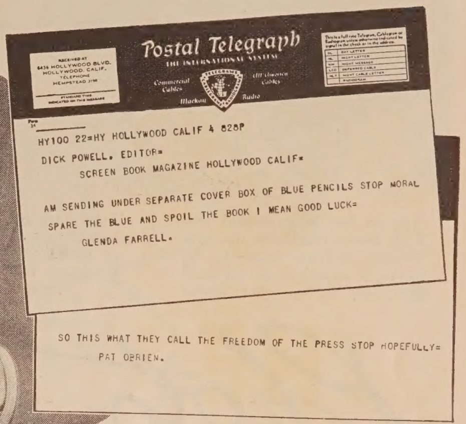
:HEAR YOUVE LANDED JOB AS EDITOR OF SCREEN BOOK STOP CONGRATULATIONS DICK BUT DONT GIVE UP THE MOVIES STOP SCREEN BOOK HAS BOUNCED TWO ACTOR EDITORS SINCE THE FIRST OF THE YEAR AND AFTER ALL WHAT WE ACTORS NEED IS A JOB THAT LASTS EXCLAMATION MARK NO KIDDING DICK KNOW YOULL TURN OUT A GREAT BOOK SO HERES LUCK=
PRESTON FOSTER.



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GLENDA FARRELL.

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PAT OBRIEN.

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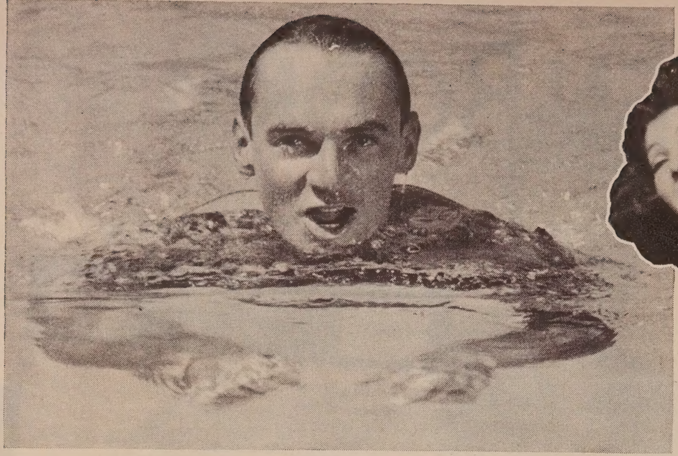


Valiant but unsuccessful was Erik Rhodes' attempt to swim 15-mile Salton Sea—one of nature's oddities, an inland salt lake below sea level

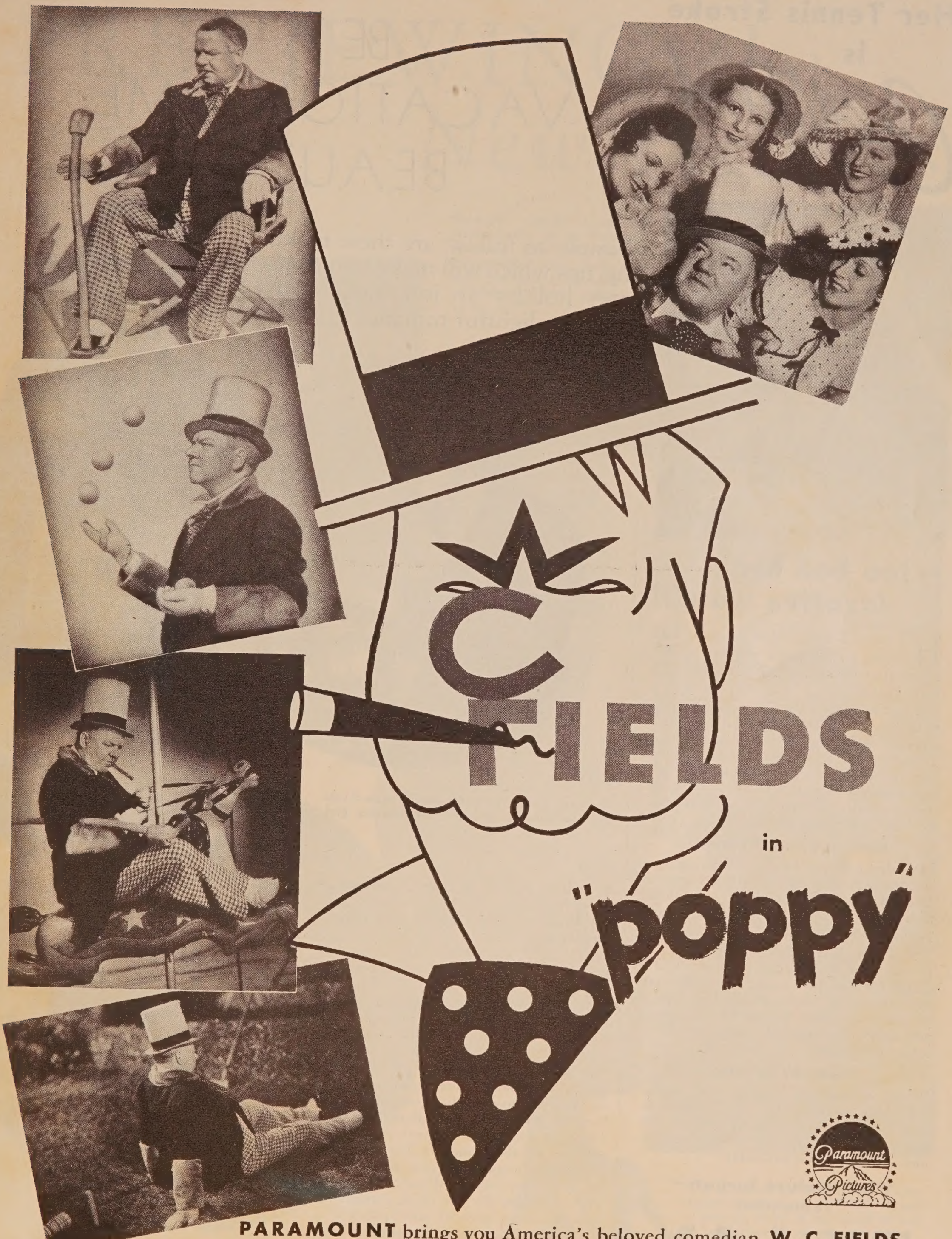
Jean Parker takes her last dip before going to New Mexico to make *The Texas Ranger*. Husband George MacDonald travels with her

Photo News

Loretta Young hasn't been dating any man but Director Eddie Sutherland these past few months

W. C. Fields suffered excruciating pain during filming of *Poppy*. Unless his health improves he will quit pictures

Bill Powell takes his son to the circus. Photographs of this pair are rare


W
C
FIELDS
in
"POPPY"
Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS,** as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system —it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

BE A VACATION-TIME BEAUTY

Simple to follow are these make-up tips which will make your summer holiday an interlude of delightful romance

"Step-up" make-up for outdoor months if you want to look the rôle of gay summer girl

By
FRANCES
KELLUM

HIGH spot of the year! That's vacation time. And *did* we learn some exciting new tricks to add a beauty thrill to it!

By "we" I mean that scintillating gal, Wendy Barrie, and me, the powder-puff chaser.

You see, Wendy was going to do a little vacationing after working in eight pictures in a row and topping them off with *Speed* at M-G-M. So, knowing her Hollywood, she said, "Let's go see Max Factor." Because if there's any person in the world who can give you pointers on keeping your good looks above par even when the temperature hovers around 110 degrees, it's this same Mr. Factor.

"I expect to get a nice coat of tan within the next few days," Wendy explained. "What change do you think I ought to make in rouge, powder and lipstick?"

The stars, you see, don't believe in any haphazard over-the-counter buying of cosmetics of a shade that *looks* nice or comes in a certain box. *They want to*

[*Continued on page* 52]

Wendy Barrie shows the efficient beauty kit designed to care for all of your needs and yet remain small enough to be conveniently carried to any summer outing

PREVIEWING *the* *New Pictures*

First glimpses of new pictures in the making

Katharine Hepburn, as the luckless *Mary of Scotland*, arrived from France, enters her castle to begin her reign. Fredric March lays siege to her heart

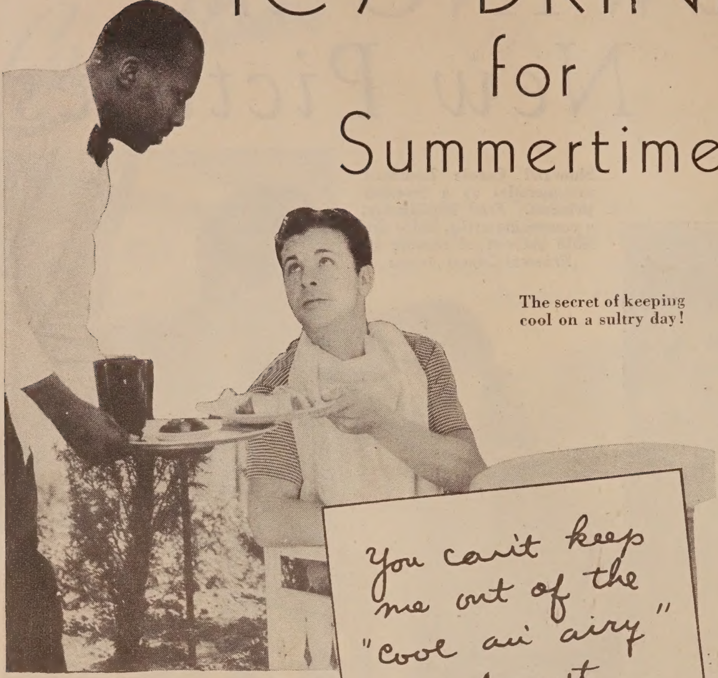
Showgirl Carole Lombard masquerades as a Swedish princess. Fred MacMurray, a concertina artist, helps the little gal out of trouble in *Princess Comes Across*

The Witch of Timbuctoo is actually Lionel Barrymore (would you guess it?) who makes puppets of people for his own nefarious purposes

Kay Francis makes Florence Nightingale live for us in *White Angel*, a stirring story of the work of one of history's greatest women

ICY DRINKS for Summertime

By Joan Davis



The secret of keeping cool on a sultry day!

You can't keep me out of the "cool an' airy" department.
• Dick Powell

SWELTERING heat pouring down from the relentless sun—shimmering out from the studio arc lights—and nine times out of ten, the actresses swathed in furs—these are the problems with which the film stars have to contend during the hot months.

They have found a solution, however—icy drinks in long tall glasses! The stars slip over to the dressing rooms at each opportunity and find ice cubes and the ingredients for a "thirst quencher" in a tiny refrigerator. The less fortunate players carry a thermos, filled with a refreshing beverage, to the studio in the morning.

Many of these drinks are made with tomato juice as the basis. We less glamorous souls may "wilt" if need be, but not the picture celebrities. They must be buoyant and on their toes every minute. Hence, they chase the elusive vitamins religiously. They have learned their "ABC's" over, not for education, but for health's sake. The stars have found that fruit drinks of all descriptions are health-giving the year around, and what a "picker-upper" in summer! Tomato juice contains these vitamins, especially vitamin C, and that's the little fellow we all need, as it supplies pep and vitality, and who doesn't enjoy the lively tang of this drink? Here are a few tomato juice recipes which I know you will enjoy:

SHAKER COCKTAIL

2 cups tomato juice
⅓ cup cucumber juice
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish, strained

Place grated cucumber in sieve and use ⅓ cup of the juice which comes out. Combine all ingredients and chill in refrigerator. Shake in a cocktail shaker before serving in glasses.

GINGO

Chill canned tomato juice and bottled gingerale in refrigerator. Combine equal parts of the two ingredients and pour over ice cubes in glasses.

TOMATO HOTSY CHILL

1 pint tomato juice
1 tablespoon lime juice
Salt to taste
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
Dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon spicy flavored catsup

Combine all ingredients and chill to almost a freezing point. This mixture is so spicy it is best to serve it in a small glass.

The popular hostess has learned to keep canned and bottled juices, along with carbonated beverages, on her kitchen shelves and fresh fruit in the refrigerator with which to concoct a delicious surprise for the unexpected guests who drop in on a sultry afternoon or evening. Sipping a cooling drink and reveling in its icy depths, they forget the fatiguing heat and go forth refreshed.

Canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice comes into its own in various ways. Try these for variety:

COLUMBINE

1 cupful canned unsweetened pineapple juice
Juice of ½ lemon
1 tablespoon sugar syrup

Combine the ingredients and pour an equal amount into three tall glasses, add ice, and fill glasses with dry ginger ale.

CURRANT PUNCH

2 cups melted currant jelly
1½ quarts boiling water
2 cups unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
2 cups orange juice
½ cup lemon juice
2 pint bottles of gingerale

Melt the jelly and add the boiling water. After cooling, add the rest of the ingredients, except the ginger ale. Just before serving, add ice and ginger ale. This will serve about ten persons.

[*Continued on page* 13]

Here's a treat for you—original recipes, autographed by Hollywood stars!

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½"x11" loose-leaf notebook and are tested by a noted food expert.

ENCLOSE A THREE CENT STAMP FOR EACH LEAFLET ORDERED!

- Mona Barrie's Famous Soups
- Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
- Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
- E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
- Heather Angel's Salads
- Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
- Jim Cagney's Favorite Tuna Recipes
- Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
- Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
- Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
- Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
- Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
- Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
- Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
- Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings

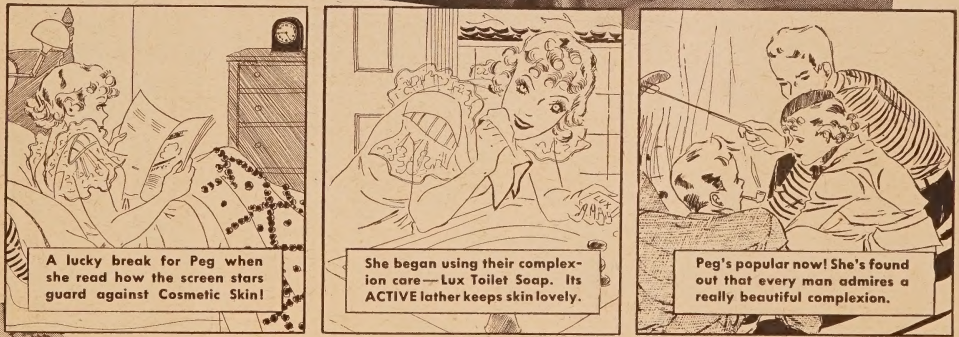
Address your requests to Joan Davis, Screen Book's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. If your letters require a personal reply, BE SURE AND ENCLOSE A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE!

Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin

My beauty care keeps skin soft and clear... guards against Cosmetic Skin
LUX

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "COLLEEN"

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret


A lucky break for Peg when she read how the screen stars guard against Cosmetic Skin!
She began using their complexion care—Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather keeps skin lovely.
Peg's popular now! She's found out that every man admires a really beautiful complexion.

LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

Use cosmetics all you wish but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous *choked* pores! Cosmetic Skin develops *gradually*. To *protect* your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!

Sand OR Sea-

What is your choice? Cinemaland's young players prefer both

George Brent, Warner star, and Carol Hughes enjoy time off to relax on the beach. Brent is wearing white Catalina swim trunks

Ann Rutherford, youthful player in Republic pictures, is ready for a swim in her smart new Jantzen suit

The cameraman stops Evalyn Knapp's race down a tide-out beach at Malibu. She wears a Catalina swim suit, dark brown striped with cream

Maxine Doyle is ready to take off. She chooses a bright blue suit with white straps made by Jantzen

Icy Drinks For Summertime

[*Continued from page* 10]

Have you ever thought of adding a delicate color to the prosaic white ice cubes? It's easily done by adding a little vegetable coloring matter to the water before freezing. Fruit juices may be frozen in place of water also, and as the cubes melt, they add a flavoring to the already perfect drink!

Try some of these tested and tasted recipes and those irritable, disagreeable moments will melt away, even as you had been doing.

PARTY PUNCH

- 1 tablespoon finely chopped mint
- 1 cup strong green tea infusion
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ½ cup orange juice
- ½ cup of sugar syrup
- Few grains of salt
- Rind from one cucumber
- 1 pint loganberry juice
- 1 pint ginger ale
- 1 pint carbonated water

Pour strong tea over mint. Add lemon juice, orange juice, sugar syrup, salt, and the rind from a cucumber, cut in long strips. Let mixture stand until cool, then strain and chill. Just before serving pour into a pitcher containing plenty of ice. Add the loganberry juice, ginger ale, and carbonated water. Garnish with thin slices of orange and a few sprigs of mint.

LIME SPECIAL

- 1½ cups water
- ¾ cup sugar
- Rind of one lemon, cut in thin strips
- 4 whole cloves
- 1 inch stick of cinnamon
- 1 inch stick ginger root
- Juice of four limes

Combine all ingredients except the lime juice, and boil five minutes. When cool, add the lime juice. Color a light green with vegetable coloring and strain the mixture. Add one quart of ice water. Garnish with sprigs of fresh mint. This recipe serves six.

Don't forget to look over our list of autographed recipes. They will come in very handy! Write me your culinary problems and I'll be glad to assist you.

THE BORDEN COMPANY HAS YOUR INTERESTS AT HEART!

Meals are a joy to prepare when you use Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk recipes. Not content with constantly bringing out new recipes for the cook and housewife, the Borden Company has a special premium offer!

Try this choice Eagle Brand recipe for Salad Dressing:

- 1 egg yolk
- 1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ cup vinegar

Beat egg yolk thoroughly and add other ingredients in order listed. Beat mixture until thoroughly blended. Allow to stand a few minutes until it stiffens. This dressing is especially good with fruit salads.

You will find the premium offer just as attractive and useful as the Eagle Brand methods of preparing various dishes. See the inside back cover of SCREEN BOOK!

Now Pursued... *instead of* Shunned!

She found the lovelier way

TO AVOID OFFENDING

Daintily fragrant, so alluring . . . since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

IT keeps you dainty in *two ways* . . , this lovely Cashmere Bouquet! *First,* with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. *And then,* with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Tested and Approved
★ 2273
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
Colgate

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Her voice gone, her plans shattered, Frances Langford passed through one of the most agonizing experiences which ever befell a singer. Dick Powell

The Tears Behind the Smile of FRANCES LANGFORD

By
Sada
Cowan

HOW much do you know about Frances Langford?

Perhaps you have heard how she sang at a costume ball in Florida, one night several years ago, and was heard by Eli deWitt, the millionaire cigar manufacturer, who placed her under contract to sing on his radio program. Perhaps you know how she met Rudy Vallée, and through his aid and encouragement became one of radio's greatest stars. Certainly you know how, during the past year, she has won a brilliant position on the screen.

But the chances are that you've never been privileged to glimpse another side of her life—a chapter which verged so closely on tragedy that it may account for those tears which seem always to hover behind her smiles and her songs. Frances Langford doesn't talk a great deal about that near-tragedy—can't talk about it. It hurt too much.

This is the story behind the success story which you have already heard. To make a beginning let's turn back the calendar some ten years:

In a Southern garden, sweet with the odors of oleander and jasmine, stood a young girl—scarcely more than a child—happy, care-free, with all of her life ahead of her. The song of the birds fell upon her ear and was answered by another song, not only in her heart but in actuality.

For the girl's high, clear, soprano tones were unrivalled by the birds themselves and her gift was as natural as theirs. She had never taken a lesson (nor has she to this day). Yet everyone knew what future lay ahead for the little Langford girl. Opera, without a doubt. Later, as soon as she had finished high school, and

Dear Dick
Greetings and lots of success to my favorite editor
Your Pal
Frances Langford

Smith Ballew and Frances Langford in a scene from *Palm Springs*

if that good looking boy Billy Chase didn't persuade her to elope with him, she would go abroad with her mother, and, after a few years of intensive work—the world would be at her feet.

A happy girl . . . dreaming her dreams!

YET, there was no reason in the world why those dreams should not materialize. Her voice was of amazing range and clarity. She sang easily all of Marian Talley's songs, buying her records and patterning after them. Her father was one of the wealthiest men in Florida and could well afford the musical education she would need. He had bought up a large portion of available real estate just before the boom and was holding it for an ever-increasing profit. But, unfortunately, he held it too long!

The boom went—bang! The bubble burst—and Frances Langford and her family were stripped almost penniless!

But the dreams of youth die hard. And Frances dreamed on. Her mother, a concert pianist, backed up those dreams and reinforced her daughter's spirits whenever they showed signs of faltering. Mr. Langford felt, too, that shortly he would get on his feet financially again. Other men had. And he was still young.

The loss of money was followed by a second misfortune, which so outweighed the first that it paled into insignificance. Frances was taken ill with a serious throat infection and a throat operation was imperative. In spite of intense suffering, she objected to the operation, fearful that it might affect her voice. But she had no choice. Her very life hung in the balance.

When it was over and she was taken home from the hospital, she sensed that something was wrong with her family. Something disturbing was on their minds.

[*Continued on page* 58]

12 FL. OZ.
SAME AS BOTTLE
TapaCan
Pabst
PABST BREWERIES
EXPORT
BEER
KEGLINED

Go Best – young man choose PABST...

Stop at your favorite spot and join the throng by asking for Pabst TAPaCan. Treat yourself to the delicious flavor and brewery goodness that millions of folks are enjoying.

For ninety-two years Pabst has been making fine beer. And now, for the first time—that original brewery goodness is captured at the brewery and brought to you just as Pabst made it. Sealed in—fully protected, non-refillable, tamper-proof—Pabst Export Beer reaches you with all its delicious brewery flavor. Enjoy Pabst from your own convenient personal container—enjoy beer with a deliciousness and purity you have never tasted before. Go *best*, young man, and refuse all substitutes. Call for the best by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

•

Old Tankard Ale

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale —full bodied; full-flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed Right In
- Protected Flavor
- Non-refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry
- No Breakage

PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

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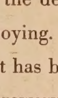
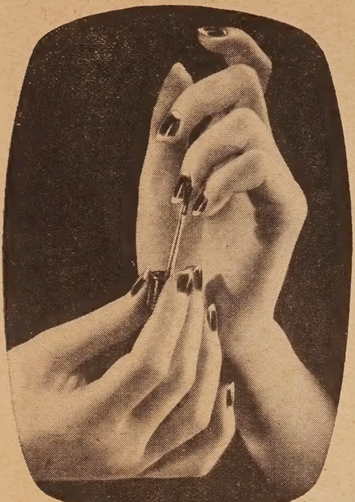


You've never
worn a polish
like new GLAZO



Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new
it's perfect
GLAZO
20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

TODAY'S GOSSIP

By the Star Reporter

News bits gathered in all the Hollywood rendezvous

Fred MacMurray started his career as a saxophonist. Between scenes of *Princess Comes Across* he horns in on the set musicians

Joan and Franchot enjoy the last dance of the evening. Did you know Franchot wears a wedding ring?

GINGER ROGERS disappeared mysteriously—and for four hours her mother, husband Lew Ayres, the house servants and the studio tried frantically to find her. Kidnaped? That was what they feared when their countless telephone calls to all her friends and business acquaintances revealed no trace of her whereabouts. She had called the studio from home, informed them she was leaving immediately for rehearsals with Fred Astaire on *Never Gonna Dance*. But a half hour elapsed . . . an hour . . . two hours . . . three hours. Had she been in an automobile accident? . . . hospitals and the police knew nothing. Four hours gone. By this time a number of people had broken out in a rash from anxiety.

Then Ginger hurried on the set . . . her face scratched, her clothes torn and hair wildly on end. But she was grinning and had a cocker spaniel puppy in her arms . . . and he was grinning, too. It seems that Michael is a kind of canine Christopher Columbus and when Ginger was putting him into the car to take him with her he decided to explore the hills behind the house—so he leaped away into the brush, barking joyously, and for four hours Ginger tried vainly, in turn, to coax him back . . . then to run him down. It was a long, hard chase because those hills are covered with stones and brush and stand steep and tall. Ginger didn't realize that so much time had elapsed and apologized to the waiting company—then she took her cue and went into her dance. The adventure in the hills apparently was just a warming up.

Perhaps the studio had better put an anti-puppy clause into her contract, for when a fellow luncher commented hesitantly that the red marks on Ginger's arms looked like tooth marks, Ginger said, "The puppy is cutting his teeth on my arm."

UNTIL a national magazine told the story only the family of the late Will Rogers knew that he had bought

and paid for a seat on the first trip of the China Clipper to the Orient.

That trip will be made in July, but the lovable Will won't be on it.

It will be interesting to see who does use it.

WITH the arrival in Hollywood of the mother of Freddie Bartholomew, seeking to gain control of her son whose salary is $1,250 per week it was revealed that his salary, under present contracts is split three ways. The boy gets one-third; the aunt one-third and the boy's grandparents one-third. Out of the boy's third must be paid any expenses in connection with his studies, etc.

THIS temporary flareup over little Freddie Bartholomew, of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* fame will be cleared up and all concerned made very happy. Studios have a way of handling such things and Freddie's family will be taken care of and his picture work go on uninterruptedly.

SPEAKING about dictatorship brings to mind the name of Carole Lombard. Carole does not mind Paramount loaning her out to other studios but when it does here is what Carole demands—and gets. She must have her own writer revise any story; she must have her own cameramen, her own portrait man, her own hair dressers and make-up girls and, positively, her gowns must be created and made by Travis Banton, fashion creator for Paramount.

Aside from that Miss Lombard will co-operate in every way.

THEN there is the item of fur coats. In the film colony Lupe Velez is rated as having more fur coats in in her wardrobe than any other filmite. Nineteen to be exact. Marlene Dietrich has a dozen and when she tires of some of them she has them made over into bed coverings. Mary Pickford has a sizeable collection, including eight which never come to Hollywood. Miss Pickford keeps them in cold storage in New York. When she goes there on a trip she has them taken from the vaults, returning them when she leaves for Hollywood. Don't know what Lupe does with hers.

[*Continued on page* 18]

One of the most consistent going-together couples—Mary Brian and Cary Grant. They're holding hands!

She knows her MEN!

THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid—with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

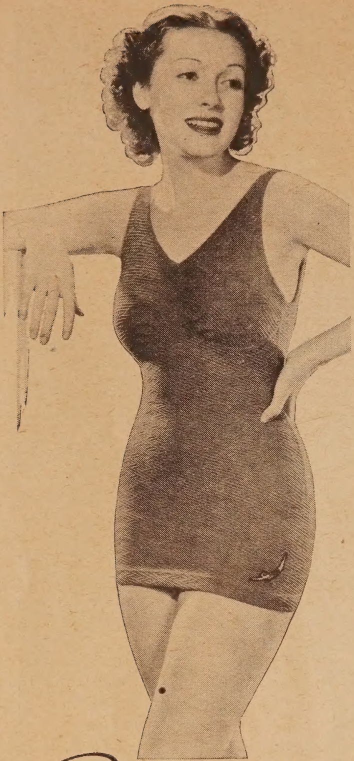
Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration



Speaking of FIT

Permanent Fit is the First Essential in a swimming suit. Many suits fit satisfactorily in the try-on-rooms. Not so many a month later. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. It's America's finest-fitting swimming suit. The magic of Jantzen-stitch literally molds it to your body with an amazing degree of figure control.

ROSALIND KEITH ... *appearing in Paramount Pictures, wears the* Jantzen BRÄ-TUCK, $5.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50 *to* $8.95.

Jantzen
molded-fit swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 282), Portland, Ore.
Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐
Name
Address

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 17]

One of the most democratic and unassuming stars the movie colony has ever known is Ginger Rogers. She likes to pilot her car into a drive-in restaurant and munch a hamburger—even as you and I

THERE was a new and very dramatic angle to the old adage of "the show must go on" at the Los Angeles premiere of *The Great Ziegfeld*.

In a press seat, not recognized nor noticed by those in her immediate vicinity, sat a young girl, there to write a review of the picture for a small community paper.

When the picture ended the girl mingled in the throng and disappeared in the night.

The young reviewer was Patricia Ziegfeld, daughter of the man the picture glorified. The paper she represented was the *Beverly Hills Citizen*. The publisher and editor of the *Beverly Hills Citizen* is Will Rogers, Jr., son of the beloved Will who was a Ziegfeld star of stars.

There was drama for you!

FRED ASTAIRE'S indifference of interviewers was not because of high hattedness. The real reason is that Fred figured there was no use giving away what you could sell. In other words Astaire has been secretly working on a book "How To Dance" which will shortly be published. The book answers all the questions the average interviewer might be inclined to ask him.

NEVER will it be said of Mae West that "they laughed when she sat down to play, etc." Meaning that there has been doubts that Mae's playing of the trap drums a la orchestra was anything else but a gag. Well, in her next picture Mae will give visible and audible proof that she surely is an artist at trap drumming. She has her routine perfected and will you be surprised?

LITTLE OLYMPE BRADNA, a beautiful French actress and very clever, too, certainly does not get the best of the breaks. Under contract to Paramount she was idle for six months through difficulty in casting her. Then Ray McCarey youthful director had an ideal spot for her in *Three Cheers for Love*. She was assigned the rôle. The day she was to appear on the set she was stricken with influenza.

WHEN *Poppy* comes to the screen, starring the lovable William C. (Bill) Fields you will see Fields at his funniest despite the fact that he suffered excruciating pain during the entire making of the picture. Unless Bill improves in the near future it is doubtful if he will make another picture.

WHEN Shirley Temple first clicked as a screen wonder, about every mother in Hollywood could be seen parading Hollywood Boulevard or hanging about the studios with a child prodigy of her own dressed like little Shirley.

Clark Gable is amused by his own lines as he reads them for broadcast. Leo Carrillo can't help smiling, too

The fad has passed on but there is a new one in vogue now, this time the male sex. Eager mothers are hounding the studios with their little boys dressed in Eton costumes and affecting the Oxford accent Freddie Bartholomew uses. Outside of Paramount in one day last week there were three boys, two of whom had come all the way from Australia. No bids yet.

YOU'VE probably heard of the "suicide song" the title of which is *Gloomy Sunday*, and you must have read that in Hungary in one week seventeen people committed suicide after hearing the song.

None other than Jack Oakie affirms and insists that the song does not cause suicide. On the Paramount lot the other day Jack wandered up and down the corridors past the offices which house song writers and gag men, sang the song lustily for an hour and nothing happened. He thought the song had clicked when he opened one office and found Mack "Killer" Grey, stretched out on the floor—but he was just asleep.

WHEN Jack Benny arrives in Hollywood to start work on *The Big Broadcast* at Paramount his stipend, which seems a modest name for it, will be $10,000 per week.

QUIZZED on his reported romance with Carole Lombard, Clark Gable said "I'm too busy planning to do things I have wanted to do solo for years, hunting, fishing, etc., to have any time for affairs of the heart."

So you can pick it up from there, folks!

A BURNED child dreads the fire, so 'tis said, and on the same basis Al Jolson dreads the stock market which got him once, so much so that, they say, practically the entire fortune of Jolson, well over a million, is hoarded in cash and in safe deposit vaults.

[*Continued on page* 55]

Chester Morris and Marian Marsh, stars in Columbia's *Counterfeit*, haunt the fireplace in the inn housing the location company. It's cold in them thar mountains

Vacations are here!
Go TRAILWAYS
TRAILWAYS
DIRECTOR
HOLLYWOOD
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CHICAGO AND GREAT LAKES
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Use the coupon below to obtain your copy of "Scenic America"—a beautifully illustrated new folder describing Trailways vacation routes everywhere. Write today — start planning now. See how little it costs.

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CHICAGO, ILL.
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ST. LOUIS, MO.
18th & Olive Sts.
CLEVELAND, O.
1821 East Ninth St.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
237 Old River Road
WASHINGTON, D. C.
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111 West 46th St.
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Send my copy of "Scenic America"—telling about Trailways vacations—also information on
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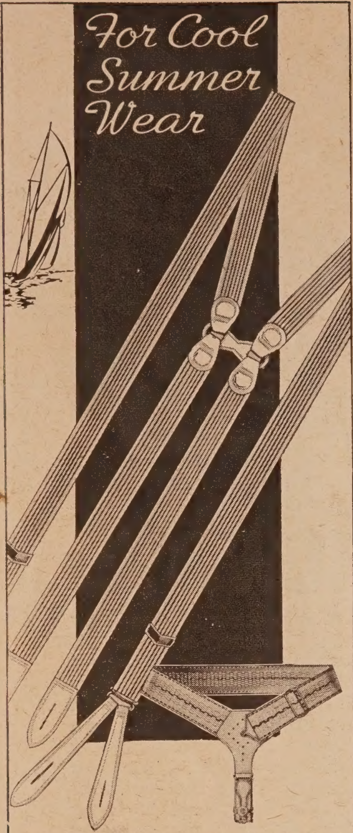


A Note to the Ladies

PARIS

Garters and Suspenders

"FEEL AS COOL AS THEY LOOK"

"Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it" is an exploded theory today. Consider these new, cool Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris, for example. They'll prove we've been thinking of his comfort—and doing something about the weather. Get him a few pairs today to give him his share of summer comfort.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders $1—$1.50
"Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders"

Paris Garters 50c—$1
"No Metal Can Touch You"

PARIS

AUTHENTIC STYLING
The Mark of Distinction

A. Stein & Company · Chicago · New York

FRANK REVIEWS

The leading man and the leading lady of the Showboat troupe (Allan Jones and Irene Dunne) marry as Cap'n Andy, played by Charles Winninger, looks on approvingly

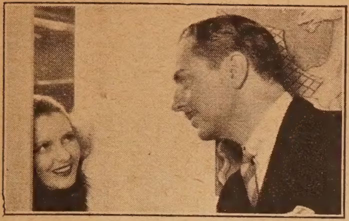
Show Boat
★★★★

THERE'S never a dull moment in this entrancing musical drama which has a full quota of comedy, action, music and visual beauty. Irene Dunne is superb in the rôle she loves so well; her voice is lovely and her comedy antics come as a delightful surprise, the goofy dance drawing gales of laughter.

Deserving of special mention is Paul Robeson, his delivery of "Old Man River" being one of the most stirring pieces of singing ever presented on the screen. He does another number which will probably start everyone quoting the tag line of the song, "Ah Still Suits Me."

As captain of the Showboat, Charles Winninger is a lovable character. A more hilarious sequence than his solo delineation of a fight between Parson Brown and the mustachio-ed stage villain has not been seen on the screen in many a day.

Allan Jones sings admirably and is wholly acceptable as Gaylord Ravenal. Helen Morgan does all that she ought with the character of tragic Julie—there is tense drama in the scene where she admits that she has colored blood and consequently is forced to leave the Showboat. Others in the cast, notably Sammy White, Helen Westley, Harry Barris, Donald Cook, Queenie Smith, help to keep the film in the upper brackets of entertainment. Director James Whale rates orchids. If you doubt that all these superlatives are warranted, go to see *Showboat* as soon as you can.—*Produced by Universal.*



Bill Powell and designing ex-wife Jean Arthur exchange repartee

The Ex-Mrs. Bradford
★★★

BILL POWELL is up to the tricks which made *The Thin Man* such a scintillating piece of crime detection. The plot is only incidental, providing a background for the fun between society doctor Powell and his writing ex-wife, Jean Arthur, who is determined to marry the man again—strictly against his wishes. They divorced because she brought mysteries into his life, and solving them left no time for medicine. Now she brings home a lulu, and while the corpses collect the laughs pile up. The initial victim is a jockey who has a big-money race almost won. There are several fallacies in theory of the black-widow spider killings—but they won't impair your enjoyment in the least. Much suspense in a thrilling race sequence. Excellent comedy support by Eric Blore, Lucille and James Gleason, Ralph Morgan, Robert Armstrong.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

Accused murderess Madeleine Carroll loves prosecutor George Brent

The Case Against Mrs. Ames
★★★

YOU shouldn't miss Madeleine Carroll's and George Brent's performances—nor the story, intelligent and engrossing, which begins where most courtroom dramas end. Acquitted of murdering her husband, Madeleine offers $25,000 to prosecuting attorney Brent if he can prove her guilty. She goes on trial again for the custody of her child, whom her mother-in-law (Beulah Bondi) wants to adopt, thus strengthening Madeleine's desire to clear her name of suspicion of guilt—and doubling suspense and interest. Brent is at his best as the sardonically humorous lawyer. The dialogue is exceptionally good. Fitting their rôles well are Arthur Treacher, Alan Mowbray, Alan Baxter. Don't pass it up if you want to see something different in entertainment.—*Produced by Walter Wanger.*

[*Continued on page 22*]

PLAY MY GAME OF
"POWDER SHADES"
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
3 BEIGE
4 BRUNETTE
5 NATURAL
Lady Esther

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade. Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (24)
FREE
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________
(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

This story

will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood...I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

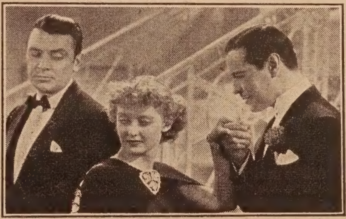
Frank Reviews

[*Continued from page 21*]

Claudette Colbert toys with the affections of Victor McLaglen and Ronald Colman

Under Two Flags
★★★

THERE are several agreeable surprises in this thrilling production: one is Claudette Colbert's performance as the fiery, passionate Cigarette, the other the change in Ronald Colman. Instead of his usual portrayal of the meticulous and quiet gentleman, here he is brash and audacious. The story, which seems a bit slow in getting started, is laid in Algiers. Colman is an English nobleman who joins the Foreign Legion, imposing the exile upon himself to save another. He becomes infatuated with Cigarette but turns his attentions to handsome and aristocratic Lady Venetia, played (and so well!) by Rosalind Russell. This switch of affection is a bit puzzling and constitutes a fault, but it is the fault of the old Ouida novel from which the film was made. Victor McLaglen is magnificent as the brutal officer who loves Claudette and hates Colman, believing that the Englishman stands in the way of his own triumph with the French café girl. The photography is exceptionally good, scenes showing Arabs surrounding Legionnaires, scenes of desert outpost forts and native bazaars are unforgettably beautiful. There are outstanding contributions from the supporting cast, some of whom are Gregory Ratoff, Herbert Mundin, Nigel Bruce, C. Henry Gordon, Onslow Stevens, Fritz Leiber.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*



George Brent sneers at Bette Davis' nobleman, Ivan Lebedeff

Joe E. Brown is a doughboy—Joan Blondell has a French accent

The Golden Arrow
★★½

NOT a believable story but an entertaining one, and a chance for Bette Davis to show her ability with comedy. The humor isn't of the most adult variety but it is lightly handled and the lines are bright. Bette, hailed as one of the richest girls in the world is really a restaurant cashier, stooge for a campaign to advertise a cold cream. George Brent, a $30-a-week newspaperman, marries her merely to help her ward off the fortune hunters who seek to wed her, and remains aloof despite her sly hints—until the exposé of the publicity stunt. Carol Hughes and Eugene Pallette are swell. See it if you're looking for something light.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Sons o' Guns
★★★

JOE E. BROWN scores again as an actor who is dragged into the army. "Over there" he finds his former valet, Eric Blore, has become a hardboiled sergeant who gives Joe "the works." Joe falls for Joan Blondell who is decked out with a fetching French accent, he breaks every army regulation and is arrested. Escaping, he finds himself in the front lines where single-handed and goofily he captures a machine gun nest and brings back to his own lines a regiment of enemy forces who insist on following him, despite his protests. There is a hilarious gag Apache dance by Joe and Frank Mitchell. Good support is supplied by G. P. Huntley, Wini Shaw, Craig Reynolds and Beverly Roberts.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Reporter Brian Donlevy and Claire Trevor listen to managing editor Alan Dinehart

Human Cargo
★★½

COMBINE murders, smuggling, raids, the rivalry between a man and a woman newspaper reporter and you have exciting entertainment, with plenty of comedy interpolated. Claire Trevor (an heiress bent on showing her papa she can buy her own cakes) and Brian Donlevy are rival news-gatherers who become involved in a smuggling ring that brings thousands of foreigners across our borders, then bleeds them of earnings. Our reporters go to Canada and reenter the States as smuggled aliens, which proves to be a very dangerous business. Alan Dinehart is good as a bellowing managing editor. Helen Troy deserves attention for her comedy—she is credited with devising the switchboard operator character and dialogue.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Ida Lupino slaps Francis Lederer's face when he kisses her

One Rainy Afternoon
★★½

THE first picture brought out by the new Pickford-Lasky producing combination is gay and nonsensical, Continental in theme. The story concerns Francis Lederer, who is keeping a tryst with a married woman, gets his theater seats mixed, and kisses Ida Lupino in the darkened playhouse. She is angered and there is an uproar. Lederer is seized upon by the press as a monster—a romantic one, however—and he becomes a rage of Paris. Busybody clubwomen cause his arrest as an insulter of women and he is brought to trial—a trial which is wholly and delightfully ridiculous—a satire on courts and professional moralists' meddling. Lederer is perfectly suited to his romantic rôle. Ida Lupino scores with her characterization of the indignant girl who relents when she hears the "monster's" gallant defense. Such fine comedians as Roland Young, Hugh Herbert and Eric Rhodes add to the fun.—*Produced by Pickford-Lasky.*

[*Continued on page* 63]

DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed daily helps beautify mouth and facial contours

A beauty's secret!
Every week go to your
BEAUTY SHOP
and
Every day enjoy
DOUBLE MINT gum
WRIGLEY'S
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PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Q-334

ASHAMED TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT SHE WAS SO SKINNY!

Posed by Professional Model

. . . But Very First Bottle of Kelpamalt Added 7 Flattering Pounds . . .!

NOW LOOKS FINE AND FEELS GREAT

Read this actual Letter From Our Files—Another proof that Natural Iodine in this New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea is Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds and Build New Strength.

Kelpamalt Company,
"Dear Sirs:

"I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

"Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."
—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

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LETTER PAGE

Your comment may win you a check—write!

Do you want to see more screen dancers like Eleanore Whitney?

$15.00 Letter
Film More Books

IS IT as good or better than the book? Movie audiences are demanding this excellence of adaptations of books and they are getting it. Formerly it was impossible to recognize more than the title in a movie supposedly made from a book. But today these picturizations are faithful presentations. They may not slavishly follow the book in every detail, but they do present it in this new medium so that it will be essentially the same story and leave the same impression as the original.

A Tale of Two Cities is the finest example of adaptations we have had. Even ardent Dickensians admit that the few changes made were improvements, making the picture a classic in its own right. These noteworthy changes included:

1—Omitting the improbable coincidence employed by Dickens when he made Carton and Darnay physical doubles. This change made the story more plausible and more clearly delineated the character of Barsad when he changed his testimony because he was outwitted by Carton.

2—Combining the last two trials which resulted in artistic unity and showed what a large part fickle mob rule played in revolutionary "justice."

3—Ending the picture with Carton's sacrifice, the real end of the story.—*Mrs. Herbert F. Young, P. O. Box 1798, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

$10.00 Letter
A Quack for Donald Duck

IT SEEMS as if the cat got Mickey Mouse, but who cares as long as we can have that scintillating personality, Donald Duck. Donald is a weather-beaten, depression-torn guy who fits in with the times. In spite of his ups and downs, he dusts off his tarnished feathers and keeps on going. Naturally we have more in common with poor Donald Duck than we had with that capricious Mickey Mouse. Whenever Donald struts his stuff at our neighborhood movie, I'm always there with a big quack.—*Carol Evans Miller, 620 North Graham Street, Charlotte, N. C.*

$5.00 Letter
Education for Children

I'VE heard so much discussion as to whether the growing child seems more of the type of film that will demoralize him than of the ones which have a tendency to elevate him that I should like to give my opinion. The movie-going youngster is an educated one, notwithstanding the oft-made remark that movies are for morons. He learns voice and perfect diction—how to be well-groomed, how to be at ease in any situation and how to be a gentleman in behavior at least.

For his education and entertainment there are travelogues and *Strange as It Seems* shorts, and others of that type, along with the day's news events which keep him in touch with the world today; the musical shorts featuring artists whom the majority of children would never see in person. Then there are the shorts on golf, tennis and other popular sports shown as they are played by experts. In this way the child acquires a fair knowledge of and an appreciation of the game.

Lastly, in seeing the feature pictures I agree that he sees portrayed every strata of society to the lowest dregs of humanity—but what child, with even a small amount of pride and common decency would care, after having seen the two types contrasted, to emulate the latter unless he was naturally bad—in which case the movies do neither harm nor good. In conclusion may I say "more power to the movies."—*Jack Shepard, Texon, Texas.*

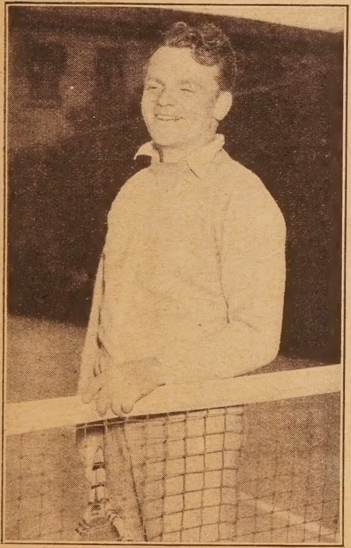
$1.00 Letter
Applause for the Supporting Cast

SOME of us living far back in the hinterland often wonder if the casting directors in Film Town are not a much-imposed upon group. Numerous times I have seen pictures in which the leads were so noticeably mis-cast that it is more than apparent that some kind of pressure is often applied to alter the sound judgment which most directors undoubtedly have. Surely most theatregoers of adult age would rather see a comparatively unknown actor play a rôle in which he is convincing than to see the same rôle played in mediocre fashion by some well-known star whose only justification for having the part is the fact that he is already established or, possibly, may have a pull with some studio official.—*Fred J. Van Liew, Akron, Colorado.*

$1.00 Letter
She Nominates for Fame

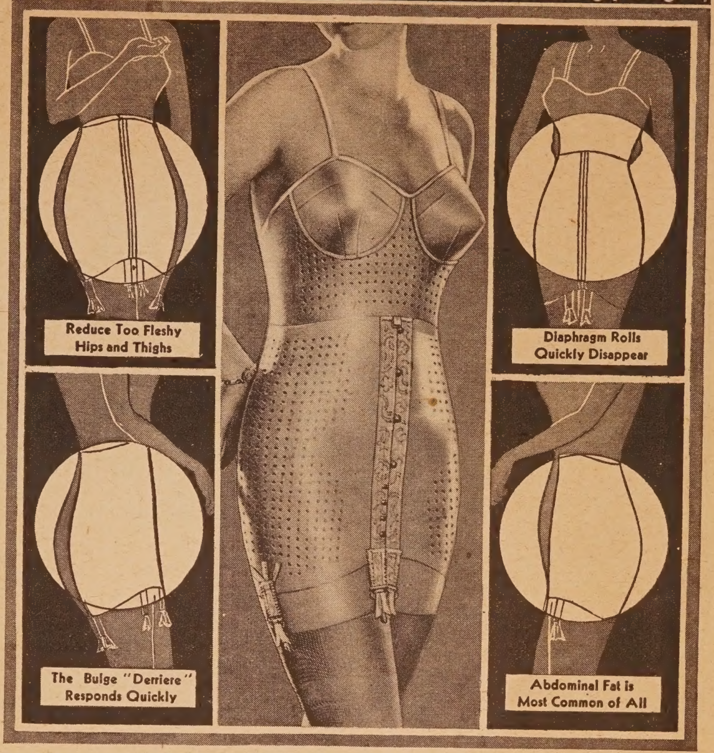
MR. DAFOE certainly has reason to be proud of his proxy in *The Country Doctor.* Jean Hersholt's characterization

[*Continued on page* 84]



James Cagney has come to a temporary halt in his screen career. What kind of picture would you like to see Jimmie do next?

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches In 10 Days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

SUMMER Is the IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

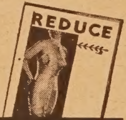
■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" Writes Miss Healy!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY **FREE** TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*



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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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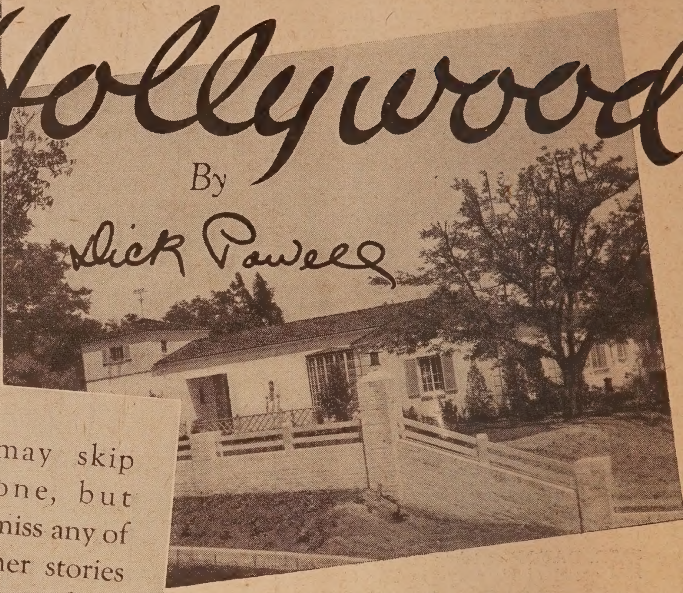
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

MY FOUR YEARS in Hollywood

By Dick Powell

Just in case you don't like my editorship—or perhaps I should take up long-distance sprinting!



Home, sweet home, in the Toluca Lake district outside of Hollywood. Players on the adjacent golf course complain bitterly about the loud singing coming from "that white brick house"

> You may skip this one, but don't miss any of the other stories fore or aft
>
> —Ye Ed. Powell

FOUR years in Hollywood (the most eventful years in my life) began when I left a pleasant master of ceremonies job in a Pittsburgh theatre and grabbed the movie contract offered to me—even though that contract called for less money each week than I was making as an m. c.

I went to Los Angeles by train but sent my car—a bright, canary-colored roadster that could be seen two miles away—ahead of me. Not many people knew I was coming and fewer cared. Regis Toomey, a great fellow and a fine friend, kept my arrival from being a complete bust. He met me and his smile was warm enough to make up for the absence of hundreds of other people. Millions of others, in fact.

It was April 30, 1932. I put up at the Hollywood Athletic Club and wrote my mother that I liked Hollywood very much. I haven't changed my mind, either.

As soon as I was settled—and that didn't take more than twenty minutes—I started calling up the Hollywood people I had met in Pittsburgh when they came through on personal appearance tours. I telephoned Jean Harlow, who was kind enough to say she *did* remember me and who asked me to dinner. Everyone was friendly. Joe E. Brown in particular. I had met him on the Pittsburgh stage and he welcomed me almost as one of the family. He helped me materially all through my first year in Hollywood.

At the studio the next day there were introductions all around, papers to be signed, tests for my first rôle and portraits. "Make a lot of pictures," the publicity director told Elmer Fryer, chief studio portrait photographer. "Powell may sign a long term contract." But I saw him hold up three fingers when he thought I wasn't looking.

We made the portraits—three of them as ordered and one extra for good measure out of the kindness of Fryer's heart.

I remember I wore a yellow sweater and knickers. Everyone looked at the knickers and grinned. It didn't take me long to note that in Hollywood, at least, men didn't play golf in knickers.

On the way from the studio, still driving my bright yellow car, I picked up several studio workmen who were waiting at the gate for a bus to take them into Hollywood. I think I learned more about pictures from them in the next fifteen minutes than I have ever learned in any other like amount of time. It gave me an idea and almost every day after that, on my way to and from the studio, I picked up passengers: carpenters, painters, greenhouse men, plaster workers, studio policemen and representatives of hundreds of the different trades represented on studio payrolls. It was a liberal education because I asked them all as many questions as they could answer and I made many friendships inside the studio that have been particularly valuable and enjoyable.

The first picture I worked in was *Blessed Event* and I was the slightly "sissy" crooner who made things unpleasant for Lee Tracy and Mary Brian. When it was finished I was to go back to Pittsburgh and be a master of ceremonies again and I realized suddenly, that I wouldn't have much to show for my stay in Hollywood. Nothing, in fact, except my four portraits by Fryer and a rôle in a picture that was to be released sometime in the future.

So I got my courage together and asked George

[*Continued on page* 78]

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

Did you know that Olivia played Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in her home-town theater? Then she asked permission just to watch Reinhardt rehearse his production in Hollywood, instead was given a second understudy rôle of Hermia when luck played into her hands and eliminated the two ladies above her. Now she cools off from her labors in *Charge of the Light Brigade*, in which she again plays the beautiful lady opposite Errol Flynn

STAND ASIDE,

That's what male stars' wives would like to be able to say when predatory females leap at their husbands

By
Charity
Chase

Betty Montgomery jollies husband Bob about the lady who claimed she was Cleopatra to his Marc Antony in a former life

For some women, wives of the men they admire just don't exist . . . so learned Mrs. Pat O'Brien not long ago

IN EVERY woman's life there comes a black day when she has to stand by and watch her husband being cooed over by some vivacious female whom she would like to choke—and not out of jealousy either—but simply because her vanity tells her that other women, observing the spectacle, are busily drawing all the wrong conclusions.

The wife of a Hollywood star has to throw this particular feminine vanity away if she wants to retain her title. One of her first lessons is to learn to sit quietly back and say nothing when a lady admirer suddenly leaps out of nowhere and falls on her favorite hero with yaps of joy. It's part of the job of being married to a screen personality. But sometimes these occurrences call for almost super-human tact and self-control.

There was the predicament of young Mrs. Jack Oakie—and on her honeymoon, too! The spotlight was not new to her. And she realized that she was marrying a popular movie favorite—but she didn't expect to have a strange woman jump out of the shower bath and proclaim in no uncertain terms that she felt that Jack should belong to her.

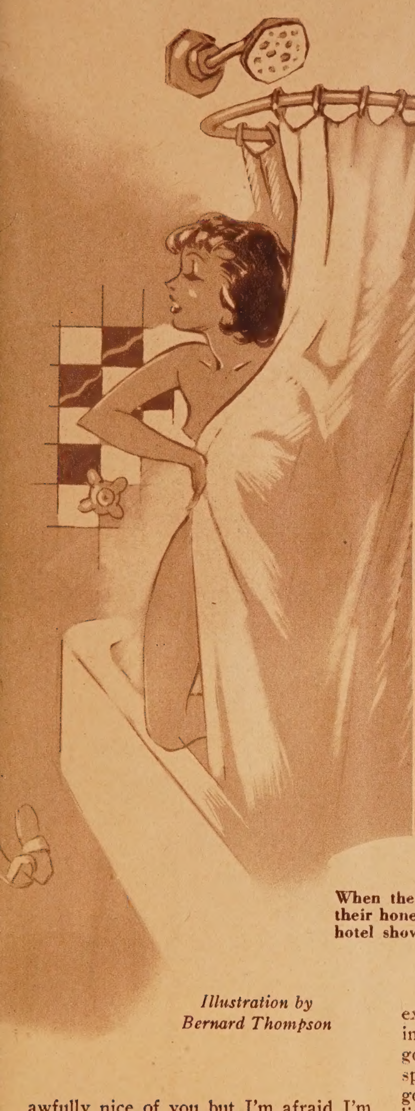
Venita was inexperienced. She hadn't realized how determined a lady fan can be. "I've never seen her before in my life," moaned Oakie frantically, but his bride had already begun to pack her clothes. Here was one situation even Jack Oakie couldn't laugh off.

The woman was finally identified as a love sick chambermaid who had got the job after learning that Jack was to stay in the hotel. Evidently she had hoped to get a chance to persuade Jack he had made a great mistake in having married anyone but her.

Mrs. Oakie says that now she's prepared for anything. She's not afraid that Jack's head ever will be turned after watching his helpless smile in the face of the lady's enthusiasm, his feeble: "It's

CREATURE!

Sometimes police protection isn't available to movie heroes appearing in public. Then buttons are torn off, locks of hair snipped and neckties filched for souvenirs



When the recently married Jack Oakies were on their honeymoon, a strange lady jumped out of the hotel shower to denounce the bride and proclaim herself Jack's true mate

Illustration by
Bernard Thompson

awfully nice of you but I'm afraid I'm tied up," while beads of sweat poured from his agonized brow.

Mrs. Bob Montgomery says that her motto is the same as that of the famous duchess. "Hell," said the Duchess who up to this point had taken no part in the conversation. "That," says Mrs. Montgomery, "is a perfect description of the chit-chat allowed a star's wife, when she is unlucky enough to encounter a lovely woman who admires her husband."

Perhaps she was thinking of the southern girl who was "just simply wild about Mistah Mon'gomy!" She was an exotic dame, not too young, but pretty intense when it came to Mistah Mom'gomy and herself among the higher spiritual reaches. She met the Montgomerys at a party, and she had very little use for Mrs. Montgomery, whom she looked on as some childish mistake of Bob's youth.

In fact she made such a pest of herself that everyone was poking fun at her, and giggling at her efforts. Bob was pretty bored, and when she suggested that she had met Bob before in a former life, he began to get a bit caustic. The lady, it seemed, believed in reincarnation. She was so highly developed she said, that she could remember all her former lives.

"When I saw you on the screen for the first time," she rhapsodized, "I felt as if I had come on an old, old friend, for we were assuredly together in a former stage." And she turned to the rest of the company. "Oh, I can assure you that we were!"

"When I was a tadpole and you were a fish," said Bob lightly.

"Ah, no. You are joking. But seriously. I was Cleopatra. And you—"

"Don't tell me, don't tell me," said Bob. "Marc Antony?"

The lady was in ecstasy. "You do remember!"

Suppressed titters were going all around the room. Chester Morris said with great composure: "It's an extraordinary thing, but whenever anyone tells you of his former lives it always turns out that he remembers being Napoleon, or somebody else famous. Everyone can't have been Napoleon. There must have been a few unknown people in ancient times. Personally I have a strong conviction that I was a mule driver!"

The lady turned on him indignantly. "The reason only famous people are remembered is that only highly developed souls are able to remember. Bob and I remember because we are both highly developed souls."

Afterward Betty said that if she hadn't had her long years of training in being a star's wife, she certainly would have said, "I can remember too—when I was an asp!"

But she didn't say it, because a star's wife had to have self-control, and be ten times sweeter than any human women ever could be—unless she practiced. And a star's wife gets lots of practice.

There is the story of the wife of an English star [*Continued on page 75*]

Aspiring to be an athletic girl, Shirley racketeers on the baseball diamond at El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs

TEMPLE SCORES AGAIN!

Wham! A tricky grounder

Faster! Faster!!

Oops! Missed! . . . Just a fielder again

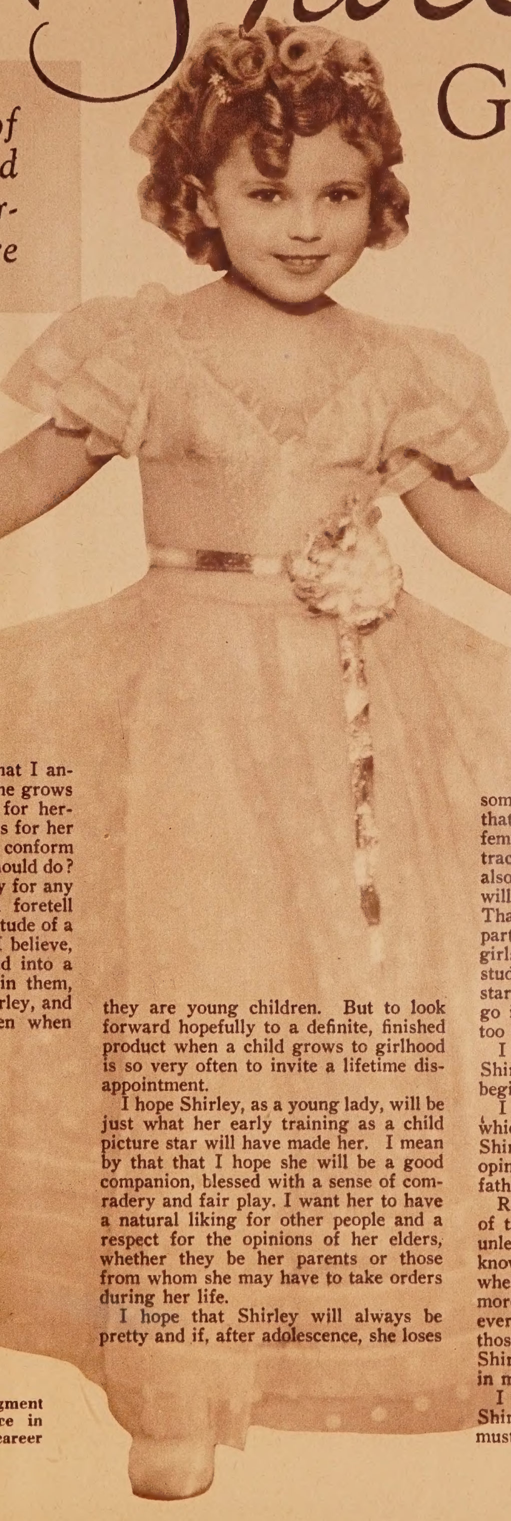
Sneaking to home plate

—*Charles Rhodes*

WHEN *Shirley* GROWS UP—

The mother of America's child sweetheart surveys the future

By
Mrs. Gertrude Temple



PEOPLE have asked me what I anticipate for Shirley when she grows to girlhood and faces life for herself. Have I made definite plans for her future? Will I force her to conform with my own idea of what she should do?

That would be dangerous folly for any parent, I think. No one can foretell along what lines the natural aptitude of a child may develop; no parent, I believe, has the right to force any child into a particular mould. We can train them, just as I have tried to train Shirley, and we can reason with them, even when they are young children. But to look forward hopefully to a definite, finished product when a child grows to girlhood is so very often to invite a lifetime disappointment.

Mrs. Temple's care and judgment have been of vital importance in guiding Shirley's phenomenal career

I hope Shirley, as a young lady, will be just what her early training as a child picture star will have made her. I mean by that that I hope she will be a good companion, blessed with a sense of comradery and fair play. I want her to have a natural liking for other people and a respect for the opinions of her elders, whether they be her parents or those from whom she may have to take orders during her life.

I hope that Shirley will always be pretty and if, after adolescence, she loses some of her babyish good looks, I hope that she will use all the artful little feminine beauty helps to make her as attractive a debutante as possible. But I also hope her studio training as a child will teach her not to over-do on make-up. That is an error I see every day on the part of high school girls. If only these girls realized the trouble and effort studio make-up artists go to to have a star appear "natural" they would never go in for those heavily rouged lips and too much mascaraed eyelashes.

I suppose the most important phase of Shirley's girlhood will arrive when she begins to have "dates" with boy friends.

I am not very fearful of those years which bewilder other mothers, for Shirley has learned already to respect the opinions and judgments of both her father and mother.

Right now, Shirley would never think of taking a piece of candy from a box unless she first asked my permission. I know that the problem of obedience, when her own will begins to assert itself more forcibly later on, will be a problem every mother faces, yet I am unafraid of those years because I firmly believe Shirley will have complete *confidence* in me.

I shall never attempt to choose Shirley's friends for her. That, she must, and will, [*Continued on page 87*]

David Niven, Merle, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg — close friends who dine and swim together

When Merle was poor and alone, Ruth Fraser lent her encouragement. Now Ruth is Merle's secretary

STARDOM—and STOOGES

Which reveals how Merle Oberon discovered that stardom too often results in the loss of some valued friendships

by
HENRY LANGFORD

MERLE OBERON had vanished! There was the banquet table, in one of the private dining rooms in one of London's ritziest cafes. Around it, the people who'd been invited—(and scrambled for the invitations)—to meet Merle Oberon, British girl, newest sensation of the films. There were titles there—Lady So-and-So, Lord This-and-That. They talked, while they waited, of the crashing success Merle had made in Uhmeddicuh, which is the British way of saying America, and how thrilled they were to have this opportunity of meeting her. And they waited. . . .

Bye and bye, they began searching for her. She had arrived at the cafe, they knew that, but where was she? What had detained her?

The answer came when one of the men handling the affair popped into the little cocktail lounge of the establishment.

There was Merle, perched on one of those stools before the bar. There wasn't a drink before her. But there was Peter. Peter (I haven't the slightest idea what his last name is, if he has one) is the bartender who mixes the cocktails that make London's Cafe de Paris famous. He and Merle were chattering away like two long-lost friends.

As a matter of fact, that's what they were.

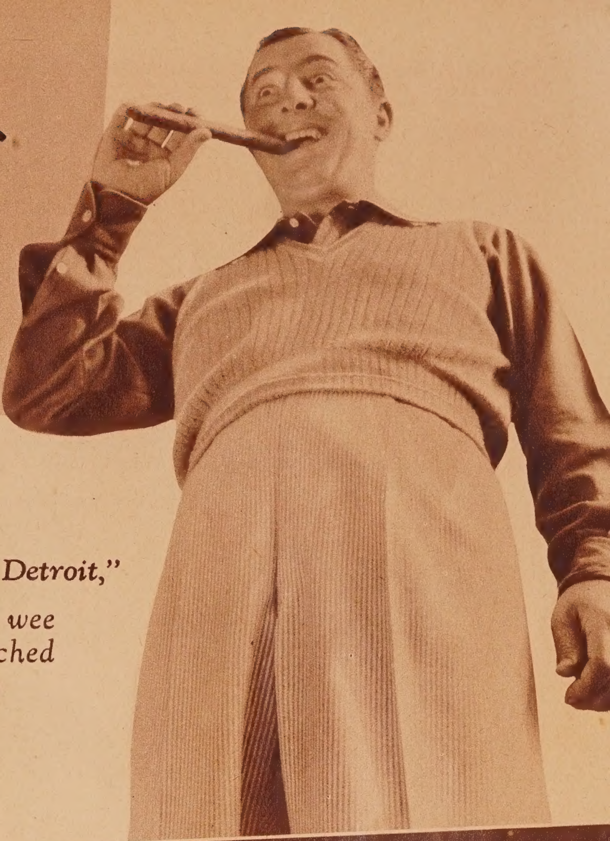
Several years before, Merle had been one of the "hostesses" at the cafe—a sort of glorified taxi-dancer there. Her name wasn't Merle Oberon then; it was still Estelle Thompson, which is the name she was born with. She hadn't become famous then; she used to wonder, now and then, whether that last shilling'd stretch to next [*Continued on page 67*]

DUCK for DINNER

"Pinter, Joseph—Hungarian, en route Detroit,"

read the tag pinned to the coat of wee cross-eyed Joe Penner when he reached Ellis Island some twenty years ago

By Harry Lang



Wed eight years ago, Eleanor and Joe Penner are still ideally happy. Their first "date" was Christmas dinner in St. Louis

LOOK!—for his favorite dinner, would you believe it, what Mama cooks for Joe Penner?

Listen—it's a *Duck* she cooks him!!!

She gets it young, and then she ties it to a stake in the yard, by a short cord, so it can't waddle around and get thin. And every day, it gets stuffed, via forcible feeding, with corn and salt and lard. The corn makes it strong; the lard makes it fat and *saftig,* and the salt flavors the flesh through and through. And then Mama cooks it for Joe, in the old, old Hungarian style . . .

And Joe, he loves it. Joe's crazy about it. Although he came to America when he was just a kid in short pants, Joe has never lost his liking for rich Hungarian cooking. And best of all, he likes Mama's Hungarian duck—*so long as he's sure it isn't Goo-Goo that's been cooked . . . !!!*

You know Goo-Goo, don't you? Goo-Goo's the most famous duck in the world. Joe made her that way. If you don't know about Goo-Goo, you might just as well skip this story, because Goo-Goo and Joe are inseparable in thought, even though there's 3,000 miles between them as this is written. Goo-Goo is Joe Penner's original duck—the original duck of Joe's immortal "Wanna-Buy-A-Duck?" gag.

Goo-Goo's sort of old-ladyish, now. As ducks go, she's a great-great-great-grandmother, and then some. She used to make personal appearances with Joe, night after night, show after show, and she loved it. She used to travel from town to town with him, and she loved it. She used to get a bath every day, to remove the train-soot and B. O., and she loved it. But now she's old and she can't stand excitement any more, and she couldn't stand a 3,000-mile train trip.

So Joe keeps her on the Long Island estate that he bought with some of the proceeds of "Do you wanna buy a duck?" And out in Beverly Hills, where he's living now, he sits in the back yard and sadly contemplates the gorgeous swimming pool, which he bought with more of the proceeds of "Do you wanna buy a duck?"

And every once in a while, he sadly shakes his head, as he considers the swimming pool, and mutters: "Gee! GEE!—wouldn't THAT make a swell bathtub for Goo-Goo, now?"

You can't blame Joe for being gooey about Goo-Goo, though. Goo-Goo is actually the symbol of Joe's success and prosperity. Goo-Goo marked the turning point of as bizarre and at the same time Horatio-Alger-like a success-story as you've ever heard. Listen—

It was in a town in Hungary with the horrendous name of Nagd Bechkereck that Joe Pinter was born. Uh, huh, I said "Pinter"; that's his real name. The little hut where he was born was just one of life's dark

[*Continued on page* 82]

I'm having trouble with my precocious son Bill Powell and his fast-stepping wife Eleanor Powell. They have their woes, too, and we're calling for help. Help!
Dick Powell

THE GREAT

By Dick Mook

IT WAS not so long ago that Dick Powell and I sat in the theater watching one of his pictures. In front of us sat a couple of women who gabbed with more enthusiasm than knowledge. As Dick appeared on the screen one of them leaned over to her companion. "That's that cute Dick Powell," she said. "He used to be married to Carole Lombard and *how* she happened to let him slip through her fingers *I'll* never know."

"Yes," the other encouraged her. "He has a ten-year-old child, too."

The exchange of confidences went on until I could stand it no longer. I tapped one of them on the shoulder. "Pardon me," I said with the famous Mook smile which many people have said would frighten Karloff, "it was *William* Powell who was married to Carole Lombard. It's *William* Powell who has the son. Dick isn't married."

My gratuitous information was received with a look that fairly withered me. "Don't pay any attention to that busy-body," she advised her friend. "*I* know what I'm talking about. It was *Dick* who married Carole Lombard. I'm sure of it because I wrote a letter to his sister Eleanor and she told me!"

I gave up. Eleanor, Dick and Bill have long since given up. Fans marry Eleanor first to Dick and then to Bill with indiscriminate abandon. It's sort of like the old gag at the county fair—"You pays your money, you takes your choice!"

In the beginning all three of them used to attempt to answer such letters and set their admirers straight in regard to their relation—or lack of it—to each other. But it was a losing fight.

The aggravating mystery of the three Powells is one of those things the fans will never permit to be solved. They get too much fun out of mixing them up.

Quite without their volition, the Powell theme song has come to be one for all and all for one. What makes it more amusing

I'm going to hide behind this thing—and a lot YOU care!—until I quit getting bills for Eleanor's dancing shoes and notes from Willy's teacher. Foolin' aside, I enjoy playing my part in Unscrambling-the-Powells contest in which we three are entered

to the bystander and more aggravating to them is that the three P's of the movies are not related, they have never appeared in a picture together and they aren't even especially close friends. But all that makes no never mind to the fans. They blithely accuse Dick of having played Bill's rôles, they announce with gusto that William Powell's voice in his last picture was not so good as in his earlier ones—and Eleanor! Well, she just gets bills for neckties, athletic aids, mustache waxers and trumpets. She knows no more about trumpets than you or I. In fact, I've been told on reliable authority the only thing she ever plays is the races.

The confusion grows apace. Only a few days ago I was out at Dick's house, helping him with his mail when he let out a whistle the Angel Gabriel must have heard. "What's up?" I asked.

Dick tossed me a letter. It was from some shoe concern calling his attention to the fact that they had—quite unsolicited—sent him six sample pairs of their tap dancing shoes. They had had no response and unless the shoes were either returned or paid for immediately their lawyer would take steps.

"I got the shoes," Dick confessed with a grin, "but my secretary must have got the letter that came with them. They were women's shoes and I thought somebody was playing a joke on me—either insinuating I was a little flossy in my last pictures or else giving me a gentle hint that I might learn to dance as well as sing."

It wasn't until several days later that the mystery was unraveled. The letter had gone to Eleanor but the shoes had been sent to Dick. A difference of opinion, you might say, on the part of the sales and shipping departments of the shoe concern.

Eleanor, on the other hand, is not without her troubles. *She* got a fan letter informing her that the writer had enjoyed her tap dancing in *Shipmates Forever* but suggesting she might give her brother a tip and advise him to use Dr. Zeno's throat lozenges which had been of inestimable value to the writer's mother—also a self-admitted great singer.

We'll leave Dick for a moment with his six pairs of girls' dancing shoes and Eleanor with her suddenly acquired brother.

Far away in the baking desert, the sun blistering a little adobe shack, Mr. William Powell is resting from the labors of his latest picture. Don't ask which one. He's making pictures with both hands these days and only his agent knows the name of the latest.

He is far from a telephone and the postman always rings twice—a week. Mr. Powell is in old white ducks and his beard quit speaking to his razor weeks ago. All is peace and quiet. Nothing disturbs his serenity. Nothing, that is, until on one of the postman's bi-weekly visits a notice is put in Bill's box that there is a package for him at the express office, some thirty miles away.

The supplies are getting low and Mr. Powell thinking his rations have arrived, sighs regretfully, piles himself and his several-weeks-old beard into his car and, like Mae West, he really goes to town.

The fans recognize him despite the fact that he seems got up for a rôle in *The Passion Play* and they besiege him for autographs. Mr. Powell sighs. The only reason for the trip was a burning, consuming desire to get away from it all. Far from the madding crowd.

He forces a smile to his weary lips and, eventually, makes his way to the express office. Instead of some Kansas City steaks he'd ordered, instead of the limes and lemons, what do you suppose was in the package?

No steaks, my pets, no limes and no lemons. Just a set of kettle drums. Mr. Dick Powell might have appreciated the drums. He might even have thought them worth the thirty mile trip to town. But every hair in Mr. William Powell's beard rose on end in his wrath.

What happened to the drums no man knoweth. Dick continues to get bills for them—but he's never got the drums.

The material things one gets bills for when one of the others gets the goods is not the only annoying phase of this unrelated trio's existence. There is the spiritual side of things. And the spiritual, of course, includes the domestic.

Dick and Bill have both recently built homes for themselves. Bill's is the last word in pretentiousness. Nothing more formal has been seen in Hollywood.

Dick's house is as informal in character as Dick himself. For a long time it was laughingly referred to around Hollywood as "The Arkansas State House." Visitors from Arkansas swarmed there in droves. Never was one turned away from the door.

People whom Dick had never met and who knew him only by reputation would arrive on Sunday afternoon, take a swim and remain to dinner.

That was all right as long as they got the right Powell. But when suddenly some Arkansans arrived at the home of William Powell and demanded admittance on the grounds that they had lived next door to him in Little Rock, things came to a head.

Dick can't say "No" to anyone but Bill is not a man to be put upon. When the visitors became insistent, even going so far as to call the butler a liar when he told them Bill had never lived in Little Rock, Bill appeared on the scene.

That fine scorn, that supercilious air that characterizes his work on the screen can be carried over into private life on occasion. This was an occasion. The Arkansans understand now that Bill and Dick are not one and the same person. And when they pass Bill Powell's house nowadays they sadly shake their heads and whisper, "Dickie doesn't live there any more."

Eleanor, of course, being relatively new to pictures, is not bothered so much in that respect. As a matter of fact, she lives in an apartment. But Dick and Bill are frequently confronted by fans who insist that Eleanor is the wife of one or the other. They demand to see her on the grounds that they are schoolgirl chums.

When the boys attempt patiently to explain that [*Continued on page* 88]

POWELL MIXUP!

When Barbara Learned LOVE DOESN'T LAST!

Barbara and Bob Taylor tour the Hollywood nightspots. Formerly a semi-recluse, Barbara Stanwyck has now become a gay social gad-about

Being a fighter, Barbara Stanwyck struggled to preserve her marriage—defeated, she found a strange new happiness

By Don Marvin

THERE is no more colorful story in the annals of Hollywood than that of Barbara Stanwyck. Few scenarios can equal her life story for stark, poignant drama—the story of an orphan who fought for an education, fought for success, achieved both, met and married the man she loved, fought to make that marriage a thing of lasting beauty, fought to make her career in pictures last, lost both fights and then picked up the loose threads of her life and knotted them together. She still goes on fighting with no other comment than, "I'm *not* being gallant. I never was!"

My first meeting with Barbara and Frank Fay occurred shortly after her arrival in Hollywood. A mutual friend took me to call on them. On the way to their home he cautioned me, "Don't pay too much attention to Stanwyck. Fay's pretty jealous."

I thought he meant jealous, as a husband, of another man's attentions to his wife. It wasn't that at all.

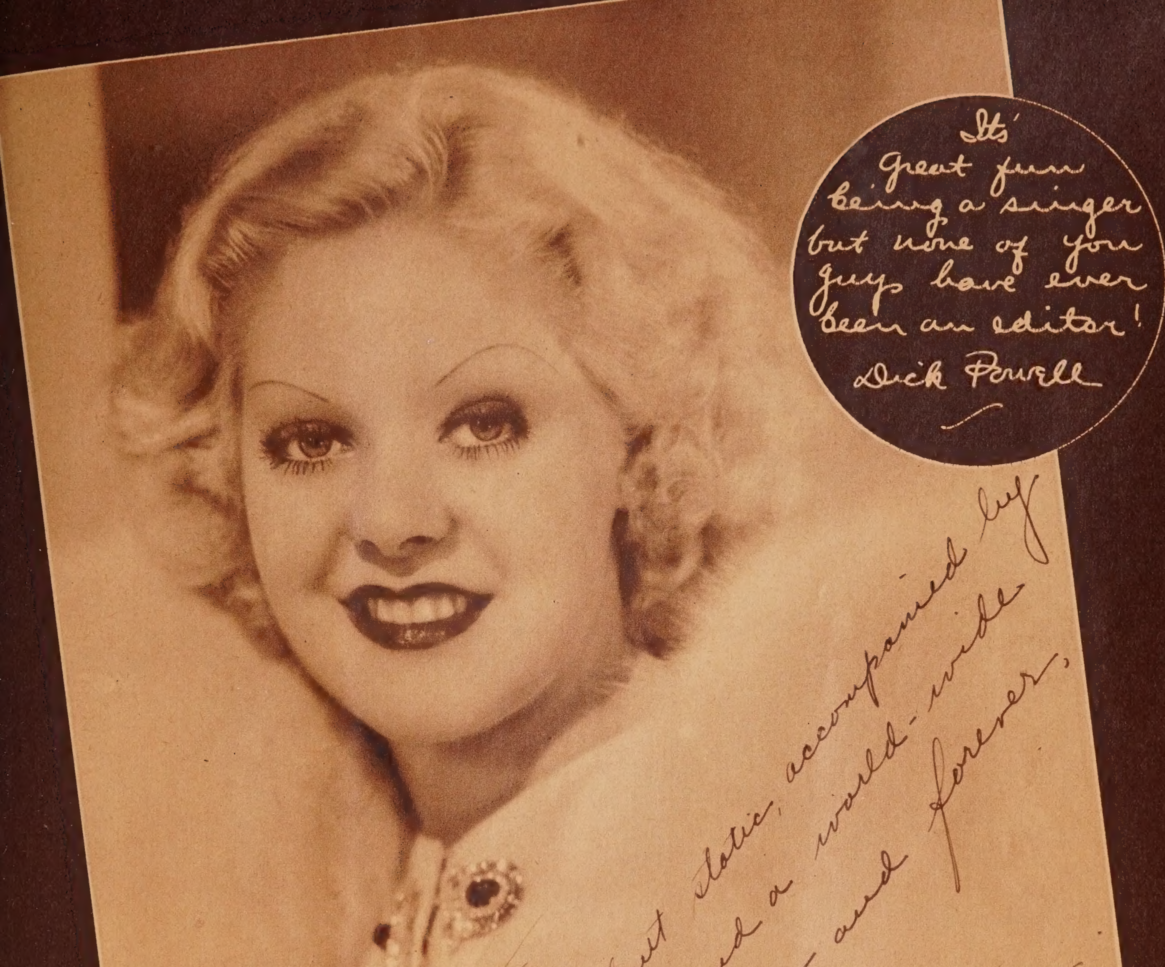
I was introduced to them and spent four or five hours with them. The greetings over, Barbara retired to a corner and listened politely, attentively to the conversation without contributing anything to it. She knew Fay—realized he wanted to shine—and was content to sit back in worshipful adoration.

It wasn't until we had left the place that I realized Barbara hadn't advanced an opinion the entire evening. Her whole conversation had been restricted to a single anecdote, related when Fay turned to her and said, "Honey, tell them what you said to those two women in the show the other night."

It seemed a couple of women behind them were talking so loudly that what was being said on the screen couldn't be heard. When she could stand it no longer, Barbara, in a few terse but well chosen phrases requested them to keep quiet. I wish I could recall her exact words. I can't. But I remember the gist of them, and the incident is as characteristic of her as anything anyone could tell. Outspoken, forthright.

Our next meeting occurred a few years later in the large house they had purchased in Brentwood and which they were remodeling continually. At the moment every bit of plaster in the place was being ripped out and black walnut paneling installed in its stead.

We sat in the reception hall—the only room in the place, apparently, that wasn't torn up. The floor was tile and the walls dark, gleaming walnut. We sat on stiff chairs facing each other across a refectory table. Out- [*Continued on page* 65]



It's
great fun
being a singer
but none of you
guys have ever
been an editor!
Dick Powell

To
Dick Powell —
Success, without static, accompanied by
good reception and a world-wide
"hook-up", now and forever,
Sincerely
Alice Faye

ALICE FAYE

To Alice, life is a glorious cycle of song (apologies to Dorothy Parker for thefting a line of her verse) for she is one of the most popular girls in the film colony, and no première or party is quite complete until she has arrived, escorted by her latest beau. She still is called "Cuddly", which was her childhood nickname . . . but never is addressed as Jeannine, which is her middle name. You'll see Alice next in *Poor Little Rich Girl*, which is being released by Twentieth Century-Fox Studio

Best wishes from one crooner to another,
Joe Morrison

JOE MORRISON

I'll always remember Joe's touching rendition of "I'm Heading for the Last Round-up!" . . . . he started it on the way to becoming a perennial favorite. Joe studied for the priesthood but was encouraged to make a career of singing instead. He's a rabid prize-fight fan, and a golf and bridge enthusiast

To Nick
Best Always
Wini Shaw

WINI SHAW

Joe Cook *might* have done an imitation of four Hawaiians, but he couldn't do an imitation of Wini, who is only a tiny bit Hawaiian. She has a lovely, throaty voice that is perfection itself for singing the new popular ditties. You can see her currently in *Case of the Velvet Claws*

Dick—
As one warbler to a
notes to you!
Harriet

HARRIET HILLIARD

Although she didn't display any of her dancing talent in her first picture, *Follow the Fleet*, (for who'd care to compete with Rogers and Astaire?) Harriet once made her living as a solo dancer. She'll sing again in RKO's *Make a Wish* and I'm awaitin' to see and hear her

Hearing you were to edit Screen book bowled me over — Bing Cro

BING CROSBY

Winner of the Success Sweepstakes, Bing next is going to woo us vocally in *Rhythm on the Range* . . . he plays a singing cowpuncher who has a way with hosses—and pretty gals

From EXTRA GIRL

By
Grace Mack

The first honeymoon snapshot taken of Norma and Irving Thalberg after their marriage in 1927

FOREWORD: Last month's chapter told of the collapse of the family business, after which Norma sold her piano to obtain funds to go to New York. Ziegfeld told her she had nothing to offer the theatrical world but, undefeated, she secured "extra" work in early-day films. Unable to support herself in that way, she returned, sad and disheartened, to the city where she was born . . .

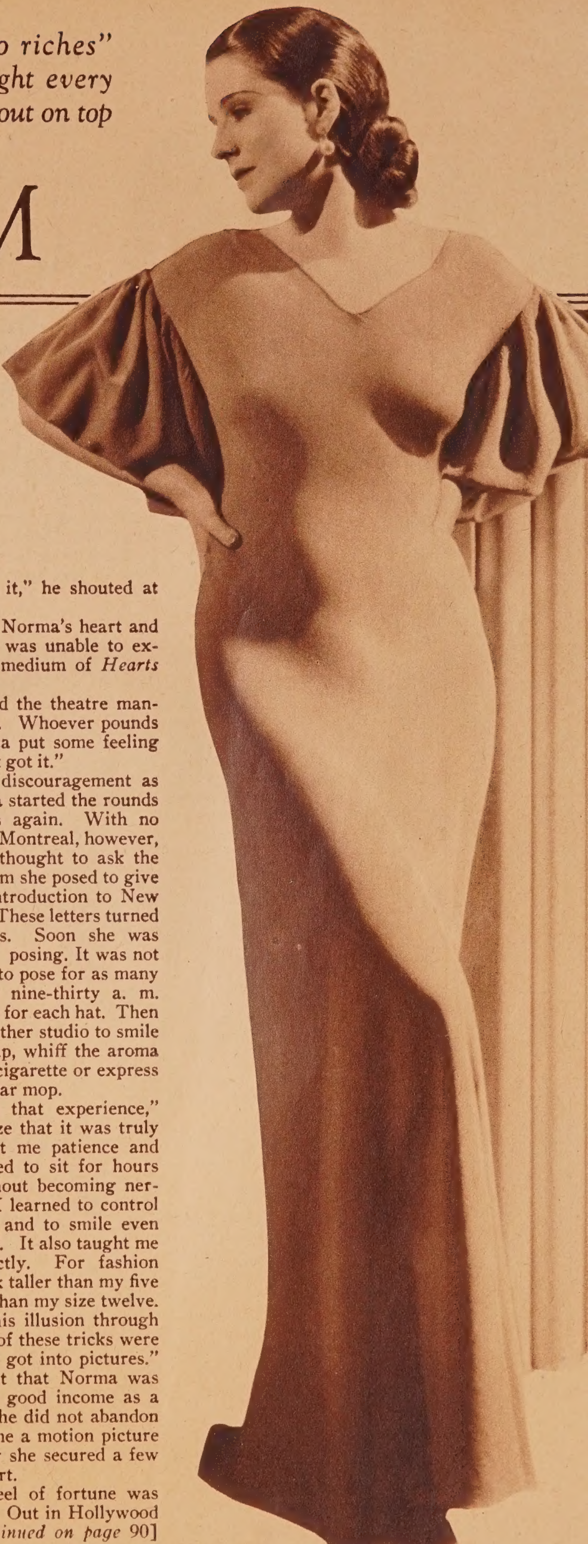
"The wheel of fortune spins!
Round and round it goes . . .
and where it will stop, nobody knows."

Several years ago, before the advent of daughter Katharine, the Thalbergs with Irving, Jr., holidayed abroad to recoup the health of hard-working producer Irving, Sr.

Now at the zenith of her long and happy career, Norma brings to the screen tragic, young Juliet in the much-played tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*

to STARDOM

Concluding a real "rags to riches" story about a girl who fought every discouragement and came out on top



After doing moderately well as a leading woman, Norma's popularity skyrocketed when she suddenly switched to ultra modern, sexy rôles in such pictures as *The Divorcée* and *Let Us Be Gay*

WHEN Norma Shearer returned to her home in Montreal, after her initial bout with Lady Luck, she was convinced that the wheel of fortune, so far as she was concerned, had definitely gone into reverse. To be sure she had a job, posing for a commercial photographer, and that in itself was something to be grateful for; but when you've aimed at a peak it's tough to have to compromise on a little insignificant knoll. And then . . . one day Norma received a telegram which completely changed the complexion of things. It was from an agent in New York asking her to return immediately and saying that he had a contract for her.

Convinced that her number was up at last, Norma and her mother rushed back to Broadway. This time there would be no pounding of pavements looking for work; no cooking breakfast over a tin of Sterno; no sleeping in a bed that shook and shimmied each time an elevated train roared by. No, indeed. This time things would be different. *Norma had a contract!*

They secured a room at a good hotel and Norma phoned the agent to tell him that she had arrived and was ready to begin work.

"I've got some bad news for you," he said. "That contract I wired you about fell through."

"Fell through?" gasped Norma.

"Yeah—just one of those things. At the last minute they decided on another girl. But don't worry. Something else will turn up in a day or two."

Norma's bubbling hopes went as dead as uncorked champagne. Being a practical person, however, she didn't waste time in regret. Instead she went right into action. First, she moved into a cheaper room. Then she started looking for a job. She had heard that a little motion picture theater on Eighth Avenue needed a pianist. She hurried over there to see the manager.

"I gotta high class audience," he told her, "so I want high class music."

The young lady from Montreal assured him that she could furnish it and seating herself at the piano she started to prove it. The manager listened to a few bars and then said disgustedly: "That won't do. I want something classic—like *Hearts and Flowers.*"

Norma swung into *Hearts and Flowers.*

"Put some sobs in it," he shouted at her.

But the sob was in Norma's heart and try as she would she was unable to express it through the medium of *Hearts and Flowers.*

"Sorry, sister," said the theatre manager. "You won't do. Whoever pounds these ivories has gotta put some feeling into it. You just ain't got it."

Camouflaging her discouragement as best she could, Norma started the rounds of the agents' offices again. With no luck. Before leaving Montreal, however, she had had the forethought to ask the photographer for whom she posed to give her some letters of introduction to New York photographers. These letters turned out to be life savers. Soon she was working steadily . . . posing. It was not at all unusual for her to pose for as many as forty hats before nine-thirty a. m. With a different smile for each hat. Then she would dash to another studio to smile at a cake of toilet soap, whiff the aroma of a certain brand of cigarette or express delight over an O'Cedar mop.

"Looking back on that experience," says Norma, "I realize that it was truly invaluable. It taught me patience and self-control. I learned to sit for hours before a camera without becoming nervous or distraught. I learned to control my facial expression and to smile even when I was dead tired. It also taught me how to stand correctly. For fashion modeling I had to look taller than my five feet three and larger than my size twelve. I learned to create this illusion through correct posture. All of these tricks were helpful when I finally got into pictures."

In spite of the fact that Norma was now earning a fairly good income as a photographic model she did not abandon her ambition to become a motion picture actress. Occasionally she secured a few days' work in a bit part.

Meantime, the wheel of fortune was slowly spinning . . . Out in Hollywood a young chap [*Continued on page* 90]

DAISY Tells ALL!

Joan Blondell's secretary gives us some gay confidences about his unpredictable employer.—Dick

Having traveled 'round the globe in her early theatrical days, Joan now is entirely happy in a devoted mother rôle opposite son Norman Scott Barnes, who receives a full measure of maternal attention

By
Maurice Leo

DO ANY of you remember . . . or are all of you too young except me . . . how the world was brightened one day several years ago, when Clara Bow, having come to the parting of ways with her then secretary and more or less boon companion, one Daisy DeVoe, brought that young lady to trial? That young lady, being the species of Daisy that *would tell*, afforded the newspapers of the land the opportunity of coming out with the screaming headline: "DAISY TELLS ALL!"

Daisy, having been Clara's secretary and probably closer to her than anyone else at the moment, could tell plenty . . . and did. Well, all you who are reading, *that's me!* Daisy is a girl after my own heart! And being Joan Blondell's secretary, and having been afforded this opportunity to talk, I am here, like Daisy, to TELL ALL! The dirt is going to fly!

The only difference between Daisy and me is this: Daisy was brought to trial and THEN talked. I am going to talk and will then probably be brought to trial. Watch for photographs of me on the stand! Women have got away with murder by just crossing their legs and dangling them before pop-eyed jurors. There are women on the jury now, and I'm no fool. I shall wear a conservative dark suit of knickerbockers and dangle my own legs before the jurors . . . the feminine section. If I go to jail I'll at least know that I can't depend upon my legs any more, and keep my mouth shut.

Before I'm locked in that cell, though, I want to tell Dick, as guest editor of this month's issue, how much I appreciate his letting me do this article on Joan, and I hope the day arrives when I can return the favor. I could really crucify him!

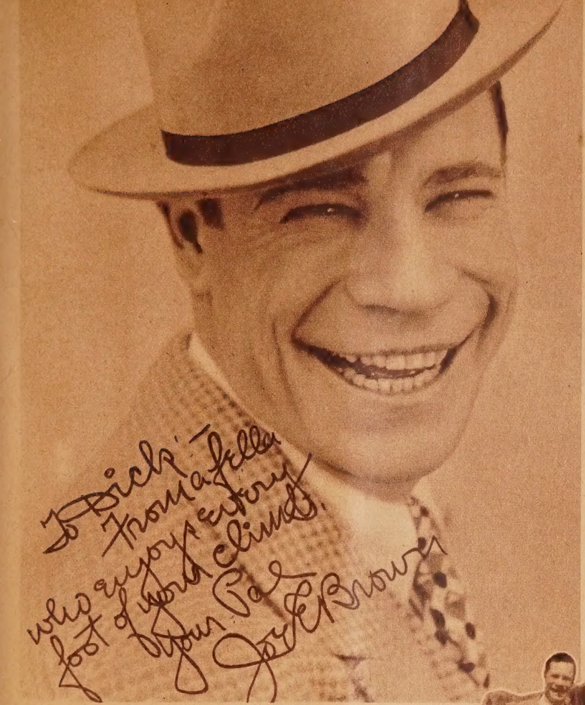
I have been Joan's secretary for two years now. I have been her intimate friend for seven years. Since being her secretary I have [*Continued on page 72*]

Meet Maurice Leo, Joan's confidante and author of this unusual story

JUST a KID AGAIN!

The boy on the flying trapeze finds that fun begins at forty

By James Reid



Joe's comradery with sons Joe, Jr. and Don is a delight to all who know them. You'll see Joe next in hilarious *Sons O' Guns*

Joe, who never had a childhood for play, enjoys the circus as much as daughter Mary Elizabeth now that he's out of it!

THE next time you pick out the wife of a movie star to envy, give a thought to Mrs. Joe E. Brown.

Maybe she isn't married to the handsomest man in Hollywood. Or the best-tailored. Or the most romantic.

But she has a husband who is one of the top ten favorites of the screen today—one of the most entertaining men alive. She never has to worry about budgets or bills or bank balances. She will never want for anything that money can buy. She lives in a beautiful home. She has a fine family.

More than that. She has, for a husband, the one man in Hollywood who never will grow old—even if he lives to be a hundred. A man that other men, in every walk of life, could envy.

Success makes most men cynics—because by the time they have won it, they are too weary to get any zest out of life. But success has made Joe E. Brown a boy again. And this time he is enjoying the sensation.

When he was nine years old, he started earning his own living. With beatings for inspiration, he was broken in as the youngest member of an acrobatic troupe called "The Five Marvelous Ashetons." From then on, he had to forego the enthusiasms of boyhood—until he was grown up and had boys of his own.

It's a wonder that the youngest of "The Five Marvelous Ashetons" ever grew up, ever held fast to the idea that life might be worth the living. It's a triple wonder that he grew up with a sense of humor and an ability to make the whole world laugh.

When other boys were playing baseball on empty lots in spring sunshine, Joe was daring death inside a circus tent, earning a few dollars a week with trapeze stunts high above the sawdust. He never knew what it was like to play football; all he could do was to guess what it was like. He never could go off to some secret swimming hole with a bunch of boys whose bathing suits were their birthday suits. He never had a bicycle to ride around to the homes of cronies. He had no cronies.

He envied other boys, with an aching envy. He sensed what he was missing. And he made up his mind that some day, somewhere, somehow, he would play baseball—he would find out what football was all about—he would become an expert swimmer—he would ride a bicycle—and he would have friends, friends who also thrilled to sports.

He made up his mind that, if ever he had any boys of his own, they would have every chance in the world to be just boys, to play with other boys, to get a "kick" out of life . . . to have some [*Continued on page* 85]

A FASCINATING for MARION

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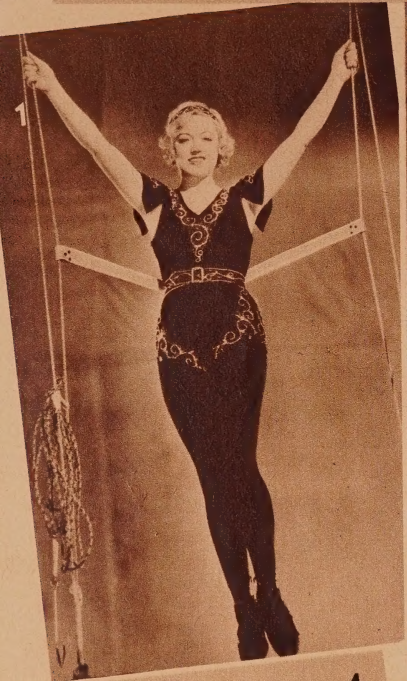

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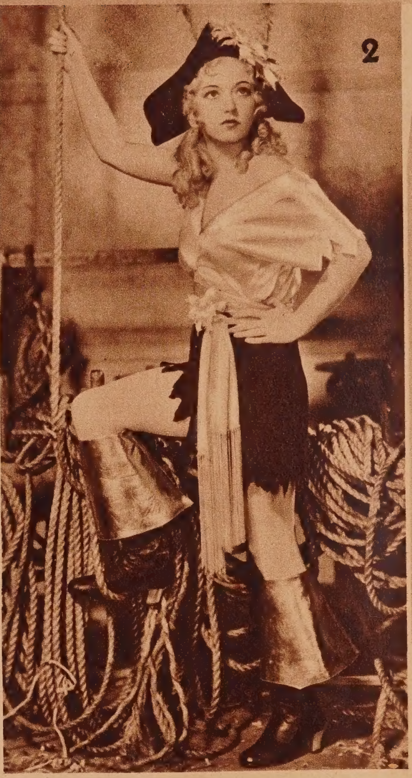

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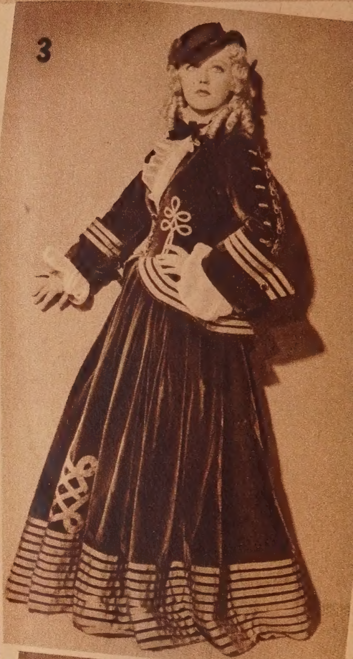

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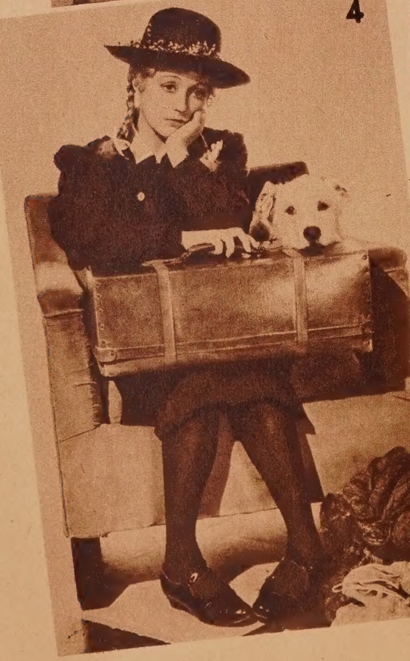


CLUES to the TITLES

1. Clark Gable was a clergyman in this film.

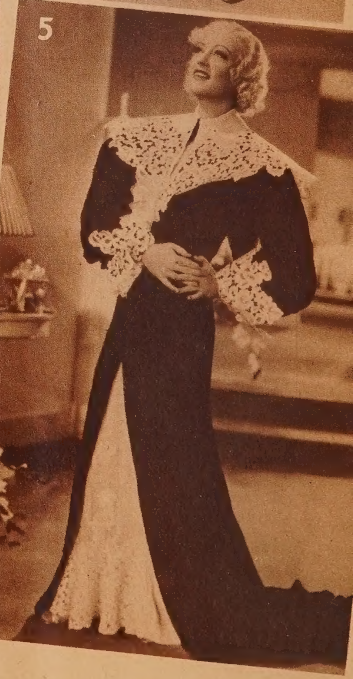
2. The title suggests the Glorifier of American girls.

3. Marion was a spy with an unlucky number.

4. This one was a stage hit many years ago—in which Laurette Taylor gained fame.

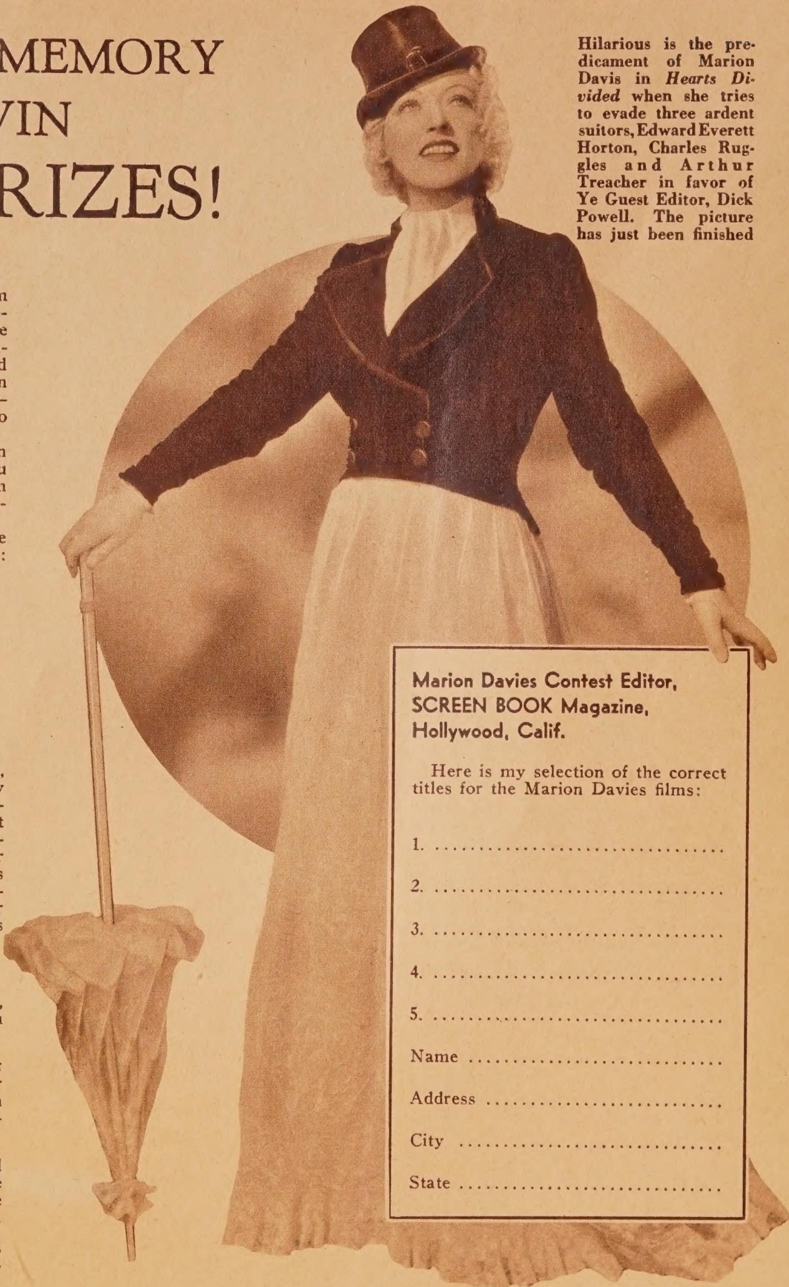
5. Remember the hotel chambermaid who rose to fame?

5



NEW CONTEST *DAVIES* Fans

TEST YOUR MEMORY AND WIN CASH PRIZES!



Hilarious is the predicament of Marion Davis in *Hearts Divided* when she tries to evade three ardent suitors, Edward Everett Horton, Charles Ruggles and Arthur Treacher in favor of Ye Guest Editor, Dick Powell. The picture has just been finished

CAN you name the titles of the film productions from which the photographs on the opposite page are taken? To the winners in this easy memory game go $200.00 in cash prizes—and the checks will be sent immediately upon announcement of the winners' names—so *you* may have a nice bit of extra cash to spend on that summer vacation.

Just jot down the titles of these films on the coupon at the right—that's all you need to do!—and mail it to the Marion Davies Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

Here are the awards which will be made for the neatest and most correct answers:

1st Prize	**$50.00**
2nd prize	**$25.00**
3rd prize	**$15.00**
4th prize	**$10.00**
5th prize	**$10.00**
6th prize	**$10.00**
7th through 12th prizes, each	**$ 5.00**
13th through 37th prizes, each	**$ 2.00**

It's the simplest contest you ever tried, for these film successes are comparatively recent showings. One of the pictures starring popular Marion Davies, who first won recognition as a dancer in the Follies under Florenz Ziegfeld, played your theatre just last winter. It was Marion's latest exhibition of her talents as a comedienne—that is, the latest but for *Hearts Divided,* a comedy-drama which has just been completed.

RULES

1. Contest closes midnight, June 25, 1936. Entries postmarked later than that time cannot be accepted.
2. Winners will be announced in SCREEN BOOK in the earliest possible issue after entries have been judged, and cash awards presented immediately thereafter.
3. The editorial staff of SCREEN BOOK will be judges and their decision will be final. Awards will be made for the neatest and most correct submissions.
4. Mail your entry to Marion Davies Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

Marion Davies Contest Editor,
SCREEN BOOK Magazine,
Hollywood, Calif.

Here is my selection of the correct titles for the Marion Davies films:

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

State ....

BEAUTY *in*

Lovely Margot Grahame poses in the sheerest of sheer nightgowns, flesh color chiffon and ecru lace. Miss Grahame appears in the new Columbia production *Counterfei*

Sally Martin

Fashion Editor of SCREEN BOOK

INTIMATE luxuries!

Magnificent obsessions of the boudoir! The fondest yearnings of a woman's heart are the dainty, lace-bedecked trivia, once called "unmentionables," but now flaunted as the very essence of the smart woman's wardrobe.

A tempered modesty now brings the loveliest things a woman wears if not into broad daylight at least into the sphere of popular discussion with the result that designers have exercised their talents to advantage on the delicate intimacies of feminine dress.

The petticoat, once the duenna in the lovely lady's ensemble, and until recently no more than an interesting historical theme, is now revived with a touch of sentimentality in the saucy modern age. The petticoat theme is particularly popular this year and its memory is done active justice for petticoats are worn under everything from sports clothes to formal evening wear. They are the same petticoats—some made of chiffon, some of taffeta with rows and rows of ruffles and lace.

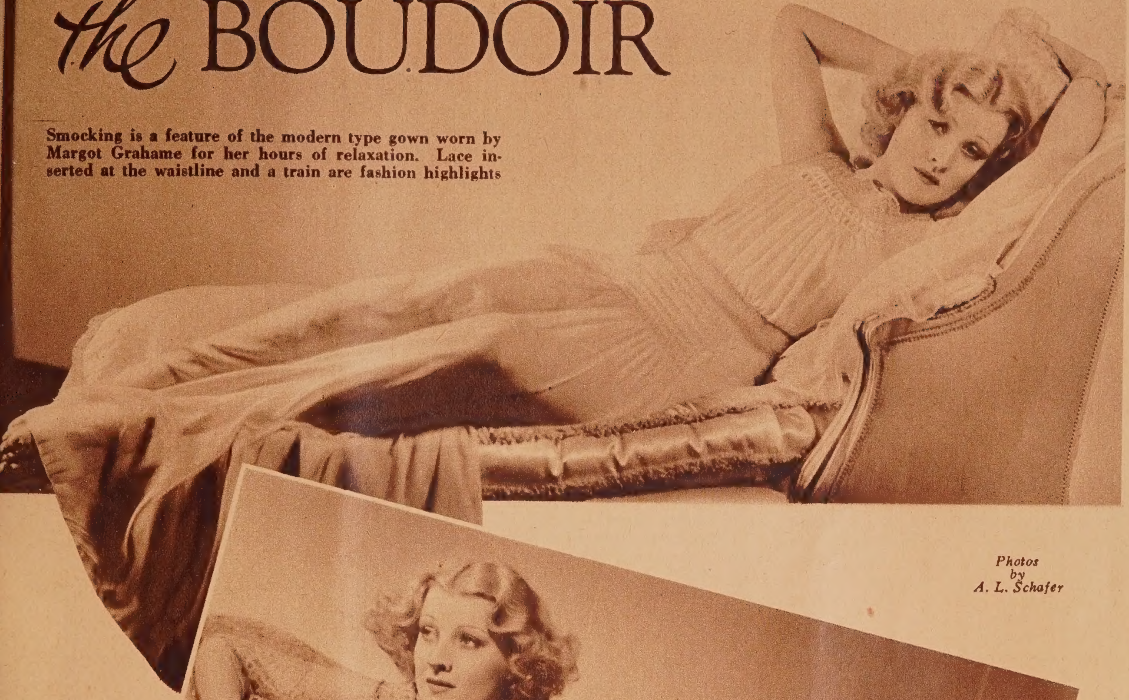
Another old favorite has returned to the fold—the camisole! Instead of being made in cotton materials it is now tucked and shirred beruffled and beribboned, and matches, as a rule, the lovely petticoat.

Nightgowns for summer are sheer in either plain or flowered materials. Many are made so like formal evening gowns that it is difficult for any one but a connoisseur to appreciate the subtle difference. Trains are even a part of the bedroom splendor and mules resemble evening slippers.

Russian cossack influence is seen in these pink satin lounging pajamas with belted tunic and frog closing which grace the wardrobe of the lovely English star

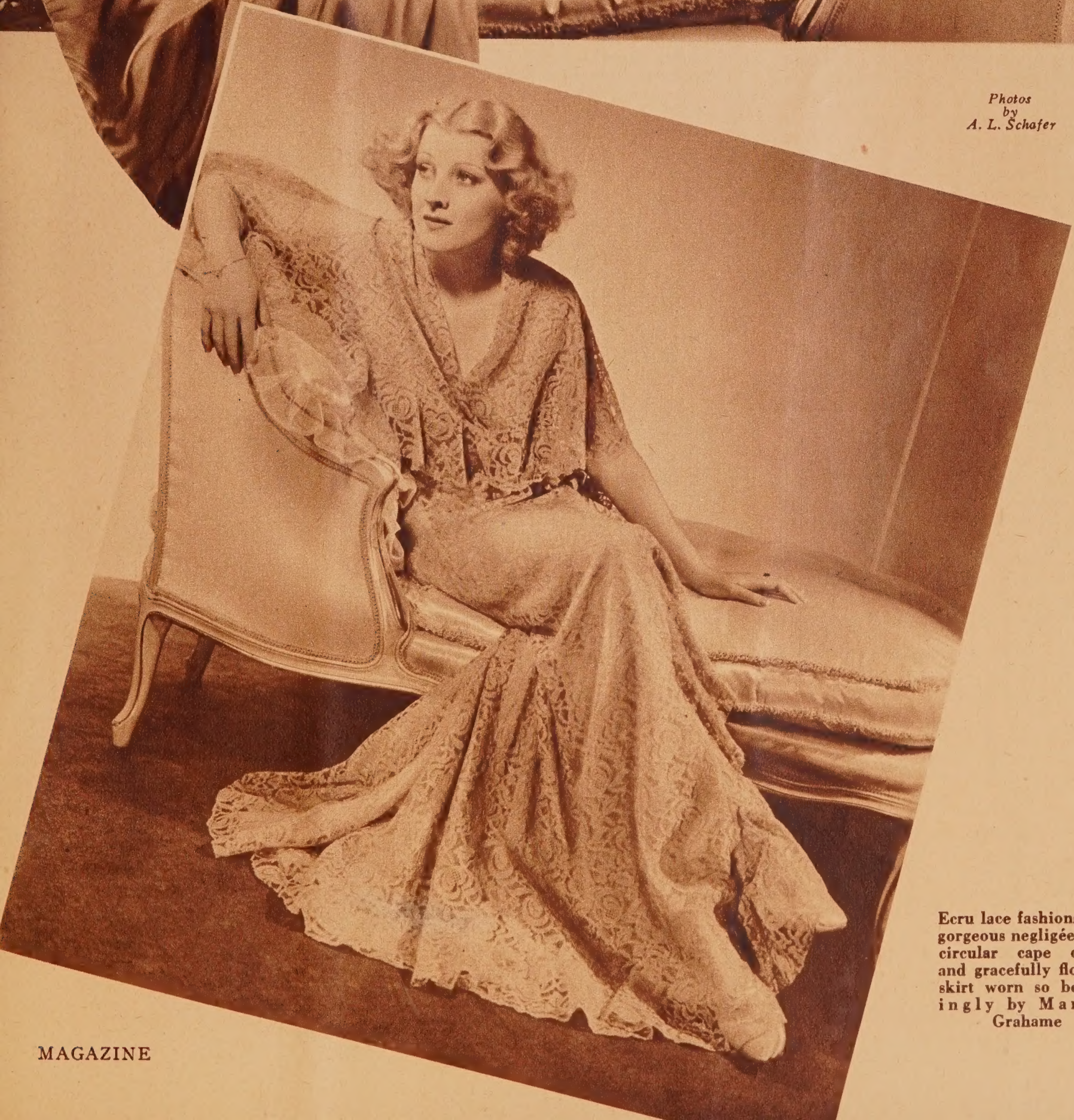
Lingerie courtesy
J. W. Robinson Co.,
Los Angeles

the BOUDOIR



Smocking is a feature of the modern type gown worn by Margot Grahame for her hours of relaxation. Lace inserted at the waistline and a train are fashion highlights

Photos by A. L. Schafer



Ecru lace fashions this gorgeous negligée with circular cape collar and gracefully flowing skirt worn so becomingly by Margot Grahame

HOW MYRNA LOY CHEATED DEATH!

By
Virginia Lane

When Myrna Loy was only eight she discovered that it isn't always best to follow the dictates of reason

"*WHEN you come right down to it, I owe every important step I've taken to a hunch. It even saved my life,*" said Myrna Loy.

It was a sweeping statement from the most sincere sophisticate in Hollywood. Somehow, you always vision Myrna as managing her life coolly and capably—through reason. She doesn't. She follows her instinct, that overpowering urge to do something without reason! And without fail it leads her straight to success . . . or safety. . . .

Look at what happened on that spring morning not so very long ago. Myrna wanted to get to New York in a hurry. Thirteen hours by air. . . . Very good, she'd take an express 'plane. Two of them leave the Los Angeles airport daily. The company held a record of more than twenty thousand hours in the air without accident. There was no occasion to fear. None at all. Yet when Myrna looked at her ticket she had a violent urge to tear it up. "Look here, you're being silly," she told herself sharply. But it didn't work. Her hunches are too authoritative to be put aside easily. She drove to Bullock's Wilshire and bought herself a brand new hat she didn't need in order to change her mind. That didn't work either. "I'm being perfectly absurd," she apologized to the world in general as she headed back to the airport to get the ticket transferred to the next day.

Absurd?

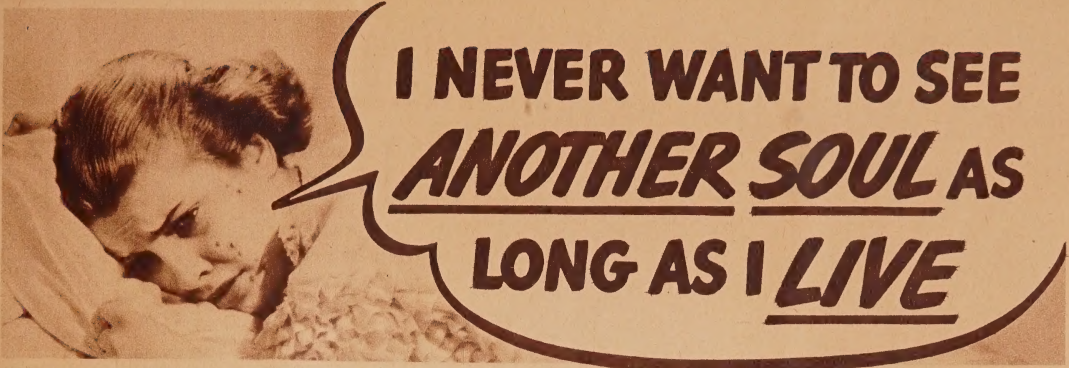
Headlines blazed the news across the nation the following morning. *AIRPLANE CRASH KILLS FIVE!*

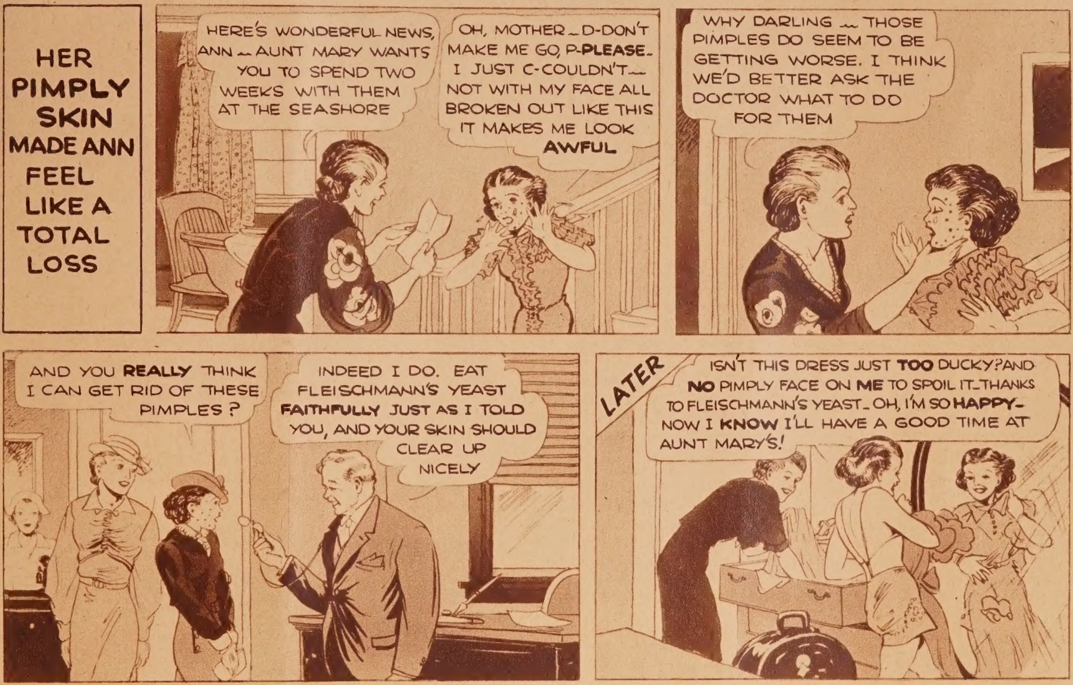
A flaming wreck ploughed into the earth a few miles east of Kansas City. Charred bodies being lifted from that mass of twisted steel. . . . And Myrna—*only a hunch standing between her and death. . . .*

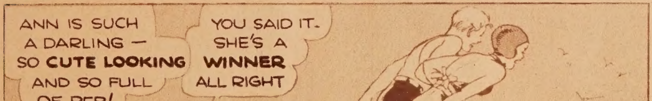
She flew over that same territory the next day. Without a qualm of personal fear. And, coincidentally, her shift in plans saved the life of another person. A young newspaperman who had never met her but was something of a fan, cancelled his reservations on the fated plane when he learned she had cancelled her's. And so he, too, escaped.

"Instinct ought to be cultivated," said Myrna. "Of course some people call it good old feminine intuition. Personally I call it just a plain 'hunch'—and I'll never forget how it came to my rescue a short time after I left this studio the last time!" Her gesture indicated the broad acres of Fox Hills all around us. After an absence of more than five years she has returned to the lot, now Twentieth Century-Fox, to make *To Mary, With Love* opposite Warner Baxter. This time she is a romantic star, a leading box office attraction. Then she was still the little half-caste, the Oriental who slew and slaved and fought for love against the Right Woman. And she was deathly sick of it.

"Talking pictures were definitely in—and I wasn't sure but what I was definitely *out.* At least, so far as my chances of a 'straight' role were concerned. I had made up my mind to try my luck on Broadway, in fact my trunks were already packed to go east. I was clearing out my desk when I came across the name and [*Continued on page* 81]


I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE


HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS
HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS, ANN — AUNT MARY WANTS YOU TO SPEND TWO WEEKS WITH THEM AT THE SEASHORE
OH, MOTHER — D-DON'T MAKE ME GO, P-PLEASE — I JUST C-COULDN'T — NOT WITH MY FACE ALL BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS IT MAKES ME LOOK AWFUL
WHY DARLING — THOSE PIMPLES DO SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE. I THINK WE'D BETTER ASK THE DOCTOR WHAT TO DO FOR THEM
AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?
INDEED I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICELY
LATER
ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DUCKY? AND NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT — THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST — OH, I'M SO HAPPY — NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT AUNT MARY'S!


ANN IS SUCH A DARLING — SO CUTE LOOKING AND SO FULL OF PEP!
YOU SAID IT — SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT

Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

How can *I* get a Wave like that?

THE LOVELY STAR, KATHLEEN BURKE

. . . . Thousands of women write to the Hollywood stars for *this* beauty advice. Always they receive the same answer, "After completely testing every known method of permanent waving, the Duart method has received the exclusive and official endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . nearly every star on the screen has her hair Duart Waved."

This same Duart wave is available in your own community for there is only one Duart wave . . . it is the same in every one of the 20,000 shops that feature it from coast to coast. To be sure you are getting the one and only genuine Duart wave, look for the sealed package of permanent waving Pads . . . your hairdresser will let you open them yourself . . . then you'll know your hair is to be waved with the same method that adds such glamour and soft, glowing charm to the lovely heads you see on the screen. FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle exactly. Choose from page after page of Hollywood's newest coiffures styled by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

DUART
permanent waves

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

Name..

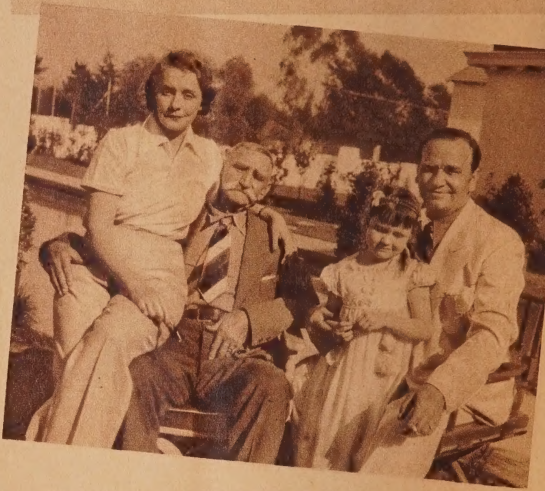
Address...

City...................................... *State*..................

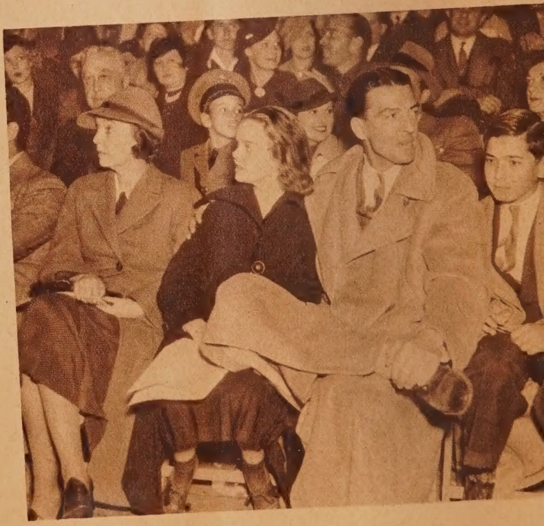
7

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

From the FAMILY ALBUM



Wally Beery assembles his family for an informal portrait. Wife Rita sits on the arm of Beery Senior's chair. Little Carol Ann is an adopted child



ZaSu Pitts attends the circus with her daughter Ann Gallery, the child of her first husband Tom Gallery. Beside them sit husband Jack Woodall and Don Mike. The boy is the son of the late Barbara LaMarr, one part of ZaSu's family

MILK
makes four star beauty news

By DORIS DUMONT

This new creme made from milk certainly is getting the big rave from Hollywood's beauty experts and the stars as well. In the dressing rooms and make-up departments at every studio the praises are the same. Nothing I could write here would convey one-tenth part of their enthusiasm so I'm going to publish answers to the four questions most frequently asked by my readers about the new Creme of Milk. Now for the questions:

"Is Creme of Milk really made from milk?" I quote from a letter written to the makers of Creme of Milk by California's largest producers and sellers of dairy products, Golden State Co. Ltd. They say:

"The concentrated oils of pure, fresh, wholesome dairy milk, or dairy cream, furnished by us for inclusion in Creme of Milk, measure up to the highest quality standards of this Company for purity, freshness and wholesomeness."

"Does it nourish the skin?"

Because it is made from milk, Creme of Milk nourishes the skin in a very special way of its own. No other creme or beauty preparation of any kind has ever been able to duplicate the beneficial effects of milk oils on the skin.

Mrs. Pat O'Brien, charming wife of the famous Warner Bros. he-man star, says: "Creme of Milk is even more important to the society woman than to the screen star."

Marion Talley, Metropolitan Opera Star, now being featured on the NBC Network, says: "I've never used anything that made my skin feel and look as fresh and youthful."

"How do you use Creme of Milk?"

Creme of Milk is much quicker and simpler to use than an ordinary face creme. The moment you spread it on you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Leave it but a minute or two, then wipe it off easily.

"Does it penetrate the skin?"

Creme of Milk penetrates the pores and skin tissues more deeply than any other creme known because milk oils are far more delicate and finely textured than the wax, mineral oil, lanolin and similar substances of which other cremes are made. For this reason it cleanses more thoroughly and more quickly.

Creme of Milk shipments were rushed to more than 5,000 stores last month and in California alone more than 100,000 women are already using it. Stores in your community may not have received their shipments yet, so I suggest you write me personally enclosing fifty cents for a regular size jar or one dollar for a large size jar of this thrilling new creme. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH Milk!

DUART'S
creme of milk

AMAZING NEW FACE CREME ACTUALLY MADE FROM RICH DAIRY MILK

Send 10c
for 3 day trial. See coupon.

JOAN MARSH IN "DANCING FEET" REPUBLIC PRODUCTION

Creme of Milk has new nourishing and cleansing qualities found in no other creme

Because it is made from milk, Duart's new beauty discovery, Creme of Milk, has special qualities that clear the skin with amazing speed. Hollywood stars and their cosmetic experts say that the Creme of Milk formula for extracting the vital beautifying oils from pure dairy milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery in twenty years.

If your complexion is not as soft, smooth and youthful as it should be—do as all Hollywood and thousands of women everywhere are doing now—change from your present cleansing methods and start using the thrilling new type creme—Creme of Milk.

See improvements first day

You will know Creme of Milk is different the very moment you spread it on . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Improvements that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads and other marks of a poor complexion go fast when the genuine milk-oils penetrate deep into the tissues, cleanse away all dirt and build up the supply of the natural youth-giving oils that feed and nourish the skin.

No other creme, lotion or soap can duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin and yet Creme of Milk costs no more than the most ordinary face cremes. Try it for 10c or order a regular size jar for 50c, large economy size $1. On sale at your favorite cosmetic counter.

DUART'S
creme of milk

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it—every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.

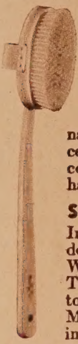
I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name...

Address...

City.......................... *State*..........

ONLY BEAUTY CREME IN THE WORLD MADE FROM MILK



STAY
Young
and
Beautiful

Increase your appeal! Give yourself beauty that is exciting, that stirs the emotions of others.

Putting this or that on the outside will not bring glowing cheeks, lustrous hair, smooth firm throat, lovely back. "*Brushing* does it!" say famous beauty editors.

Brushing urges the tiny blood vessels to deliver more blood to the scalp and skin. Cleanses pores completely. Strengthens sagging tissues.

But it is important to use the right brushes. Brushes with elastic, penetrating bristles which really work and last. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name is your guarantee of bristle excellence. Look for it on hair brushes, complexion brushes, bath brushes, hand and nail brushes.

SEND FOR INSPIRING BOOK

Imagine a 300 page beauty book boiled down into 32 crisp and helpful pages. With 25 diagrammatic illustrations. Tells you exactly *what* to do and *how* to do it—for hair, skin, and figure. Merely clip this ad and send it with 6¢ in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

BATH BRUSH $1.25 to $4.00

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic

PREVENT Mosquito BITES

. . . AND ENJOY THE OUTDOORS!

ROBERTA MOSQUITO CREAM is guaranteed to give you perfect freedom from mosquitoes and other pesky insects. Pleasantly fragrant! Not a bit greasy. Absorbs completely. Will not stain finest clothing. Use for sports or formal. Soothes sunburn, too. At leading department, drug and sport goods stores. Tube or Jar 50c. If your dealer cannot supply you send 50c direct.

National Drug Products Co. Dept. 15G
1636 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBERTA MOSQUITO CREAM

REMOVES HAIR

PERFUMED

X-BAZIN

CREAM or POWDER

Simply apply — wash off.
Giant Size Tube or Powder never costs more than . . 50¢ Smaller Tube 10¢

ALL DRUG — DEPT. STORES — TEN CENT STORES

EASILY · QUICKLY · SURELY

Be a Vacation-Time Beauty

[*Continued from page 8*]

make sure it blends with their complexions.

"You'll need to 'step up' your make-up," Max Factor told her—and did your powder-puff chaser listen in with both ears! "Every girl does in summer-time. You'll want to use a rouge with more sun-glow in it, a brighter lipstick. *Don't use the shades you've been using in winter.* Advance a point or two above your customary colors. That's what I mean by 'stepping up your make-up.'

"For blondes, a flame rouge and flame lipstick is best in summer.

"For brunettes, a blondeen rouge and vermilion lipstick.

"And, of course, there's a summertan powder for both."

A few minutes later Wendy and I saw his point illustrated to perfection! A blond-ish woman of about thirty-five who was deeply tanned came in. But somehow her face looked old and heavy. Tan can be a regular bogieman, you know, if you don't watch out—and this lady hadn't. She was using, Max Factor told us, too dark a rouge. She had let the natural oils of the skin dry up.

I get pretty excited every time I think about what happened! About that woman's smile when she came out of the consulting room . . . and about the way she looked . . . It was as if some kind-hearted soul had lopped ten years off her age. The lines on her face had disappeared (foundation cream, my dears!) Her cheeks and lips were glow-y and soft as if the sun had drawn out just the right color (that flame rouge and lipstick!) And she had a cool, golden look (summertan powder, of course!) that made you fairly gnash your teeth with envy.

"That," said Wendy, "is a modern miracle."

"Oh no!" Factor assured her, "just a modern make-up!"

Then they discussed something that's had me guessing for years—the summer Freckle Problem. Wendy, of course, gets about one or two and even Myrna Loy and Katy Hepburn—our most freckled cinemalites—have just a tracery.

Now there is available a bleach mask so mild and delicate you could use it on a baby's skin. You use the bleach mask once or twice a week at night before going to bed.

And if you want a recipe for summer comfort—here it is! It comes in liquid form. Spread it on your arms, legs and throat with long, smooth strokes until it has "disappeared" into the skin . . . and your difficulty with sunburn is over! It's a make-up blender which you can get in tones to blend with your foundation cream and powder, and it performs a double duty you'll love. It protects you from too ardent sun rays by day—and makes your skin glorious by night.

"That is five items so far to make a summer anywhere a success!" Wendy said. There were more to be added, of course. Here is a complete list of things that ought to make any girl a vacation-time beauty!

Summer make-up—rouge, powder, lipstick.
Bleach mask
Make-up blender
Powder brush
Eyelash make-up
Eye shadow
Cleansing cream
Skin and tissue cream—cleansing tissues
Foundation cream
Skin freshener
Astringent, and honeysuckle cream (if you have oily skin)
Talcum
Hairbrush
Shampoo
Curling irons or wave setting combs
Manicure set (take at least two shades of polish; rose to wear with pastel frocks and deep red for sports)
Tooth brushes and pastes
Soap
Eau de cologne
Toilet water (perfume is usually too heavy for summer use)

With special make-up kits to be had for the asking, the packing problem is simplified a lot.

Incidentally, if you've been wondering how the stars keep that fresh-as-a-daisy look after four nights on a sleeper, take a tip from Wendy. She brushes her hair about five times a day—it whiles away the time to the best possible advantage! Not only does it keep the soot *out* but it allows the air to get to the roots of the hair frequently, which is the finest thing you can do for your hair in hot weather.

And while she's brushing, she puts lots of cleansing cream on her face and allows it to remain there until she has finished. A bit of two-time work that does an excellent job!

If you're troubled with excess skin oiliness—and that's a pretty general complaint about this time of year—Max Factor advises using a cool astringent. And there's a honeysuckle cream you can apply in place of your foundation cream that will give you a lovely fresh feeling and a subtle fragrance that is absolutely alluring!

Some girls have a great deal of trouble with their nails in summer too. Nails are of a horny nature, you know, and if you do much swimming especially, they may split and peel or get terribly brittle. The thing to do is use a lubricant on them—they need it. Work it into the nail surface and the base of the nails with the cushion of the finger each night just before you jump into bed. And watch your nails grow long and strong.

If your diversions include tennis, driving in the hot sun, diving—any outdoor sport—you should take precautions to keep your eyes bright and clear. A good eye wash applied after exposure will remove irritation. Warm compresses applied while you are, preferably, resting in a darkened room, will help you to acquire a "come hither" glance.

It's so easy to make this vacation a *real* high spot of the year!

"MAKE-UP MAGIC

Jeanne Earle

I learned from LORETTA YOUNG"

"SINCE I've been using the same make-up that Max Factor creates for Loretta Young and all the beautiful screen stars, all my friends say I look twice as attractive! Powder, rouge and lipstick in the color harmony shade for my type has made such a difference in my appearance—won't you tell other women about your wonderful secret, so that they may have beauty too?"... *Jeanne Earle.*

Loretta Young
in
«PRIVATE NUMBER»
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

A New Idea in Powder

"USING screen stars as models," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has created new color harmony shades of powder which have proved by exacting tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others." Max Factor's Face Powder harmonizes with your skin and also adds to it the color needed to give it beauty. Your mirror will show you how your color harmony shade will enliven your skin instantly with youthful radiance. One dollar.

Rouge that Gives You New Beauty

"MAX FACTOR has created rouge in color harmony shades that give you new appealing loveliness," says Loretta Young. "The creamy-smooth texture blends easily, evenly, appears flawless even in a glaring light." If you want to see how lovely you can be, try this Hollywood secret — rouge in the color harmony shade for your type. Fifty cents.

Hollywood's New Lip Make-Up

"TO MAKE your lips more alluring," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor has created color harmony shades of lipstick which give you a charming, individual color." Max Factor's Lipstick lasts indefinitely because it is Super-Indelible, and may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips giving them an even, smooth make-up. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try the make-up secret of Loretta Young and other Hollywood stars — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE.

5-T-12

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

"Get Acquainted" Offer 10¢

New! BUD VASE Glass Urn of POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL and BOOK of SALAD RECIPES

SOMETHING new! Famous Pompeian Olive Oil in a classic glass urn that can be used as a beautiful bud vase when empty! To acquaint you with Pompeian pure, virgin, imported Olive Oil, we'll send it, together with a book of tested recipes (including famous Pompeian "Slenderizing Salads") for only 10c.

Pompeian is First Press Olive Oil, from selected, hand-picked Mediterranean olives. At grocers' and druggists', in classic glass urns and attractive blue tins.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Balto., Md., U. S. A.

* I enclose 10c. Send me new bud vase glass urn of Pompeian Olive Oil and book of tested recipes. Dept. O.

Name FWG-7

Address ....

NEW KIND OF SEAL FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.

A WHOLE PACKAGE OF 25 FOR ONLY 10¢

JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ⅓ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1590 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All Woolworth, Kresge & Other 5c & 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

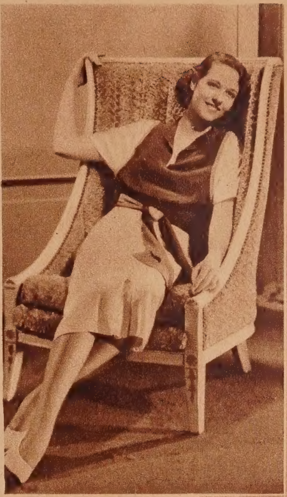
Eyelids Burn?

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

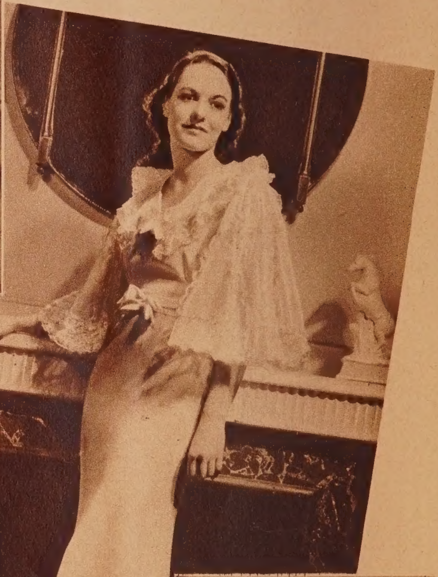
Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik with free eye cup from your druggist.

LETTIE LEE'S AWARD!

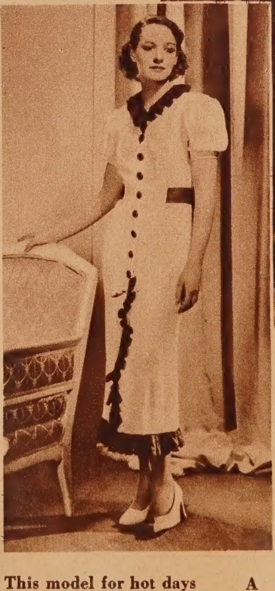
Hollywood's popular designer offers the two Movieland contest winners their choice of these four original creations worn by Martha Tibbetts



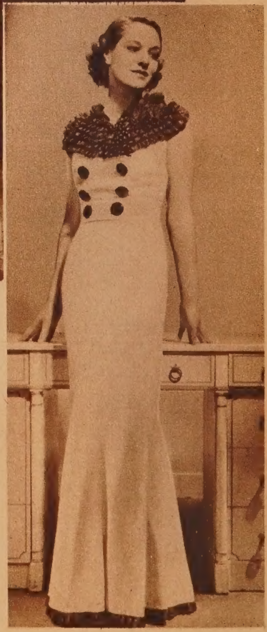
Martha Tibbetts appearing in the Columbia production *Fer de Lance* wears a dress of Ononda-ga-Batar trimmed in navy blue



This creation for summer is the epitome of femininity made of pink crêpe with lace collar and large lace sleeves



This model for hot days of oyster white Onondaga-Batar is trimmed with a clever pleated arrangement of hemstitched navy linen



A cocktail gown for warm summer nights in white Onondaga-Batar with interesting ruffled collar and hemline of navy blue

(For details see page 71)

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 19]

NO ONE at Paramount is complaining because a flock of pigeons strut almost underfoot begging for food. Squab, you know, is very nice. Fifty pigeons were purchased for use in *The Devil Is a Woman*, the Marlene Dietrich film, and when the picture was finished they couldn't be persuaded to leave.

LUCILLE and Jimmy Gleason have received a number of invitations to speak to various organizations in towns up and down the Pacific Coast—all because in a recent radio broadcast Lucille hinted that she and Jimmy *thought* they'd buy an auto trailer and go on a lecture tour. When a friend asked Lucille what the subject of her addresses might be, she looked her questioner square in the eye and replied, "How to stay happily married for thirty years to a man with whom you have nothing in common."

THOSE two famous cut-ups, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht are getting ready to start another film. They have had a number of copies made of the statuette awarded them by the Motion Picture Academy for their script on *The Scoundrel* and when *The Monster* actors begin work they'll find themselves given statuettes for "best performance of the afternoon," "best prank of the day," "the best line-forgetter," "the latest lunch stayer," etc.

OUT in Hollywood when they remark "Little Man You've Had a Busy day" they may mean Carl Laemmle, Jr., Louis Sobol, Sid Skolsky, Norman Krasna, Eddie Buzzell or a dozen other studio executives who range in height from five feet down.

And they are the Little Big Men of filmland.

A HOLLYWOOD columnist has repeatedly written about and told over the air of a telephone receiver in the apartment of Mae West which is "studded" with emeralds and diamonds." To get things right, the telephone receiver is an ordinary French white enameled listener and no emerald or diamond has ever scratched its surface.

AN OUTSTANDING feminine screen star received a most unusual letter recently. It was from the mother of two children and was postmarked from a town near Chicago.

The children, the letter said, were 7 and 9 years of age respectively. The mother wanted to bring them to Hollywood, to have the screen star adopt them and place them in pictures.

The adoption period would be for five years only and at the expiration of that period the two little girls were to be returned, legally, to the mother.

MARY BRIAN may get married some day but when and if she does it won't be to Cary Grant or any other actor. Just write that down in your memory book and refer to it later—say next year sometime.

ALICE FAYE lets down her hair and tells why she moved from that Beverly Hills home to a Hollywood apartment. Seems when Alice leased the Beverly Hills place she used to in-

[*Continued on page* 64]

EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...
...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...
MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST
BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER AND CLEANER ALREADY!
FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER
I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!
SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!
HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel . . . makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. G50, Chicago. 10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐Black ☐Brown ☐Blue (check color desired).

*Name*__________

*Street*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 281. Chicago.

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BECOME AN EXPERT STENOTYPIST

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation—faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time—at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

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Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," and full information as to how I can prepare myself for the opportunities in Stenotypy.

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*Address*__________

*Position*__________ *Age*__________

Stenotypy . . . .
. . The New Profession

BEAUTY FOR TENNIS OR TEA

By Janet Lynn

Carole Lombard is always what-the-well-groomed-girl-should-be, no matter what the rush of activities. You can have that fit-for-the-occasion look, too

Beauty Service

IF YOU could see Carole Lombard dancing in Hollywood night spots, all trailing chiffon and glamour, you'd find it hard to believe that a few hours before she was the laughing tom-boy of the tennis courts, leaping about in childish tennis shorts, with her blonde hair flying and her pretty nose turned up to a burning sun. . . .

For, gorgeously groomed and gowned as she always is at social functions, Carole still adores a swift game of tennis and rarely lets a day go by without indulging in this figure-preserving form of exercise.

Carole is a good object lesson for all of us, now that Summer is here. She proves that a gal can throw herself enthusiastically into the Outdoor Life, and still be a camellia-skinned Circe in chiffon, when darkness falls . . . And that should be every girl's goal.

It won't do you much good to decide on a program in the last days of August, however. You must begin *now* to prevent summer sun, daily dips in ocean or lake and increased humidity from coarsening or freckling your skin, drying and bleaching your hair or leaving you limp and messy looking . . . The sort of preventive measure you should use to keep your skin smooth and even in color will depend on your particular type of skin and your natural coloring, of course. If you have discovered, by experience, that your skin tans easily, and that a golden tan is very becoming to you, go ahead and tan. But if your skin is sensitive, and only turns beet-like or freckled under the sun's rays, don't *try* to tan.

There are several fine oils to *induce* tanning and several equally fine creams and lotions to *prevent* it. There are also some convenient preparations that have a dual personality. Applied sparingly, they will permit your skin to tan evenly and deeply and, used lavishly, they will keep it delicately pink and white.

Some common sense in the matter of wearing a hat when you are out in the sun for prolonged periods and a weekly hot oil treatment will keep your hair from becoming brittle, straw-like and streaked this summer; there are also pomades on the market that protect the hair from the caustic effects of salt water and fierce sun. They don't make the hair look greasy, either.

Summer has other beauty perils than freckles and streaked hair. The heat steps up the flow of perspiration and the probability of offending. Brief or diaphanous summer clothes make the removal of a superfluous hair imperative and, sadly enough, the heat of the sun hastens the growth of this unwanted hair . . . But these aren't really problems anymore, for scientists have given us quick, effective preparations that combat the "way of all flesh" in such aspects as excessive perspiration and superfluous hair.

Witness the two Odorono products, Regular and Instant. With their convenient little sponge applicators, they provide a simple way of preventing underarm perspiration and, of course, eliminating that spectre, odor. Regular Odorono is designed for those who perspire heavily and it should be applied about twice a week, with the strictest adherence to rules . . . Instant Odorono, a milder solution, is for those whose skins are extra-

[*Continued on page* 89]

In the life of an in-the-demand screen star, beauty aids designed to meet quickly the needs of every occasion become unusually important. From set, to tennis, to plunge, to dinner, to formal party is Loretta Young's daily race

WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*

FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
This is the New Modess "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"— ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

"HELLO dirty face"

USE **FREE** COUPON BELOW

Is your face collecting a treacherous, pore-deep dirt—the kind of "dirty face" that brings on pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and "faded" skin? Send for FREE BOTTLE offered below. Make the famous "1-2-3 DRESKIN TEST"—which has shown thousands of women the danger of using old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. DRESKIN, a *liquid* cleanser, is *guaranteed*—(1) to clear out deep-seated dirt—(2) to let your skin "breathe naturally"—(3) to neutralize *skin-drying alkali.* Mail the coupon today! Make the "1-2-3 Test" on your own skin. You be the judge!

Campana
Dreskin
by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

Two sizes—
50c and $1.00

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
157 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.

I enclose **3 cent stamp** for postage. Please send me FREE the TRAVEL SIZE bottle of DRESKIN.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State________
In Canada—Campana, FG-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time,* for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of thousands of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 87, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

*Name*____________________
*City*__________ *State*________ *Age*_____

The Tears Behind the Smile of Frances Langford

[*Continued from page* 15]

Even Billy Chase—her childhood sweetheart acted strangely.

Finally, in the presence of Billy, the doctor told her the truth.

"You will never sing again, my dear," he said and left her.

Never sing!

She couldn't have heard correctly! It couldn't be true! It was like telling a man that his eyes would never again look upon the sun or . . .

No, she couldn't believe it. It would be stripping her of everything in life—

She felt Billy's strong hand gripping her shoulder, imparting courage. She did not look at him. She did not dare. She must know for herself if this thing were true.

SHE closed her eyes, grasped at his hand and clung to it. Then she opened her mouth to sing. But no sound came. She tried again—nothing but a miserable squawk. Her heart seemed to stop beating. Then after a moment—which seemed an eternity of torture, words like points of fire, etched themselves upon her consciousness . . . It was TRUE—true! She would never sing again! She was finished. Her life lay in ashes . . . burnt out, even before it had begun.

For days she went about as one in a daze, hardly speaking, barely conscious that she was alive. She felt that her heart was broken.

Everything which she had planned had been washed away as completely as a wave washes away the drawing of two lovers from the sand. Everything—except the feeling of Billy's grasp on her shoulder and the tender comfort of his words. Yet her heart ached for self-expression. Exquisite melodies ran through her mind to which she could give no utterance. She felt stifled—caged—beaten!

Then she realized that for the sake of her parents, who she knew were suffering deeply for her, she had to pull herself together and put on a brave front. So again she forced herself to smile. And that smile was truly a veil before the face of tears.

To cheer her, one night her parents invited a few of her closest friends—high school boys and girls—in to a little party.

It was to be a surprise for her.

As the evening wore on, one of the boys seated himself at the piano and started playing popular music. Frances listened, her heart bursting with a desire to sing.

Then suddenly, almost in spite of herself, she forgot herself and tried. And this time sounds came forth. Strange sounds, utterly new. Deep contralto tones, such as she had never heard before. Encouraged by that first sound she kept on, then flinging restraint aside she sang gayly, wildly, happily. Joy such as she had never known filled her. Her voice had come back. No. That was not true. *Her* voice had not come back. The high soprano was gone, never to return, but in its place was a new voice, a deep, rich, vibrant contralto.

She went wild with delight. She flung her arms about her parents (she didn't reveal this, but it is safe to surmise, about Billy Chase too!) danced, laughed and sang. Sang until her mother stopped her, fearful of over-exertion.

Gertrude Michael hasn't much time for sporting it in the water these days for two smash hits in quick succession, in *'Till We Meet Again* and *Forgotten Faces,* have created a boom market on her services. She wears a combination cellophane and wool swim suit in the above photograph

The high school kids whooped and howled with excitement. THIS was something. Sure, they had liked her voice well enough before, but they didn't care so much for the semi-classical kind of stuff she sang. But BOY . . . THIS was singing! Right up their alley!

And—as it proved—right up the alley of the entire world.

From this time on, her mother who always played for her when she sang, started anew to work, a little at a time, half-fearful that this new marvel might disappear as spontaneously as it had come. But, before long, it was apparent that the new voice had come to stay.

IT WAS shortly after this that she met de Witt and through him, Rudy Vallée, who was on tour with his orchestra. Charmed with the girl's voice he promised to send for her when the tour was ended. So she waited. Waited, day after day, week after week, watching for each mail, her heart skipping a beat every time the telephone or the door-bell rang, until it seemed that once more she had built upon the sands.

Then—out of a clear sky the summons from Rudy came and she went to New York. He tried to get her on NBC but they wouldn't take her. So he persuaded WOB to give her a year's contract. About this time his mother died, his matrimonial troubles began and he had no time to look after his young protégée, so he turned her over to his manager, Ken Dolan, who has done a mighty good job of managing her, ever since.

One night at a party given for Cole Porter, Frances sang *Night And Day* which Porter had written. Walter Wanger heard her, instantly saw the girl's screen possibilities and signed a long term contract with her.

However, he planned to make only a few pictures a year, so he sold her contract to M-G-M, with the provision that he had the rights to her services for two pictures annually.

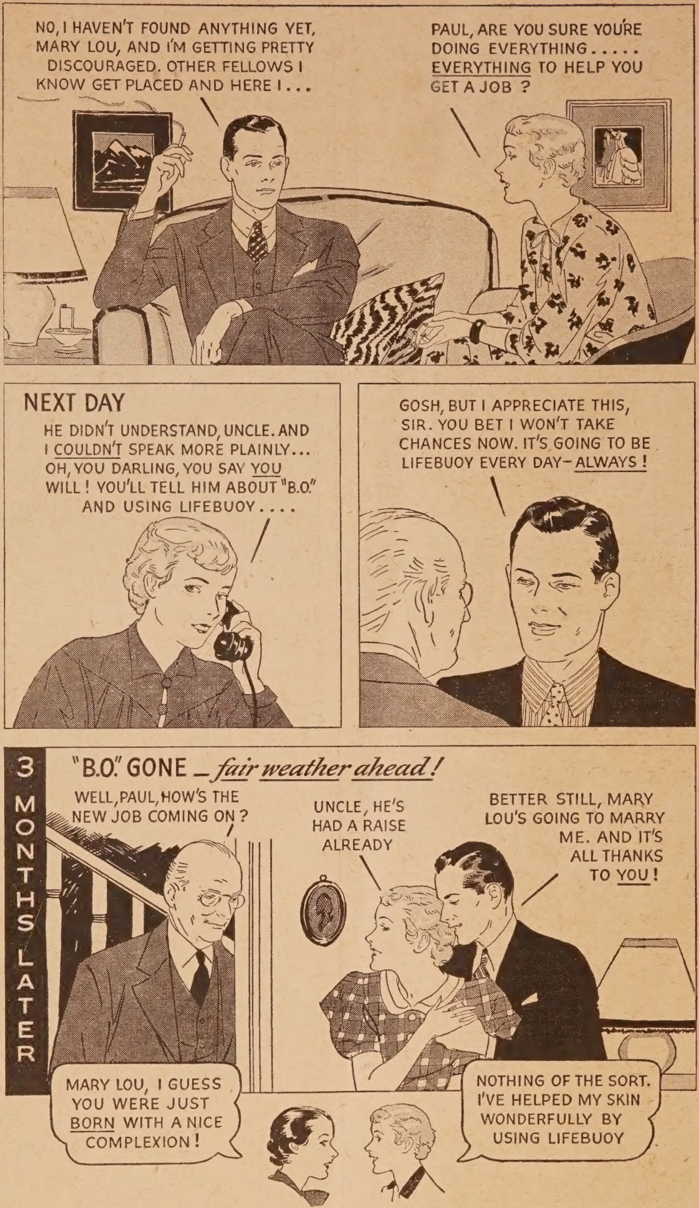
There is nothing of the "actress" about Frances. Looking at her, a frail slip of a girl—shy, simple, cute—weighing only 99 pounds, one wonders how so powerful, enormous and resonant a voice can possibly come from so slight a body. To be proportionate with her voice she ought to resemble Kate Smith. Breeding and background instilled into her a reluctance to talk about herself, but her simplicity is part of her charm.

She says it is a lot of fun making pictures, more interesting than radio, and she is getting a real thrill out of the work. But her greatest thrill is knowing that she can make up to her father and mother for the licking they took in that Florida toboggan, and she is working now toward putting aside enough to build them a beautiful home back in their beloved state.

At this writing, she is completing work in *Palm Springs*, in which, by the way, she receives stellar billing. Meanwhile, she keeps up her radio work as the co-star of Dick Powell, ye Guest Editor of SCREEN BOOK, in the now famous "Hollywood Hotel" Hour.

Frances, today, is on the way to the—heights—successful in every effort. But no "Open Sesame" to stardom can ever make her forget the horror of those days, a few years ago, when she saw all of her dreams collapse.

And no one, knowing her story can wonder that there are "tears behind the smile" of Frances Langford.

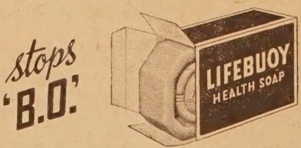

NO, I HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING YET, MARY LOU, AND I'M GETTING PRETTY DISCOURAGED. OTHER FELLOWS I KNOW GET PLACED AND HERE I . . .
PAUL, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE DOING EVERYTHING . . . . . EVERYTHING TO HELP YOU GET A JOB ?
NEXT DAY
HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, UNCLE. AND I COULDN'T SPEAK MORE PLAINLY... OH, YOU DARLING, YOU SAY YOU WILL ! YOU'LL TELL HIM ABOUT "B.O." AND USING LIFEBUOY . . . .
GOSH, BUT I APPRECIATE THIS, SIR. YOU BET I WON'T TAKE CHANCES NOW. IT'S GOING TO BE LIFEBUOY EVERY DAY—ALWAYS !
3 MONTHS LATER
"B.O." GONE — fair weather ahead!
WELL, PAUL, HOW'S THE NEW JOB COMING ON ?
UNCLE, HE'S HAD A RAISE ALREADY
BETTER STILL, MARY LOU'S GOING TO MARRY ME. AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU !
MARY LOU, I GUESS YOU WERE JUST BORN WITH A NICE COMPLEXION !
NOTHING OF THE SORT. I'VE HELPED MY SKIN WONDERFULLY BY USING LIFEBUOY

DISCOURAGED about your complexion? Change to Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather gently rids pores of impurities, freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." No wonder women say Lifebuoy is so kind to their complexions—keeps it so beautifully smooth and clear.

Summer freedom from "B. O."

Summer heat makes "B. O." (*body odor*) even more objectionable. Be doubly careful! *No one* can afford to take chances with "B. O." The merest hint of it is instantly noticeable. To keep *fresh, safe* all summer long, bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its searching, purifying lather *deodorizes* the pores, stops "B. O." Its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse. Another thing—Lifebuoy gives loads of rich lather, even in the hardest water.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


stops 'B.O.'
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

WRINKLES
BLACKHEADS
ENLARGED PORES

"I USED TO HAVE THEM TOO! UNTIL I TRIED THIS SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT."

HOLLYWOOD MASK

An entirely different cosmetic that accomplishes wonders in removing lines, wrinkles and blackheads. It restores the glow of health to your skin . . . making it radiantly youthful and beautiful . . . through stimulation of the underlying skin tissues. Its use is simple . . . and immediately effective. FREE OFFER—Limited time only—write today.

SEND COUPON

HOLLYWOOD MASK, Inc
105 W. Monroe Street
Chicago, Illinois

FREE OFFER

Please send me your FREE OFFER at once.

Name

Address

City State

At All 5 & 10c Stores, Leading Drug and Department Stores

GRAY HAIR!
The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

REMOVE Unsightly Hair

The dainty, pleasant way to remove hair from arms, legs and face. Velvet Mitten, as easy to use as a powder puff, gently rubs away the unsightly growth. Harmless...odorless...painless. Does not encourage re-growth. Leaves skin soft and velvety smooth. If your dealer hasn't them, send one dollar for 3 Velvet Mittens . . . a full summer's supply.

Velvet Mitten HAIR REMOVER

AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS 35¢ 3 for $1.00
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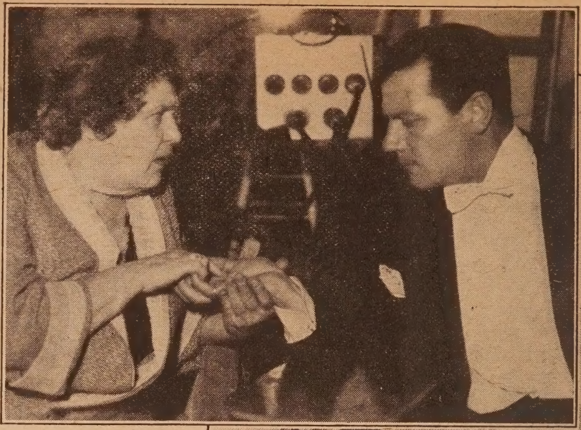
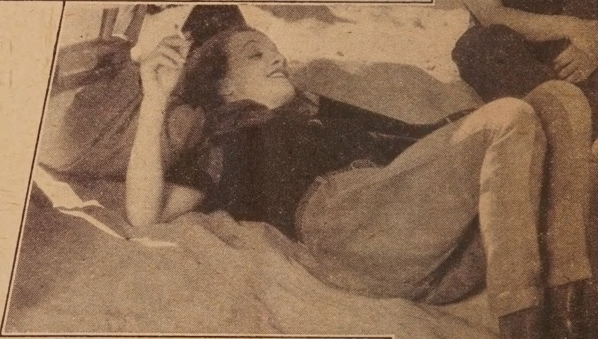
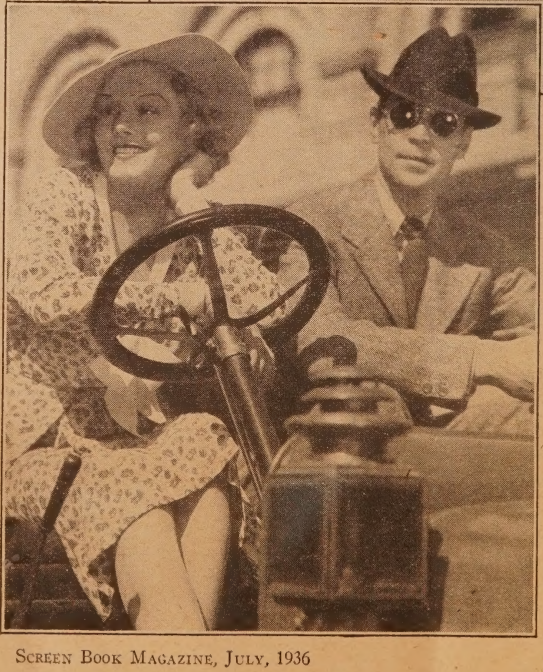
DON'T LOOK



Alison Skipworth reads Joel McCrea's palm and is alarmed at what she sees. This "grab" shot was taken at Universal on the *We Found Love* set



With the temperature in the desert soaring, the cast of *Garden of Allah* wards off sunstroke by taking a siesta beneath umbrellas. Marlene Dietrich gets down to earth as she lightly converses with Charles Boyer and Director Boleslawski

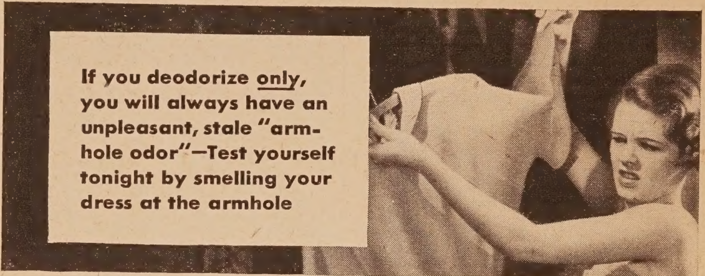


Watching the electricians, Jean Harlow rests on the wheel of the superannuated flivver she drives in *Suzy*. Franchot Tone, wearing dark glasses, detects the presence of your cameraman

NOW!

But when *they* aren't looking, peek at what the stars do between "takes"

"Do you want to make something of it?" asks Carole Lombard as she eyes a fashion sketch made by Travis Banton, who designs her personal as well as screen wardrobe



You may blush with shame **when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test**

If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

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I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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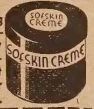
Sofskin also gives your throat and neck a smooth, white finish, without powder. Splendid as a powder base, manicure aid, for chapped or sunburned skin, for arms, legs.



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★★★★

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—embodies all the virtues of good entertainment. Gary Cooper, a small town tuba player, inherits $20,000,000 then turns philanthropist and as a result stands trial for insanity—when he pokes delicious fun at his accusers. See it and add "pixilated" to your vocabulary.—*Columbia.*

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR—Academic but interesting war on microbes waged by Paul Muni against French background, with fragile love tale. —*Warners.*

MODERN TIMES — Baggy-trousered Charlie Chaplin satirizes modern man caught in machinery of big business in his first film in five years. Chaplin wrote, directed, starred in and arranged music as well as determined to marry the heroine, Paulette Goddard.—*United Artists.*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY is a splendid little man trying to live up to the elegance of English crests after a babyhood of poverty. Freddie Bartholomew is a gentleman in the making, in the finest sense the expression implies.—*United Artists.*

★★★½

I MARRIED A DOCTOR—From Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, with Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson as doctor and wife in a small town.—*Warners.*

SUTTER'S GOLD—Epic adventure of Sutter's attempt to create an agricultural empire in Early California. Edward Arnold is the spirit of the character and has fine help from supporting cast. —*Universal.*

MOONLIGHT MURDER—Puzzler with novel motive and many laughs for those who get wallop from mystery films. Leo Carrillo stars.—*Metro.*

THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR—Transcontinental air passengers get mixed in mystery when blizzard forces ship down. Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, and ZaSu Pitts carry honors.—*Paramount.*

THE MOON'S OUR HOME—Grand comedy with Margaret Sullavan and real-life ex-husband Henry Fonda teamed for first time. She portrays a movie star and he a globe-trotting author who scorns movie stars. While both are traveling incognito they meet, fall in love, marry. Then truth outs and fun begins. Charlie Butterworth helps. —*Wanger-Paramount.*

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Time changes the course of true love for Preston Foster, a millionaire who thinks he can buy everything including Carole Lombard, who thought she was sweet on Cesar Romero.—*Universal.*

THESE THREE—Careless adults discuss emotional problems within earshot of an unpleasant little girl who carries the gossip, thus wrecking three lives. Is an off-shoot story, beautifully told of the "unnatural" love theme in "The Children's Hour."—*Sam Goldwyn.*

WIFE VS. SECRETARY—A wife's silent battle to keep her husband's love against the wiles of a sexy secretary. Myrna Loy is the wife and Jean Harlow the secretary. They war over Clark Gable, but don't all women?—*Metro.*

★★★★★—★★

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—Five stars for the quintuplets and two for the picture, the comedy being based on the jittery attitude of the father of the Dionne babies. Jean Hersholt's performance as Dr. Dafoe is sensitive, and the wee ones are adorable.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★★★

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—Jane Withers is an orphan who is continually in hot water for her crusading to better other orphans.—*20th Century-Fox.*

FARMER IN THE DELL—Fred Stone, Iowa farmer moved to California, puts his irascible wife and her movie ambitions in their place. Jean Parker is their daughter.—*RKO-Radio.*

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO—Romantic legend of bandit (Warner Baxter) Joaquin Murietta who wars against Gringoes who mistreated his family.—*Considine-M-G-M.*

CAPTAIN JANUARY—A lonely lighthouse keeper helps Shirley Temple dodge the truant officer.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

NEXT TIME WE LOVE—A newspaper correspondent's matrimonial problems with an actress, sympathetically and exquisitely treated. Margaret Sullavan is the star.—*Universal.*

DESIRE—A continental jewel thief finds love a gay experience under the tutelage of an American automobile salesman, he being Gary Cooper. Since Marlene Dietrich's escape from Josef von Sternberg's direction she reveals comedy qualities heretofore hidden.—*Paramount.*

MESSAGE TO GARCIA—Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles and Wallace Beery portray a famous old story in modern tempo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

SINGING KID—Broadway jilts Al Jolson and he fights his way back to fame with song.—*Warners.*

SMALL TOWN GIRL—Full of chuckles, some pathos is Janet Gaynor's plight as small town gal who marries charming Robert Taylor. Lewis is father-in-law and Binnie Barnes the other girl. —*Metro.*

BIG BROWN EYES—Joan Bennett, manicurist who knows all the answers, and detective boy-friend Cary Grant round up gang of murderous jewel thieves. Full of good wisecracks and exciting action.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

THE UNGUARDED HOUR—Strong mystery story revolving around man-and-wife Loretta Young and Franchot Tone, who is arrested as murder suspect. Tone gives topnotch performance and Roland Young deftly handles comedy relief.—*Metro.*

SNOWED UNDER—George Brent, playwright with only two acts, is snowed under with work, hero-worshipping Patricia Ellis and two ex-wives, Genevieve Tobin, No. 1, and Glenda Farrell, No. 2. Lively comedy farce.—*Warners.*

YELLOW DUST—Richard Dix in a gold-quest film. He comes west, saves the life of a prospector, fights stage-coach bandits and shoots it out with Onslow Stevens, a gambler, for the love of Leila Hyams.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★

DANCING FEET—Eddie Nugent, Isabel Jewell and Vince Barnett try to make a poor musical good.—*Republic.*

ROAD GANG—Serious drama goes hokum in grim revelations of prison brutality with Donald Woods as a newspaperman railroaded to jail in political feud.—*Warners.*

THE DESERT PHANTOM—Family friend turns out to be phantom killer, but apparently paralyzed father who sleep walks complicated things for Johnny Mack Brown.—*Supreme.*

THE LAW IN HER HANDS—Lawyer Margaret Lindsay jilts attorney suitor determined on a cahree-ah but later asks to be disbarred in favor of matrimony.—*Warners.*

SPEED—Inventor James Stewart cracks up in his racing car but is soothed by Wendy Barrie.—*M-G-M.*

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Irving Pichel does some nice work in an international spy ring. Exciting.—*Republic.*

THREE GODFATHERS—Desert rats adopt a baby.—*Metro.*

WALKING DEAD—If the name does not slay you, Boris Karloff probably will, as a musician electrocuted and brought back to life.—*Warners.*

★

PRIDE OF THE MARINES—Charlie Bickford is wasted for he can only look tough and growl. —*Columbia.*

Frank Reviews

[*Continued from page 23*]

Born to Fight
★★½

AN APPEALING story dealing almost entirely with boxers and their camp followers, adapted from Peter B. Kyne's fiction piece. Kane Richmond, ex-champ in hiding for hitting crooked-promoter Jack LaRue too hard, picks up Frankie Darro in a hobo jungle. He coaches and guides the little fighter toward championship, in the training camp owned and operated by pretty Frances Grant—and they are a lively trio. But the boy gets an exaggerated notion of his importance and deserts his guardian for another manager. After defeat he returns to his pals and wins the title in some exciting fight scenes and other melodramatic complications. Negro actor Snowflake, as Darro's second, prompts most of the laughs; he sings, too. Credit Jack LaRue, Sheila Manors and a small army of ring hangers-on for excellent characterizations.—*Produced by Conn.*

Dancing Pirate
★★★½

UNUSUAL for its gay satire and gorgeous color. The story is treated in a musical comedy manner, never meant to be taken seriously. The plot has a Boston dancing master shanghaied by pirates; he escapes to California. What the story lacks in reality it more than compensates in fun—there is a laugh at every turn. Charles Collins, new to the screen, plays the dancing master with charm, and there is no questioning his dancing ability. Steffi Duna, sings well, dances beautifully. Riotously funny is Frank Morgan's rôle. Luis Alberni, Jack LaRue and Victor Varconi lend excellent support. If you like broad satire in the best manner—and in beautiful color—see it.—*Produced by Pioneer-RKO.*

Devil's Squadron
★★

DEATH takes no holiday in this presentation of the hazards in the career of the fliers who test airplanes. Richard Dix is an aviator whose character is under shadow when he joins four pilots engaged to test a mysterious high-speed ship intended for sale to the Army. Misinterpretation of one of his acts brings complete disgrace and alienates the affections of Karen Morley, who comes from a flying family. But after a spectacular flight to save the girl's fiance from death, he is reinstated in her favor. Remarkable photography of several breath-taking and fatal crack-ups. It's a bit grim, but if you like aviation stuff you'll probably enjoy it.—*Produced by Columbia.*

Forgotten Faces
★★

TRAGEDY, full of suspense, co-starring Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael, both of whom handle grim, exacting rôles with supreme ability. The story, dealing with a convict's efforts to prevent his blackmailing wife from ruining their daughter's happiness, is unrelieved by comedy and will, perhaps, be judged too sordid by the average audience. But those who appreciate sincere drama will acclaim this production as one of the best of the year. Certainly, it establishes Gertrude Michael, hitherto overlooked, as a rising star.—*Produced by Paramount.*

IF YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

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When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight?* Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

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Player in 'THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND'

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Tuna Salad Barrie

A dainty dish by a dainty star . . . who knows her tuna as well as her klieg lights. You'll like this finer tuna, too! It's delicate in color and flavor

TUNA SALAD BARRIE

Shred one tin Breast-O'-Chicken Tuna Fish. Place in colander, pour boiling water over fish and drain. Combine with 2 tbsp. chopped stuffed peppers, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. pickle relish, 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. French dressing, and mayonnaise to hold together. Place in damp roll mold and chill one hour. Unmold on grill plate and garnish with sliced stuffed olives, parsley, radish roses, sliced tomatoes and lemon.

LOOK FOR THE BREAST O'CHICKEN BRAND LABEL when You Buy Tuna Fish

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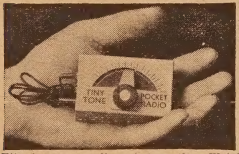

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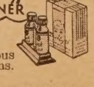

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Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 55]

vite a group of friends to party a bit. Usually three times the number invited showed up, ate her food, frolicked in the swimming pool and had a grand time. Which was all right with Alice until some of the uninvited guests began to carry off some of the interior decorations. That was the straw that broke the lease.

CHARLES FARRELL has just returned from making pictures in Australia. When Charles left for the Antipodes, the tennis club and cocktail bar which he and Ralph Bellamy operate at Palm Springs was in a flourishing condition with the season at its height. Bellamy was left to carry on and he too received an offer to make a series of personal appearances in the East at plenty of money. So he left. But Virginia Valli Farrell, the pretty and capable wife of Charles stepped right in, took charge of things and made the place even more popular than when the original owners were on hand. And that includes handling a big tennis tournament too.

DID YOU know that Robert Montgomery is more proficient at rope spinning and lasso-ing than many a movie cowboy? He practices on the set between takes. Wonder if we'll ever see his rope tricks on the screen?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN says he will not make another comedy—that he prefers serious drama. If he can find a suitable characterization he will make a talking picture and play a full speaking rôle. He intends to write, direct and produce a picture starring Paulette Goddard this summer.

TARZAN WEISSMULLER feels no obligation to clothes-convention when he selects his ensembles. Johnny can be seen wearing light green gabardine coat, light gray trousers, dark blue polo shirt, maroon necktie, and he carried a tan camel's hair coat. Oh, yes! he wears checkered socks.

ONE NEVER knows what will happen when a company goes on location. Recently *The Lost Horizon* company with Frank Capra directing went on location about 125 miles from Hollywood. On all location trips a truck carries wardrobe. This particular truck was stored in a garage and a fire broke out in the night.

The company hauled out the truck but not before many of the costumes were scorched.

Which necessitated 250 people being rushed back to the studio to be outfitted with new costumes.

Which meant plenty of time and money lost.

KATHARINE HEPBURN in *Mary of Scotland* has sort of amazed the folks around the studio by her willingness to cooperate in every way and leave her temperament at home.

The secret is that John Ford, her director, never let an actor or actress best him. It was he, you remember, who took Margot Grahame of *The Informer* down her first day on the set.

Miss Grahame had her own ideas as to how she would deliver a certain line. Ford has his ideas too.

"I was paid to direct this picture" said Ford. "What were you paid to do?"

That was all. Ford is a director who directs.

BILL ROBINSON, that ebony-hued marvel of terpsichore, turned down several weeks of vaudeville engagements at top salary because he had agreed to teach his little friend, Shirley Temple, some new steps for her forthcoming picture *Dimples.*

Likewise Bill is coaching a number of other film stars and he didn't want to desert them either. Robinson's income from teaching is well over four figures weekly.

BY THEIR splendid work recently in Pacific Coast tournaments Dick Arlen and Ruby Keeler have won the titles of filmdoms leading golfers. Arlen has competed in several tournaments with top notch golfers and got into the finals each time, while Miss Keeler fairly burned up the course during a recent golf tournament for women. Ruby got into the semi-finals which is going some, for they have some mighty fine golfers in Southern California.

SIMONE SIMON, the little French actress, brought to this country to play the rôle of "Cigarette" in *Under Two Flags* a rôle eventually played so well by Claudette Colbert, is returning to the screen to try again, this time in *Girls Dormitory.*

Studio officials claim the long rest enjoyed by Simone has entirely cured her of temperament.

ANITA LOUISE has gone to Europe, ostensibly to make a picture for Korda; but the wise ones in Hollywood claim that her trip is mostly to break up a budding romance with Ross Alexander. Incidentally Anita's mother is about to be married again.

SALLY RAND does get into the publicity limelight and this time not of her own doing. Seems Sally is at the San Diego Exposition doing her famous "Bubble Dance." Well, some kids have been watching the dance and popping the balloons with bird shot fired from miniature guns. It was all right when they hit, but when they missed, Sally received the full force herself. She became so perforated that she appealed to the management.

NAT PENDLETON, who plays "Sandow" in the film *The Great Ziegfeld* was once a famous wrestler and A. A. U. champion. Nat can still wrestle. Recently he inserted an ad in a Los Angeles paper agreeing to pay anyone $1,000 cash who would arrange a match for him with Man Mountain Dean the 317 pound wrestler appearing locally.

If the match is made Pendleton further agrees to give $1,000 to the Motion Picture Relief Fund if he fails to throw the Man Mountain ten times in an hour.

BECAUSE Winfield Sheehan former head of Fox Film was adding a mysterious wing to his estate at Hidden Valley 40 miles from Los Angeles the rumor spread that the

[*Continued on page* 79]

When Barbara Learned Love Doesn't Last!

[*Continued from page* 36]

side the sun was shining but there was no hint of its warmth and brilliance in this room. It was like the dim, cloistered recesses of some cathedral.

Barbara talks straight from the shoulder—man to man. Occasionally, instead of answering a question, she says, "Let's skip that one." Once she said, "I'm telling you a lot of things I don't expect you to print. I'm mentioning these things merely to try to make you understand my mental reactions."

She is one of the most honest, straightforward women any man will ever encounter. But in those days, despite her air of amiability, one got the feeling that here was a girl who desperately needed help. And despite the confidential things she was saying, despite her obvious honesty, you felt there were other things—even deeper, more personal, that she was keeping back—that she couldn't bring herself to to discuss. Despite her friendliness there was an impenetrable barrier about her that precluded the asking of personal questions, no matter what the motive behind them.

There was bitterness in Barbara in those days. The bitterness of a woman who knew someone she loved and trusted wasn't playing the game with her, and who was too proud to let anyone see that she knew. It was that bitterness—all those unspoken inhibitions and repressions that were holding her back.

She wasn't to blame. Women had slighted her when she first came out here. She had been invited to a couple of parties because she was Frank Fay's wife but once there her hostesses had paid no attention to her. She refused to go to any more. She withdrew more and more into herself—drew back farther and farther from Hollywood life. Her world was the studio and that depressing house with its dark walls and the high brick walls that surrounded the grounds.

Who wouldn't have been bitter?

It was only because she is a born fighter she could keep going. All her life she'd had to fight for everything she wanted and now she was waging her biggest fight for the thing that mattered most to her. She was losing, too, and she knew it. But she kept fighting.

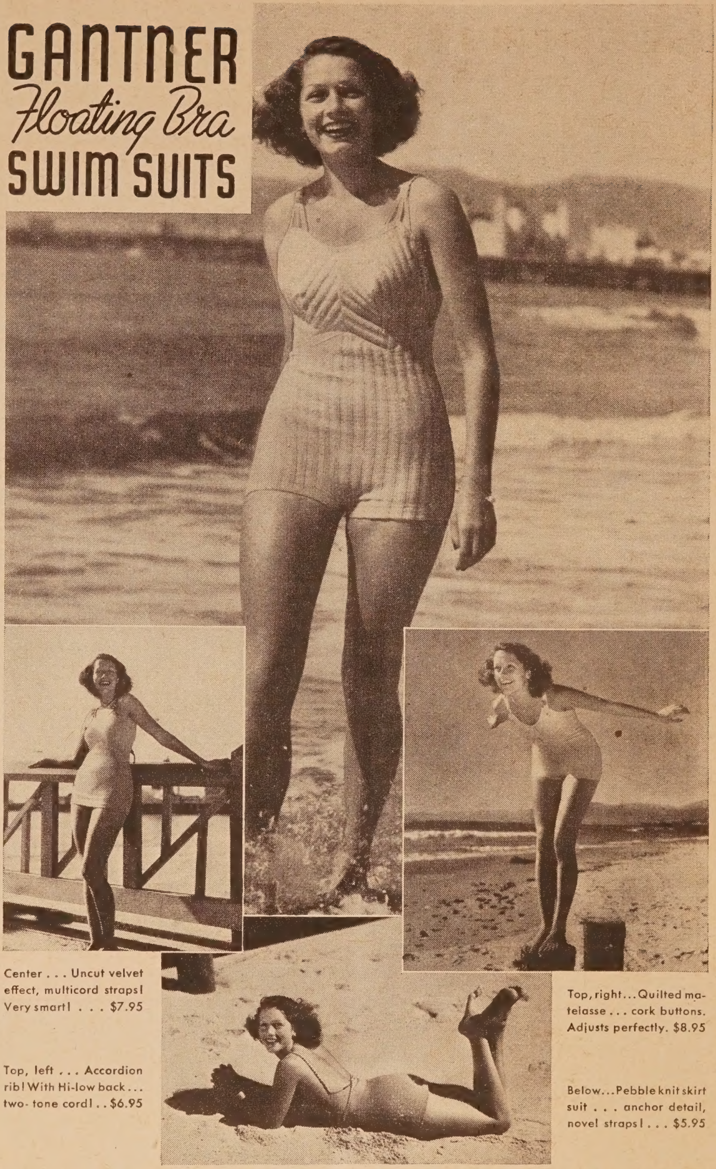
Suddenly it was all over. The separation no one believed possible had come. But it hadn't come soon enough. It had affected her work. That spark that used to characterize her in pictures was gone. She left the studio where she had been under contract.

And then, even more suddenly, still fighting, Barbara got hold of herself. She made a smashing hit in *Annie Oakley*. Not since her first big hit, *Ladies of Leisure*, had she given a performance like that.

AS IF that weren't enough, she learned to laugh. It had been a long time since anyone had heard her laugh—even in pictures. A twisted sort of smile was as close to it as she ever came. She began appearing at parties, at the Trocadero, at the fights—everywhere.

A friend of mine, who frequently goes to the night spots, remarked, "I saw Stan-

[*Continued on page* 66]



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Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS

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When Barbara Learned Love Doesn't Last!

[*Continued from page* 65]

wyck at the Troc the other night, having a high old time. I don't know anything that gives me the kick that seeing her enjoying herself does. She's had so little fun out here."

Pressed for an explanation of the change that has taken place in her, Barbara laughed.

"Oh, I'm a regular night-hawk now. I've been to the Troc about six times and go practically everywhere else I'm asked. I'm even going to the Grove to see Veloz and Yolanda dance! From being a recluse I've turned into a gadabout. I realize now that nobody was really trying to slight me and I've found if I give people half a chance they're more than willing to be friendly. All at once it seems like a pretty good old world."

"Is it because you're free?" I asked.

"Listen," she said gravely, "that's a phase of my life that's over. I don't want to talk about it but I'll tell you this much: these last few years have been pretty much surface living.

"I don't believe in divorce and heaven knows I never wanted it to happen to me. But when things reached the point where we couldn't go on any longer, there was just no other way out.

"There's one thing I want to stress, though: I don't think it was my fault and I don't know that it was Fay's particularly. And, above everything, I want to emphasize that Hollywood had nothing to do with it. It would have ended this way anywhere. It was simply that we had been happy together once but we were no longer happy together. So there seemed no other solution.

"I'M NOT being gallant. I never was. I don't regret those years."

Her present home is an English country style type of house. The sun streams through the windows, highlighting the white walls, accentuating the gay chintzes.

"I love English houses," she said simply, following my gaze. The memory of that other house with its gloomy walls rose like a spectre.

"Then, why," I began, but all at once, without her saying a word, I knew the whole story.

Fay had liked Spanish architecture so they'd had a Spanish house. Fay had liked dark paneling on the walls so they had dark paneling. Fay had wanted no part of Hollywood so they had lived by themselves. She'd had no life of her own. Her whole existence was devoted to making him happy. Whenever anything reflected unfavorably or seemed incomprehensible, Barbara had always let it seem it was what *she* wanted. Those stories of her great love for him were no gag. They were sincere.

In explanation of her sticking to him, let it be noted that not only was she desperately in love with Fay, but he is one of the most entertaining, one of the wittiest men in the country. And in Fay's defence, let it be said he was in a spot. He had been a big star in New York but he couldn't get a job in Hollywood. His wife was making a large salary and the gossip was that he was spending it all. Talk of that sort is death to any man's self-respect. He became morose and irritable. The more talk there was, the more bravado Frank showed.

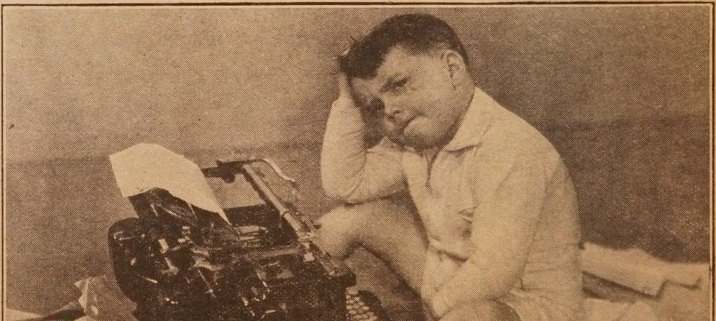
Now that they're apart, both are doing fine. Barbara has reached new heights in her late pictures. Fay has made a tremendous success on the radio in New York.

Somerset Maugham had a line in *The Circle* that went: "One sacrifices one's life life for love—and then finds that love doesn't last."

What wonder she had been bitter when she had sacrificed everything and saw that it still wasn't enough?

"I am not gallant. I never was!"

She is the most gallant lady I know!



"Spanky" MacFarland, the little child who leads all the rest in *Our Gang* comedies, regrets his avowed intention to answer some of his own fan mail. Critics say he stole acting honors from the adult cast in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*

Three people who heartily approve of one another—Mrs. MacMurray, her son Fred, and his fiancée, Lillian Lamont

Stardom—and Stooges

[*Continued from page 32*]

payday. Sometimes, it didn't—and Peter, the bartender, would lend her a bob or two to tide her over.

Now here she was again, back at the old place. Only now she was a guest—THE guest—of the place, instead of an employe. And she was famous. But she hadn't forgotten Peter.

AND when the emissary from the dining room found her, they were "Peter" and "Estelle"-ing each other.

"I sye, Estelle," Peter was telling her, "'adn't you better 'urry orf to your friends? They'll be expecting you."

"Friends?" asked Merle, "Peter, I really wonder. I mean—they're fine people, and all that, but they've come here to meet Merle Oberon, you see—and just for this moment, I'm being Estelle Thompson, again.

"And as Estelle, I'm being awfully happy, Peter, to greet an old friend—that's you. I *know* you're my friend, because you've often proved it in the past, and you still call me Estelle. But as for these others—Peter, *are* they really my friends? Or are they just people come to see Merle Oberon on exhibit? Or are they just some more stooges?"

Peter's eyebrows rose.

"Stooges?" he asked. "My word!—isn't that one of those Uhmeddican expressions? What, Estelle, does it mean?"

And then Merle explained. She ex-

[*Continued on page 68*]

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Stardom—and Stooges

[*Continued from page* 67]

plained to Peter in just about the same tenor as she told me, the other day, about the one thing stardom does *NOT* give. That's friends.

You get a lot of acquaintances, Merle finds, but virtually no friends. Most of them are stooges.

"Stooges," she tells, "are persons who are unwilling to make names for themselves, but always, like parasites, attach themselves to whomsoever is successful and important and thus themselves feel as if they, too, are important."

And Hollywood, she finds, is full of them.

NOW, don't misunderstand, from all this, that Merle is one of these sour, friendless souls who goes around finding reasons for his lack of friends. On the contrary, Merle Oberon is as likeable and as lovable a girl as there is in Hollywood, and she's got friends aplenty. But she has learned to realize that stardom *does* cost one friends — and because she is as open-hearted and friendly as a girl can be, it has hurt her.

"What hurts me," she says, "is my loss of the ability to differentiate between true friends and false. How can I help it? Poverty is the only real criterion. When friends stick with you and don't expect anything in return but your friendship—then they must be friends.

"But these others—these groups that crowd around success—I can't call them friends, can I?"

Even more painful to her is the fact that stardom has, inescapably, cost her some of the friends she used to have. No longer is she "Queenie" to them, as they used to call her. Now she's the big star—and in their letters, when they write, she discerns a strained quality. No longer do they address her on terms of equality, but rather with a consciousness of awe, of distance, of a gulf that has opened between them, now that Merle has become famous. Why, even her old schoolteacher in Calcutta, India, who used to correspond with her regularly and address her as "Dear Estelle," now starts her letters with "Dear Miss Oberon"—and no longer does she retail to Merle the doings and gossip of her old companions back there; instead, the teacher asks about Hollywood, and asks for autographs and pictures of stars. "I've lost a friend," says Merle, "and added a fan."

Countering all this, however, is one friend who'll never change. And Merle isn't taking any chances, either, of losing that friend. It's this way:

When Merle first came to England from India, with her army-captain uncle, he took her to visit, for a while, at the home of Captain C. P. Dainty, a fellow officer. Dainty had a daughter, Ruth, about Merle's age. They clicked, like that—and became close friends. When Merle's uncle returned to India, leaving her in London after she had pleaded and cajoled him into "staking" her for a try at movies, it was Ruth Dainty who stood by and encouraged her. When Merle needed clothes, Ruth loaned her some from her own wardrobe. When Merle's money ran out, and she found that her "friends" did, too, Ruth Daintv was the single one who didn't quit her.

TODAY, Merle's constant companion is that same Ruth Dainty. Only now she has changed her name to Ruth Fraser—simply because people won't believe it's really Dainty, and used to kid her about it. Ruth found it easier to change her name than to insist it was truly hers.

Merle pays Ruth a good salary—to be her companion, her secretary, her critic. And when she says critic, she means it. Because never has Ruth let Merle's success and fame change her. She still tells Merle off, when and if she needs it—about clothes, about rôles, about her friends, about men, about servants, about all the things on which a woman sometimes needs advice.

"—because she was the same when I was just a little extra, trying to get along, and that's more than I can say for most people. And her advice and criticism, frank as it is sometimes, is of more value to me than all the honeyed words and praise and adulation of the stooges who flutter about."

Merle goes about less in Hollywood than most stars. She hardly ever is to be seen at a night club. When she gives parties, they are small affairs—with a guest list that usually includes Norma Shearer, the Sam Goldwyns, Constance Collier.

Norma Shearer is one of her closest friends. And so is Jean Harlow. These were two who did not cold-shoulder the little girl from England when she first came to Hollywood. Maybe that first Hollywood experience of hers has had much to do with Merle's attitude and reaction to Hollywood friendships.

"They were the two who were kind to me when everybody else seemed trying to snub me," Merle explains. "They weren't putting on an act for me. They were being themselves. They are like that—sincere, warm and kind."

You see, it was after she'd made a hit in English films that Darryl Zanuck brought her to America to appear in the filmized Folies Bergere, with Maurice Chevalier.

"I was utterly bewildered at everyone's hostility! It frightened me. And finally, I went into seclusion."

That was the six-weeks period when Merle began to be whispered about, in Hollywood, as that bizarre creature from India, who stays in hiding. Finally, she accepted an invitation to go out.

"And do you know, I'd become so fearful that I stayed close to one person in the room, whom I regarded as a friend, and asked what man I might smile at and at which ones I shouldn't!"

TODAY Merle's house is right next to Norma Shearer's, on Santa Monica beach, where that small exclusive colony of film biggies lives. Merle and Norma spend hours together, sunbathing. Absolute worshiper of Merle is Norma's little son, Irving Thalberg, Junior.

As for boy friends, Merle is very canny.

[*Continued on page* 70]

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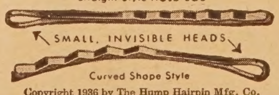

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That Moscow influence sweeps over the Paramount Studio gymnasium as Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney and Tom Brown go into the whirlwind finish of a Russian dance. It's all for the sake of exercise—but if it looks easy, try it some day

Stardom—and Stooges

[*Continued from page 69*]

In Hollywood, she could have her pick of escorts. But she's not having any. She's not being fooled by the flattery and the adulation of Hollywood's handsome heroes. She's sticking pretty close to the fellow-Englishman who knew her when —David Niven.

Like Merle, Dave is under contract to Sam Goldwyn. Like Merle, he's known his ups and downs. Like Merle, he has struggled against bad luck, against big odds, toward the film success he wants, as she does. Back in London, when both wondered where their next guinea might come from, he and Merle used to share luck, good or bad, as it came. And it's that same David Niven whom Merle still keeps as her steadiest boy friend in Hollywood, despite the overtures and the importunings of Hollywood's handsomest. She'd rather stay at home, listening to some hilarious yarn of Dave's—like the time he delivered laundry in a Rolls Royce town car, borrowed from a friend, so he could make enough money to pay off his Waldorf-Astoria bill in New York! —than step out to the Mayfair or the Trocadero with some femme-slaying hero of the films. Because she knows Dave is her friend—and she's not sure that the others are.

As a matter of fact, Dave is more than a friend. That is, he wants to be. He wants to be Merle's husband. But Merle hasn't made up her mind to that, as yet.

AND Merle, having learned the bitter truth that stardom *does* cost one friends, appreciates that deeply.

"Mind you, there are scores of people around Hollywood — men and women, both—who cluster around you when your star is in the ascendancy, and make you want to believe that their friendships are real. They're amusing; they're charming —but they *aren't* real. Why, these people didn't seem to feel that I had great wit or scintillating charm when I was just starting out, a few years ago. They didn't hover around me then, laughing at my every sally, applauding my every remark, agreeing with everything I said. But now, when I'm Merle Oberon, movie star, there's a group of them around me, ready to compliment me *ad nauseam.*

"It isn't Hollywood alone. I found the same thing in England, when I went back there a few months ago, after my success in *The Dark Angel.* They had the bands out to meet me—quite different from my previous entries. And I found that people I barely remembered having casually been introduced to, were now suddenly my greatest pals. Girls who had virtually kicked me now patted me. Casting directors who had refused to see me, were whispering that I was their discovery!

"And there were always the scores of strangers, wishing me well, calling themselves my friends. How can one differentiate between the true and the false? It's a problem I don't know how to solve. If I could only don a disguise and go back among my 'friends' to hear how they talk behind my back—but that might be unpleasant . . .

"Perhaps it's better merely to go on, accepting flattering and not believing any of it—but loving all of it. That is, so long as you have one real friend like Ruth Fraser, who'll always tell you the truth, no matter how it hurts."

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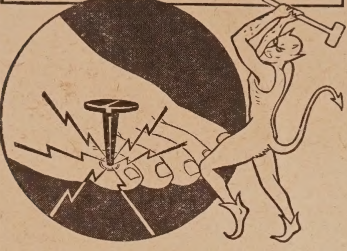

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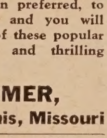

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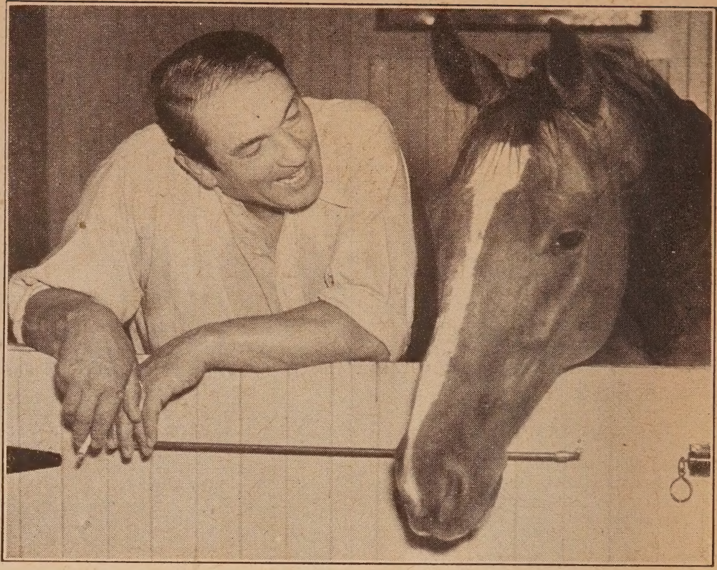

On-screen a hard-boiled rough-neck, off-screen a gentleman farmer, Victor McLaglen has created a paradise on his ranch in the Sierra Madre foothills. Between pictures, he spends the major portion of his time caring for his prize horses and dogs. His aviary is a Southern California show-place

Daisy Tells All!

[*Continued from page* 42]

been in touch with her daily, and if you don't know a person pretty thoroughly after two solid years of constant association then you'll never know them, says me. Says you? Then we agree on that.

I believe, and I know I am right, that I know Joan Blondell better than she knows herself. I know all of her faults and all of her virtues along with the many ramifications of both, and if you do not think there are ramifications then let me tell you this: Joan is one of the sanest people I ever knew . . . but she's nuts! She is the epitome of impracticality but in a crisis is as practical as need be. She is not in the least domestic but can bring more charm to a house that she lives in than anyone I ever saw. One of her greatest virtues is her generosity, and at the same time one of her greatest faults. She is kindness itself but she can cut you down with a word. Does all this sound confusing and complex? It is, and like Joan, it isn't. It can all be explained in one word . . . ACTRESS!

I SAID that Joan was the epitome of impracticality. Dear reader, she doesn't know the difference between a bank holiday and the fourth of July! A check is a piece of paper one signs to buy something with. If you happen to mention to her that there has to be actual cash in the bank to cover the check, or that the bank book shows that there is only one hundred dollars left, and that she has checked five hundred and twenty, the business-like Miss B. does not fly into a panic; neither does she feel it at all necessary to inform the bank of her mistake. She just says: "Oh, for goodness sake. Well, I'll just write this one more check . . . that'll make six hundred and thirty!" Then all I have to do is rush around to the bank, deposit the extra money, and explain in my awfully cute way, "Don't mind Miss Blondell. She's an actress, you know!" With that speech I hand over the missing money and leave, with the bank convinced that I am not Joan Blondell's secretary but Gracie Allen's brother!

Big business, according to Brand-New-Deal Blondell, is entirely too complicated and wastes a lot of everybody's time. She is in a hurry and sees no reason why a department store wants to go to all that trouble of forcing saleswomen to make out those fool sales checks. Why in the world, Joan wants to know, does she have to sign eighty-three cards and give her mother's maiden name just because she wants a telephone installed? "I have to wait three days to get the phone!" she exclaims to Mr. Bell. "Why that's ridiculous! Can't you just send me the phone? . . . I'll attach it myself!" I think she would, too.

Joan recently sold the house she had been living in. Give-me-the-money,-here's-the-house is all the deal entailed as far as Joan was concerned. Escrow! "What in the name of goodness is that?"

"Well," one explains to her, "when one sells a house the money goes to escrow until all taxes are cleared and any debts, like a mortgage or anything, is deducted. After that is all cleared up, then one gets his money."

"It's awfully funny to me!" she comes back with, "I gave 'em the house . . . I don't see why they just can't give me the money and move in!"

And so escrow and the many routine details of all business will always remain a mystery, a bother, and something utterly silly to Warner Bros.' Public Golddigger number one.

Earlier in this great literary effort of mine, I remarked that the many ramifications of Joan's qualities could be explained with the one word, "actress!"

THAT one word, "actress," in discussing Joan Blondell, causes me to go soft and delay the sparks for awhile. Because acting, as one of the talents, is a thing apart from one's ordinary character or disposition. One can be stark, staring mad, figuratively speaking; the next thing to illiterate or a one-man brain trust. One either has a talent for acting or one hasn't! Joan Blondell has!

"Well, we know that," you are saying. "Get on with the dirt!"

I'll get on with the dirt, but remember, this is the first time I have had a chance to talk in public, and I've an awful load to get off my chest . . . especially where Joan's acting ability is concerned.

SO! Will you show me another girl in Hollywood who during one year has played a rip roaring golddigger, a straight dramatic part, a high comedy rôle, has sung and danced in a musical comedy—and been darn effective in all of them? Just for a topper, and to clinch my argument, you will soon be seeing her as a French peasant . . . accent and all . . . in *Sons O' Guns* with Joe E. Brown. THAT, my friends, is talent with a capital T.

I do not believe that it ever has occurred to Joan that she might be a little more gifted than most of her contemporaries; it all comes under the head of acting with Joan. Acting is her job and she goes ahead and does it the same way a good cook turns out anything from a pot roast to a pan of biscuits . . . all in the day's stride.

IF I have been any help to Joan as a secretary I think it is mostly because I have been able to bolster her spirits from time to time . . . and those times are often . . .when she is sure that she is slipping in her film career. Or when she returns from the preview of one of her pictures and is thoroughly disgusted with her performance. I point out her many qualifications as an actress, tell her why she will still be in pictures twenty years from now . . . and I think she will. I go over again how much she has to offer in comparison with this one or that one. By the time I get through I have brought in Bernhardt, Dusé, Cornell, and Helen Hayes. I become inspired by my own gab and finally get Joan to the point where she is practically convinced that no greater actress ever lived. She is ready to fly, by that time, over to the studio, bombard the Messrs. Warner and tell them how good she is and that they should do something about it. Before she is able to get her coat and hat on, however, her sense of humor gets the best of her. "I know I'm awfully good, and too beautiful for words," she'll say, "but I'd better go study my new lines before I'm fired!"

I wish Joan would take herself a little more seriously. That's the curse of too great a sense of humor. It's the egomaniacs in most cases that have forced themselves up from the mob; have taken themselves, and their oftentime mediocre talents, so seriously that they

[*Continued on page* 74]

Minnesota's Famous Playground

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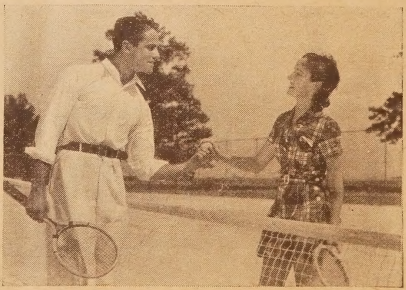

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Follow this treatment for Constipation —gives relief in 1 hour

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Othine Double Strength is no experiment! 25 years of steady demand prove its popularity. Get Othine from your drug or department store. **Sold on money-back guarantee.**

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

Daisy Tells All

[*Continued from page 73*]

have been able to hypnotize the world into believing that what they had to offer was of great value.

DO YOU think you could ever get Miss Blondell, the picture star, to drive on the studio lot in one of those low-slung town cars, chauffeured by a man in livery, and alight followed by a maid, a secretary, a couple of Pekinese, and maybe a man or two? Not on your life you couldn't! Well, there are others out here that do it, and get away with it. And don't think the onlookers, including the studio people aren't impressed. They are! I'm impressed myself!

I'll tell you exactly what would happen if I, or anyone else, ever got La Blondell to that stage. She would drive up all right. But as soon as the man in livery opened the limousine door, pretty Miss Blondell would just poke her head out and yell, "Hey! Get a load o' me!"

Once or twice I have, in my secretarial and sort of mother-knows-best capacity, ventured to remonstrate with her at these times. I'll meekly venture: "Do you think you ought to sit at a lunch counter with the noon time crowd?" Or I'll say: "If you are going shopping today, why not dress up stinkin' and simply slay the multitudes! You know, be the big picture star!"

The Madame just turns one of those wide-eyed looks on me; conjures up Gracie Allen, and says: "WHY?"

I haven't any answer for that.

AND then it strikes me that that very quality in Joan, the quality that asks "why"—why should she not sit at a lunch counter, or why should she be driven about in state or for that matter conduct herself any differently from anyone else—that very quality, I believe, is as much responsible for her screen success as any talent or any physical appeal that she may possess.

In the parlance of the theatre that quality is called "warmth." Joan possesses it to a tremendous degree. It is proven by her fan mail . . . yes, I see all of it. There is not a day goes by that some young girl, some married woman, or even a woman old enough to be her mother, doesn't write to ask her advice about this problem or that; or tell her their troubles because "You seem such a natural person, Miss Blondell, and so understanding."

I believe it is that quality of utter naturalness and what I call back-fence neighborliness that will be responsible, along with her ability to act, for keeping Joan in pictures as long as she cares to remain in them. And, boys and girls, she will care to remain in them until the day she dies. That one is pure sawdust, theatre, and celluloid! She loves it! You will, in all likelihood be forced to listen to your grandchildren tell you about that funny old lady, Joan Blondell, in the picture they saw that week.

"Good heavens!" you'll say to your grandchild, "is SHE still in pictures! Why I remember her when I was a child of ten! She must be a hundred and ninety!"

And if she is, and alive, Joan Blondell will still be acting . . . wheel chair and all.

With those few words, my avid readers, I take my leave.

Thanks, Dick, for the use of the hall!

Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson—Ruby Keeler to you—present a super-epic attraction entitled Al, Jr., whose future, with such entertainers as parents and preceptors, probably includes a vast amount of grease paint. Rumor says Al and Ruby will adopt another baby

Preston Foster has been keeping "his eye on the ball" in forwarding his screen career as well as in playing handball. Thanks to his excellent work in *Love Before Breakfast,* he has a new starring contract

Stand Aside, Creature!

[*Continued from page* 29]

who hadn't had a lot of practice, and one night got very, very angry at a beautiful blonde who was having a whimsical wrestle with her husband. She never again asked the lady to her house. But shortly afterward the beautiful blonde became the wife of another English star, and she retaliated by refusing to let her new husband play on the first star's cricket team. And so a furor shook the English colony in Hollywood—for to an Englishman, cricket is far more serious than the star business. So they took to standing around in corners, pulling their chins gloomily and repeating sadly, "These women!"

But there are not many cases like this, because for the most part the wives of the stars are not jealous of other women. Surrounded as the men of Hollywood are by beautiful girls they probably grow immune to feminine loveliness—anyway if a wife started to be jealous she'd see so much attractiveness around her husband that she'd not know where to begin to worry.

Nevertheless it is a problem, as Mrs. Pat O'Brien said laughingly, to know just what to do when an adoring female is a having a good gush over one's loved one. Whether to bite the nails! Whether

[*Continued on page* 76]

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writes Kansas City Lady

"I lost 50 pounds," writes Mrs. J. Schafer, 1029 Jackson Street, Kansas City, Missouri, "everything else failed but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded! My doctor pronounces me in better health than for years and I feel better in every way." Mrs. G. Ryer, Reg. Nurse, Dayton, O., writes, "Lost 47 lbs.! Most satisfactory results." Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, also highly recommends RE-DUCE-OIDS as the SAFE and effective way to reduce. Mrs. P. Tyler, Crandon, Wis., writes, "I lost 68 lbs. Feel like a new woman." Others write of reductions as great as 80 lbs., and report **feeling better** right from the start. RE-DUCE-OIDS are effective but SAFE—contain **no** dangerous dinitrophenol. They are easy to take—in tasteless capsules.

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Stand Aside, Creature!

[*Continued from page 75*]

to remark moodily that it looks like good golfing weather! "Unfortunately you cannot give the offending lady a stout shove and say, 'Stand aside, Creature, this is my man!' Definitely this is never done, however much a poor wife may wish to lift the offender by her hair and quietly deposit her in the nearest garbage pail, all she can do is to smile as prettily as nature will allow her to do—and wait."

NATURE has allowed Mrs. O'Brien to smile very prettily indeed. One night Pat told his wife that he wanted her to ask an old friend of his to dinner. The woman was an old time star—a typical prima donna who had once had the world at her feet, and now that she was no longer so sought after—was still unable to realize that any woman other than herself had any right to exist.

Pat didn't tell his wife all this. Man-like, he had never noticed it, so Mrs. O'Brien was unprepared to have the lady walk into her drawing room with both hands outstretched—solely to Pat.

Mrs. O'Brien found herself patting her hair as if she wanted to reassure herself that she was really there. She listened to some overpowering reminiscences of the days when her guest was world famous, and Pat was just an ambitious nobody. It was perfectly clear that the lady felt the situation was still unchanged.

After a while the lady pulled herself out of her self-absorption long enough to say, "But I hear you have a baby. I must see it."

So they took her to the nursery.

"Pat! How wonderful. But you're wonderful, Pat! You certainly deserve a lot of credit."

Mrs. O'Brien bent over her baby to hide a smile as she *didn't* say, "I thought I—at least had a little to do with this!"

A sense of humor is a help. Mrs. John Boles took a long distance call from Texas one night. It was for her husband, but he wasn't in. "But I must speak to Mister Boles," said an agitated feminine voice. "I simply must."

"This is Mrs. Boles. Can't I take the message?"

There was a short gasp. "Mrs. Boles? Oh no, no! You wouldn't understand."

"Perhaps I would," said Mrs. Boles.

"The fact of the matter is, Mrs. Boles, I can't stand it any longer. I'm simply crazy about John Boles."

"Well, I feel exactly the same way," said Mrs. Boles. "What makes you think I couldn't understand *that?*"

After that the little Texas girl decided that she liked Mrs. Boles almost as well as Mr. Boles. And so tact and good-humor won a real friend. These very necessary qualities are essential not only to the wives of stars but to the stars themselves in their public relations. With the spotlight always on them, they must learn to control their emotions.

For instance, when Carole Lombard meets Bill Powell at a party they greet each other with aplomb like the good friends they are, yet both of them know that the world is watching and saying, "Does she remember?" . . . "Does he mind seeing her with another man?" . . . "Is she jealous of Jean Harlow?" These are all vain questions. They are small problems bound up with the petty thought: what are people saying?

Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda are seen together at the movies. They play together in a picture. The town buzzes: Will they marry again?

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior comes to town—and goes to dinner with the Franchot Tones, and Hollywood remembers that Douglas and Joan were formerly married, and has a thousand things to say.

And so the stars have learned to be cagey—to cover their emotions with a social manner. Both stars and their wives have found it necessary to turn a brightly polite and blankly pleasant countenance toward the world—so that behind this refuge they may do exactly as they please. And if this sounds sinister, it is a fact that most of them please to lead the same life that any normal individual wants.

If ever you've doubted that Ginger Rogers is an expert swimmer as well as a marvelous dancer, just note the perfection of the crawl stroke she was using when this picture was taken by our omni-present camera sleuth. She will next be seen in *Never Gonna Dance* with Fred Astaire

Shopping Guide

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- **Baltimore, Maryland**
  - The May Company
  - Schleisner Co., Inc.
- **Worcester, Massachusetts**
  - Denholm & McKay Co.
- **Detroit, Michigan**
  - J. L. Hudson Co.
- **Flint, Michigan**
  - Smith Bridgeman & Co., Inc.
- **Grand Rapids, Michigan**
  - A. May & Sons, Inc.
  - Wurzburg Dry Goods Co.
- **Jackson, Michigan**
  - L. E. Oppenheim Co.
- **Lansing, Michigan**
  - J. W. Knapp Co.
- **Duluth, Minnesota**
  - Duluth Glass Block Store Co.
- **Minneapolis, Minnesota**
  - John W. Thomas Co.
- **St. Paul, Minnesota**
  - Schuneman's & Manheimer's
- **Biloxi, Mississippi**
  - The Specialty Store
- **Gulfport, Mississippi**
  - Geo. E. Northrop Co.
- **Kansas City, Missouri**
  - John Taylor Dry Goods Co.
  - Kline's, Inc.
  - Palace Clothing Co.
- **St. Joseph, Missouri**
  - Plymouth Clothing Co., Inc.
- **St. Louis, Missouri**
  - Famous & Barr Co.
- **Lincoln, Nebraska**
  - Miller & Paine, Inc.
- **Omaha, Nebraska**
  - Nebraska, Clothing Co.
- **Manchester, New Hampshire**
  - Pariseau's, Inc.
- **Atlantic City, New Jersey**
  - Homberger's
- **Asbury Park, New Jersey**
  - Steinbach-Kresge Co.
- **Newark, New Jersey**
  - Hahne & Co.
- **Buffalo, New York**
  - E. W. Edwards & Son, Inc.
- **New York City, New York**
  - Emily Shops
  - James McCreery & Co.
- **Niagara Falls, New York**
  - McLeod-Johnson Co., Inc.
- **Rochester, New York**
  - E. W. Edwards & Son, Inc.
- **Syracuse, New York**
  - E. W. Edwards & Son, Inc.
- **Yonkers, New York**
  - Fertig's Specialty Shops, Inc.
- **Asheville, North Carolina**
  - M. V. Moore & Co.
- **Charlotte, North Carolina**
  - Efird's Dept. Store, Inc.
- **Durham, North Carolina**
  - The Ellis-Stone Co.
- **Greensboro, North Carolina**
  - Vanstory Clothing Co., Inc.
- **Raleigh, North Carolina**
  - E. J. Ellisberg
- **Winston-Salem, North Carolina**
  - Anchor Co.
- **Akron, Ohio**
  - M. O'Neil Company
- **Cincinnati, Ohio**
  - Kline's, Inc.
- **Cleveland, Ohio**
  - The May Co.
- **Dayton, Ohio**
  - Johnston-Shelton Co. (The Home Store)
- **Steubenville, Ohio**
  - Cooper-Kline Co.
- **Toledo, Ohio**
  - The Lion Dry Goods Co.
- **Youngstown, Ohio**
  - Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
- **Muskogee, Oklahoma**
  - Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
- **Oklahoma, Oklahoma**
  - John A. Brown Dry Goods Co.
- **Tulsa, Oklahoma**
  - Brown-Dunkin Co., Inc.
- **Portland, Oregon**
  - Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
- **McKeesport, Pennsylvania**
  - The Famous Co., Inc.
- **Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**
  - Kaufmans' Dept. Stores, Inc.
- **New Castle, Pennsylvania**
  - Fisher Bros. Dry Goods Co.
- **Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**
  - James S. Jones Co., Inc.
  - Stern & Co.
- **Uniontown, Pennsylvania**
  - Wright-Metzler Co.
- **Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania**
  - Justin Bergman
- **Providence, Rhode Island**
  - Irving Nager
  - The Outlet Co.
- **Charleston, South Carolina**
  - Kerrison Dry Goods Co.
- **Greenville, South Carolina**
  - Ivey-Keith Co.
- **Knoxville, Tennessee**
  - Anderson-Dulin-Varnell Co.
- **Memphis, Tennessee**
  - John Gerber Co.
  - Levy's
  - B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
  - J. Goldsmith & Sons
- **Abilene, Texas**
  - Ernest Grissom, Inc.
- **Amarillo, Texas**
  - Blackburn Bros., Inc.
- **Austin, Texas**
  - E. M. Scarbrough & Sons
- **Beaumont, Texas**
  - White House Dry Goods Co.
- **Corpus Christie, Texas**
  - A. D Eidson
  - The Smart Shop
- **Dallas, Texas**
  - La Mode Ready To Wear, Inc.
  - A. Harris & Co.
  - W. A. Green Co.

[*Continued on page 80*]

SKINNY FOLKS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK

—with new 3-way treatment

SCIENCE DISCLOSES 3 REASONS WHY THOUSANDS ARE SKINNY

Thousands Gain Firm Normally Attractive Flesh

IF you are one of those skinny, rundown people who seldom attract friends, here's wonderful news. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained solid, normally attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new 3-way discovery quickly brought normal pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Doctors now find that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

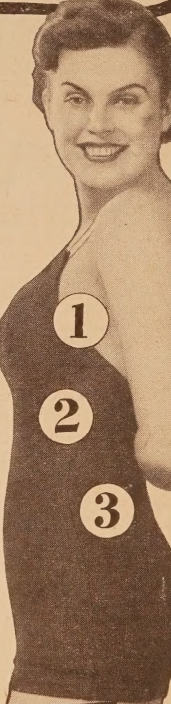
If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

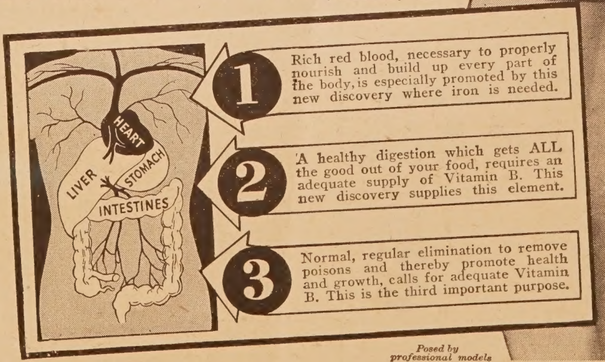
Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.



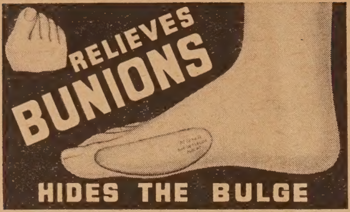


1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food, requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth, calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third important purpose.

Posed by professional models



To enjoy relief from painful bunions, wear *Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.* Molded of pure, soft rubber, worn invisibly. It reduces the swollen part by the natural process of absorption; hides the unsightly bulge and preserves the shapliness of your shoes. 50c each.

For wear *outside* the stocking, *Dr. Scholl's Bunion Protector.* Made of leather with soft felt padding to protect joint from shoe pressure and preserve shape of shoes. 75c each. Sold at all drug, shoe and dept. stores. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "The Bunion", to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 430 West Schiller St., Chicago.

Dr Scholl's
FOOT COMFORT APPLIANCES
AND REMEDIES FOR ALL FOOT TROUBLES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks. Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion acting as an agent to assist Nature has brought happiness to thousands. ***Permits natural strengthening of the weakened muscles.*** Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.
BROOKS COMPANY, 139A State St., Marshall, Mich.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast, safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

My Four Years In Hollywood

[*Continued from page 26*]

Bilson, who makes the "trailers" for Warner Brothers' pictures, to make a short special trailer, showing me saying goodbye to members of the company. He was good enough to agree and asked Mary Brian if she would work with me in that special "trailer." That was the start of a fine friendship.

I drove back to Pittsburgh in the yellow roadster, wearing the yellow sweater, but I left the knickers at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where they may be yet for all I know.

Then I spent the most anxious weeks of my life, waiting to know if the studio liked my work and intended to exercise the option they had taken on my future services. Eventually the news came; a telegram telling me to report within four days for another picture. I wired back that I couldn't make it. They were generous and allowed me six days instead of four. I got to Hollywood just under the wire and waited six weeks before I was given anything to do. That was on loan-out to Fox in a picture with Will Rogers, called *Too Busy to Work.* Nothing I can say about Will Rogers will add any luster to a great name. But that picture was an experience I never shall forget. I didn't sing in that picture, but Rogers did. I'm afraid I didn't help the picture much but Will Rogers helped me a great deal. I find myself repeating to others the advice he gave to me.

A PITTSBURGH newspaper had asked me to write my impressions of Hollywood. I had been too busy during the first short stay, but during the first six weeks of watchful waiting after my second arrival I did send back my "impressions," painfully picked out on my portable typewriter. I've just been looking them over. Here is a sample:

"I wanted to see everything, do everything all at once. I drove for miles and miles. I passed every studio, and stopped at each one to see the stars go through the gates and come out again.

"It was as if I were a visitor here, and had to pack in everything in a day or two. I went to the Brown Derby for lunch. That's where most of the stars congregate. I couldn't eat because I was craning my neck so much, staring at everybody that came in and following them with my eyes until they had been seated. The stars all knew the other stars, and they would flit back and forth between their tables to pass a few words of conversation. I wondered if some day, maybe they would stop at my table, say, 'How are you, Dick? How's it going?' and inquire about my next picture, etc., etc. Gee, I hope they do. I'm going to try my best to make that possible.

"Then at night I went to the Cocoanut Grove, where movie people dine and dance. Once more, I was all eyes. My neck was stiff from stretching so I could see who was who and what was what. Norma Shearer was there and so was Dolores Del Rio. I followed them about the floor—optically I mean—like a watchdog. Soon I found people at nearby tables staring at me as if to say, "Wonder who that hick is?"

But I couldn't help it. I was in Hollywood, the place of my dreams and I wasn't going to miss a thing. I didn't care what they said, what they thought.

I had heard so much about Hollywood's wild parties that I expected to see the crowd at the Grove wind up in some kind of orgy. But I was disappointed. You never saw such an orderly place. Naturally, there were a few people drinking. There always are—anywhere. But at one o'clock the music stopped, everybody left and Hollywood went to bed—at one o'clock! And Mrs. Powell's little boy went to bed, too, tired but happy.

Before *Forty-second Street,* my second Warner Brothers picture, started, my mother and father came to visit me. I took a small house in Beverly Hills. My dad worried about my expenses and insisted on discharging the gardener and doing the work himself. I've often wondered what people thought about the young movie upstart who was making his father do all the hard work around the place. Unpleasant stories have started on less.

But people were extraordinarily pleasant to me. When *Forty-second Street* was well under way I had a birthday. I didn't mention it until late one night—we were working until midnight that day. George Bilson and some others hunted for a cake. The only one to be found was a prop cake, made of sugar frosting over a pasteboard box. It must have been ten years old but they brushed it off, stuck a candle on it and led me to a table off the set where we all sat down while I "carved the cake."

Later that night we had another birthday party—and a real cake. I felt more at home in Hollywood after that.

ABOUT this time I sang at my first Hollywood benefit. That was the straw that almost broke a good-natured back. For a few months I had scarcely a single night to myself. Sometimes I appeared at three benefits in one evening with an occasional personal appearance in a theater thrown in for good measure.

When *Gold Diggers of 1933* was finished I was sent out on a personal appearance tour. I was tired and when I finally got back to Hollywood I was ready for the hospital. On the last stand of that trip I sang "I'm Young and Healthy" for the ten thousandth time and then went back to my dressing room and took my own temperature. It was 103. That didn't look so healthy.

So I had pneumonia and was in bed for six weeks. Then I worked in *Footlight Parade,* and had a relapse. It wasn't serious, however. Meanwhile I had moved to Toluca Lake and after looking about I decided to buy a lot near there and build a small house. It is within walking distance of the studio where I make most of my pictures.

The house is done, and though it isn't as small as I wanted it to be, the grounds are big enough to keep me busy pulling weeds. Part of the time I mow the lawn —but that upsets the real gardener!

I've been very happy in Hollywood and sometimes very lonely. When I get too lonesome I take a plane back to Little Rock where my family lives, or send post haste for them to come out. The most fun I had building my new house was fix-

[*Continued on page 80*]

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 64]

Shehans, he married Maria Jeritza seven months ago might be expecting the stork. Everything has been explained. The addition to the house is really a music room for Jeritza, built principally to house a grand piano given her by the late Emperor of Austria.

This grand piano is claimed to be the costliest musical instrument of its kind in America today.

NO BEVERLY HILLS estate and swimming pool and everything for Jack Oakie and his bride. When the Oakies returned from their honeymoon trip they moved right into a modest apartment in the picture colony, maid service once a week and everything.

Jack's mother lives in the home he built for her in Hollywood.

DUE, they say, to excessive taxation, three of the most pretentious estates in the film colony are on the market for sale. One is the Will Rogers ranch in Santa Monica Canyon; another the Warner Baxter home in Bel-Air and the third, the famous home of Colleen Moore.

EDDIE MEADE, portly and famous manager of boxers comes right out with the statement that George Raft should never have made the screen his career. Meade claims that Raft was the best prospect for a light weight champion that had come under his observation for years. And a lot of folks figured George Raft as a boxer was just so much publicity.

YOU'VE heard of the *Charge of the Light Brigade* but the *Retreat of the Light Brigade* has been a more important subject of late in Hollywood. Meaning the passing of the platinum blondes. Alice Faye was the last survivor but she has darkened her tresses so, now, a platinum blonde in Hollywood is as rare as an Albino.

Now the red heads are doomed. Seems that Technicolor is not for red headed gals and as there seems to be a vogue of color pictures the red heads are gradually "dying" out.

JOAN BENNETT is being acclaimed the "Godmother of the Dress Shops" in the shopping center of Hollywood.

Seems Joan, as chief hostess of the exclusive Mayfair Club's spring dance decreed that, for the ladies, only print dresses would, could or should be worn and that edict goes to Mayfair circles. Thusly, the shops did a whale of a business on prints and the idea has carried on among the plain folks to such an extent that every shop just teems with prints. Which means Joan just threw a million dollars worth of business right into the laps of the gown shops.

DESPITE strenuous efforts on the part of the heads of a major studio to keep the matter secret it is nevertheless a fact that a divorce seems imminent between two screen stars, believed to be the happiest married couple in films. Efforts to patch up things have failed, real difficulty is family trouble. Too bad!

PARAMOUNT made Shirley Temple the happiest little girl in Hollywood one day recently. Shirley, with her mother visited the Paramount lot the first time since she made *Little Miss Marker*. When she left for home she was carrying the little Princess costume she wore in *Miss Marker* a gift to her from the studio.

BEBE DANIELS, who owns and operates a dress factory and a half dozen retail stores in and about Los Angeles has opened a new and swanky gown shop just a few doors from the famous Brown Derby on Vine street in Hollywood.

While en tour Bebe's mother, Phyllis, watches out for things.

CAROLE LOMBARD has moved from her smallish home on Hollywood Boulevard to a very big house in exclusive Bel-Air district . . . a place that has huge grounds. The other place had no yard and Carole wants a tennis court of her own.

Vacationing in New York?

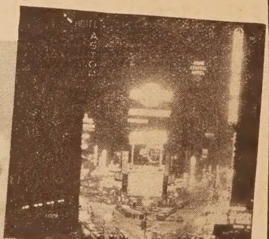
Stop at the favorite Hotel of the Stars!

Hotel Astor is famous as the New York headquarters of famous movie stars as well as leading figures of the stage and radio.

And no wonder! Located directly on Times Square, the crossroads of the world, it's in the very heart of the night life of New York. Everybody who is anybody on Broadway and in Hollywood meets their friends at the Astor Bar...Dine and dance with the stars on the new Astor Roof.

You'll enjoy your New York vacation this summer if you stop at the Astor. Remember it will cost you no more...perhaps less...than ordinary hotels. Delightful big rooms with bath for as little as $3 a day. Write for complete information today. Use the handy coupon.

Gloria Stuart, above, 20th Century-Fox star in The Poor Little Rich Girl, thrills to the bright lights of Broadway when she visits New York.



YOU'LL SEE THE STARS ON BROADWAY

Here's Times Square, world capitol of fun and pleasure. Note the convenient location of the Astor...right in the center of things.

HOTEL ASTOR

TIMES SQUARE • NEW YORK

F. A. Muschenheim, President • R. K. Christenberry, General Manager

USE THIS CONVENIENT COUPON

Mr. R. K. Christenberry, General Manager, Hotel Astor, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Christenberry: I am planning a New York vacation about ____________ (please give date).
Please send full particulars (at no cost or obligation) to
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________ XO

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Ridgways Teas
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Ridgways Tea
PRAISED THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR FLAVOR

A Tea for Every Taste and Purse—Obtainable at the Better Stores—*RIDGWAYS*, Inc. 230 West St. N. Y. C.

SCARS!

At last, a marvelous cream brings hope of smooth skin to replace scars caused by cuts, burns, smallpox and other mishaps. "At present my hands are again sightly" writes a famous newspaper woman. Another user says "it is miraculous"; still another, "The small scar on my face has almost disappeared." Mail below coupon today and we will rush FREE booklet telling of KEL-INCA SCAR CREAM, and 90-DAY TRIAL OFFER.

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FREE EXAMINATION—SEND POEMS TO

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Bachelor of Music
1582 West 27th St. Los Angeles, Calif.

If you want to learn the truth about

ROBERT TAYLOR'S ROMANCES

read the frank story in the August issue of

SCREEN BOOK

THIS TAKES THE ITCH AND PAIN OUT OF POISON IVY IN NO TIME

STOPS These Summer-Time ITCHES LIKE MAGIC

"ATHLETE'S FOOT" Poison Ivy—Prickly Heat—Bites—Rashes—Eczema

RIGHT NOW is the time when itching skin troubles are most prevalent and doubly irritating because of the heat. But no need to suffer. Soothing, penetrating HYDROSAL stops the severest itch in seconds and relief lasts amazingly. Even "Athlete's Foot" torture yields in a jiffy. The burning pain of scratches, bites, stings, poison ivy, rashes, etc., likewise vanish almost like magic! Why endure such punishment when relief, so quick, certain, and inexpensive, is obtainable at any drug store. But, remember. No substitute can have the same unique anti-infective, entirely non-poisonous action. Insist on genuine HYDROSAL.

LIQUID or OINTMENT
30c . . . 60c
and $1.00

Hydrosal

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

My Four Years in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 78*]

ing up a room for my mother in the way I though she would like it best.

Just now I'm resting after a busy six weeks in *Hearts Divided* in which Marion Davies is starred in the feminine rôle. During that time I caught a severe cold, and for six weeks I couldn't sign a note. Eight thousand kind people wrote me last week telling me what to do for it and wishing me a quick recovery. There's a lot of comfort in those letters, even if my doctor won't let me follow all the good suggestions. He says, however, that after four weeks more I can go back on the radio and into another singing role in *Stage Struck*.

Four years in Hollywood. It seems much shorter.

I wonder what you and I will be doing four years from now—in 1940?

Incidentally, that worry about the not-so-distant future and what it holds is never far removed from the mind of a motion picture "star."

SHOPPING GUIDE

[*Continued from page 77*]

- **El Paso, Texas**
  - Popular Dry Goods Co.
- **Fort Worth, Texas**
  - Monnig Dry Goods Co.
  - W. C. Stripling Co.
  - The Fair
- **Galveston, Texas**
  - E. S. Levy Co.
  - Robt. I. Cohen, Inc.
- **Houston, Texas**
  - Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.
- **Port Arthur, Texas**
  - A. Bluestein
- **San Antonio, Texas**
  - Frost Bros., Inc.
- **Taylor, Texas**
  - T. W. Marse Co., Inc.
- **Texarkana, Texas**
  - Ben F. Smith Dry Goods Co.
- **Waco, Texas**
  - Goldstein-Migel Co.
- **Salt Lake City, Utah**
  - Paris Co.
- **Norfolk, Virginia**
  - Rices Fashion Corner, Inc.
- **Staunton, Virginia**
  - Timberlake Dry Goods Co.
- **Suffolk, Virginia**
  - Legget's Dept. Store
- **Richmond, Virginia**
  - Berry-Burk Co.
  - Jacobs & Levy
- **Everett, Washington**
  - Grand Leader Dry Goods Co.
- **Seattle, Washington**
  - Fredrick & Nelson
- **Spokane, Washington**
  - Palace Dept. Store
- **Charleston, West Virginia**
  - Coyle & Richardson
- **Huntington, West Virginia**
  - Anderson-Newcomb Co.
- **Wheeling, West Virginia**
  - George E. Stifel Co.
- **Madison, Wisconsin**
  - The Co-Ed Shop
- **Milwaukee, Wisconsin**
  - Gimbel Bros.
- **Havana, Cuba**
  - Sanchez & Araoz

For Store in Your City Featuring Lettie Lee Dresses

- **Atlanta, Ga.**
  - Leon Frohsin
- **Asheville, N. C.**
  - Jean West Ladies' Shop
- **Amarillo, Tex.**
  - Marizon Co.
- **Baltimore, Md.**
  - Jeanette Beck
- **Beaumont, Tex.**
  - The Fashion
- **Boise, Ida.**
  - The Mode, Ltd.
- **Canton, Ohio**
  - Stern & Mann
- **Cincinnati, Ohio**
  - Jenny, Inc.
- **Chicago, Ill.**
  - Mandel Bros.
- **Charlotte, N. C.**
  - J. B. Ivey Co.
- **Chattanooga, Tenn.**
  - Pickett's
- **Des Moines, Ia.**
  - Wolf's, Inc.
- **Detroit, Mich.**
  - Tuttle & Clark
- **Enid, Okla.**
  - Klein's, Inc.
- **El Paso, Tex.**
  - Popular Dry Goods Co.
- **Fort Worth, Texas.**
  - The Fair
- **Galveston, Tex.**
  - McBride's Dept. Store
- **Greenville, Miss.**
  - Nelm's & Blum Co.
- **Gladewater, Tex.**
  - Rose Shop
- **Hot Springs, Ark.**
  - Eleanor Harris
- **Jackson, Mich.**
  - Bess Winchester Gowns
- **Jacksonville, Fla.**
  - Sligh's, Inc.
- **Lansing, Mich.**
  - The Style Shop
- **Lincoln, Neb.**
  - Hovland Swanson Co.
- **Little Rock, Ark.**
  - Kampner's
- **Louisville, Ky.**
  - Besten & Langen
- **Lubbock, Tex.**
  - Craig Gholson Co.
- **Memphis, Tenn.**
  - Levy's Lady's Toggery
- **Milwaukee, Wis.**
  - Florence Danforth
- **Montgomery, Ala.**
  - A. Nachman, Inc.
- **New Orleans, La.**
  - Jack Sutton
- **Norfolk, Va.**
  - Ames & Brounley, Inc.
- **Oklahoma City, Okla.**
  - D. F. Peyton Co.
- **Omaha, Neb.**
  - McGuires
- **Orlando, Fla.**
  - Louis Ladies Ready to Wear
- **Peoria, Ill.**
  - Block & Kuhl Co.
- **Pittsburgh, Pa.**
  - Kaufmann's
- **Raleigh, N. C.**
  - Taylor Furnishing Co.
- **Reno, Nev.**
  - Vanitie Dress Shop
- **Roanoke, Va.**
  - Samuel Spigel
- **Sacramento, Cal.**
  - Bon Marche
- **San Angelo, Tex.**
  - Cox Rushing Greer Co.
- **San Antonio, Tex.**
  - Frost Bros.
- **San Diego, Cal.**
  - Ballard & Brockett
- **Seattle, Wash.**
  - Frederick & Nelson
- **Shawnee, Okla.**
  - Mammoth Dept. Store
- **Shreveport, La.**
  - The Fashion
- **Spokane, Wash.**
  - Alexander's
- **St. Louis, Mo.**
  - Sonnenfeld's
- **St. Petersburg, Fla.**
  - Belle & Co.
- **Stockton, Cal.**
  - The Wonder
- **Tampa, Fla.**
  - Ernest Maas, Inc.
- **Tucson, Ariz.**
  - Levy's
- **Tulsa, Okla.**
  - Seidenbach's
- **Washington, D. C.**
  - M. Philipsborn & Co., Inc.
- **Wichita, Kan.**
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How Myrna Loy Cheated Death

[*Continued from page* 48]

address of a friend of Valentino's which had been given me some weeks previous. There was no object in my calling him then. But I did.

"He was an older man, he had been a stage director, and it didn't take him thirty minutes to convince me that my place was here in Hollywood. We had met for tea, you see, by arrangement made over the telephone. 'Get them to make tests of you in a straight part,' he told me when I had explained my difficulties. Convince yourself first that you can do it. Make up for it, act it, think of nothing else but that—then you can convince the studios.'

"That night I unpacked my trunks!

"I acted on that advice. And the first thing I knew Ned Griffith was letting me play a full-fledged American girl in *Rebound*. But what if I hadn't followed that impulse to call Valentino's friend . . .?"

THERE isn't anything of the mystic about her. People make a mistake calling Myrna that. It gives such a false impression of her. She is a humorous, quick-witted, lovable redhead who is fortunate enough to be psychic.

She was only eight when she discovered this sixth sense of hers. It was in her home town of Helena, Montana, and she was Myrna Williams then. There wasn't a reason in the world why she should want to go a mile and a half out of her way to reach home that evening. No reason that she should cross the vacant lot all tangled with weeds at the south end of the city—except that she *wanted* to. She was almost in the middle of the lot when she saw him, a black roly-poly puppy with a broken leg. The puppy who was to become the staunch companion of her childhood.

Although she is tiny and frail looking (she weighs only one hundred pounds) Heather Angel plays a wicked game of polo and spends most of her leisure whacking the willow ball

By the time she was seventeen and a dancer in the Fanchon and Marco prologues in Los Angeles, she'd had plenty of opportunity to acquire a healthy respect for her hunches. Little ones, they were. But then a big one came along. Myrna had been dancing in revues for a year and three months; she had reached the highest spot she could in that particular field. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino had given her a trial in the movies and Myrna thought herself so terrible in them that she couldn't see a future in pictures at all. *Yet—on the spur of the moment she gave up her job . . . to go back into movies!*

Why? She couldn't explain it even to herself as she sat in the cold little casting office wondering how long her money would hold out. She hated the screen and what it did to her. She needed that job she had relinquished. Yet here she was, waiting.

And in three days she had made a second test. A successful one. Shortly thereafter she had a five year contract with Warner Brothers . . .

Myrna spoofs at fortune tellers. She thinks all this "beforehand information" clutters up your life. It makes it harder to follow your real instincts.

"Sometimes you have to actually 'wake up' to a hunch. You wouldn't believe it took me two years to do that with a romance!" Myrna chuckled reminiscently and those green eyes of hers went opaque. "I was called to make a picture for an independent producer and from the moment I walked into that studio everything seemed *right*. I liked the star I played opposite, I liked my dressing room, I liked every single thing about the place. When it was time for me to leave at the end of the picture I wanted to cry!

"They called me back to work in another production and the same thing happened. I thought perhaps it wouldn't. I thought perhaps I had just imagined I'd enjoyed it so much the first time. But I was sorrier to leave than before. And when the producer left for Europe on his annual jaunt and the studio shut down I was broken-hearted. It took me exactly two years before I realized what the real attraction was at that studio. *It was one of the assistant producers!*"

But that's the only "sleeping hunch" Myrna has ever had. The others have all been of the very active variety . . .

When she went abroad, for instance, on the spurt of a comet's tail! It happened like this: At 11:37 a. m. she called her manager, Leland Heyward. "What would happen if I went abroad?"

"Plenty. They'd probably shoot me."

"Oh, dear—because I've just decided to sail tonight on the Paris!"

So she sailed. She's very likely the only star on earth, the only famous celebrity who ever toured five countries in one suit. It had, she says, a sort of "international pressing . . ." And when she returned it was to a far more lucrative contract with much, much nicer clauses about vacations and things.

So you can see why Myrna Loy, when you ask her for her philosophy of life, smiles, lifts that right eyebrow and says, *"Play your hunches—and play safe!*

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Claire Trevor, beautiful Twentieth Century-Fox star, has joined the ever increasing army of film famous who spend their vacations on the briny deep. If you don't own a yacht, this season, you're simply not "Hollywood"

Duck for Dinner

[*Continued from page 33*]

corners, and it was the dark corners that Joe was knocked about in, for years.

At three, he was virtually orphaned, because Papa and Mama went to seek fortune in America, and they didn't have enough money to take Little Joe, so they left him with his grandpa, a village rector! The Pinters didn't find riches, but Papa found a job helping to make Ford automobiles in Detroit, and so bye and bye, a boy and an old man left Hungary for America. They couldn't speak English, and so there was a tag tied to the coat-lapel of each of them, instructing that they were on their way to Detroit, U. S. A., and officials enroute please help 'em. They got there.

AND Joe discovered that his mission in life seemed to be to make other people laugh, for the first thing that happened was that he was sent to an American kindergarten at the age of ten!—and all the little kids laughed at him. The boys in the upper grades ragged him too, so one day Joe bounced a hard fist off the nose of three of them, and then they stopped.

All this time, he was cross-eyed. One eye was all right, and fixed on whatever he wanted to see. But the other one was independent. It kept looking at other things. Joe focussed his good eye on a mirror, observed the bum eye, and said: "I'll fix YOU!" He did. He used to sit for hours in a dark room, exercising to the utmost the muscular control of his eyes. It was crude ophthalmology, but it worked.

Joe delivered papers. He helped to make automobiles. And then he suddenly burst out with a child-soprano voice. That got him on the stage for the first time, singing in Liberty Loan drives as the child wonder. Then the St. Paul Cathedral in Detroit asked him to sing in the choir, and he thought it was swell until his cheap, ragged clothes got him laughed at, so he quit and entered a Charlie Chaplin imitation contest in a neighborhood theater instead, where his clothes helped. He won it—not because he was such a good comic imitator, but because, somehow, out of the unhappiness and miseries of his own poverty, there was born a true pathos and wistfulness that matched that of the real Chaplin, himself a child of exactly Penner's own experience!

And then, from there, Joe joined a cheap burlesque troupe—and the career of one of the funniest men on the stage, radio or screen, was launched.

It was a grueling grind. Joe played straight man for a while—he was the one who got kicked in the you-know by the top comedians. Then he got a comedy rôle himself. One night, an inebriated gentleman was in the audience and laughed so hard at Joe that they threw him out.

The next night he came back sober. He laughed just as hard. Then he went backstage and found Joe and hired him. The gentleman was a talent scout from a

New York producer, and he admitted that if he hadn't had a few too many, the night before, he'd never have wandered into a fourth-rate "burley-cue" house in quest of talent.

Well, one of Joe's first lessons—and he's never forgotten it!—was to keep his stuff clean. It came about one night when they worked one of their funny gags. A curvaceous chorine, who out-billowed Mae West at her whoopiest, came onstage and leaned against a prop "fresh-paint" circus sign. Then she turned around, and the paint that had come off on her expansive tonneau read: "BIG SHOW TONIGHT. CURTAIN GOES UP AT 8:30. COME ONE, COME ALL."

There was the usual laugh from the people who laugh at those gags in burlesque shows. But it so happened that Joe's eyes were, at the moment, on a couple of clean-faced high school boys in one of the front rows. The boys never cracked a smile. Under Joe's exaggerated make-up, a blush spread. After the show that night, he told what he'd seen and suggested that the gag be "out." Somehow, even over a burlesque manager's protests, he won out. The gag was taken out and the show was cleaned up in other spots—and it made more money than before, and Joe discovered that dirt doesn't pay. He's never tried to cash in on it since. It was about this time that the duck gag was born. In his routine, Joe asked his straight man:

"Hey, d'ya wanna buy a rhinoceros?"

Then he changed it:

"Hey, d'ya wanna buy an elephant?"

It got laughs. But Joe got tired of rhinoceri and elephants. One night, he upset the whole show. He asked:

"Hey, d'ya wanna buy a DUCK?"

The house howled. For some unfathomable reason, the idea of wanting to buy a duck was immeasurably funnier than wanting to buy an elephant or a rhinoceros. From his dressing room, through a window which opened on the street, Joe heard that night countless of the audience, as they left the theater, ask each other:

"Hey, d'ya wanna buy a duck?"

AND from that moment on, Joe's luck changed. He attributed it to the duck. Then he began toting a small stuffed duck on stage with him. It made the gag better. One day, someone played a joke on him—he never learned who—it was just one of the company. They left a live duck in his dressing room. Joe turned the tables, carried the live duck on the stage with his "wanna buy a duck?" gurgle. It made a bigger hit than ever, and from that day on, Joe and Goo-Goo have been inseparable.

Goo-Goo took him from cheap burlesque to Broadway. Broadway gave him Eleanor. Eleanor was Eleanor Mae Vogt, one of the glorifiedest of the glorified. She didn't remain Eleanor Mae Vogt long after Joe met her onstage. She's Mrs. Joe Penner now. They've been married eight years and they're still so completely in love that Joe'd just as soon lose his own life—or even Goo-Goo—rather than lose Eleanor!

At the crest of his stage fame, Joe hated the radio. He thought it was cutting in on the stage. One night, he was asked to do a bit over the air on a Rudy Vallée program. On the verge of refusing vehemently, Joe hesitated. He had an idea. He'd go on—and he'd deliberately be so lousy that it'd hurt radio, which he hated.

He went on. He tried his worst. Honestly, he thought he was awful. And then came the deluge—from thousands of listeners, came a flood of telegrams, phone calls, letters, raving about the greatest new comedian of the air. Joe, trying to be a ghastly flop, had scored a colossal hit. So he changed his mind about radio, and if you own a radio set, you know the rest.

Hollywood cashed in on him then. Paramount signed him. "Bring Goo-Goo along," they told him. "I can't; she's an old lady," he explained. He told about the first time he took Goo-Goo on tour. It was an overnight hop by train, and Goo-Goo rode in a crate in the car back of the locomotive.

Next day, when Joe called for the duck, he screamed. "This ain't Goo-Goo!" he shouted, "this is Joe Louis!" They insisted it was Goo-Goo and made Joe take it. Joe gave the black duck to his two straight men and Buddy Vogt, his wife's brother, who traveled as Joe's secretary. The three of them took Goo-Goo to a hotel, filled the bathtub, got plenty of soap, and gave Goo-Goo a bath. Goo-Goo came out white and pure. But every day after that, Goo-Goo had to have her bath.

"I never saw a duck who could get so dirty overnight," weeps Joe. He told Paramount that her years of hard work had entitled Goo-Goo to a rest, so Paramount hired a double for her, and it was the double you saw with Joe in *College Rhythm* and *Collegiate.*

With wealth, Joe didn't forget Mama and Papa. He bought them a house in San Diego, which is 140 miles from Hollywood. That's near enough for them to visit each other whenever they please, but far enough so that Papa and Mama can be spared the little cruelties of Hollywood.

It's a fine house Joe has in Beverly Hills, now. He has all the servants he needs. He has the house and grounds alive with games of all kinds—a baby baseball diamond, that swimming pool, pin-and-ball boards, slot machines—all manner of ping-pong tables and badminton courts and handball courts and that sort of thing. He's always got a crowd there—stage folks, mostly—clowning and having fun. Joe joins in, usually—but somehow, he's never completely present.

I'll tell you something. The editor of this magazine asked me to write a lot of funny things, a good laugh-story of Joe's life and Joe as he is today. I'll be darned if I can do it. Joe isn't funny—except when he's working at it, in character. Off-screen, off-the-air, offstage, Joe is pathetic, rather than anything else. The years of toil and hardship and privation and suffering have left their mark indelibly on the man. He's not funny.

KNOW what he likes to do, most? He sends his wife out for a ride. He locks himself in a room of his great house. He gets out his old, battered fiddle—the one he got when a kid. And he plays to himself—and he plays those sad, wailing, minor-toned songs of Hungary's aching heart. He's nearest real happiness, then. He's looking forward to the day when he's going back home—back to that little village with the tongue-pain name. He doesn't say what he's going to do there, but those who know Joe are guessing. They're guessing that he's going to do something fine for the poor folk he knew there as a kid.

He's always doing things like that,

[*Continued on page* 84]

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Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw — with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordian brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best — in eye makeup as well as hat design.

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Duck for Dinner

[*Continued from page 83*]

here. But you never hear of it. He's the softest-hearted man in Hollywood, and his charities are legion.

He can't say no. Every week, he gets letters asking for Goo-Goo. Many of them are from sports teams, school classes, chambers of commerce, and other organizations who point out that Goo-Goo is old and offer good care for life, if Joe'll send Goo-Goo as a mascot.

Joe can't say no. But he does explain that he can't ever part with Goo-Goo. So what?—so, instead, he sends Goo-Goo doubles. There must be hundreds of Goo-Goo's doubles around the land; Joe has sent out so many that he lost count long, long ago. He buys them from a big duck-farm, near Hollywood. The owner of the duck-farm is the only man on record who can say to Joe Penner. "Hey, Joe, d'ya wanna buy a duck?" and get away with it.

Soft-hearted, did I say? So soft-hearted that even though he likes Mama's Hungarian duck better than any other dish, he can't eat it if he's ever seen the duck alive. Once Norman Taurog gave him a going-away gift, when Joe left Hollywood to visit his parents in Detroit, before he moved them west. Taurog sent a duck to the train, in a poll-parrot cage.

"That's cruel," said Joe, and had them take the duck out of the cage, and appointed Buddy Vogt to valet the duck all the way to Detroit. There he presented the duck to Mama.

"But, Mama, you mustn't cook it, ever!" he made her promise. Mama said she wouldn't—but Joe has never dared ask Mama what became of the duck. He only knows that the duck did NOT come west with Mama.

Letter Page

[*Continued from page 25*]

is not only convincing and vivid, but in his Dr. John Luke we can see visualized all the country doctors of poetry and prose. In other words, Jean's character creation is after the manner of those master artists, Shakespeare and Dickens; typical not individualistic. And that should merit for him the Academy Award at the very least. If one insignificant fan's suggestion can help him toward that honor—here it is, offered with all my enthusiastic heart.—*Marie Brennan, 4094 Wilmington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.*

$1.00 Letter
Hearts Held for Ransom

WHO'S our newest Romeo of romance? Why, that dashing pirate of the high seas, Errol Flynn. Sabatini's *Captain Blood* has come to life in all its sea-swept glory. Even our most sophisticated hearts flutter at the daring duelling of this handsome newcomer. Why not cast him as "Scaramouche" or "Robin Hood?" For heaven's sake keep him in historical and he-kan rôles; who wants Captain Blood in a drawing room? Anyhow, here's to Errol—the pirate who's holding all our hearts for ransom.—*Dorothea Steffan, 1816 Verdery St., Augusta, Ga.*

Just a Kid Again!

[*Continued from page* 43]

of the fun that he didn't have. He didn't foresee that in fulfilling those passionate ambitions he would regain the lost sensations of his own boyhood . . . that he would do something few men ever are able to do . . . that he would enjoy life as much as his own youngsters.

If a man played baseball as a boy, the chances are that he follows the games of the big-league teams today. If he ever played football, you'll find him in some stadium every Saturday in the autumn. If he grew up in horse-racing country, he probably follows the races. Or he likes hockey, because he once wore skates, himself. Or his pulses pound when he watches two men fighting it out with their fists. From his boyhood, every man retains an interest in some particular sport. But Joe E. Brown, who never knew the thrill of participating in any one sport as a youngster, is interested in them all.

HE IS Sport Fan No. 1 of the world today. He knows all of the major-league ball players by their first names. The same goes for most of the big-time football coaches. Swimming champions send him their autographs. He has the driver that Bobby Jones gave him the year Bobby won all four major golf championships. Babe Ruth sent him the bat he used in becoming Home-Run King. Jack Dempsey gave him one of his favorite pairs of boxing gloves. He has an autographed jai-alai from a championship team in Hawaii. In fact, he has a whole trophy room in his home, filled with tributes from his own personal heroes—the sports champions of the world.

Every boy, able to play a sport, idolizes some athlete. Joe, unable to play any sport when he was a boy, developed a hundred idols. He still is a worshiper of athletic heroes. They are the men who have become what every boy would like to be.

One of his close friends is Coach Bill Spaulding of U. C. L. A. (the University of California at Los Angeles)—whose football team Joe has practically adopted for the past five years. Rugged Bill Spaulding sees Joe as most of us never thought of seeing him:

"Joe makes his money as a comedian, but underneath he's sincere, serious—with a passion for athletics. Any kind of athletics.

"He thinks there's nothing that can develop a boy (or a girl, for that matter) more than athletics—win or lose. He isn't the kind who's for you when you win, and against you when you lose. He's for the game. If you win, okay; if you lose, okay; the game's the thing. If you give the game everything you have, the game will give you everything in return. I guess you could probably call that his philosophy of life. A pretty healthy philosophy, if you ask me.

"And he doesn't apply that just to football; he applies it to every sport. You know, he has a baseball team of his own—Joe E. Brown's All Stars. Joe plays second base. Most of the other fellows are studio workers at Warners. They play other amateur teams, and semi-pro teams, around here. And, win or lose, they have a good time for themselves.

"Four or five years ago, Joe spotted a high school kid who looked like a pretty fair ball player—a kid named Mike Frankovich. Joe drafted Mike to play on his team when he wasn't playing on the high school team. And Joe took a great shine to him. Mike was a boy with fine potentialities—an all-around athlete. Joe practically adopted him, took him to his own house to be a sort of older pal for his own two boys. And when Mike came to U. C. L. A., Joe would drop over to see how he was making out. That's how we got acquainted with Joe.

"ALONG with his comedy, Joe is a pretty high-class fellow—with a fine family. He's crazy about kids, and boys enjoy having him around—he's one of them. They all have a lot of respect for him. I guess he's about the best supporter our team has. And he seems to get a lot of fun out of it."

Joe never went to college, never experienced its comradery—until he looked in upon Mike Frankovich at U. C. L. A.

"One of the first things he did when he started coming around," continues Bill Spaulding, "was to give the team a water wagon—a big one, with a hose and a spray. That was a tip-off that Joe liked the boys. And the boys knew he meant it— that it wasn't a gesture. I think that was the year they gave him an honorary letter and a sweater and initiated him into the Blue C Society. And I think that meant almost as much to Joe as a Degree of Doctor of Laws would have.

"He has a pass for life to all U. C. L. A. athletic events, and he sits on the players' bench at the games.

"Joe's own son, Don, is a Freshman at the University now. He's a pal of my boy, Bill. Last fall, he played tackle, but in spring practice he has moved over to the guard position. He's a smart lad and ought to develop into quite a player . . . So should his brother, Joe, Jr. He's bigger than Don, and both of them tower over their Dad, who is only about five feet eight. Young Joe isn't in college; he's at Mercersburg Academy, in Pennsylvania.

"Speaking of speed, I remember one day when we had Joe, Sr., in uniform. He said he had never played football before, but he was willing to learn. Somebody gave him the ball and he ran like the devil, straight for a touchdown. Then the referee called him back for offside, and Joe said he'd save the rest of the runs in his system for 'next time.' He got a kick out of the fact that the boys underestimated him and he got away from them.

"ONE time out at Pomona, he tossed out the first ball—and surprised everybody by doing a back-flip before he tossed it. So I guess he's still in condition."

His house, Spanish and spacious, is on a palm-lined drive in Beverly Hills. It is one of the few movie stars' homes lacking a swimming pool. (Joe belongs to a beach club at Santa Monica, where he has become a proficient swimmer—in surf, which is his idea of something to test a swimmer.) The interior of the house is as comfortable as it is luxurious, and was decorated by William Haines.

Joe has a four-room suite—a bedroom, a dressing-room and bath, a small den,

[*Continued on page* 86]

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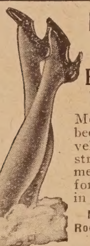

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Just a Kid Again!

[*Continued from page* 85]

and a trophy room. His bedroom walls bear a covering of light brown suede, which exudes an almost aromatic odor. Exotic at first glance, the room soon becomes surprisingly restful . . . The walls of the small den are lined with framed photographs of Joe in company with various sport celebrities. Remove two of the pictures from the back wall, and you see two openings in the wall—one aperture being for a projection machine, the other a window for the projectionist. (A concealed, fireproof projection room is behind the den.) Pictures are projected through the archway between the den and trophy room onto a screen that comes out from behind a pine panel. The room is "wired for sound."

One wall of the room contains three large ceiling-high glass cabinets. There are three small cabinets in other parts of the room—all containing athletic trophies. Except for autographed World Series baseballs, practically all of the objects were sent to Joe without his asking. And because they came as total surprises, they have an untold value to him.

FOR example, Bobby Jones' famous driver . . . Dizzy Dean's baseball uniform . . . Several footballs used in famous gridiron battles, autographed by the victors . . . The aviation helmet that Frank Hawks was wearing in a nearly fatal crack-up in 1932, while going 200 miles an hour.

And in a handsome old English secretary in his bedroom are some beautifully-bound book-shaped boxes, containing rare old first editions that Joe treasures. Such books as *David Copperfield, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son.* Mute testimonials of his interest in books, in things mental.

On his wide, built-in dressing-table, there is a photograph gallery of his family—eager-eyed Mrs. Brown, sandy-haired Don, dark-haired Joe, Jr., and the two little girls, Mary Elizabeth Ann and Kathryn Frances (a beautiful child whom the Browns adopted to replace the baby they lost).

One of the ten top favorites of the screen . . . one of the most modest and most amusing of men . . . a fine father who is as boyish in spirit as his sons . . . a man who has achieved everything that he wanted to do as a lonely frustrated boy—this man is Mrs. Joe E. Brown's husband.

WE APOLOGIZE.

Owing to the thousands of last-minute entries in the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest, the judges have been unable to make their final prize selections and we must, consequently, defer announcing the winners until the August issue of SCREEN BOOK. We're sorry that this delay is necessary—but we're delighted with your response.

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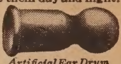
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When Shirley Grows Up—

[*Continued from page 31*]

no doubt, do for herself. She has a will of her own even now, but she also has a remarkable store of reasoning power which I believe her studio work is helping to develop.

Of course, I shall hate that moment when Shirley goes to her first dance, unchaperoned. Yet, I suppose Shirley will be as modern as any other girl. And that means she will want to go about like other girls to parties and dances without parental restraint.

I have tried to inculcate in Shirley a sense of complete confidence in my judgment ever since we began her studio work. She has a little mind of her own on many things and yet we have never clashed on anything seriously because I have learned that it is better to talk things out quietly with a child than to fly off the handle and give out a strict order with little reason behind it.

When Shirley has an idea of her own I always let her tell it her way. If it conflicts with my judgment I try to reason with her. She is an intelligent, understanding little person and we usually come out even. Shirley gives in and I always do, too—a little. It keeps us good friends and we go on from there.

That is the way I hope we shall be when those anxious years come upon me. I know I shall worry, about her, then, just like every other mother does.

Yet it seems to me so many of the tragic clashes between a young girl and her parents might be avoided by gradually developing a sense of comradeship from babyhood.

First, I'd want to be awfully sure of the kind of boy Shirley was going with. Then, if he were a gentleman, I think I'd just give in and let her go out with him. But if I knew definitely there was something wrong with his character or habits, and I'd certainly find out for certain before I mentioned it, I'd try to show Shirley why such an association would be bad for her.

Louise Latimer and Ann Shirley take time out from their respective productions, *His Majesty, Bunker Bean* and *M'Liss*, to keep fit with a game of medicine ball

After that, what can any mother do? It's a matter of early training and good luck. No parent can hope to remain a stern monitor to a youngster in the late teens. I've had the experience of dealing with my two boys, Shirley's older brothers, to guide me on that score.

Modern youngsters will run about; that seems part of our times. The only recourse of those conservative-thinking mothers whose children call them "old fashioned" is to train their children early and carefully, and then leave the rest to Fate.

Maybe Shirley will marry early and settle down to being some nice young man's wife. She tells me often that she is going to have three babies of her own when she grows up. Shirley is really a little domestic homebody at heart, loving her dolls and her dishes.

Listening to stories is her favorite recreation. She may develop into a writer. Or she may continue to be an actress. Whatever she chooses, I shall try to give her the best possible training to achieve her ambition.

PEOPLE have asked me often if I plan a college education for Shirley. And I can only say that if she shows a desire for the more academic things later on, I shall encourage it.

Yes, I have heard it said that college does not fit a girl for happy marriage, but I can't quite reconcile that idea with the charming college girls I see around me everywhere. They do say a college education makes a girl very independent and that, of course, is not one of the qualities which tends toward a quiet home and peaceful, happy marriage. I do believe the modern girl has a way of her own to complement these two virtues; a college education and independence of spirit, with the lasting beauty and fineness of happy marriage.

SHIRLEY will probably like the arts rather than the sciences. She has displayed a keen sense of color appreciation. And with her studio experience, if she does not continue later as an actress, she will be well equipped for any number of other branches of the industry.

In any event, I do think any girl should have some sort of interesting work during those restless years between school and marriage. It helps to develop her mind, and not only gives her practical training of tremendous value in the event she has to earn her own living later in life, but also helps her to think clearly. That clarity of vision may make possible a sensible judgment on whether to marry young or wait until THE one young man comes along.

But whatever Shirley chooses, I'll leave her decision to herself. I shall have guided Shirley as a baby to the best of my ability; life and destiny I suppose will work out the pattern as it does for us all.

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Dick Foran and his pony are in high spirits—but then the red-head western star is always merry. He's a former football player from Princeton

The Great Powell Mixup!

[*Continued from page* 35]

nothing would please them more than being married to Eleanor but that unfortunately they aren't, there is always an argument. The fans insist they're just being jealous husbands and trying to keep them out of the house. They just "know if Bill—or Dick, as the case may be—would tell Eleanor they were calling she would come out in a minute."

The payoff came recently when a man purporting to be from the internal revenue department called on Dick. There had been a lot of talk in the papers about Bill cutting down his pictures to two a year because when he made more his income soared into a higher bracket and there was little left for him.

The seeming tax collector informed Dick that his tax returns for the previous year showed no such income as the newspapers reported him to have received and there was going to be plenty of sand raised. He intimated that for a consideration he might be able to "fix" things.

He recognized the man as a faker. "I've been confused with Bill Powell before," he said, "and I've always felt pretty flattered. But I'll be hanged if I'm flattered enough to pay his income tax for him. You wait here and I'll call Bill and his lawyer and make an appointment."

The mention of the lawyer was enough. Dick's visitor muttered apologies for the inconvenience to which he had put Dick and said he would let "the office" arrange the appointment with Bill. Nothing has been heard of him since.

This recital could go on for weeks but the foregoing gives you a rough idea of the comedy of errors resulting when three personable and successful people happen to have the same surname. Differences in sex, Christian name, family tree, appearance and personality mean nothing to the fans and the three little P's are resigned to a life of confusion—and explanations which are forgotten or ignored as soon as they're made.

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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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Beauty For Tennis Or Tea

[*Continued from page* 57]

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The Odorono Company has a comparatively new product—a deodorant powder to be dusted all over the body after your bath. Fragrant, cooling and mildly antiseptic, it helps to prevent that sticky, uncomfortably feeling so common on stifling days. It comes in a large pink and white dusting powder box (with a gay pink puff enclosed) for $1 and also a pink and white shaker can, grand for travelling, at 50 cents.

You can be sure that those lovely legs of Carole Lombard's are as smoothly attractive close-up as they are at a distance; for, like all the stars, she understands the importance of removing superfluous hair. De Wans Hair Remover is a reliable product that is safe, easy to use and thorough in action. A perfumed white powder, it must be mixed with water to form a paste, spread evenly on the superfluous hair, left for three minutes or so, and then rinsed away. De Wans Hair Remover is inexpensive, too. Only 50 cents a bottle.

SUMMER make-up troubles, often the most troublesome of all, can usually be banished by the right type of adherent powder base. If your skin is oily or normal, you'll find that Colonial Dames Beautifier will keep your make-up smooth and fresh looking for hours. It is made with almond meal, almond oil, honey and lemon (all natural skin beautifiers) and provides a dull, greaseless mat for your face powder. To apply, you moisten a tiny sponge, rub this over the Beautifier, and then smooth it evenly on your face and throat. A jar costs $1.

The Kurlash Company has brought out an Eye Beauty Brush that makes the application of eye shadow ridiculously easy. No more uncertain dabs at your eyelids with a smeary fingertip! By using this brush you can apply *just enough* shadow—the secret of all artistic eye make-up! It is useful, too, for darkening the brows. You just dip it into mascara, then go over the eyebrows very lightly. The Kurlash Company has also introduced a new color of Shadette (their trade name for eye shadow), making a total of twelve lovely tints. Mahogany Shadette, the newest, is grand on brunettes, girls with dark red hair and on many deeply suntanned gals. With Gold Shadette over Mahogany, you can be the toast of any evening party . . . All colors of Shadette are priced at 75 cents each.

A mascara that goes on quickly and easily and doesn't make your eyelashes look "frozen stiff" is Tattoo for the Ladies, made by the Tattoo Lipstick people. This mascara in cream form comes in a silvery tube with the giddy Tattoo sirens decorating it. Tattoo for the Lashes is available in black, brown and blue and costs only 50 cents. You'll find it waterproof, harmless and non-smarting.

If you have a personal beauty problem or wish to inquire further concerning any of the products mentioned in this article, write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. Postage Only) for a prompt reply.

FAT GOES!
OR MONEY BACK!

Try SAFE Food Method NO DRUGS

Just Like Eating Candy

*She lost 41 lbs.

● Get rid of fat in a hurry! . . . But reduce the **SAFE** Food Method way . . . not with dangerous drugs! SLENDRETS remove fat by a new principle which converts fat and food into energy . . . You feel better . . . look years younger! **NO DRUGS** . . . **no** dangerous dinitrophenol, **no** thyroid. Not laxative . . . Even if a baby should eat one by mistake, it would not be harmed, because SLENDRETS only redistribute stored fat. Delicious, too . . . taste just like candy!

READ HOW OTHERS LOST FAT: "Reduced 17 lbs. in 4 weeks. My flesh is firm and solid," writes Miss Goodrow (Conn.). "Lost 5 lbs. this week, 41 lbs. in all," writes Miss Nolan (Calif.). "36 lbs. of fat gone, never felt better," writes Miss Angell (N. Y.).

REDUCE QUICKLY...OR AT NO COST!

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!

Don't give FAT another day's start...but be sure you reduce the safe SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! At drug or dep't stores, or, send $1 for generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or, $5 for 6 packages, Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (Enclose payment. Or send 10c fee on C.O.D. orders.) **Sent in plain wrapper.**

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Please send me on your Money Back Offer
☐ The $1 package containing 84 SLENDRETS
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(Be sure payment is enclosed)
Name..
Address..
City..............................State..............................

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages, with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

From Extra Girl to Stardom

[*Continued from page* 41]

named Irving Thalberg had seen a picture called *The Stealers* and had jotted down in a little memorandum book the name of Norma Shearer. "Might be good picture bet," his notation said. Some time later he was in a position to offer her a contract.

That SOS from Hollywood convinced Norma that miracles still happened. And a contract—at $110 per week—certainly had all of the earmarks of stardom. She assumed that there would be a reception committee waiting for her when she arrived in Los Angeles. She had seen pictures in the rotogravure of actresses arriving in the movie capital, being presented with enormous bouquets of roses. She mentally rehearsed the speech she would make.

BUT Norma arrived in Los Angeles, unheralded and unsung. No camera recorded the event. There wasn't even a messenger boy from the studio to tell her where to go.

She had to inquire at the information desk in the station to find out how to get to Hollywood.

To say that Norma Shearer's ability as an actress was recognized the moment she stepped before a motion picture camera would be a gross misstatement. In fact, the reverse was true. She had been brought to the coast for the lead in a picture called *The Wanters* but the tests which were made of her were so awful that the lead was finally given to Marie Prevost and Norma was assigned an unimportant bit part.

If she had been one to give up easily she would doubtless have kissed her picture career goodbye then and there. But she was determined to be a star—and a star she would be.

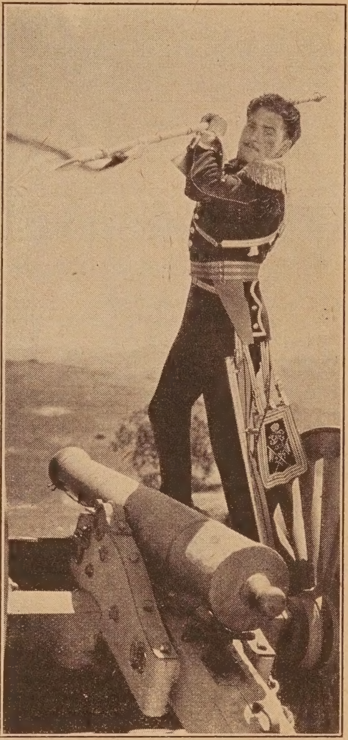
How true it is that some utterly incongruous incident frequently plays a part in changing the course of our lives. Norma tells of such an incident which happened when she was making her second Hollywood picture.

"I was supposed to be a headstrong, pleasure-mad girl who was full of fire and fight. I was so inexperienced, however, and suffered so from camera fright that I was giving a performance that was absolutely *blah*.

"'You don't seem to have any idea what it's all about,' the director told me. 'Can't you put a little life into it?'

"When lunch was called I went to my dressing room, discouraged and sick at heart. I realized that I was giving a dreadful performance and the worst of it was I didn't know what to do about it. I stood at my dressing room window looking across at the Selig zoo. The keeper was cleaning the cages. In one cage there was a coyote which the keeper had chased into the corner of his cage with a broom. In the other cage was a lion. The coyote was scared and he cringed before the broom. The broom, however, didn't frighten the lion. He roared at the keeper and stood his ground.

"Incongruously enough, the coyote reminded me of myself. And suddenly I decided that I was going to cease being a coyote. Instead, I'd be a lion! The lion had self-confidence. That's what I lacked. I needed to believe in myself—to convince myself that I *was* the girl I was trying to portray. I went back to the set determined to show the director what I could do. I didn't exactly *roar* like a lion but I felt very lion-hearted. And while this may have been a sort of whistling-in-the-dark technique it worked. The result was that when I finished the scene that had previously caused so much trouble, the director patted me on the back and said: 'Now you're really getting your teeth into it. That was swell.'"



Errol Flynn, the romantic young Irishman who skyrocketed to stardom in *Captain Blood*, has a rôle even more dashing and costumes even more colorful as the hero of the Warner Brothers spectacle-drama, *Charge of the Light Brigade*

That bit of praise went a long way toward helping Norma generate more self-confidence.

Norma Shearer is one star of whom it can be rightly said, "She pulled herself up by her bootstraps." What it took in courage, will power and nerve only Norma herself will ever know. She gave her undivided physical, emotional and mental powers to her work. In three years her salary jumped from $110 to $750 per week. Her best picture during that time was *He Who Gets Slapped* with John Gilbert and Lon Chaney. It was, in fact, a smash hit and started her on her way to the very top.

The Norma Shearer of today embodies all that most girls would like to be. She is colorful, charming, provocative. Through the years she learned to accent her every asset and minimize every liability. And the secret of her success is that she has never cluttered her mind with non-essentials. She knew what she wanted and focussed every ounce of energy she had on the attainment of that goal.

She even got the man she wanted! Norma has often told the story of her first meeting with that brilliant young executive, Irving Thalberg. She thought he was an office boy. She says that she fell in love with him the day she met him, and she admits that she deliberately set her cap for him. The fact that she was a nobody on the screen at that time and he was, even then, an important figure in the picture world did not keep Norma from aiming high. They met at parties occasionally. And when this happened Norma did not attempt to disguise her feelings. Not that she threw herself at his feet or anything like that. She merely let him know that she admired him and liked him. Soon he began to seek her company. They had lunch together on the lot. They attended previews. And finally he asked her for a date. That was the beginning. . . .

And then one day, just as Norma had mentally planned it, Irving Thalberg asked her to be his wife.

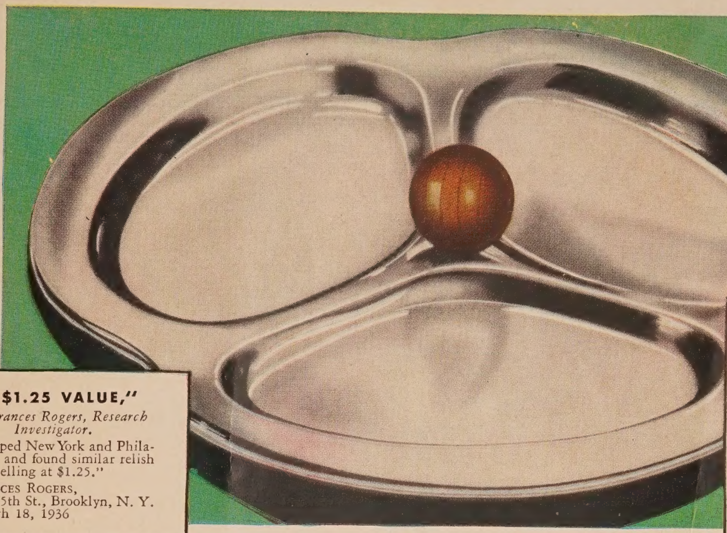
Norma has managed her marriage as successfully as she has managed her career. She is wise enough to know that the male of the species likes to be the head of his household. So at home she is never the star. Instead she is Mrs. Thalberg. And as such it is her job to see that the household runs smoothly. She is the gracious hostess . . . a wife of whom any husband would be proud. When she has business to discuss with Mr. Thalberg she makes an appointment, through his secretary, to see him at his office—the same as any other M-G-M star would do.

Before going into *Romeo and Juliet* she spent months studying the role she was to play. She studied dancing with Agnes de Mille so that she would be able to do the waltz exactly as it was danced in Juliet's day. She acquired some four hundred volumes of Shakespeare, including eighteen versions of *Romeo and Juliet*. These she studied assiduously.

Two of Norma's most outstanding characteristics are her enthusiasm and her spontaneity. "I think there is nothing duller than a placidly disinterested woman," she says.

She loves yellow roses. Collects crystal glassware for a hobby. Likes raw vegetable salads. And thin sandwiches spread with jam and yeast. She never forgets a name. And is one of the very few stars who frankly admits that she enjoys being recognized in public places. She's a good tennis player. A good sailor. And is proud of the fact that she can stand on her head. And what do you suppose her idea of luxury is? *Breakfast in bed!*

HANDSOME, LUSTROUS *FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY—ACT NOW!* **7-3/4 INCHES ACROSS**



"A $1.25 VALUE,"

says Frances Rogers, Research Investigator.

"I shopped New York and Philadelphia and found similar relish dishes selling at $1.25."

Frances Rogers,
145 95th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
March 18, 1936

"A distinctive pattern," comments Mrs. Pierce Frisby, smart New York hostess, "perfect for serving pickles and olives—or assorted preserves—or candies and nuts. The weight is excellent, too."

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To everyone who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the $1.25 chromium-plated relish dish, we make this guarantee: If, within two weeks after buying this dish you are not *entirely satisfied*, you may return the dish to us in good condition, and we will refund you the full 25 cents you paid for it.—The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Considerably less than actual size.

$1.25 Relish Dish

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TRY EAGLE BRAND—FOR MAGIC, SHORT-CUT COOKING!

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

(This creamy filling is made without cooking!)

1 can Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or extract, and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue, made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 10 minutes, or until brown. Chill.

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

(Easier, quicker to make than any mayonnaise ever was before!)

⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
¼ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill. Makes 1¼ cups. Or place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top tightly. Shake for two minutes.

IMPORTANT: This offer is made solely to acquaint you with the amazing *magic* pies, frostings, puddings, cookies and candies that you can make in entirely new *magic* short-cut ways with Eagle Brand. You'll find an astonishingly *magic* recipe on every Eagle Brand wrapper and label. And at the left are two *magic* recipes you'll use again and again!

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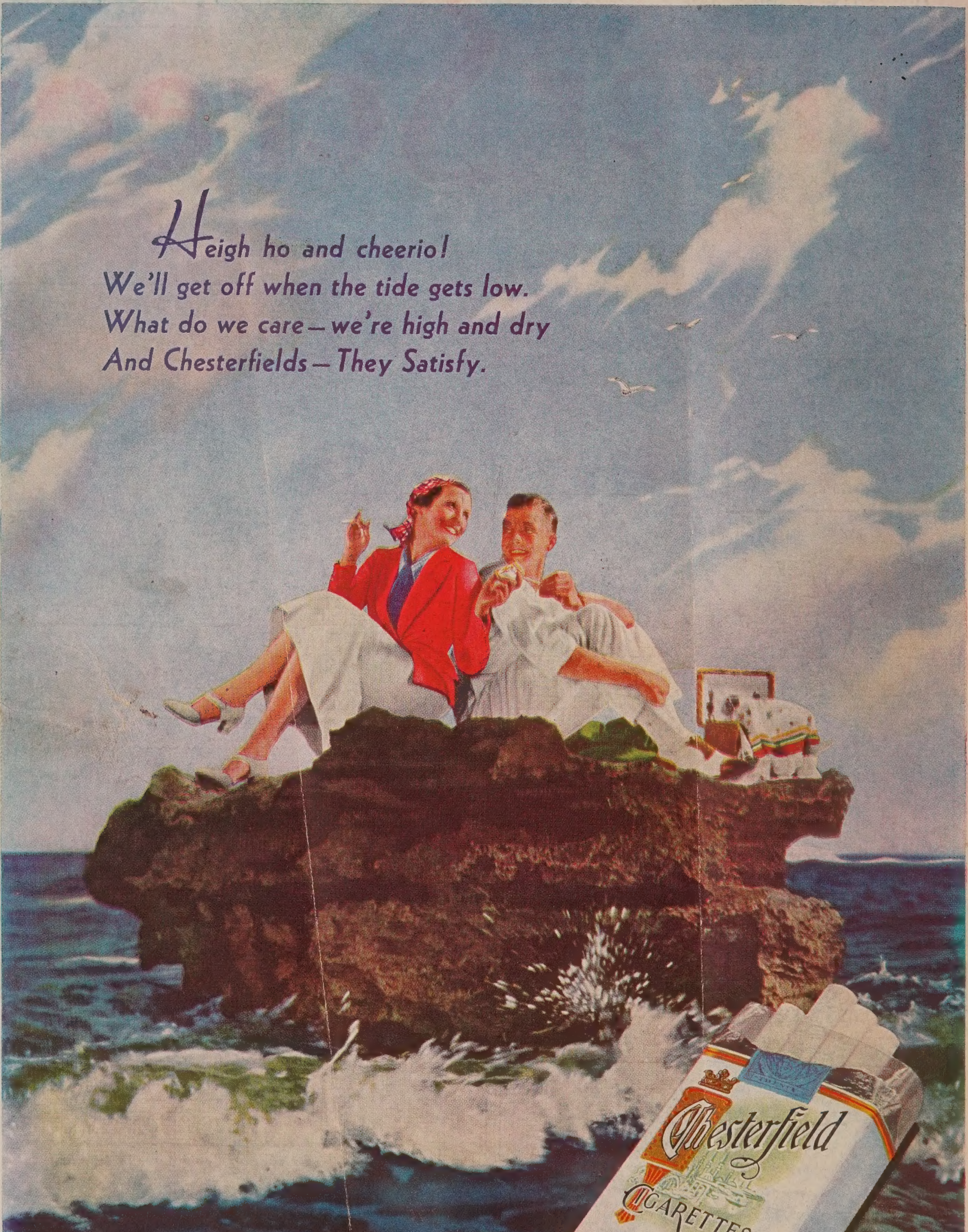
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We'll get off when the tide gets low.
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Chesterfield's *Mildness* and *Better Taste*
give smokers a lot of pleasure

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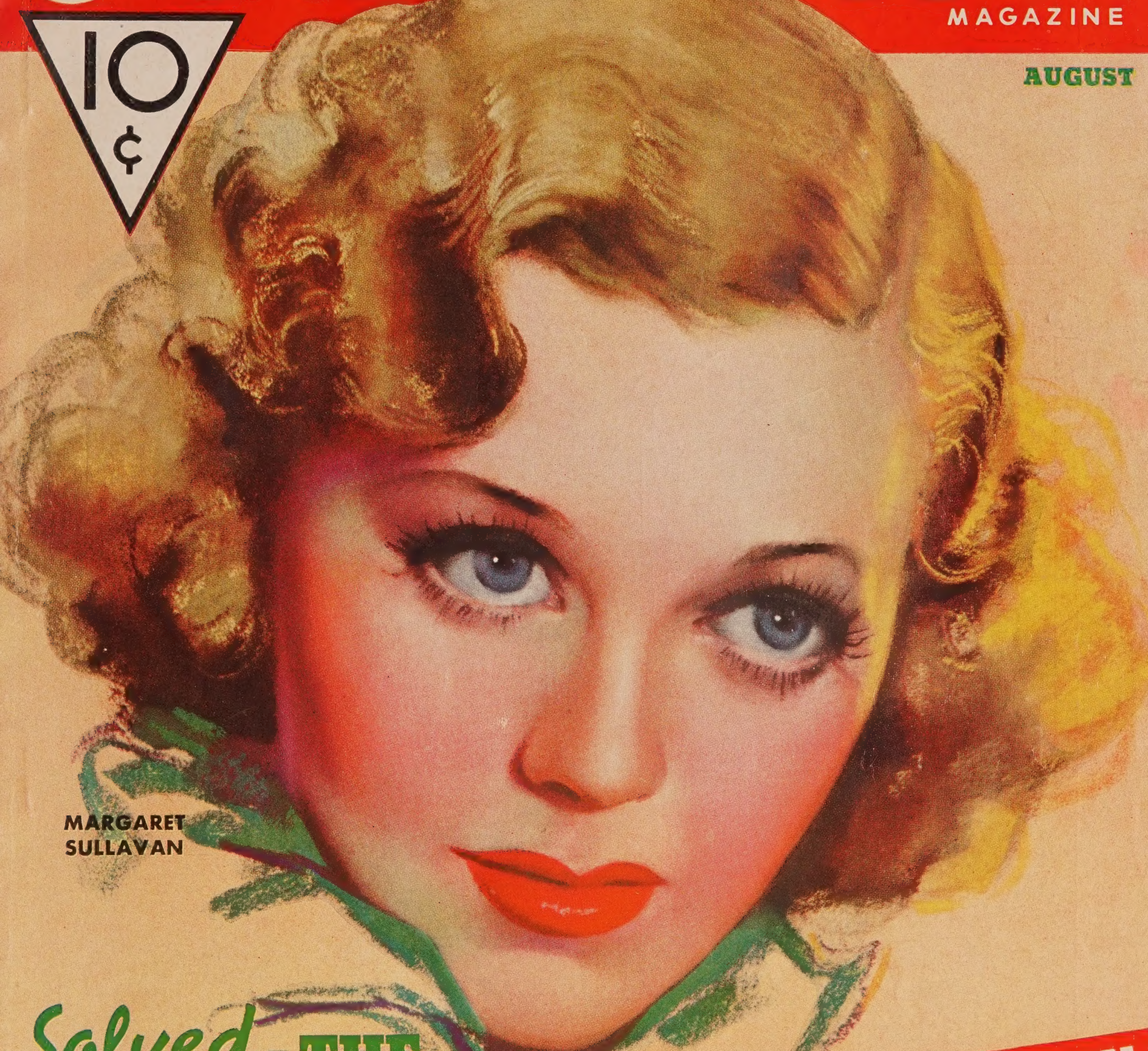
TRUTH ABOUT ROBERT TAYLOR'S ROMANCES

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

10¢

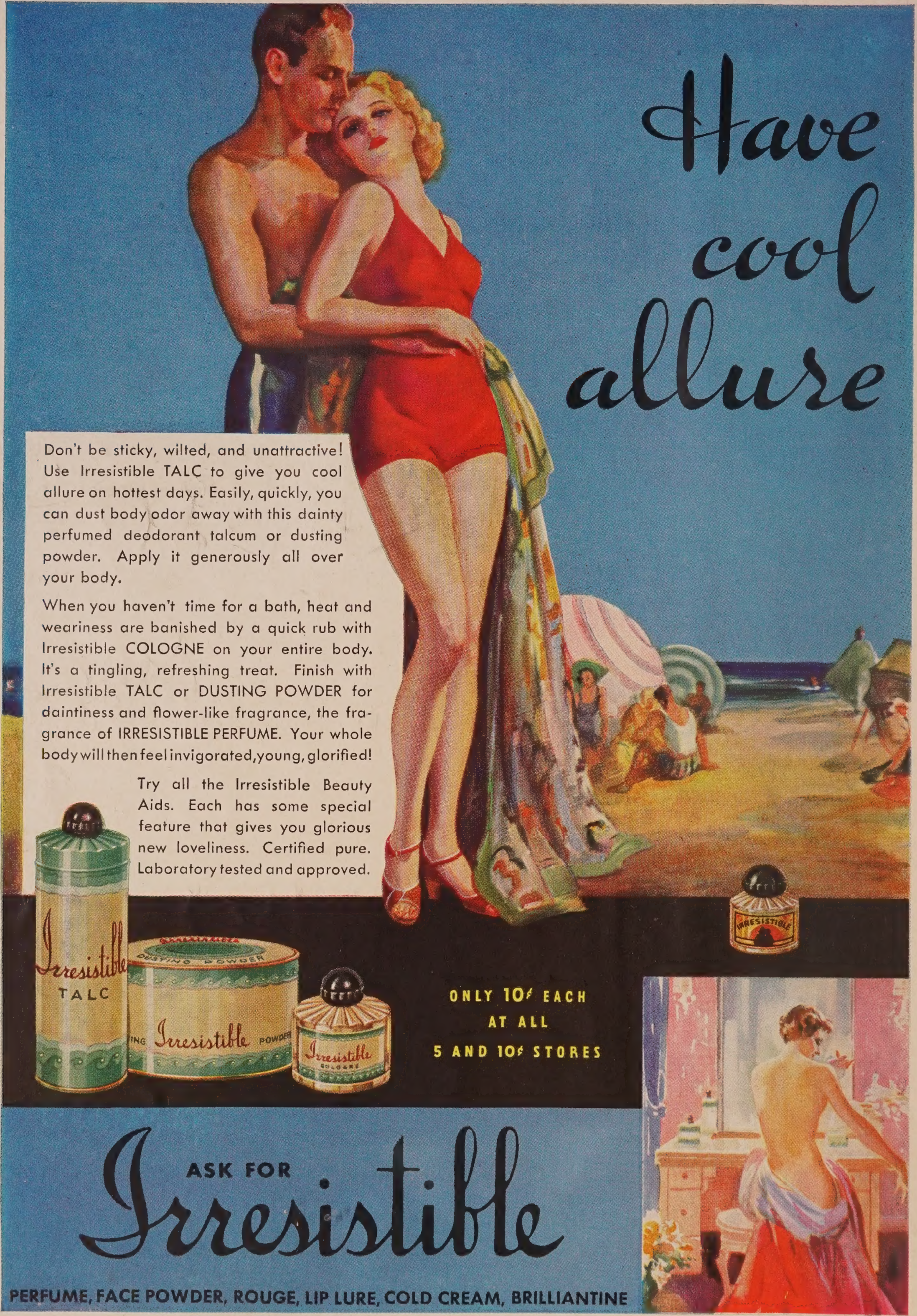
AUGUST



Solved - THE LUISE RAINER MYSTERY

FREE LESSONS IN MOVIE ACTING

Send for Paramount's Course for New Screen Players


Irresistible
TALC
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COLOGNE
IRRESISTIBLE

Have cool allure

Don't be sticky, wilted, and unattractive! Use Irresistible TALC to give you cool allure on hottest days. Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty perfumed deodorant talcum or dusting powder. Apply it generously all over your body.

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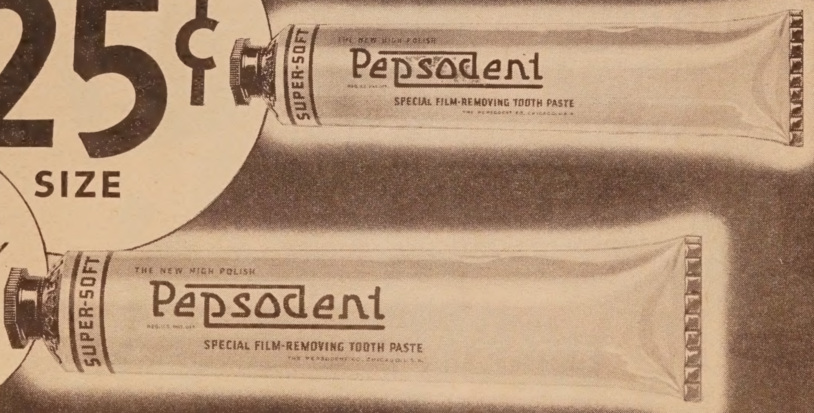
Holds twice as much as 25c size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In keeping with the 1936 trend to give more value for less money, we announce the lowest prices in Pepsodent's history!

A BIG NEW 25c SIZE TUBE

FORMER 50c SIZE NOW ONLY 40c

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New! Super-Soft High-Polish Pepsodent Tooth Paste

1. GETS TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS BRIGHT—SAFELY!

New $200,000 polishing agent quickly restores a dazzling luster to dull teeth.

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Tests prove Super-Soft Pepsodent twice as soft as polishing agent generally used. Hence it is one way to high-polish teeth without danger to enamel.

HURRY! GET THIS BIG NEW PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE VALUE TODAY!

THEY PLAY THRILLING ROLES IN M-G-M'S DRAMATIC ROMANCE "*Suzy*"

JEAN HARLOW

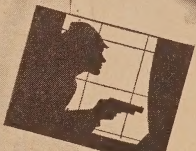
"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew...."

BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine...."

CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."

"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

JEAN HARLOW in

Suzy

FRANCHOT TONE · CARY GRANT

LEWIS STONE · BENITA HUME

Directed by George Fitzmaurice

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

AUGUST
1936

SCREEN BOOK

Vol. XVII
No. 1

The News Magazine of the Movies

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

FLORENCE JOHNSON
Executive Editor

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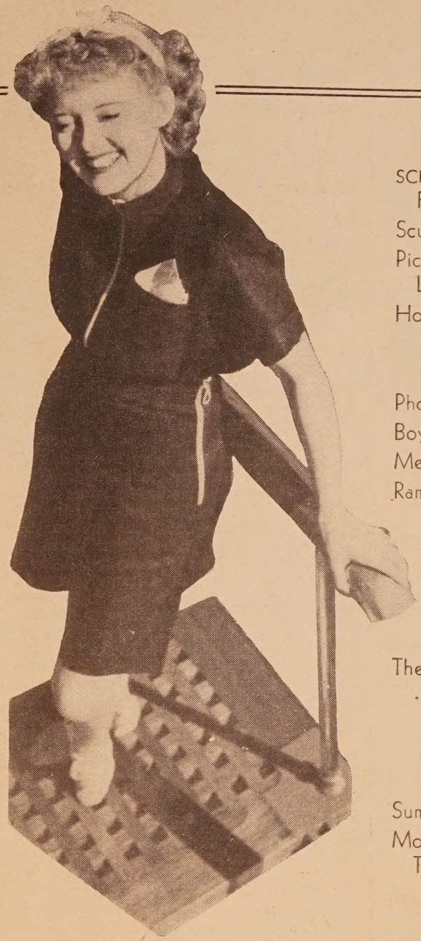

Bette Davis always gives us unusual heroines and they're always very bright girls—just as Bette herself is in private life. *God's Country and a Woman* is the name of her new picture. It's an all-color epic of the great outdoors—where men are men and women are satisfied with things as they are

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Remember one little thing

...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm ... upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

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When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed.* Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

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When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MYSELF As I See Me—Una Merkel

Beginning a series of stories in which stars turn tattle-tale on themselves

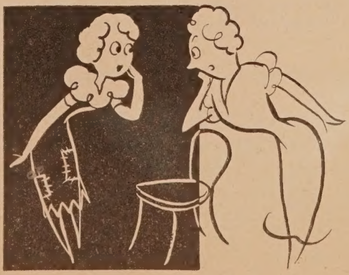
I'M ALWAYS having the experience of meeting people who sit around and wait for me to make the sort of flippant wisecrack that the characters I play make in pictures . . . why, oh why can't I make Dorothy Parkerish retorts unless some script writer has them all written out for me? . . . oh well, I can cook! . . . and maybe I wouldn't enjoy the flippant parts so much if I were that type myself . . .

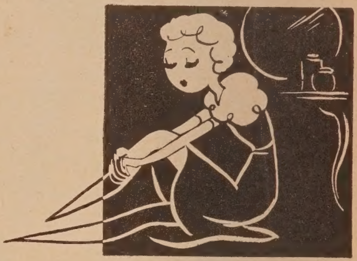
I'm afraid I'm just a home girl . . . thank heaven, it doesn't show in pictures . . . I congratulate myself every day because I have a job that I love and because I'm living with the people I care for most in the world . . . my husband and parents . . . and because my husband is an engineer . . . I like mechanically minded men . . . they awe me . . .

I have all the superstitions there are, and a few pet ones of my own . . . I consider five and seven my lucky numbers . . . eight my unlucky one . . . don't ask me why . . .

I make myself do things by writing them down and confronting myself with them until they're done . . . I always try to have either five or seven tasks outlined for myself daily . . . if I have eight things in mind, I try to think of another one, because of my superstition about eight . . . and I usually end up by dropping one, so there'll be seven . . . oh well . . .

The only thing I don't adore about picture making is getting up early . . . other pet aversions are going to bed, telephoning, and irresponsible people . . .





People say I'm easy to get along with . . . maybe because I'm an easy-going gal from Kentucky . . . Kentucky is one of my favorite boasts . . . how young looking my mother is, is another . . .

I always sit on the floor to put on my stockings . . . and I'll wear a favorite dress until friends and family scream, while my other things hang neglected in the closet . . .

I like to have people around . . . my most intimate friends are women . . . another pet aversion—people who say girls aren't capable of real friendships . . .

I worry about every picture while I'm making it . . . when it's done, I start worrying about the next . . . the night I made my first radio appearance I had the jitters so bad I couldn't eat my dinner . . . I still have the jitters with each one . . .

I like nightclubbing occasionally . . . if I had to go out dancing every night I'd be bored . . . most of my evenings are spent quietly at home . . . I like reading and talking . . . and a few dear friends . . . I don't smoke . . . and chocolate creams are my favorite vice . . .

When I had my tonsils out I read a book called *Brothers in the West*, and did myself no good at all because I insisted on telling everyone to read it and why . . . now I've gone and forgotten the author.

Ask your mirror!

"Will I Be More Popular Tonight?"

YOUR mirror tells you the truth. And here's how to make *your* mirror say, "YES!"

Lovely young women everywhere tell us they are more popular with soft lustrous hair. Radiant hair alone quickly gives them a new, lovely fresh bright appearance. Now you, too, can gain this popularity. Have sunny hair friends admire! Blonde or Brunette, rinse brilliant lustre into your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES—To restore natural golden beauty, to brighten *evenly* and give sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair—rinse your hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Increase *your* attractiveness. Just a rinse with Marchand's gives your hair a soft, lustrous sheen. Or, using Marchand's full strength, lighten your hair gradually—secretly—to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES—You can make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* And so keep your face, arms and legs alluringly soft and smooth! This summer use Marchand's to soften attractively and make unnoticeable the soft natural hair on face, arms and legs.

Marchand's keeps you dainty and attractive *all over!* Start *today* to use Marchand's yourself, at home. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(Use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name..

Address..

City.............................State............................F. P. 836

By Janet Lynn

THE SUNNY SIDE of BEAUTY

Take a note from the popular song: "From the top of your head to the tips of your toes . . ." and groom yourself to perfection with a few simple beauty aids—as June Travis has done

IN WINTER, when frocks and hats mean so much, you may be able to create an impression with your clothes alone. But in summer, when heiress and working girl alike spend most of their time in casual cotton shorts or bathing suits, you've got to depend on your figure, skin, hair and make-up to inspire envy in other women and admiration in men.

Add to this, the fact that the sunlight can search out more defects than any spotlight, and you will realize just how important it is to be meticulously well-groomed from head to toe all summer!

Once you realize this, the rest is easy. Any beauty editor knows that it's harder to make a "well-favored" girl who pooh-poohs beauty edicts, beautiful, than it is to make a plain girl who is eager to learn, pretty. . . . That's why many a girl who was unattractive at eighteen is a lovely creature at thirty and why many another girl who had lots of natural beauty at eighteen, is a frump by the time she is twenty-five.

For those of you who are eager to learn, I am offering in this article some practical advice on the care of hair, skin, hands and feet in summertime. And hair comes first. Shampoo it oftener in warm weather. If you are pressed for time and dislike the idea of more frequent shampooing, you'll find one of the soluble-in-water oil shampoos a great time-saver. And a lighter wave lotion will hasten drying time, too.

Wear your hair shorter and brushed upward from the back of the neck and sides of the face. It's smarter that way, easier to tend to and a thousand times more comfortable and cool. . . . With a permanent wave in the ends, you can easily achieve a halo-like roll all around your head. A coming style, a cool, youthful style, and one that can be adapted to any shape face.

When you are outdoors for a very long time, particularly in the afternoon, wear a hat to protect your hair from the

MAKE-UP BLENDER

To prevent sunburn, tan or freckles, apply Max Factor's Make-up Blender liberally before exposure

ZIP
FACIAL HAIR REMOVER

Two new products by Madame Berthé—Zip Facial Hair Remover and Zip Instant Deodorant — insure summer daintiness

HESS
WITCH HAZEL CREAM
for the Skin

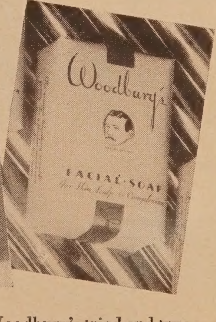
Hess Witch Hazel Creme keeps hands soft and is a mildly astringent powder base

POND'S
FACE POWDER

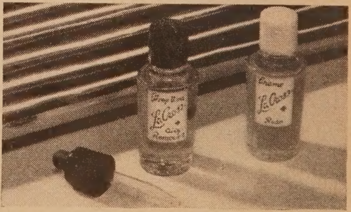
Pond's new "Sunlight Shades" of face powder—light and dark—are flattering summer skins

SOFSKIN CREME

Sofskin Creme, in smart black and gold jar, does exactly what its name implies



Woodbury's tried-and-true facial soap is now irradiated with the sunshine vitamin. Formula remains the same



La Cross Creme Nail Polish on the right; La Cross Oily Polish Remover, with dropper-stopper, on the left

oil-sapping and bleaching effects of the sun. There are all sorts of smart beach and garden hats that are light and airy but protective . . . An invisible film of brilliantine will prevent salt water from having its well-known corrosive effect on the hair structure . . . A warm olive oil treatment once a week will help restore lost oils to the hair, and a thorough brushing twice each day will remove excess dust, sand and salt and will impart lustre.

Lots of soap and water and mild astringents will give your skin that fresh, smooth-textured look a youngster's has. Arms and legs that have come out of winter-hiding looking rough and coarse-textured, need a reconditioning routine that consists of scrubbing with warm water and a lathered brush twice a day, and the application of a softening lotion. Even though you have, like a wise girl, used a suntan oil or cream, apply plenty of rich cream on your skin *after* you've been out in the sun. This will prevent it from becoming leathery and lined, by and by.

For summer make-up that is flawless and cool, use a *lighter,* thinner powder base. If you've been using a cream during the winter, try one of the liquid powders that coat your skin coolly, thinly, giving it a new smoothness . . . A little less powder is always a good summertime rule for those whose skins are inclined to become damp and oily ten minutes after make-up is applied. A little less cheek rouge (your own coloring is stepped up) and more lipstick is also the order of the day. And let your lipstick be a bright yellow-red or rust shade, to tone in with your tanned skin.

Your eyes need special care in summer because the sun is hard on them and because they collect more dust and debris then. Wear dark glasses whenever you are in the sun without a hat for more than a few minutes. Use a cleansing, refreshing eye lotion at least twice a day. And ward off the results of squinting (crow's feet), by applying plenty of emollient eye cream.

In summer, a weekly pedicure is just as necessary as a weekly manicure to prevent social ostracism, and in-between touch-ups of polish are in order. Another reminder for foot and hand beauty is: apply your suntan oil or tan-preventive on these extremities, too, so that they won't vary in tone . . . Don't forget that hand lotion on your feet will have the same effect it has on your hands . . . And be sure to *match* your toe-nail and finger-nail polish. The smartest shades this summer are the dusty or rusty tones, those with a tannish bronze cast that harmonizes with your suntan.

In those now-familiar glass jars, with blue-green tops, are two new summertime shades of Pond's Face Powder called "Sunlight Shades." They are blended to flatter the girl with a light, medium or dark suntan—or no tan at all—and they really do it, even though they aren't brownish in tone, as you would expect. "Glare-proof," Pond's calls them, because they give your skin a soft, natural warmth even at high noon on a blazing day . . . These two new shades (Light and Dark) of "Sunlight" replace Pond's Rose Brunette and Dark Brunette.

The contents are as nice as the container, in the case of Sofskin Creme, a new finishing and protective preparation that has a host of uses. Rubbed on the skin generously before exposure, this soft white cream will prevent sunburn. As a powder base, it goes on smoothly, quickly

[*Continued on page* 64]

Once Ignored...Now Adored!

She found the lovelier way

to Avoid Offending

She bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

HOW appealingly feminine . . . how *desirable* you are . . . when you guard your daintiness this Cashmere Bouquet way!

You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be *fragrantly dainty.* For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes . . . And only such costly perfumes will bring you such *lingering* loveliness!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore . . . keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet
Colgate's
Established
Cashmere

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

"Keep an eye on the sun"

says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamourous!* Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only $1.

● *Lashtint,* the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . $1

● *Shadette,* the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c

● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-8,* The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

FRANK REVIEWS

★★★★ Perfect Picture. ★★★ Good Entertainment. ★★ Not Bad. ★ Ho Hum!

Fredric March as the young Anthony swears eternal devotion to Angela, the cook's daughter, played by Olivia de Havilland

Anthony Adverse

★★★★

THE legion readers of Hervey Allen's popular novel will be pleased with the film version. Longer than most pictures, it ends with Anthony's departure for Mexico—approximately half way through the original. Warner Bros. are considering the plan of filming the remaining portion of the book as a sequel. The story is told in five principal portions. First, the dramatic love affair between the unhappy bride of a nobleman and her Irish lover—the birth of Anthony and his placement as a foundling at the door of a convent. Second, the friendless boy of ten is apprenticed to Bonnyfeather, his own grandfather, where he finds companionship in Angela, the cook's daughter. Third, newly married to Angela he goes to Havana, then to Africa where, after losing contact with Bonnyfeather and his wife, he becomes a slave trader. Fourth, he returns to Italy and France where the nobleman again tries to take his life—and to his wife, Angela, who shows him the son of whose existence he was unaware. Last, his wife, now a famous singer and a favorite of Napoleon, asks him to take their child to America with him. The picture ends with Anthony, his son beside him, sadly facing a new horizon. Always there is a feeling of brooding fate which dogs the life of the so-aptly named Adverse. The large supporting cast is unusually good and gives the whole a feeling of great sincerity. Anita Louise deserves mention for her excellence in a short but telling sequence. Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland turn in fine performances. Because of the necessity for telling so much story in so little time, it sometimes seems a bit disjointed and episodic, but whether or not you got through the book you'll enjoy it.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

A princess in disguise is wooed by a king not in disguise. Grace Moore and Franchot Tone

The King Steps Out
★★★

IT'S worth anyone's stepping out to see. Grace Moore's voice and the music are second to her talents as a comediénne. It's a musical comedy story, unbelievable, but gay and romantic. Franchot Tone is the young emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, whose engagement is announced to the daughter of King Max of Bavaria. To save her sister from an unwelcome royal marriage, Grace journeys to the palace and, disguised as a dressmaker, has an all-night lark with the emperor. Imagine his relief when Walter Connolly informs him the dressmaker is his princess daughter and they can be wed. Superb support is given by two ace comedians Herman Bing and Walter Connolly. Although the music is Fritz Kreisler's, it is not stressed and remains only incidental to the general hilarity of the piece. Tone has curly hair, a fascinatingly wicked glint in his eye that will make feminine hearts flutter.—*Produced by Columbia.*

Shirley Temple is a run-away picked up by Jack Haley and Alice Faye

Poor Little Rich Girl
★★★ if Shirley is a favorite
★ if she is not

BETTER than her past couple of pictures, Shirley is almost the whole show—does all of her tricks and does them well. She seems completely natural . . sings four catchy numbers: "Oh My Goodness," "But Definitely," "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach" and "When I'm With You." She's the daughter of a wealthy soap manufacturer who wanders from home, adopts an organ grinder for the night and next day is picked up by Alice Faye and Jack Haley—a couple of indigent vaudevillians. She joins them in a radio audition, winning a contract to broadcast for her father's soap rival. Papa hears her and her vacation from home ends. Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen are good as her parents.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 12]

HELP YOURSELF TO *Travel Holidays*

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ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC
TRAVEL HOLIDAYS
CALIFORNIA
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
TEXAS CENTENNIAL
GREAT LAKES
ATLANTIC

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● For millions of vacationists this summer TRAILWAYS makes *Travel Holidays* possible. At new low transcontinental fares, TRAILWAYS brings new high standards to motor bus travel.

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Sleek cream-and-crimson streamliners serve Atlantic beaches, Great Lakes, Ozarks, the Gulf, Rockies, Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, the Pacific—and Texas Centennial.

Write the nearest TRAILWAYS Travel Bureau listed below for new folder "Scenic America" and for information on rates and service *everywhere*. Consult your TRAILWAYS Agent about that trip . . . see how little first class travel costs.

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207 St. Charles St.
TULSA, OKLA.
319 S. Cincinnati
ST. LOUIS, MO.
700 N. Broadway
17th & Olive Sts.
25 South Sixth St.
WINDSOR, ONT., CAN.
11 Wyandotte St., East

CHICAGO, ILL.
35 W. Van Buren St.
DETROIT, MICH.
235 Bagley Ave.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
1821 E. Ninth St.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
237 Old River Road
WASHINGTON, D. C.
12th St. & New York Av.
BOSTON, MASS.
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Send my copy of "Scenic America"—telling about Trailways vacations—also information on
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Name__________
Address

As one Woman to another

A frank intimate chat

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

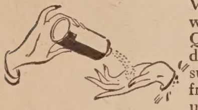
authority on feminine hygiene

Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories, especially welcome during hot summer months. You have my word that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort every woman dreads.

For Personal Daintiness



What relief, in broiling weather, to know that Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness! And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins. It soothes—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest and you'll agree with me that 35c is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

Three Gifts for You! One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1401, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Frank Reviews

[*Continued from page* 11]

De Lawd tends his sheep and many more troublesome earthly matters

The Green Pastures
★★★★

QUITE unlike anything screened before is this picturization of the Deep South Negro's interpretation of the Bible, its stories and characters. You will chuckle, but your laughter will be tender because it will recall your own childish ideas of the Bible. All the characters are Negroes. Rex Ingram plays with humor and dignity De Lawd, a gentle preacher occasionally given to terrible wrath, sometimes "r'ars back and passes miracles." Below heaven, where all the black angels wear tremendous white wings and life is a perpetual picnic, is the newly created earth where there is a lot of heavy sin, and which causes De Lawd a good deal of trouble. The Angel Gabriel is his aide. Noah-and-the-Ark incident is rich in humor. There is magnificence and beauty in the music by the Hall Johnson choir. It's a masterpiece of its kind and no one should miss it.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Fredric March and Warner Baxter rival for the love of June Lang

Bob Montgomery breakfasts Rosalind Russell and she gets him into plenty of trouble

Road To Glory
★★★★

THIS is one of the finest war films and Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff are the leading characters—with June Lang, a nurse, as the bone of contention between March and Baxter. Touching is the restrained behavior of brave men under fire; fascinating, the spectacle of men laughing in the face of disaster. You'll never forget the scene where Ratoff is reading a letter—halts, listens intently for the sound of a pick which has been going on steadily until that moment. The horrors and humors in the trenches are vividly portrayed.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Trouble For Two
★★½

IT IS fantastic, macabre and impish. Adapted from R. L. Stevenson's *Suicide Club*, it preserves the flavor of the original. Robert Montgomery is Prince Florizel who is led into weird yet amusing adventure in trying to help a strange lady—Rosalind Russell, who, although he doesn't know it, is the princess he is supposed to marry. He is lured into a suicide club (whose president, Reginald Owen, will make you shiver with his dirty work) composed of people wishing to die; there, the lady is chosen to do away by sinister means with the prince. Then the excitement begins.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Kay Francis as the famous "Lady With a Lamp" tends Billy Mauch

White Angel
★★★

KAY FRANCIS characterizes Florence Nightingale as we have always imagined her; young, burning with a compassion for suffering humanity. Vital, a truly great bit of acting, the more so because it marks Kay's departure from the sophisticated, glamour rôles she usually plays. We see her in her luxurious home, fretting about the ills of the world which she cannot cure. We see the dawn of her resolution—her struggles against the opposition of the men doctors to whom women nurses are anathema. Her services to the wounded in the Crimean War.—still in the face of opposition—and the final capitulation of public opinion in her favor. Billy Mauch, as a youngster caught in the toils of war, turns in a fine performance, as do Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce, Henry O'Neill, Donald Crisp and Donald Woods. Everyone who has heard of Florence Nightingale—as who hasn't?—will enjoy seeing her come to life in this capable impersonation.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Love blooms while the train waits. Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney

Fury
★★★

STARTLING in theme—the problem of mob fury—this picture packs a wallop. Spencer Tracy is arrested on circumstantial evidence as a kidnaper, and an hysterical group intent on lynching the prisoner succeeds in burning down the jail. The innocent man escapes, unknown to the mob. Transformed from a tolerant, peace-loving man by the display of ruthlessness on the part of the crowd, he vows vengeance and his brothers put twenty-two murderers on trial for his life while he hears court proceedings over a sound hook-up as he hides nearby. There is dramatic finish. Sylvia Sidney aids Tracy in building the piece to a high emotional pitch. Some of the characters are less well developed than they might be, but on the whole the cast (Walter Abel, Bruce Cabot, Frank Albertson, et al) is creditable. It is timely and well worth attention.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

Your Favorite Star was Once an Amateur
JOAN BENNETT
A Beautiful
Walter Wanger Star

★ HOLD·BOB'S SECOND SEARCH FOR TALENT

Offers **You** a Chance for Film Fame

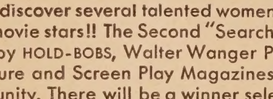
We hope to discover several talented women to develop into future movie stars!! The Second "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, gives you this opportunity. There will be a winner selected every month who will receive a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash!! At least one of these monthly winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

You may enter as often as you wish. The "Search for Talent" closes December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of a HOLD-BOB Card or facsimile of same (HOLD-BOB bob pins are sold everywhere)... attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

When you are reading the full details on the back of the HOLD-BOB card notice the many outstanding features of HOLD-BOBS; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why Hollywood uses these famous bob pins almost exclusively.

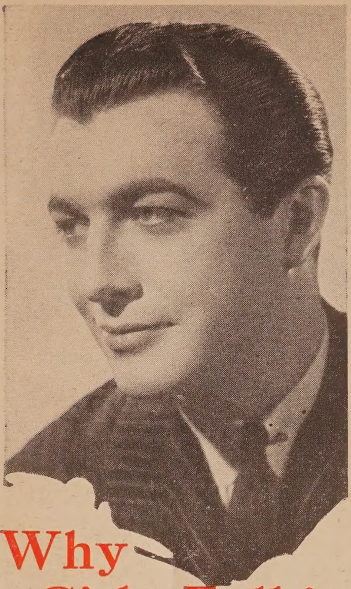
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-86, Chicago, Ill.

Robert Taylor dancing with Margaret Hehn, one of the recent "Search for Talent" winners, at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.



Copyright 1936 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

The seven lovely winners of HOLD-BOB'S First "Search for Talent" being welcomed by Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Nino Martini at the premier of the Pickford-Lasky Picture "One Rainy Afternoon."



Why Girls *Fall in Love* with ROBERT TAYLOR

Read this interesting story about Hollywood's new man-of-the-hour in the August issue of MOTION PICTURE. Hollywood's other new heart throb—Errol Flynn—answers the question most frequently asked about him, "Can Hollywood Hold Errol Flynn?" Other absorbing stories are: "Don't Want Anything Too Much," says Jean Arthur, "Which Stars Are Doomed By Color?" and "Did I Get What I Wanted From Life?" asks Ginger Rogers. Also in August MOTION PICTURE are big star stories covering Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Steffi Duna, Francis Lederer, Fay Wray and Gail Patrick.

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MOTION PICTURE
NOW 10c
AUGUST
GINGER ROGERS ASKS... "DID I GET WHAT I WANTED FROM LIFE?"
WHY GIRLS FALL IN LOVE WITH ROBERT TAYLOR

Frank Reviews

[*Continued from page* 13]

Joan Blondell runs a "numbers" lottery and Edward G. Robinson is a policeman

Bullets Or Ballots
★★½

THIS isn't a story about gangsters, but the "inside" on how they work—interestingly and excitingly told. Edward Robinson is a smart cop who, to all appearances, is tossed off the force. He even punches the chief in the face in a public place to make it convincing. Thereupon he is propositioned by a gang leader to join their crew. This enables our hero to go into all the gyp rackets in the town: the slot machines, the payments extracted from farm products handlers before freight cars can be unloaded, etc. After the mob suffers from raids they become suspicious that the new member is an informer but Eddie keeps on until he learns that the forces behind the city's corruption are three highly respected businessmen. Joan Blondell supplies what there is of love interest. One complaint—the piece seems full of men starting cars, striding in and out of rooms. Humphrey Bogart and Barton MacLane are good support.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Private Number
★★★

THE most beautifully matched screen lovers seen in many a day are Loretta Young and Robert Taylor, who make this picture a romantic hit. Loretta comes as a servant to Taylor's home where Basil Rathbone (who will be hissed loudly for his viciousness and his dishonorable intentions toward the girl) is the butler. Befriended by another maid, Patsy Kelly, Loretta accompanies her to a dance hall, becomes innocently involved in a questionable situation. When Taylor comes home from college, he meets our pretty maid, falls in love with her and they marry secretly. Butler Rathbone, furious at having his advances repulsed, almost succeeds in breaking up the marriage and ruining the girl's life—but not quite. Patsy Kelly and Joe Lewis provide swell comedy. Monroe Owsley, Marjorie Gateson and Jane Darwell contribute fine bits. Women especially will like this.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Girl Of The Ozarks
★★

NOT sensational, but appealing in a quiet way. Another little girl comes up for stardom—Virginia Weidler, who plays a little mountaineer, branded as incorrigible. She lies colorfully to her teacher—and lies tenderly to her sick mother, prays in an original way to the Lord for special favors. She is sent to a state institution and after she has jerked many tears and some laughter from the audience everything comes out all right. Virginia puts to shame many adult actors for she is entirely convincing. Henrietta Crosman plays Granny, a pungent, rifle-totin' hill woman. Others are Leif Erickson, Elizabeth Russell. It's made unusual by the efforts of little Virginia, who carries the whole picture on her shoulders.—*Produced by Paramount.*

The Princess Comes Across
★★★

ALMOST up to their last co-starrer, *Hands Across the Table,* Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray make the most of this new film, which is a light satirical comedy with a murder mystery thrown in for good measure. Carole is a Swedish princess with a comical accent; she plays the character like a caricature of one of our best-known foreign actresses. In reality, Carole is a chorus girl bent on crashing Hollywood with her disguise. Alison Skipworth is her chaperon. On shipboard she meets Fred, an orchestra leader. A blackmailer is slain, and though there are five famous detectives aboard it takes Freddie to find the true culprit. The story is a little difficult to follow in spots, but it isn't important to your enjoyment of the fun.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Alison Skipworth and Carole Lombard are amusing imposters

Fatal Lady
★★★

DOUBLY worthwhile because it has a genuinely mysterious murder plot and is also a fine musical picture, featuring Mary Ellis, who has a lovely voice and is beautiful besides. Mary is the fatal lady whose suitors meet death. At the end it is disclosed that the music master is the death-dealer intent on doing away with every man who becomes enamored of his protegé. Walter Pidgeon does well as the elder brother to luckless Norman Foster who is killed. Finally the big brother capitulates to the lady's charm. A large part of the excellence of this piece is the operatic background—and the music is handled in a novel manner.—*Produced by Wanger-Paramount.*

Dracula's Daughter
★★★ if you like hair raisers —less if you don't

THIS is one of the best chillers yet produced. It is based on the legend of the human vampire. Relentless, with mounting suspense and horror is the clash of mental powers between Otto Kruger, a psychiatrist and Dracula's daughter, dead for 200 years but preying on the living, who wants release from her evil spell. The psychologist battles for his own life and the life of his lively and lovely secretary. Gloria Holden is impressive as the lady vampire—her exotic appearance, voice and reactions keep the fantastic mood sustained. Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel, Nan Gray and E. E. Clive play their parts neatly.—*Produced by Universay.*

Bunker Bean
★★½

AN INTERESTING young newcomer, Owen Davis, Jr., is presented in a familiar story—Harry Leon Wilson's opus which makes its third appearance on the screen. Owen is a downtrodden youth suffering from an inferiority complex. He seeks the aid of a fortune teller and is informed that he is a reincarnation of Napoleon and Ram Tah, an Egyptian king. With this knowledge to bolster him up, he woos the daughter of the crabbed boss, Robert McWade, and finally, after much amusing difficulty, gets the price he wants for his airplane patent. Louise Latimer is satisfactory as the boss's daughter. Davis is swell as the timid soul transformed and his perfectly timed performance provokes many laughs.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

For the complete fiction stories of next month's movies see the magazine, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale July 10.

This magazine prints the complete fiction stories of motion pictures before they are shown in any theatre. The current issue contains fictionizations of *The Gorgeous Hussy*, featuring Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor; *Two in a Crowd*, with Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett; *The Bride Walks Out*, with Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck; *Girl's Dormitory*, with Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton and Simone Simon — and many more coming movies. This magazine is at all newsstands and sells for ten cents.

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Q-347 • PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTE LASSERRE, PARIS

TODAY'S GOSSIP

The latest news gathered where cinema players talk among themselves about the affairs of their fellow stars

By the Star Reporter

—*Rhodes*

Look out for eggs! The camera snapped just as a heckler raised his arm to toss eggs at Vic McLaglen as he printed his hands in the court of the Chinese Theatre at an elaborate ceremony. The man was arrested but later released

TAMMANY YOUNG, famous for years as a gate crasher and the last four years playing character rôles in pictures, was a favorite of Bill Fields and appeared in every picture Bill made at Paramount. When Bill started to make *Poppy* Tammany was over-solicitous about Bill's health and took special care of Bill. Tammany confided to friends that Bill was so ill he feared he never would complete the picture.

But Bill did. And the night the picture was completed Tammany Young died in his sleep.

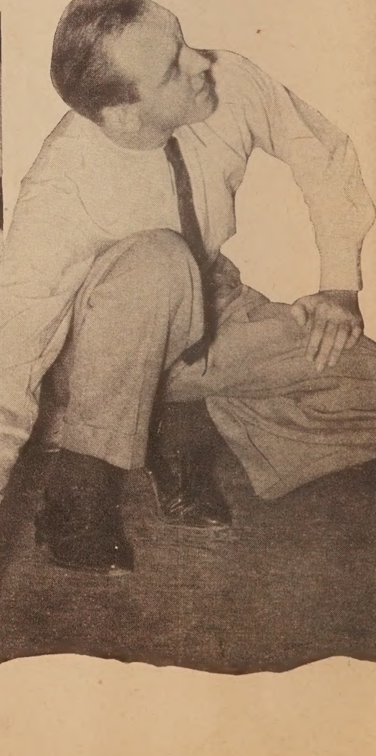
ROSALIND RUSSELL is one film player who gave of her own money to break down a quaint Hollywood custom, to wit, the exorbitant charges which property owners usually tack on a tenant when they vacate an apartment or house. Miss Russell occupied a Hollywood home for a year. When she left the owner presented a bill for close to $600, claiming that amount for damages to furniture. Usually film people pay to avoid unfavorable publicity. Not so Rosalind. She went into court and the learned Judge decided that about $28 would be enough to settle all actual damages. Now others are prepared to go into court and the alleged "gyp" seems doomed.

THE VERY newest tidbit regarding the doings of Carole and Clark concerns the 1922 model T Ford which Carole presented to Gable last St. Valentine's day. She had this ancient open-air flivver painted white—with red hearts splashed over it and his initials, C. G., prominent in bright colors. He topped her joke by driving it around town and now has had it rebuilt and a powerful motor installed. It will go 115 miles an hour and he says he will try it out on Muroc Dry Lake—a desert flat where many speed cars are tested.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S family is in Hollywood. Despite legal proceedings, the objective was for Freddie's parents and his two sisters, girls aged fourteen and sixteen respectively, to be reunited here, and part of the settlement must mean that the boy's sisters be given a chance in pictures.

—*Rhodes*

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Filmdom's warmest romancers, are snapped watching Sonja Henie skate in Hollywood's indoor rink



Ginger Rogers and dance director Hermes Pan go into a huddle during rehearsal of a dance number for *Never Gonna Dance*. He has drawn an intricate diagram which almost has her stumped

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is having her diet watched these days. Little Goldilocks has been growing a bit too rotund. Her strenuous work-play-study routine has kept her in perfect health and gaiety.

STRANGE how much at variance are the viewpoints some actresses have on certain matters. Bette Davis, recently awarded the Gold Statuette for the best acting of the year, prizes the award more than anything she has ever owned.

Helen Hayes, who won the same award a few years ago, uses her Statuette for a door stop in her New York home.

WHEN Rudy Valleé's wife, Fay Webb, divorces him, he will probably marry Alice

Faye. If he doesn't then one of Alice's brothers just doesn't know as much about the family's affairs as he pretends to know.

A FEW years ago Rudy Valleé purchased a magnificent estate in Beverly Hills primarily for a home for himself and his wife Fay Webb. Then came trouble and the house was never occupied although it is said to represent an investment of $100,000 on the part of the crooner. A few days since a real estate man tried to interest Mae West in purchasing the place. Miss West decided to look at the place and later

[*Continued on page* 18]

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THE STARS ARE SAYING
Your Figure May Be Your Fortune

You'll make a fortunate discovery in figure control with the new "Screen" Foundation.

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You should find "Screen" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure illustrating the newest in two-way stretch Lastex Creations. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois

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2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh.
3. Strengthen Nerves.
4. Ordinary Stomach Trouble Banished.
5. Sounder Sleep.
6. New Strength, Energy and Endurance.

If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities, in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, if it doesn't relieve ordinary stomach trouble, and give you calm nerves, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 17]

Fred Astaire, Hermes Pan and Mrs. Astaire enjoy the skating exhibitions which give them inspiration for some new dances

Edward G. Robinson's young son learns how his daddy does it in his gangster pictures

decided it was not worth the asking price—to her, anyway. The price was $42,000.

BOB TAYLOR wins no laurels as a nurse maid—or dietician. Barbara Stanwyck was out of the city, on location with the company filming *The Bride Walks Out*. She could not provide adequate quarters for her young son Dion, the boy she and Frank Fay adopted before their divorce, so Bob Taylor promised to take him when he visited Barbara on Sundav. On the way Bob stopped and bought Dion the things he asked for—hot dog sandwiches, ice cream cones and popcorn. By the time they arrived and greeted Barbara, five-year-old Dion was pretty much upset, having been overtaken by indigestion. Bob felt fine, but was overtaken by remorse.

WILL ROGERS' double in *The Great Ziegfeld*, one named A. A. Trimble, has caused many a New Yorker to pause and many a more timid soul to cross himself—thinking he has seen the ghost of the late, beloved Will. Trimble has been selling maps for Rand-McNally for the past twenty-six years and is merely going about his business as usual. Acting is just an avocation.

FROM our London spy comes a letter saying that Miriam Hopkins and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. have been seeing the town together and seem to be very much in love!

VIRGINIA CHERRILL, former wife of Cary Grant, may shortly annex a title. A friend of Virginia's, now in London, writes that if a divorce from his wife can be arranged, Lord Jersey will make a Lady out of Virginia via wedlock.

YES, FOLKS, you may bet all the tea in China that Norma Shearer will make *Marie Antoinette* in the very near future and that Charles Laughton will top the supporting cast.

"IS IT True What They Say About Dixie?" is the title of a popular song and it's also a question that is being frequently asked in Hollywood.

If the query is about Dixie Dunbar, the answer is that Dixie steps out with several of the boys, including Junior Laemmle. But her real heart is in New York City and a Hollywood producer is also very much interested.

If the query is about Dixie Lee, in private life Mrs. Bing Crosby, then the answer is that unless Dixie's medico is wrong the stork will soon hover the Crosby home.

NAT PENDLETON, who plays "Sandow" in *The Great Ziegfeld*, claims the publicity angle is screwy. Nat, in good faith, inserted an advertisement in the Los Angeles papers offering to give $1,000 to charity if he could not throw Man Mountain Dean a famous wrestler, ten times in an hour. Promoters claimed they were not interested on the basis that Nat was looking for a little publicity which he really is not. But what can he do?

BETTY FURNESS had a miraculous escape when her car turned over in the middle of town and she got out of it with just a big grease spot and one teeny bruise. . . . Betty, Cesar Romero, Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy and others of their crowd have given up roller skating and now devote themselves to moonlight horseback riding.

MARY BOLAND and Charlie Ruggles got a rest cure out of filming *Early to Bed.* They spend days being photographed just lying in their downy couches. Ho-hum-m-m-m-m.

ADRIENNE AMES shows signs of restlessness. She's moved all her belongings four times in the past two months.

WHEN you see *Mercy Killer* see if you can tell that Sara Haden did the cliff scene with a wire tied around her waist. Sara has a fear of high places and was afraid she'd faint and fall when she was required to stand on the edge of the precipice. Several times she walked to the edge but couldn't gather her courage up to the point of looking over. Finally the director ordered a wire placed around her waist and fastened to a tree. Then Sara felt safe, knowing that she wouldn't fall far—*if she fell!*

ARLINE JUDGE spent some time in the hospital with scarlet fever. When she was ready to leave, the internes gave her a big send-off party. They were sorry to see her go!

[*Continued on page* 62]

Marion Talley, youngest diva ever to sing in the Metropolitan Opera, has slimmed down to movie weight—and takes to the water with Lona Andre. Marion makes *Follow Your Heart* as her first film

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."

FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

SCREEN BOOK'S PROTÉGÉE *Starts Her* FILM CAREER!

Marjorie Weaver, school girl winner of our recent contest, has a movie contract and is on the high road to fame

Beverly Roberts, Pat O'Brien and Marjorie in a scene from *China Clipper,* which has just been completed and is now ready for release. This is Marjorie's début picture

A FEW months ago Marjorie Weaver was living at home and dreaming of success—just as we all do. Then one day she was persuaded by a friend to enter SCREEN BOOK'S contest sponsored by Ruby Keeler.

To her surprise, she won first prize—three months of dancing instruction in Jack Blue's school in New York City. This is the same school, incidentally, which Ruby Keeler and Patsy Kelly attended when they were children.

Wanting to support herself, Marjorie secured work as a photographer's model. Several motion picture studios evinced an interest in her, but Warner Bros. Studio secured her name on a contract. So she and her mother started for Hollywood.

Now, having a signed and sealed contract doesn't always mean that the player will be given a screen rôle immediately. But Marjorie was lucky.

On her first day inside the high studio walls she was scrutinized by a hair dresser, who decided her coiffure should be changed. When Pat O'Brien chanced to stroll by, Marjorie says she's afraid she became a bit excited and blurted: "Ohhh, Pat O'Brien." He stopped, grinned at her and they began to talk. He asked if she'd care to watch filming on *China Clipper* and Marjorie sat on the sidelines and saw for the first time how pictures are made. Pat introduced her to Director Ray Enright, and the two men agreed that she was just the girl to fill the rôle of Pat's secretary.

Now Marjorie goes daily to the studio drama school, has lunch and gads about with another ambitious young actress, Beverly Roberts, who worked in the same picture.

Bright predictions are being made for twenty-one-year old Marjorie Weaver, who says she has to pinch herself to find that she is not just dreaming her good fortune.

On her first day at the studio, Marjorie made friends with Pat O'Brien and he invited her to visit him on the set. A rôle in his picture resulted

This photo of the now parted Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres was taken shortly after their marriage. She wears her wedding dress

Why Ginger and Lew are Divorcing

SELDOM is a divorce marked by so little recrimination or gossip as the Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres separation.

Here was clearly and simply a case of two people of utterly unlike temperaments and interests, bound together in marriage. Ginger is in real life the girl we all love on the screen—gay, kindly, fond of associating with her fellow creatures. Lew, on the other hand, is retiring, studious and inclined to prefer quiet and his own multiple interests.

While they are engaged, two people of such divergent preferences may find their differences stimulating—as Lew and Ginger did—but in marriage, the daily association and the general acceptance by others that man and wife will have the same life and enjoy the same diversions proves to be a stumbling block. Sometimes a marriage of this sort proves successful—more often not.

Ginger and Lew were married November 14, 1934. She hated to face the fact of failure and the break was delayed. But now that they've decided that separation was inevitable, Ginger goes on with her career, making *Never Gonna Dance,* and going about with the younger crowd, composed in part of Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda and James Stewart, while Lew waits to see how the picture he has directed for Republic Studio, *Hearts in Bondage,* (symbolic title?) will be received by all of us theatregoers. Ginger has gone to live with her mother in a house overlooking the ocean.

A TRUE *Mystery* STORY

THE Case *OF THE*

Anxious Bride

"Do me this favor" *she besought the best man . . .* "but HE mustn't know . . ."

"I LOVE him so," she pleaded. "I don't want *anything* to spoil our happiness. Please, *please* tell him . . ."

"I did as she asked," the best man relates. "Tactfully I pointed out that even a hint of 'B. O.' may spoil the companionship of wedded life. I gave him my cake of Lifebuoy to try and I saw that Lifebuoy went in his suit case for their honeymoon.

"Later they both wrote me. 'Thank you,' said her letter—and under the words she had drawn a tiny cake of Lifebuoy. It spoke volumes. I *knew* then he was taking no chances with 'B.O.' "

Letters by the thousands

These are real people. This incident actually happened. And it is just one of *thousands* of letters that have come to the makers of Lifebuoy telling True "B.O." Experiences.

How plainly these letters show that "B.O." (*body odor*) spares no one! *No one* can afford to take chances, especially now when the weather is hot and muggy . . . when we're perspiring more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—you'll be fresh, refreshed and *safe!*

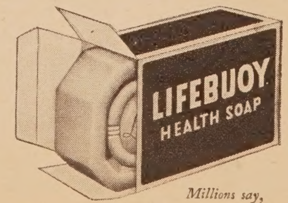
For there's a special purifying ingredient present in Lifebuoy's creamy lather which rids the pores of the *cause* of "B.O."

This special ingredient—*not present in ordinary toilet soap*—is also responsible for Lifebuoy's super-mild, extra-gentle action on the skin.

Beautifies complexions, too!

This smooth, caressing lather does wonders for your complexion . . . gives it that fresh, healthy radiance men adore. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Lifebuoy lathers richly in hardest water—its clean scent rinses away.



Millions say, "it agrees with my skin"

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HUSSY
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Read it!
Thrill to it!
"Gorgeous
Hussy"

Starring

JOAN CRAWFORD

with

ROBERT TAYLOR

Out in Hollywood Joan Crawford's newest picture, *Gorgeous Hussy*, is being filmed.

Today you can read the complete fiction story of this romantic production, illustrated with actual scenes from the picture.

This is only one of the many coming pictures fictionized in the August issue of

ROMANTIC
Movie Stories

ON SALE JULY 10

Get your copy today at any newsstand.
Read your movies first—then see them.
It adds to your enjoyment!

LETTER PAGE

Win a check for that summer week-end! Write candidly to The Letter Page, Screen Book, Hollywood, Calif.

Bill Robinson, or "Bojangles," as he is called by the many famous folk who love this kindly man, gets a vote of thanks

$15.00 Letter
No More Lazybones!

I WANT to compliment two actors for their originality in acting: Bill Robinson and Stepin Fetchit. I think they portray the Southern Negro down pat—I live in the South and I ought to know. It's great to watch the Negro men dancing, tapping their feet and clapping their hands, saying, "I'm Stepin Fetchit" or "I'm Bill Robinson." These two men have set a real example and put some real pep in the Southern Negroes. They don't even seem to have any worries. Keep it up you two merry rascals!—*Theo Grant, 580 Seminole Avenue N. E., Atlanta, Ga.*

$10.00 Letter
It's All in Fun—

WHAT'S wrong with the movies' picture of college life? I'm just a bewildered freshman as raw! raw! as they come, but even I have joined the ranks of the college students who invariably sneer at Hollywood's conception of their life—in which professors croon while leading the class in the latest dance rage; fraternity houses resemble royal suites at the Ritz; and ukuleles and saxophones play more important parts than textbooks! It's mighty disillusioning to high school grads interested in going to college and rather disgusting, I'm afraid, to parents of those prospective students. The only picture I've yet seen that fitted the truth at all was *Shipmates Forever*. In this, one was made to feel the true atmosphere of "exam-dread" as well as the amusing side of school life—fraternity "hell weeks" and dormitory restrictions. Let's have more realism and less Boop Boop-ism!—*A. P. Maning, 6148 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.*

$5.00 Letter
A Good Deed, Well Done

THIS is the first time I've ever had the urge to write about a movie. I've seen many pictures that were "colossal," "stupendous" and "gigantic," but never have I seen a picture which caused me to think as much as *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Mentally reviewing former pictures where the unemployed are pictured, the impression taken away is that of a group of lazy good-for-nothings. *Mr. Deeds* set my mind straight on the character of the jobless. I don't think anyone ever will forget the depth and warmth of the unemployed farmer as he speaks his mind. When he finished speaking the audience was so moved, that the sound of applause, the drying of eyes and the blowing of noses was simultaneous. This is the first time any movie has moved me deeply. I cannot understand why we don't have more movies which speak as truthfully of people as this one.—*Henry A. Racusen, 656 Aldine Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

P. S. I am not unemployed!

$1.00 Letter
A Reformer and Kidnaper

I WOULD like to boss the film colony for one day and make a few changes I think necessary. I'd start by sending Lupe Velez back where she came from . . . add ten pounds to the following actresses: Ginger Rogers, Frances Langford, Jean Harlow and Ann Dvorak. Next, I'd have Ida Lupino apply lip rouge to the natural line of her mouth only. Before completing my day's work I'd kidnap Robert Taylor and bring him home with me—and live happy ever after.—*Lela Shertinger, 116 East Todd, Frankfort, Ky.*

$1.00 Letter

Rebuttal for Opera

I AM sorry to find a letter in SCREEN BOOK knocking opera in the movies. I find that opera stars are just as beautiful, if not more so, than the average movie star. I also find they excel in their acting. Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett and Helen Jepson—orchids to you all. Let's be fair to both sides—there is plenty of room for both regular and operatic films. Give the opera lovers a square deal—that's all we ask.—*Roland Witherspoon, Route 2, Box 173, Shreveport, La.*

$1.00 Letter

A Stitch in Time . . .

SMALL things sometimes make or mar a person. Katharine Hepburn has a facial habit that bothers me, and I do not think I am alone in that reaction. She *never* keeps her lips closed. Can you think of a still in which her mouth is not half open? All through *Alice Adams, The Little Minister*—all of them—she has that same startled expression. I think of Hepburn's teeth before I can remember *her*! No one can be breathlessly eager all of the time, and even the prettiest mouth needs to close, now and then. If she will do that tiny thing—here's another Hepburn fan.—*O. Owen, 33 Bancroft Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

$1.00 Letter

These Charming People

HOW movie heroes and heroines have changed! Remember when we had an array of stilted, stuffy characters set in unoriginal molds? But today—ah, today's smartest movie sets are mad, irresponsible, charmingly pixilated people, who intrigue us while we're watching them, and send us out into the night with amused smiles at their antics. The latest of these charming couples is William Powell and Jean Arthur in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford.* They are the dizziest of all the dizzy characters yet to be screened, and by far the most delightful. Sleuthing becomes sheer pleasure when done by that humorous clue-hound, Powell. And surely there has never been a more enticing, bedeviling helpmate (?), than the one Jean Arthur plays. This gloriously idiotic couple set new comedy standards. It's the funniest picture of the year. I'm still laughing!—*H. Stappenbeck, 3171 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Calif.*

Have you ever contributed to this department? If not, it's high time you joined the lively group that likes to air its opinions about any and all matters pertaining to movies and its people. Your knocks are taken to heart by those whom they concern—and your boosts are appreciated. You can tell your favorites exactly what you want to say to them —and be sure your message will be read! It's simple to do. Just write what you think, saying it any way you like. Every month the first prize letter receives $15.00; second, $10.00; third, $5.00; all others published $1.00. Address your comment to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif. We'd like to hear from you!

SUMMIT
8 MILES

Especially in Summer

COMFORT DEMANDS A NAPKIN THAT CAN'T CHAFE!

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **A SANITARY NAPKIN** *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

LADIES—Can You *TAKE IT?*

By Alyce Curtis

Warner mutters "Darn women's clothes" as he hooks Myrna Loy's gown. This is a scene from *To Mary—With Love*, which they've just completed at 20th Century-Fox Studio

Warner Baxter explodes a load of dynamite on the subject of feminine fashions. Read what Hollywood's champion clothes critic has to say!

LOOK here, girls! . . . what would you think of a fellow who dared tell you what to wear and what *not* to wear? Who'd bawl the deuce out of you if you wore something *he* didn't particularly like? Who, if you were married to him, would ask you to change your clothes to suit *his* whims, and give the rest away? Who wouldn't even *talk* to you—or your girl friends, either—if you or they happened to be wearing a hat he didn't like? I ask you, what would you think of a fellow like that?

Oh, you *would*, eh? Well, then—that's the kind of a guy *Warner Baxter* is, and don't say I didn't warn you!

Warner is Hollywood's outstanding male critic of women's clothes. Self-appointed. Nobody's safe. Neither his friends, his wife, his mother—or even utter strangers. They've all fallen under the tongue-lash of his personal clothes dictatorship.

To prove it, let's tell some stories on him, before we ask him, himself, just what it's all about. There's the one, to start with, about how he nearly reduced Astrid Allwyn to tears.

It was at the entrance to the restaurant on the Fox lot—the famous Cafe de Paree—one mid-day. Astrid, effulgently lovely in one of Hollywood's newest and neatest millinery creations, was just entering. Baxter, as it happened, was just leaving. In the entryway, they met! Now, remember—Baxter didn't know Astrid any too well. They just happened to work on the same lot. That's about all. Yet Baxter stood stock still and stared at the girl. She blushed, of course. He never said a word—unless you could call muttering to himself, speaking.

While Astrid, embarrassed beyond belief, stopped hesitantly in the doorway, Baxter planted himself in front of her, arms akimbo, his eyes fixed upon her tiny new hat. Finally, without so much as an if-you-please, or a word, he pulled her hat off, poised it a moment, then put it back on her blonde locks again, at an angle totally different from that at which she had been wearing it.

"There!" he exclaimed, and strode off.

Astrid, her eyes brimming with tears, hurried into the café. "What *is the matter?*" she asked the girl whom she knew.

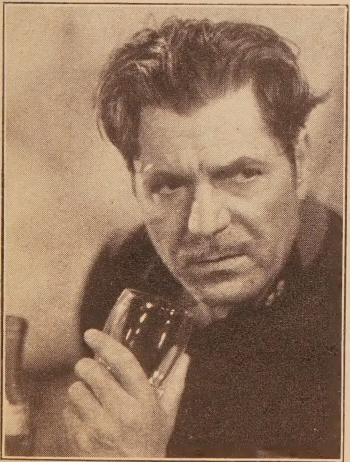
"Why, that's the way he *always* acts when he doesn't like a woman's hat," explained Astrid's friend. Because, you see, Baxter is famous—notorious is the better word—for his reactions to women's clothes—particularly headwear.

There's the oft-told tale of how he received one of Hollywood's women writers. She had an appointment for an interview. As she arrived on the set, wearing a fashionable hat, Baxter just barely suppressed a roar. "I won't see her," he shouted. "I won't talk to her. Take her away!" he moaned. In vain, it was explained to him that he had the date, that he *had* to talk to her. He wouldn't. Finally, he compromised. "I'll make a date with her for lunch downtown in Hollywood on such-and-such a date, for the interview—*and a new hat!*"

She agreed—and made him pay through the nose! Baxter kept the date which, in Hollywood, was occasion enough for comment. To the highest-priced women's shop on the Boulevard she led him and there, with his approval, she ordered not *one* but *three* hats—and Baxter paid! Then they lunched, and he gave her the interview. That much of the story has already been told. But there's a hitherto untold sequel.

While they lunched, Greta Garbo, the most individually dressed woman in Hollywood, drove up to the building which housed the café. She rushed up the stairs to her tailor's, on an upper floor. (It's a man's tailor shop—Watson's). Baxter was immediately interested. Famous as one of Hollywood's outstanding hero-and-heroine-worshippers, Baxter decided that *nothing* would do, save that he and his lunch companion fellow Garbo. For pretext, he decided he had to see Tailor Watson himself, to order some pants. And he did. So engrossed did he become in watching the fittings and the person of Garbo (whose clothes and hats are no less singular than Queen Mary's), that he ordered three pairs of pants at $25 each. And so, for his whim anent the lady-interviewer's hat, Baxter paid for a good lunch, for three women's hats, and three pairs of pants for himself!

[*Continued on page* 60]



Who would think that the hard-boiled looking hero of *Road to Glory* was a dizzy-hat-snatcher-offer?

Listen in, GIRLS!

MR. PAIGE
Paige & Barton, Inc.
MISS NORRIS
Wells Employment Agency

"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable *odor* of perspiration, and not *the perspiration itself.*

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers. Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

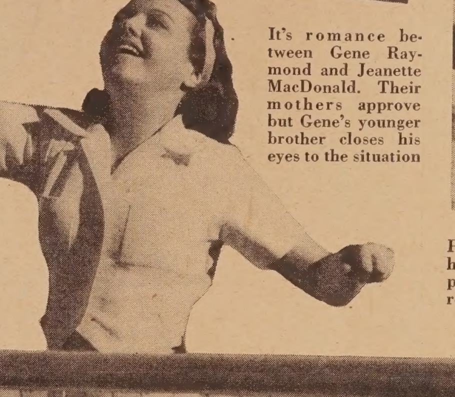
takes the odor out of perspiration

Photo News

—Rhodes

It's romance between Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Their mothers approve but Gene's younger brother closes his eyes to the situation

Peg Sullavan is seen constantly with ex-husband Henry Fonda. None will be surprised if they remarry. Jim Stewart backs roommate Fonda in his admiration for the unpredictable Margaret



Sybil Jason, six years old, is grown up enough to take fifth grade school work, but still goes to bed at seven. She co-stars with May Robson and Guy Kibbee in *Way for a Pirate.* She'll give the veterans a run for acting honors

Janet Gaynor, happy over the success of *Small Town Girl,* is in retirement in Hawaii. She has an unpretentious brown cottage in a secluded spot and spends her time painting, tennis-ing and swimming

Alike in more ways than their names are these two Leslie Howards, father and daughter. She showed marked talent for dramatics when he introduced her to radio. Now she plans to join him on the London stage

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I EVER TOOK . . .
AND I PAY ONLY
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YOU, TOO, CAN SAVE MORE THAN ½ YOUR FILM COST... AND NOW GET BIGGER AND BETTER PICTURES!

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3″ x 4″ Photos

Why spend 25¢ or more for film . . . why carry around a bulky camera . . . when these compact, easy-to-carry, lightweight Univex Cameras and the superior ultrachrome Univex 10¢ film give you such perfect, big pictures—better pictures than you ever took before! So be smart... be thrifty... be modern! Get your Univex today and join the fun. At all good drug, department, and stationery stores. Universal Camera Corp.—New York City. ● When you have your Univex Film developed be sure to order 3″ x 4″ prints.

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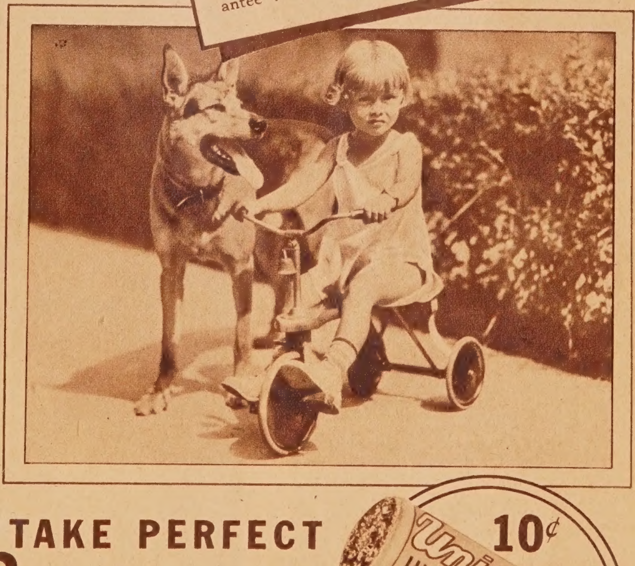
Streamlined to fit pocket or handbag . . . 12 new features to take better pictures than ever before—and non-breakable, lightweight body. The world's most sensational camera value complete with attractive, handy "Karry-Kase" and backed by a bona fide written guarantee **$1.50**

(Below is the 3″x4″ size photo)



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CAPRICIOUS

MR. NOAH WEBSTER, a writer who lived prior to the advent of movies and therefore missed a great deal of fun—or a great deal of pain, according to how one looks at it—I am one that has looked both ways and so have been delighted and nauseated in turn—Mr. Webster, in his nice big book on "words," unwittingly defines all actors with the word "mercurial."

Dan says mercurial means: "Lively, changeable and fickle." Also that it pertains to a mythological god and to quicksilver.

After twenty years—and I am still just a tot—of constant association with actors of all breeds and color, I am here to back Daniel Webster that most actors are lively; ALL of them are changeable; and a great majority, for which the newspapers offer up prayers, are fickle! AND, is there another group that are able to gather silver any quicker? I'm throwing in that pun for nothing.

All of the foregoing palaver is simply to lead up to the fact that Jimmy Cagney, the particular actor with whom I am dealing at the moment, is the mercurialest of them all. Besides being an actor, which he could help, he is Irish which he couldn't help. That makes him mercurial-er than ever.

Despite my attitude to the contrary, I love actors—and I love the Irish! Jimmy, being both, AND a damn good friend to me for the past seven years, it won't take you long to come to the scandalous conclusion that I LOVE James Cagney! That's something that even Winchell didn't know till now.

My "love" for Mr. Cagney, however, will not stop me from taking a few falls out of him. I'm a RAT in Hart Schaffner and Marx's clothing!

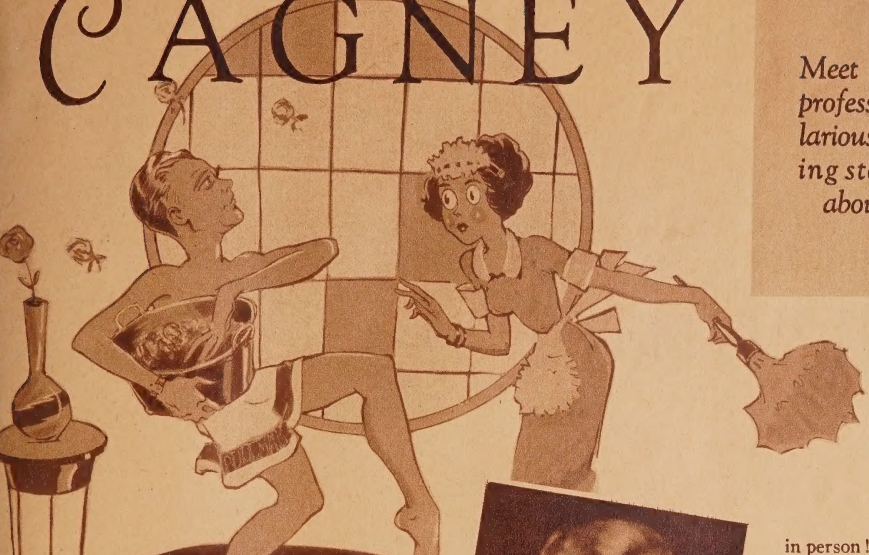
In order to save you from too great a shock, I have decided to lead you gently along the path of Jimmy's vagueness; a vagueness, dear friend, that tops anything in its line. A dreamy ambiguousness; a kind of nothing-present-but-the-body type of thing. I will lead you gently along so that, by degrees, you will be able to withstand the full force of this many-sided Son of Erin.

We will start up the path, and on our right I want to point out a gentleman in the process of changing his clothes. Changing them from the skin out! We see him, finally, fully dressed again, gathering up his discarded soiled linen

Illustrations by Bernard Thompson

He is interested in medicine, he studies music, his dancing is ballet quality—but his right hand frequently doesn't know what his left hand is doing

CAGNEY



Meet the absent-minded professor—in the most hilarious yet truly revealing story ever written about James Cagney

By
Maurice
Leo

Far from looking askance at Jimmy's idiosyncracies, Mrs. Cagney is amused at her otherwise intelligent husband's occasional eccentricities

and wandering completely detached into his bathroom, and, instead of casting the soiled linen into the clothes hamper where they belong, we stand open-mouthed while he very nonchalantly drops them into a bathroom receptacle the name of which I haven't the nerve to mention!

No! The gentleman is NOT Hugh Herbert!

On our left, as we tread the path, I want you to take notice of the two young men that are driving overnight from Los Angeles to San Francisco. The young man at the wheel is the same as that of a moment ago. After several hours of driving we overhear this short conversation:

Says the ever-thoughtful passenger: "Jim, why don't you let me take the wheel for awhile, and you can grab a nap."

"I JUST HAD ONE!" replies our nonchalant friend at the wheel.

The ever-thoughtful passenger alights from the car at San Francisco in a dazed and limp condition!

If you are still able to negotiate what is left of the path, just look straight ahead. Paradoxically you will see Mrs. Cagney, of some six years ago, standing outside the door of the Cagney apartment in Greenwich Village, New York City. You will see her fumbling in her bag for her door key. She hasn't got it! Jim is having dinner at his mother's in Long Island, so Mrs. Cagney goes to the corner drug store to telephone him and see if he has taken the keys, or whether or not they have been left inside the apartment. She gets Jim on the phone, tells him her plight. He is much concerned. Says he: "Hold the phone. I'll look in my coat pocket and see if I have them."

He leaves the phone and locates his coat; satisfies himself that he HAS the keys, but instead of returning to the phone and informing the worried and harrassed waiter at the other end, that dreamy gentleman casually returns to the dinner table leaving the phone and his wife in mid-air.

With the receiver off the hook there is no means of getting him back. Long Island and his mother's home is a couple of subway-changing hours away. The lady seethes! Freezes! And froths! That was six years ago . . . they are STILL MARRIED!

By now, I feel that you are ready for anything. So . . . Ladies and Gentlemen! Let me present Mr. James Cagney in person! The red-headed, acting, mercurial son of a . . . Irishman!

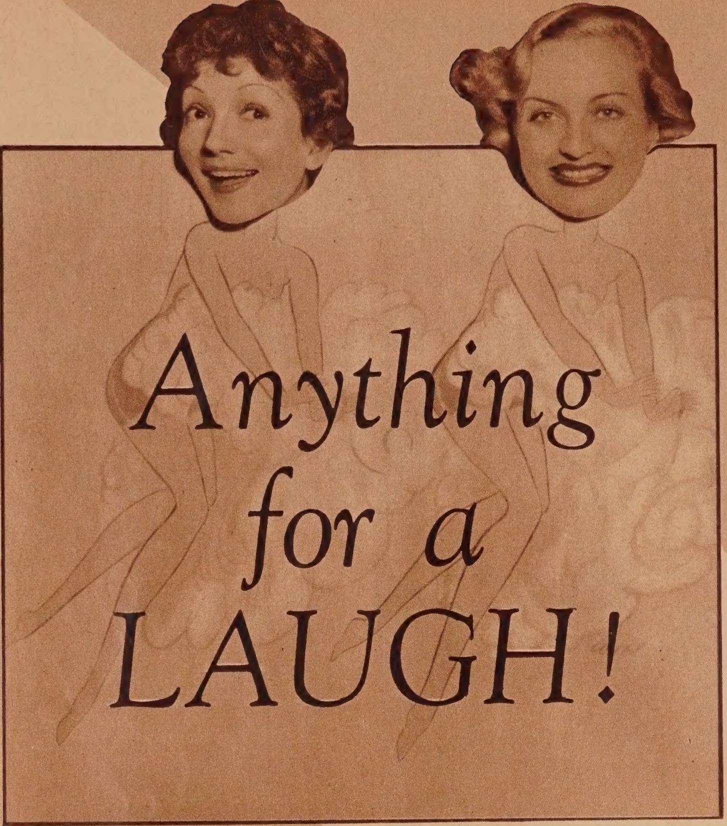
Now the essence of being mercurial (and being Jimmy Cagney) is being volatile, and being volatile, so says Mr. Webster, is being changeable and fickle. Because I do not want to lead you up to an awful let-down, and also because I am innately an honest person, I will tell you right off that Jimmy Cagney is not fickle in the accepted sense of the word—where his heart is concerned, or his loyalty. He is no "Caliban" and any "Ariel" of his would have to be attached to a radio. But fickle he is in the mercurial sense of the word . . . and CHANGEABLE AS HELL!

The Santa Fe Railroad and its worried stockholders, for example, could all go to their downy beds at night without a qualm about the infringing bus lines and airplane routes, if Jim boarded one of their trains every time he decided to leave California either "for good," or because "I gotta get out o' here for awhile!"

That mercurial gentleman has set his entire household to packing and adjusting themselves to the fact that he was leaving on the morrow for this place or that, only to appear on "the morrow" completely oblivious to the thought that any such suggestion had been made. What's more, and what keeps the Cagney menage from ever having a dull moment (in fact, I have a sneaking idea that if his servants ever found themselves in another establishment they would die of ennui), is the fact that Jimmy goes blissfully wandering about midst all the packing and preparation attending his announced take-off without it ever occurring to him that it might be a good idea to give some hint of his change of mood.

The household's, and this includes his wife, first glint that perhaps their lord and master might delay his departure, is brought about by the simple, if slightly confusing, wonderment on the part of Jimmy as to

[*Continued on page* 88]



Claudette Colbert is introduced to the giddiness of one of Carole's parties. She is acknowledged one of Filmland's cleverest and most popular hostesses

Anything for a LAUGH!

That's Carole Lombard's motto, but it doesn't begin to tell the reason behind the mad things she does

By Wm. A. French

CAROLE LOMBARD is the most liked—and disliked—star in Hollywood! She is adored by those who know her intimately, and detested by those who know her but casually.

Because Carole decidedly does not put her best foot foremost. Stars have actually walked off the set because Carole was on it—and other stars have traveled miles, just to sit on the side-lines and watch her work.

Carole is strong seasoning, and not everybody can take her—until they develop a taste for that brand of spice. Ye Olde Scribe's first interview with this star was in her home—and he told the world at large for the next six months thereafter that he wouldn't go back for a chance to write the history of man. She so completely upset his life-long notions of the maidenly modesty that should accompany rare beauty that he was groggy for days.

Stories have been written that Lombard is the most startling person in Hollywood. And they are true. Stories have been written the Lombard is the most hilariously unusual star in pictures—a distinction she shares equally with "Wild John" Barrymore. Stories have been written that Lombard's slogan is "Anything for a Laugh," and still other stories have been written that she squeals with glee at an opportunity to prick a balloon of conceit or expose a pretense. But no one has ever told how she got that way.

Anyone intimate with Carole Lombard will tell you she never does anything without a purpose—and a very good reason. Even to the insane practical jokes she plays. Also the smart ones in the motion picture industry will tell you there isn't a star in pictures as sure of each step in her upward climb as Carole—or with as definite a campaign for success.

So there must be a definite reason for the madcap rôle she plays. This girl is shrewd, keen, calculating. She doesn't reel about like a clown because she is dizzy.

You've heard of the wild, abandoned Lombard laugh. In Hollywood it is recognized as a sort of second Tarzan battle cry—because immediately following it things happen—fast and furiously. No maidenly giggle this, but a full-throated feminine bay that is the call to arms for the fun loving workers of the studios, whether they are stars or grips, executives or wardrobe girls. They all look alike to Carole, and each has a personal invitation to join in.

Everyone who knows Carole will recognize that laugh, anywhere—under any circumstances. Because it's more than a laugh—it's a [*Continued on page* 86]

Truth About ROBERT TAYLOR'S ROMANCES!

Despite his reputation as Hollywood's most sought-after beau, he's still fancy free!

—Rhodes

Bob was really in love with Irene Hervey, but now she's seen everywhere with Allan Jones. What is behind the rumors regarding Bob and Janet Gaynor (right) who have spent so much time together, both inside and outside the studios?

By Katharine Hartley

WHEN Robert Taylor first came to Hollywood he reterred to himself as a typical one-woman man. "I never had more than two girls all the time I was in college," he told me at our first interview. "And I went with each of them for two years. Most girls frighten me. I don't know how to act with them. I feel strange with them at first. Because I'm not much of a kidder, I guess. Other fellows can keep a dozen dangling on the string and have a swell time at it. Not me! I'd much rather go out with just one."

That was a little less than two years ago. Today all Hollywood is calling Bob Taylor a gay Lothario. Today all Hollywood is saying that Bob suddenly has gone high hat . . . that success has gone to his head and girls, by the dozen, to his heart.

I'm saying that Hollywood is crazy!

I know that appearances are against him. For a long time he was so devoted to Irene Hervey. One of Hollywood's sensible romances, we said. Two young people who are close friends and devoted sweethearts, but with the good sense to look before they leap into marriage. It gave both of them a sort of aura in this mad-scramble town. They were so loyal to each other, and Bob's high-shooting star [*Continued on page 84*]

The gay Viennese girl is transformed into a plodding Chinese peasant woman for her rôle in *The Good Earth*

Solved—The LUISE RAINER MYSTERY

The girl who insists she has nothing to say about herself, says a great deal

to Gladys Hall

I CAN'T write the story I had planned to write about Luise Rainer—before I talked with her.

For I had thought to write a gay little tale, a saucy little tale, a little rascal of a tale, with a toss of its head and a tweak of its toes.

Temperament and tantrums was to have been its theme. I had it in mind to write about the temperament and the tantrums of Louise. I planned to tell about how she will say right to a dignified director's face, "No, no, I will not do that scene over again!"—when she herself feels satisfied with the scene. I planned to tell how she refuses interviewers, press photographers, interruptions on the set, autograph seekers, public appearances, all the mad and merry, necessary and unnecessary machinations of the movie makers.

I planned to exult because Luise has brought back the old glamorous days and ways of Barbara La Marr, Theda Bara, Valentino, Mable Normand . . . days when Thespians were temperamental and stormy and unpredictable . . . days when they were vivid and slightly mad and drew wide swatches of color after them as they went. . . .

But Luise is not like that.

Temperament isn't the answer. For sunk deep in her spirit there is a Conviction of Art, for want of a better phrase. There is some invisible goal she must reach. And anything she does or does not do is but armament to protect a precious, a perishable thing.

We lunched together in her dressing room on the M-G-M lot. I had seen her in *The Great Ziegfeld* as Anna Held, enchanting, delirious and then, suddenly, her heart going out in broken words over the telephone in the great telephone scene.

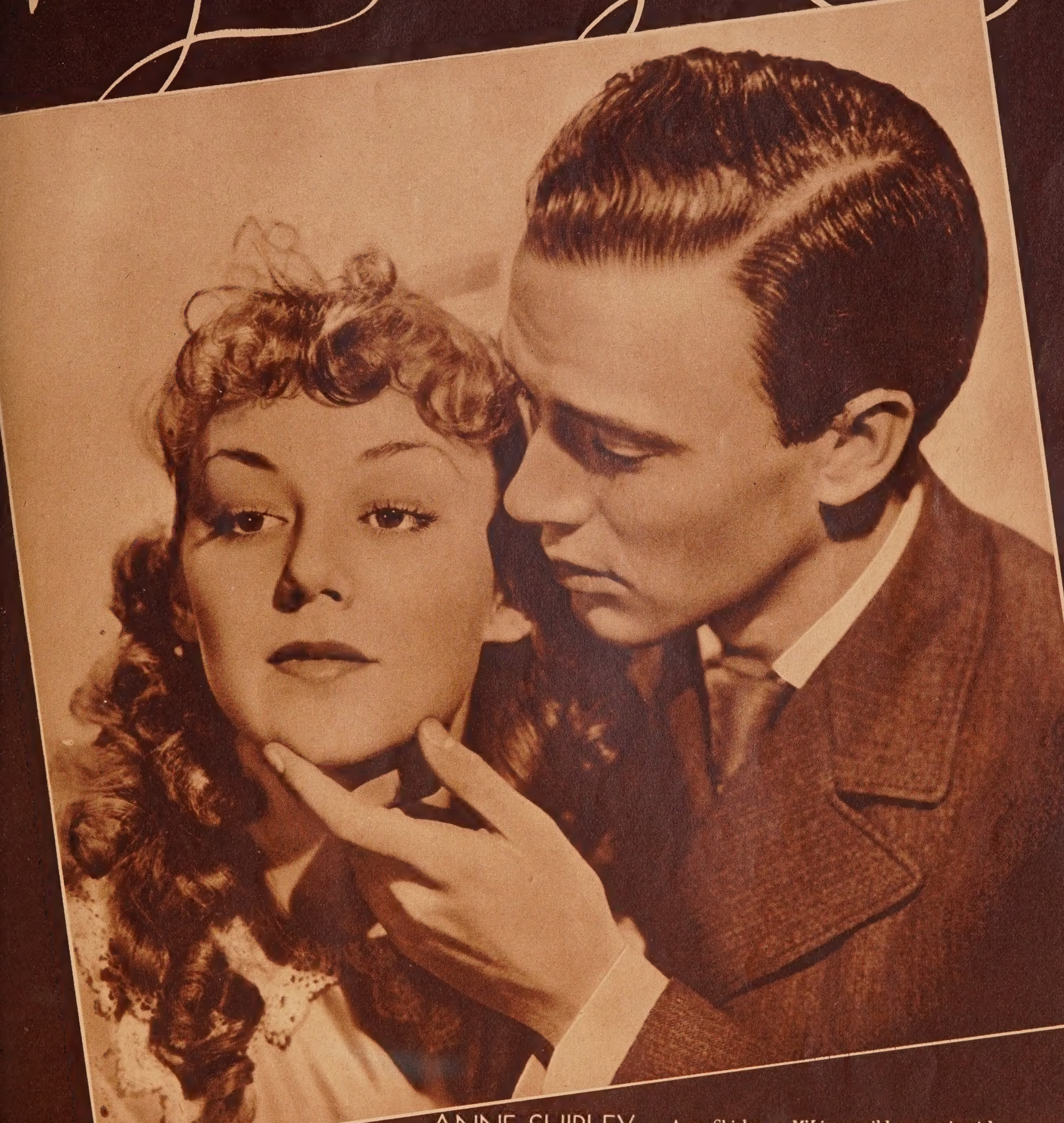
Into the dressing room shuffled a little bent woman, head down, eyes cast down, seeming to lift her feet with difficulty from the good earth . . . those sparkling eyes were dull . . . the cadenced Viennese voice was muted . . . Luise was sunk deep in [*Continued on page* 78]

When Luise was sixteen she determined to go on the stage . . . she knew her father wouldn't like it, so on the pretext of visiting her grandmother, she went to a theatre in Dusseldorf and applied for an audition . . . before leaving the theatre she signed a contract.

Luise likes to clog dance on the set between scenes . . . is wild about American apple pie . . . plays the piano . . . models small statues in clay . . . dines frequently with Clifford Odets, brilliant young playwright.

She says, "I do not feel well at parties and so I do not go."

Boy Meets Girl



ANNE SHIRLEY

and

JOHN BEAL

Anne Shirley, as *M'Liss*, a wild mountain girl, is educated in the ways of romance by John Beal, who plays the rôle of her schoolteacher. In life Anne is quiet, popular with the younger set, sensible for her years; it will be a year and a half before she reaches twenty. John is twenty-six years old and married to an actress

MARGOT GRAHAME
and
CHESTER MORRIS

The two stars of Columbia's *Counterfeit* were much amused when they saw the results of the studio's request for "love-stuff" portraits. Margot is now in England, visiting her writer-actor husband, Francis Lister, who rejoices in her American successes

JOAN CRAWFORD
and
ROBERT TAYLOR

"No man who has ever kissed you once will be satisfied until he kisses you twice." So says Bob to Joan in a scene from *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Upon finishing her rôle in this picture Joan will accompany Franchot to New England where they will appear on the stage in one of the innumerable "little theatres" that dot the stern and rockbound coast

FREE LESSONS In

Fred MacMurray and Ida Lupino are graduates of Paramount's training school who go back frequently for coaching. Like all young actresses, Ida knows how to pose, walk and stand gracefully—they are tricks that can be learned easily

By Virginia Lane

"*HOLLYWOOD is not overcrowded with talent.*

"The greatest need of the screen today is the development of a new generation of important players," said Cecil B. DeMille, the man who has discovered and made more film stars than any other person in the industry.

"I think every city and almost every town in the United States has a hidden gold mine in the way of new star material. A mine that the studios are trying to locate by every possible means with their 'talent scouts' and various contests. The reason it's so seldom found is because *people in general haven't a clear idea of what Hollywood is looking for.*

"Very nearly everyone thinks they can act. I think they can. They go through life doing it. From the time they're about one year old they begin putting on a great act if they find that by howling they can get more milk and so on. But the *art* of acting is something else again. That's the projection of your own personality into another character—and it's the hardest of all arts.

"*Your own personality. . . .* Is it distinct? Something that every member of an audience would respond to? *That is the first and most important thing every director is searching for in newcomers.* Self-consciousness so often hides personalities. It's like a shell that one has to crack through. But it's an excellent indication that the shell is easier to crack in young people now than it was twenty years ago! They know so much better how to conduct themselves, they've seen all kinds of situations handled on the screen and they know how to cope with them."

There's a sure-fire test, the famous director pointed out, that you can try on yourself to see if your particular "shell" is broken and if your personality actually registers. It's this: *Can you recount an incident dramatically so that you move your listener?*

If you can't, practice until you do. Suppose you are describing a party or a trip to the shore. Concentrate on what took place, re-live the scene so that the thrill of it is in your voice. You can give your ordinary conversation a remarkably dramatic note by doing this. And people will begin to listen, to seek you out. . . .

Then—can you repeat that funny story you heard last night and get the laughs in the right places? That is a very significant test.

If people are attracted to you in a crowd it's the best sign of all. If they are not, it's probably because you are self-centered or self-conscious—both the result of egotism. And no studio is hiring an obvious egotist.

In Paramount's Training School there are thirty-two aspirants preparing themselves for screen work. Among the most noted graduates are Fred MacMurray, Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick and Kent Taylor. People are brought in from all over the country by scouts, *Cecil B. DeMille, Hollywood's greatest star maker tells you what movie producers are looking for—and how you may fit yourself for screen fame*

MOVIE ACTING!

Director DeMille tells a group of young actors that appearance is less important than talent and personality—and the ability to project personality can be acquired by anyone

No. Elizabeth Russell isn't carrying in the chairs for Sunday dinner! . . . She's taking a lesson in posture from Phyllis Loughton, Paramount's famous drama coach

signed to a contract at from $35 to $50 a week, and put under the tutelage of Phyllis Loughton—formerly one of the best known stage managers in New York and now head of the Paramount School. *No one can enter unless specially chosen by the studio.* The students are given "extra" work in the beginning. Then "bit" parts. If they show any real possibilities they're pushed ahead fast.

Requirements? You have to be from five to ten pounds under normal weight for pictures if you aim to be a romantic star. For the character stars it doesn't matter. Naturally you must have a photographic face with expressive eyes and mouth. One way to tell that is to slip your picture in among others and see if it is the one chosen for especial interest. And most of all, of course, you must have talent. *Beauty is not essential.*

DeMille emphasized that fact in a recent address he made to the school. "Get away from the thought that your appearance is everything," he told them. "You'll find most of Hollywood's great beauties in the restaurants dishing out coffee. Because beauty alone won't sell.

"It's the depth of *you* that we care about on the screen; not the depth of your make-up . . . The sincerity and spirituality of your work is vital. Of course you're living in a debunking age that makes a face at anything suggesting spirituality. But don't be misled by that. There is something very important that you cannot neglect—the development of your own soul or essence—for that is the thing that will make you valuable. It's as you develop from within that you gain power. . . ."

Later as we were sitting in his office he explained, "You have to regard this art *as* an art. So many individuals think they could be great artists on the spur of the moment if only they had a chance! Let me tell you something: In the twenty-five years I have been making pictures I've [*Continued on page* 83]

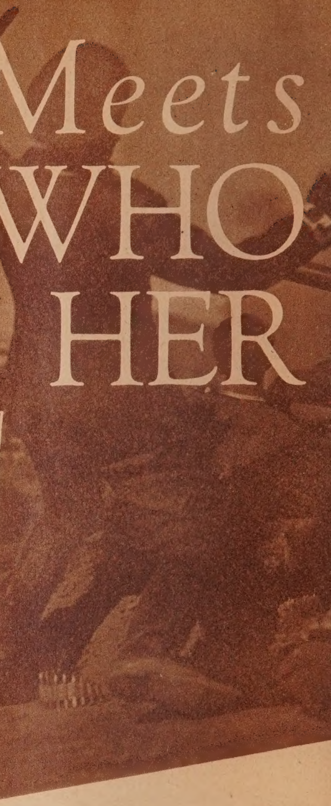
Would YOU like to learn the principles of acting exactly as they are taught in the studio?

Would you like to develop a more interesting personality?

Then write to Miss Phyllis Loughton, in care of SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, California, for a complete outline of the course she gives in PARAMOUNT'S TRAINING SCHOOL!

To take advantage of this unusual opportunity all you need to do is *enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope in your letter.*

Dietrich Meets WHO HER



—Alexander

The whole course of Marlene's life was changed by Alexis Davidoff — although the two never met until one morning recently on a Paramount set

IF YOU came face to face with the man who killed your father, *what would you do?*

There was nothing to warn Marlene Dietrich as she walked across the set one morning recently, that the most drama-filled moment of her life was about to occur.

Outside, rain was sloshing against the sound stage. A driving, torrential rain whose sharp tattoo was blotted out by the thick walls. She saw a very tall man talking with the assistant director, Ray Lissner; a man with the distinct bearing of a soldier and peculiarly bright eyes. They were deep in conversation, apparently lost to the world of the studio. And as she started to enter her portable dressing room, she overheard a word that struck at her heart.

"—*Kovno* . . ." Memorable word! Bringing back a small child's terror and hopeless loss . . .

"You—you come from Kovno?" she asked the tall man hesitantly.

She heard Lissner pronouncing his name, Lieutenant Colonel Alexis Davidoff, formerly of the Russian Imperial army, who was serving as technical director on the picture. Marlene acknowledged the introduction, her eyes never leaving the dark face above her.

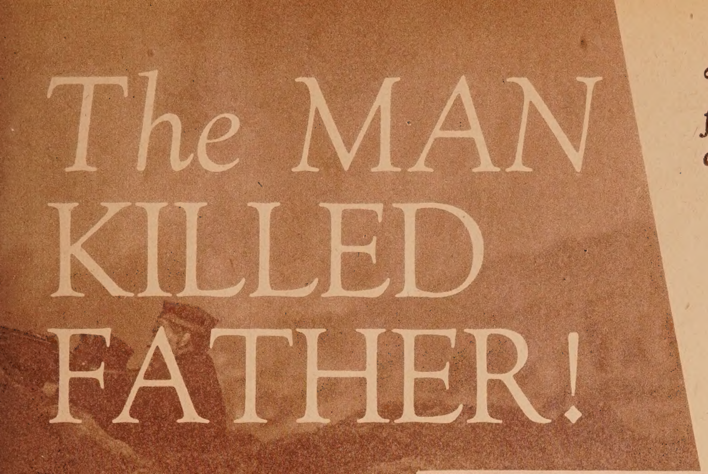
"I do not *come* from Kovno, Miss Dietrich. I was merely telling Mr. Lissner of an experience that I had there during the war."

"And that was . . .?"

"It was in 1915 on August seventeenth by the Russian calendar — *September first* by Occidental reckoning. The Germans had put up a terrific offensive battle and they had blocked off the passage of our retreat. I was given command of an artillery battery of 75 millemeter guns and ordered to open up that passage. It was called," he said mildly, "the 'suicide detail.' Success was almost an impossibility, but luck favored us.

"Early in the morning I hid my guns near the pass and around six a. m. the fog lifted. The German forces were directly in front of me supported by their armored tanks and by both heavy and light artillery. It was too close range to miss—I opened fire! . . . Time after time they retreated only to concentrate and attack again, headed by their officers. A brave lot . . . In the end most of them were demolished.

"From the prisoners taken, I learned it had been a crack Prussian regiment.



The MAN KILLED FATHER!

Truth indeed is stranger than fiction and this story is as dramatic as any ever filmed

By Frances Kellum

When the day was over a complete list of their casualties was sent to me and all the officers identified . . . But Miss Dietrich, what is it?” Something in her face brought him to a startled pause.

She did not move. Her eyes remained fixed on his.

“My father was killed September first, 1915,” she said steadily, “*—during the attack on Kovno.* He was Lieutenant Eduard von Losch of the Prussian Grenadiers . . .”

“My God!” muttered Lissner.

Davidoff wet his lips. His voice was labored. *“Yes, his name was on the list.”*

It was Marlene who broke the tension. “I am the daughter of a long line of officers, Colonel Davidoff. And I know that such are the fortunes of war. One cannot alter circumstances.”

A gallant remark. And gallantly she bowed a little as she turned away from the man who had played so fateful a part in her life. Changed it so drastically. For had her father lived there never would have been a Marlene Dietrich. The women of a Prussian officer's family did not embark on a theatrical career!

She had been a sunny-haired little girl when the World War broke out. Little Mary Magdalene von Losch. (“Marlene” is a derivative of those two first names.) Life at the military town in Germany was a strict but delightfully colorful régime. The tread of marching boots, flashing helmets, the martial music that made her skip beside her English governess on their walks. She had been born there. She knew no other life. Her parents were so young and gay and terribly in love. Both of them belonged to the military aristocracy and the Spartan code of that group regulated their actions. Even in romance. When Herr von Losch had decided to marry he'd had to go to his superior officer for approval of the bride.

Tragedy came early into the life of little Mary Magdalene von Losch. Now a world-acclaimed beauty she stars in *Garden of Allah*, a romantic all-color film produced by Selznick-International Studios

He was only twenty-five when Europe was thrown into turmoil and his papers had come ordering him to the Russian front. She and her mother had gone to Berlin to await him, living for his brief furloughs. And then had come the last furlough. His arms around her protectingly, his smile challenging death . . .

She had been trying to help her mother sew for the hospitals, bent over tiny stitches, when the word came. *Lieutenant von Losch was mortally wounded at Kovno. Dying.*

Her mother's face, white as the waxed lilies under glass . . . Rain beating against the window . . . A nameless terror seizing her that made her too frightened to cry . . . Her mother kissing her, murmuring a stifled “good-bye.” She had gotten permission to go through the lines to her husband. She brought back his body for burial. Marlene was not permitted to see him again . . .

Even in the rapidly changing world in which she grew up it was difficult to break iron-bound conventionalities that had been part and parcel of family tradition for so long. She would be a violinist. A concert violinist. Even so dignified a profession as that was frowned upon. But an accident to her wrist halted her ambitions in that line and she turned to the stage—after working for weeks to obtain her mother's reluctant permission. It was then she changed her name to “Dietrich.”

A young life so completely transformed . . . because a certain Russian officer had been ordered to open a passage through enemy lines . . .

And now for a brief while they had been brought together on a Hollywood movie set through one of those inexplicable flukes of chance.

Fate holds all the cards in Hollywood —and strange things happen . . .

Catching Up on Marlene

She will place her ten-year-old daughter, Maria Sieber, in an English school. Maria will take with her a full vocabulary of American slang. Marlene's pet name for the girl is Heidede.

Recently Dietrich purchased the car owned by the late John Gilbert, of whom she was fond, and made a gift of the automobile to John's faithful chauffeur.

Filming Hotel Imperial, *Dietrich had drawn $280,000 in salary when she decided to go to the desert to make* Garden of Allah *for a rival studio. She was said to dislike playing the rôle of scrub woman. She returns now to Paramount to finish* Imperial *under the wing of Ernst Lubitsch.*

While on location with the Allah company she adopted a stray dog. She kept a sharp eye out for his safety among the mules and camels used in filming the picture and on one occasion cried out to him: “Sandy, come back. Come away from those heels. That mule can kick. Goodness! how that mule can kick.” But Marlene did not speak from experience.

She can play the piano well, but seldom does now because her extremely long fingernails interfere.

Sometimes she is excessively preoccupied. For instance, when out walking she never turns to observe things—and two automobiles can crash two feet from her without attracting her attention.

If all the world loves a lover, then Merle Oberon and David Niven are doubly blessed, for they are admittedly in love. They live in neighboring houses on the ocean front and may play together soon in a picture for Sam Goldwyn, with whom both have contracts

The CASE AGAINST MADELEINE!

He heard she was scholarly and wanted to become a nun. Being a mere man, your interviewer feared meeting her—but was he surprised!...

By Harry Lang

MEETING a new star in Hollywood for the first time is exactly like dragging a blind date. You don't know whether you're going to have a first-rate klunk wished on you—or whether it'll be strawberries and cream, with a dash of absinthe.

So when they asked me to meet Madeleine Carroll—"that new gel from England, y'know"—I cast feverishly about in my memory for something to identify her. For something to pin her down. To pin—ah, *that* was it!—PINS . . . ! !

I'd suddenly remembered *The 39 Steps*, you see. That English film that made such a hit over here. Madeleine was the girl. And I remembered details.

"Ah, yes," I crowed excitedly. "Lovely pins—I mean, lovely legs, hasn't she?"

"Legs? Ahem," ahemmed the very nice person who was telling me about her. "But she's very intelligent, you know."

I said: "H'm." I'm always afraid of this "very intelligent" gag they had out about certain new Hollywood arrivals. I've learned that too frequently it's a press-agent's euphemism for "snooty" or "condescending" or "hi-hat." So I persisted:

"The legs, I mean. Those actually *were* HER legs in *39 Steps* weren't they? She didn't have a leg-double, like who's-zis?" I demanded.

"Ah, yes; they really were her limbs," I was informed. "Did you know that she wanted to be a nun? And that she still reads religious books?"

"—and she graduated from Birmingham University with a brilliant scholarship record, y'know," I was told, "and then became a school teacher."

I groaned. Wham, went another illusion. The memory of those beautiful legs faded, and I resigned myself to meeting one of those veddy, veddy frigid, hi-brow [*Continued on page* 89]

In private life, Madeleine Carroll, who is one of England's most popular stars, is the wife of Philip Astley, a rich young man who is a personal friend of the newly crowned king of England

WOULD YOU

Motion pictures foster the strangest jobs in the world—from doubling for President Roosevelt . . . to making up snakes to play deadly cobras

Believe it or not, this face—and it is a face—belongs . . . . . to these legs, the most beautiful in all Hollywood

THE phone rang in the 20th Century-Fox casting office, and I heard Maurice Braun ask: "Five gallons of *what?*—Flies?"

When he had hung up, I said, "Flies? If you mean human flies I never heard of ordering them by the gallon."

Braun thought I was kidding. "Human? Just plain horse. They're shooting Rozz Russell and George Raft in a stable scene tomorrow. And some genius has discovered you can't have a stable without flies." And he turned to the telephone. "Get Archie Beckingsale on the wire," he ordered. "If I know Archie," he added to me, "he'll have those flies for me bright and early tomorrow morning in make-up, ready to work. Archie'll get about $25 a day for the flies (including wet-nursing them on the set) and the flies'll get all the bites they can handle out of the hosses."

"Who gets the screen credit?" I asked.

"Screen credit, heck. They work for glory, or they can buzz off," said Braun.

I decided to look up Archie myself.

I found him with his partner, George Stone. They turned out to be two wild-life lovers who operate a pet shoppe and a couple of ranches near Hollywood, in which they stock anything from a cootie to a coti-mundi. They have more than five hundred varieties of things that snort, swoop, sneep, grunt, groan, buzz, burp, bipp, biff, erp, eep and eek. They rent them to the studios at prices ranging from one to a hundred dollars.

"Those flies you speak of," said Archie, very English in spite of his seventeen years in Hollywood, "are being caught at this moment by a lot of little boys at a pig ranch near Fontanna. The main thing in our business is to move fast. When the studios want anything they want it immediately, and there's a lot of competition in our business. You'd be surprised.

"The studios wanted a bag of insectual junk for Jane Withers to let loose at a nice garden party in *Gentle Julia.* I delivered katydids, grasshoppers, beetles, lizards; a shoeful of spiders; some frogs, chameleons and climbing mice, a few baby alligators, a real black widow spider, a couple of scorpions from the

BELIEVE IT?

By Ted Shane

Would you keep snakes in your bedroom as one actress does?

Ada Mae Moore keeps her two actor pythons in her bedroom — and has her favorite, now dead, stuffed and on display for a house decoration. Here she shows off Babe in a scene from *Poppy*

hills—three snakes and a crab—just to make it interesting.

"You might think that would be almost enough, but the first remark they made was, 'What! No cockroaches?' So George spent the night along the San Pedro waterfront, bringing 'em back alive!"

George said with a touch of British irony behind his clipped words, "And after that the studio refused to pay more than a dollar a day for the cockroaches because they considered them common! A lot they know about modern kitchens! Try and get a housewife to admit she has roaches!"

Archie laughed. "Everybody on the set except Jane Withers fought shy of my charges, so I had to play nursemaid. I caught flies for the spiders, fed the roaches and beetles on pieces of blotting paper, the while I kept the spiders from eating the beetles, the alligators from eating the frogs, and the cannibalistic roaches from swallowing each other!"

Both Archie and George insist that there is no animal in the world that cannot be tamed if it's treated with kindness. They pointed out their boxing kangaroo who always gives exactly what he gets. If you hit him gently, he'll hit you gently. But if you hit him hard, he can sit on his tail and sock you with four feet.

"Could he knock out Joe Louis?" I asked.

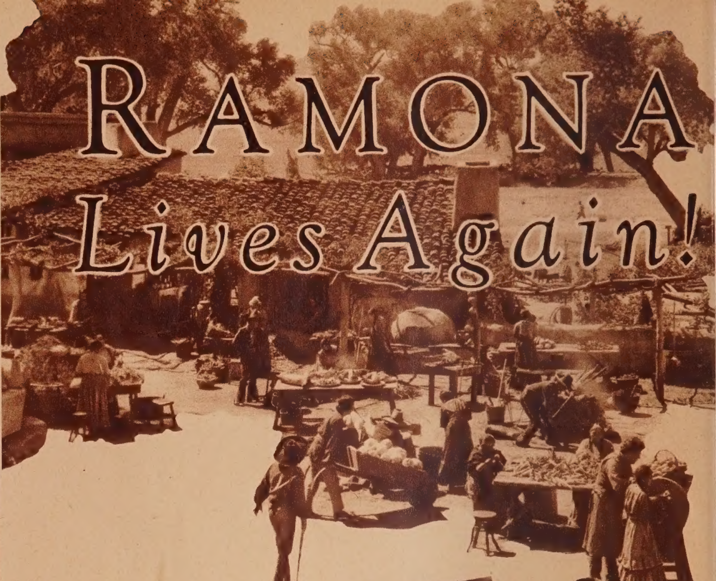
Archie ruminated. "Well, if Louis hit him first with all he had, he might put Kangie to sleep, but if he missed, Kangie'd stave in Joe's ribs like so many jackstraws!"

"How about those deadly cobras that are always doing so much damage on the screen," I asked. "Do you treat them with kindness, too?"

"As a matter of fact, there's not a cobra in Hollywood outside the zoo! They're too dangerous to use in pictures. But a couple of fellows have *imitation* cobras!"

[*Continued on page* 80]

RAMONA Lives Again!



Loretta Young undergoes a complete change of character—with the aid of a black wig. Don Ameche is her Indian lover, Allesandro

Loretta, Pedro de Cordoba, Kent Taylor and the cast are isolated where cattle not telephone poles dot the scenery. They all eat in a big-top tent, and have their own outdoor movies in the evening

Katherine de Mille plays Margarita, a tempestuous Indian girl. Her sultry beauty is particularly suited to color films

FOR fifty years it has been argued that the story of Ramona is and isn't true. Three spots in California are pointed out to tourists as the birth and wedding place of the girl made famous in Helen Hunt Jackson's great novel. All the research facilities of 20th Century-Fox studio for three years have been devoted to finding material on the characters and the times—with the result that every bit of construction, every prop and costume is authentic. Loretta Young portrays a half-Spanish, half-Indian girl adopted by an aristocratic Spanish family. She is unaware of her Indian heritage. Wooed by a wealthy and handsome childhood sweetheart, her Indian blood calls to Allesandro—played by Don Ameche of radio fame who here essays his first movie. Her adopters oppose her marriage but she changes her life of ease for one of extreme poverty; nevertheless, she is supremely happy until unforeseen tragedy rears its evil head. Filmed entirely in color, "Ramona" promises to be one of the year's outstanding pictures. In it Pauline Frederick returns to the screen.

Jane Darwell, clever character actress, plays one of the major rôles—that of "Aunt Ri Hyar"—a name amusingly fitted to her rôle

Glenda Farrell and her secretary get down to the business of answering letters and autographing portraits. You'll see her next—a live wire as usual—in *High Tension*

GLENDA, QUITE CONTRARY

She's not like her screen rôles—yet not unlike them. She's somewhat of a paradox even to her closest friends

By Arden Russell

SHE was born in a cyclone and has streaked her stormy, cyclonic way through life to Hollywood. There she makes many of the traditional gestures, but don't let that fool you. Farrell is Farrell, Hollywood-proof and unpredictable.

She's a law unto herself, and a pretty good law it is, too. It gives others the benefit of every doubt and binds her to do the very best she can. She's followed her own code without desire for approbation, indifferent to criticism. She has a heart as wide as her Irish grin, and a sympathy as tender as a melody by Schubert. She has a temper as quick as a hurricane, and a contrition just as swift. She is as absent-minded about some things as that famous professor, but has the memory of an elephant for kindnesses done her. She'll do battle for a friend or one in need and forget an enemy entirely. She'll enchant you, exasperate you, charm and torment you, but she'll never bore you!

Golddigging? It's something out of a script. She knows naught of it! She's never owned a diamond in her life. She has worked hard for everything she has. Living up to her code, standing firmly on her own two feet, taking the brickbats and the bouquets which life has sent her way with equal aplomb, she has never been downed by disaster nor impressed by success.

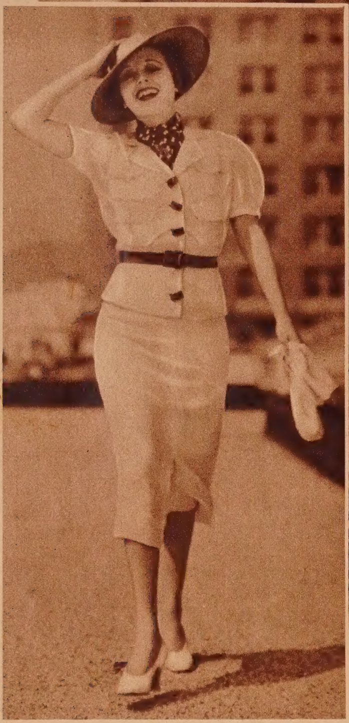
In her little house in the valley, a little white house like a jewel case, she has expressed herself, in soft pale rugs, simple draperies, comfortable down chairs of style and beauty.

The day she moved in she burned a trunk, as a sort of settling down ceremony. It was a symbol of her life before Hollywood. The years of living in hotels were over and Glenda had to do something definite to prove she had "settled down." But the house has been anything but settled. She keeps doing it over. One room at a time. There are always carpenters, painters, decorators at the door. She bought the lot next door to build a tennis court. Then found out it wasn't large enough! Now she's buying two lots in the rear, having abandoned the tennis court idea entirely. Maybe she'll put in a skating rink. Nothing would surprise me!

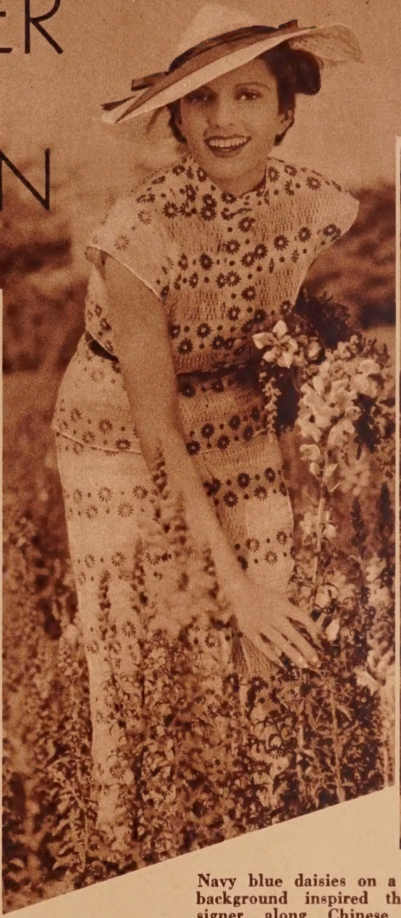
Maybe it's the cyclone in her . . . or the Irish. Anyway, she is without serenity. And it would be awful if she were to change.

[*Continued on page* 68]

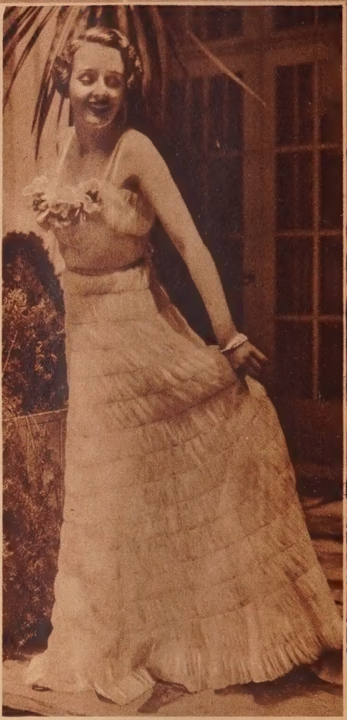
SUMMER IN COTTON



White cotton soft as crêpe makes this two-piece dress worn by Mary Astor, star of the Columbia picture, *Trapped by Television.* Cinnamon brown accessories add a smart unusual new summer touch



Navy blue daisies on a white background inspired the designer along Chinese lines. Marguerite Churchill appearing in the Columbia production, *The Final Hour,* wears this



Mary Astor selects cotton net for a warm weather formal. Shirring gives this frock an important fashion note. It's the kind of dress that it would be fun for anyone to make

By Sally Martin

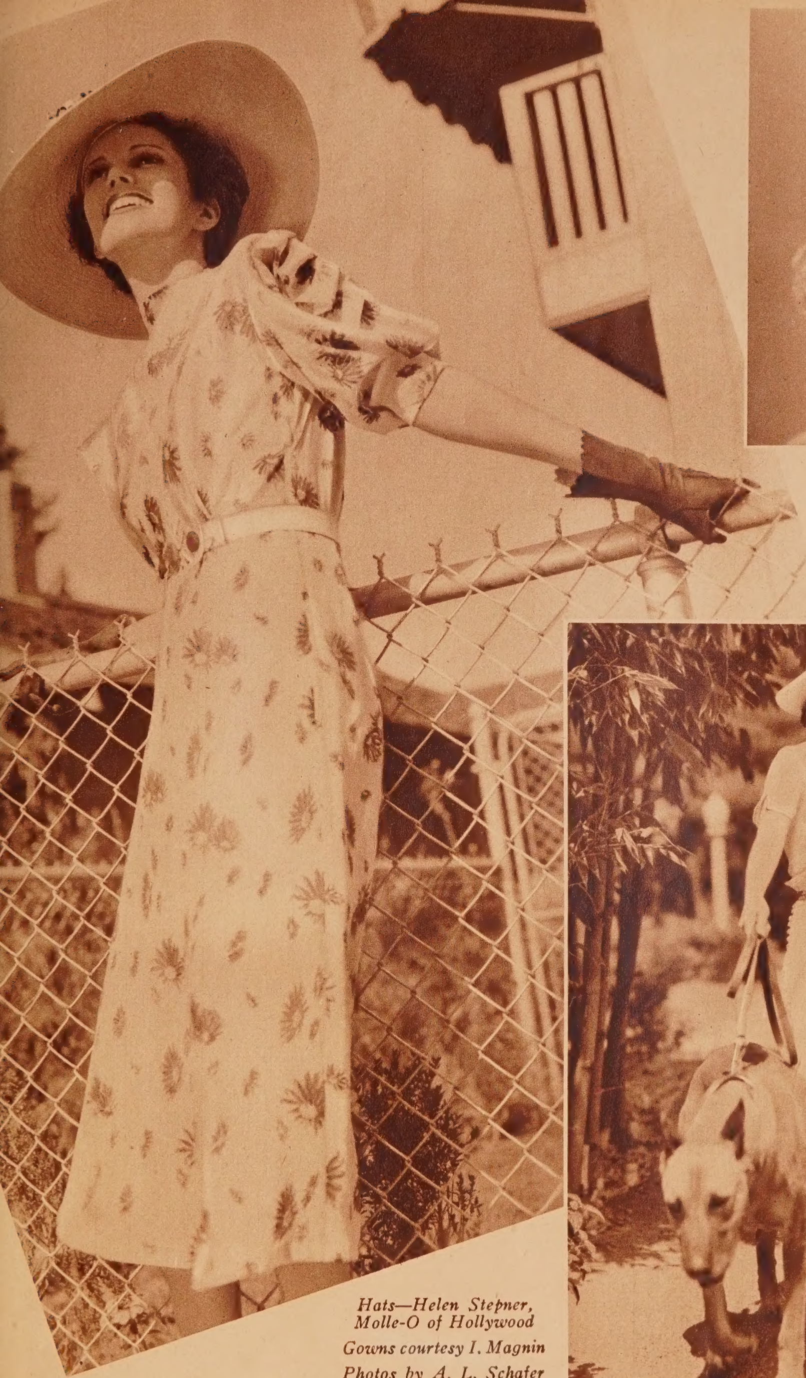
WE TAKE our text from the 277th page of the seventh volume of the Encyclopaedia: "Cotton goods are of an infinite variety, and the titles that experience or fancy have evoked are even more numerous than the kinds."

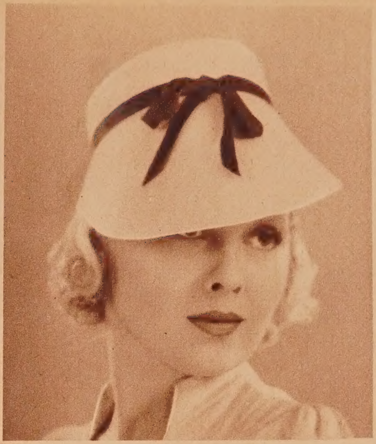
We feel it necessary to speak on this subject because of the importance cotton has had, and will have, throughout the summer. When Old Sol goes on a rampage cottons, made into everything literally, from lingerie and hats to shoes, are first to enter our heads.

Though there is a great assortment of cotton fabrics, linen is by far the most popular due to its versatility of expression. It comes in heavy herringbone weaves, that divine weight which makes a perfectly tailored suit. Nothing gives a woman such a spick and span, clear-cut look as a pair of trimly tailored white linen shoulders. It also is tremendously popular in a sheer handkerchief quality which is almost as soft and graceful in its hang as crêpe.

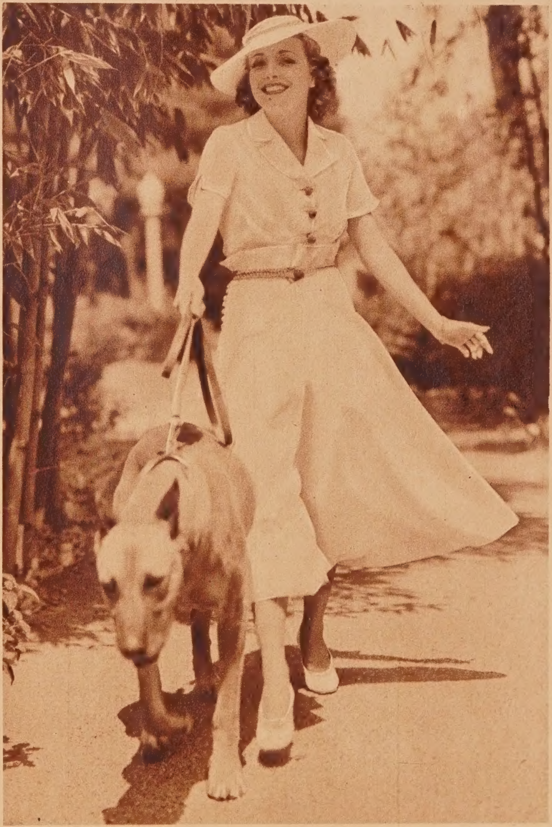
Between these two extremes lie many degrees of weight and texture. Going away for a week-end and you know the mercury will soar? Well then, you'll enjoy one of the uncrushable fabrics which come in a light quality for dance frocks and in a heavy one for formal or spectator sports suits. Also you will probably like one of this summer's new finds, a delightful crêpe linen that, in its way, is as lovely as a silk crêpe and serves much the same purpose when the mercury cavorts in the nineties.

For daytime wear cotton feels as cool as a Tyrolean breeze; while for evening it has the delicacy of spindrift dancing from the crest of a wave.





Mary Carlisle who appears in the Capitol Film Corporation production, *Love in Exile*, wears this chic casquette hat of white linen trimmed with a narrow navy blue petersham ribbon



Hats—Helen Stepner, Molle-O of Hollywood
Gowns courtesy I. Magnin
Photos by A. L. Schafer

Print linen in tones of blue is delightfully cool for summer days. Novel sleeves, high neckline and cut leather daisies on the belt are interesting. Marguerite Churchill wears this frock

White linen culottes featuring navy straw buttons and belt are worn by Joan Perry who is appearing in the Columbia film, *Meet Nero Wolfe*

A man at ease in his garden. Clark Gable has just finished his most vigorous rôle—of a prize fighter in *Cain and Mabel*, in which he co-stars with Marion Davies. He trained hard and now weighs in at 190 pounds, having lost ten. Clark has just purchased a sleek new car—he could almost run a taxi service with his fleet of automobiles

GIRL TROUBLE

The bashful, barefoot boy—no longer barefoot and no longer bashful, finds himself surrounded by the most fascinating beauties in the world

By Otis Wiles

James Stewart has been tap dancing furiously in preparation for his rôle opposite Eleanor Powell in *Born To Dance*

HE WAS so bashful that they all laughed when he asked them to go with him to a dance—so he bought an accordion.

Then, one eventful night at a Princeton prom, his idea worked, and so did the accordion. One brave girl had consented to be his pal for the evening and he took along the pushem-and-pullem. But he played it all night long and the girl friend, wearied of the musical marathon, walked out on him and went home.

Perhaps it was the accordion that added a discordant note to romance. He threw it in a corner of his dormitory room and began anew his quest for romance. Twice he succeeded in taking girls to dances, but that's all he did—just take them. Both times, some handsomer chump took the girl away from him and thereafter he always went stag to the Princeton proms. . . .

Yet today, this same formerly bashful Princeton grad can be seen, almost nightly, with glorified Virginia Bruce, or with beautiful Jeanette MacDonald, or with lovely Margaret Sullavan, or with gorgeous Ginger Rogers, or with bewitching Wendy Barrie, or with dazzling Shirley Ross.

Such has been the metamorphosis of James Stewart, popular young-man-about-Hollywood who is causing many hearts to flutter across the width and breadth of the land and who is knocking on the door to Stardom in motion pictures. Even Jim—that's what everybody calls him—does not know how or why he ever became an actor. By heredity, he should be in a hardware store back in Indiana, Pennsylvania (population, 7,000, and the Garden-Spot-of-America), juggling nails, wrestling with lawn mowers and dispensing garden hose at so much a foot. His father, Alexander Stewart, owned the hardware store when James was born and still runs it.

Young Stewart's earliest recollection is that he was often spanked. As he added a few years to his first year in life he became one of America's most air-minded youngsters. He went in for aviation.

"My first plane was a honey," Stewart recollects. "I broke up mother's alarm clock to make the motor, the wheels and the tail. The next problem was—would it fly? The kid next door had a brilliant idea. We had a house with a sloping roof and the neighbor kid persuaded me to let him tie a rope onto the plane, take it up to the top of the house, then yank it down the sloping roof for the take-off. . . . I was broken-hearted when the plane kept going down and smashed to pieces on the pump."

Too, in his boyhood days, Stewart's big ambition

[*Continued on page* 70]

They Wanted to

By
"Hey Bob" Miles

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The author of this article is a real cowboy, but also a well-educated Kentuckian, who happens to have spent most of his life on western ranches. He is now "top hand" at the Paramount studio, which means that Robert J. Miles is the chief western technician for Paramount pictures.

Bob Burns tries to corral some milk from a wild cow, using a pop bottle for a make shift milk pail . . .

Bing Crosby defies Director Norman Taurog. "I can take it, ya yella houn' dog, so bring on your buckin' broncs and steers"

You may think we're stretch-
—and does!—hap-

YIP-YIP-YIP-EEEE! Let 'er buck!

Here comes Bad Bing Crosby, the Spokane Scorpion, out of the chute on that man-killin' bronc, Cyclone. Ride 'em cowboy!

The next rodeo attraction, folks, is Tex Taurog, the Texas Terror, bulldoggin' a wild Brahma steer. Turn 'em loose!

The above gives you a rough idea of what Bing Crosby and Norman Taurog hoped their folks would be hearing about them some day. Ever since their dads bought their first cowboy pants, they have wanted to be real cowpunchers.

Showing them how, while we were making *Rhythm on the Range*, was my job—and it was a horned toad.

Bing was born and raised in the western town of Spokane up in Washington, but the nearest he got to a range was in his Ma's kitchen.

As for the director, his Ma told me that he used to steal her clotheslines, take his trusty cap pistol, and roam the streets of New York City looking for broncs and wild steers to rope. Nightmares were the only things he ever rode.

Course, I was raised on ranches. I've been riding and roping ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. But, like lots of other folks I ended up out here in Hollywood helping to make western pictures. This is how I happened to meet up with Bing Crosby and his director, Norman Taurog.

Reckon they must have talked the studio into letting them make a western picture together. Anyway, when I was called in to supply the cowboy atmosphere for *Rhythm on the Range*, I'll be doggoned if Bing and Norman didn't have the biggest things planned for a western movie that I have ever seen. The opening sequence was a big rodeo staged in Madison Square Garden. They had bucking broncs and steers, wild Brahma cows, bulldogging, trick roping, wild cow milking; cowboys and cowgirls competing for some $10,000 worth of prizes, too.

Funny thing is that neither Bing nor Norman had really learned to ride, cowboy style. They couldn't throw a loop or bulldog a steer. Bing claims he got side tracked singing cowboy songs like "Home On The Range" and "The Last Roundup," and first thing he knew he was a crooner. Norman came to Hollywood from the stage hoping to direct cowboy heroes, but instead he got his start on comedy lots dodging custard pies. He made his fame directing comedians and kids, so *Rhythm on the Range* is his first genuine "western."

I was surprised when I first met them. Bing looked like a real hand. No fancy stuff. Wore overalls like any puncher out on the ranch. Reckon he got that way foolin' around with those ponies of his out Santa Anita way. They say that Bing is one race-hoss owner who

be Cowboys

ing it a bit, but anything can
pen in Hollywood

really likes to hang around his stables.

The director handed me a laugh though.

He had been complaining that Bing got all the breaks 'cause he got to wear the cowboy clothes. Well, Norman must have had his cowboy pants made by his tailor. He swaggered out on the set the first day looking like a real mail-order cowboy, fancy riding breeches, and boots, open neck shirt and a ten-gallon Stetson hat.

But when he took one look at the bewildering jumble of cowboys and girls, broncs and steers, he yelled for his assistant to help get the mess straightened out. The only steer the assistant had ever seen was hanging up in a butcher shop, so he just yelled: "Hey, Bob!"

Well, folks, for two whole days while we were filming the rodeo, "Tex" Taurog had the time of his life. So did I. He sort of kept quietly in the background listening to our cowboy lingo, and jotting down the words in his little black book. I have a hunch that he is determined to keep on making western pictures whenever he gets a chance. He just sort of let me play like I was directing the rodeo scenes so he could see how cowboys really act, which was swell with me 'cause I have always had an idea that I'd like to be a director.

One scene called for Bing to milk a wild Brahma cow, and the real thing is a mighty dangerous and spectacular stunt. I had to put a very gentle cow in the chute for the closeup. Just as we were about to shoot the scene, rain stopped everything, and they had to switch to an interior set that didn't require my services. However, I stuck right along with the director as I had some ideas of my own. Seems like I must have got in his hair with some of my ideas.

. . . while Bing, serious as a cannibal pinching a thin missionary, holds down the other end

Anyway, in the middle of one of the dramatic scenes I couldn't help speaking out of turn. "Bing, you're all wet," I said, "a cowboy wouldn't do that. Do it this way."

Well, Taurog was fit to be tied. He chased me to a chair on the other side of the set, and said:

"Listen, Bob, you handle the cows. I'll handle the actors!"

I'll admit I was burned. But I knew my time would come. They still had to go back to the rodeo. Bing still had to milk that wild Brahma cow.

On that fatal day "Tex" Taurog, who had been watching me handle things, said to me, "Stand by, Bob, but I'll handle the chutes myself. Turn 'em loose, boys."

A Brahma cow was in the chute all right, only I saw to it that it wasn't the same cow. She charged out of the chute with a snort, catching the director by surprise, and he got the ride of his life.

"Turn 'er loose, Tex," I yelled, and he hollered back just before he hit the dirt:

"I can't do it. I'm just a passenger."

When the director brushed himself off he said: "What the hell happened?"

"Nothin', Boss," I retorted, "You just handle the actors and I'll handle the cows."

"LOCATION" always means a pack of fun, as well as hard work for us cowboys who help the Hollywood folks make western pictures. "Location" usually means that we get a chance to enjoy two or three weeks out on some ranch.

High up in the Sierras, hundreds of miles from the studio, is the beautiful little

[*Continued on page 72*]

Marie Osbourne wears a blonde wig while working and her resemblance to Ginger is so striking that they often are mistaken for one another. At the right, how she appeared when she was as popular as Shirley Temple or Jane Withers is today

Once I Was a Star——NOW I'm GINGER'S Stand-In!

When Baby Marie was a star and Ginger's mother wrote her screen stories, people told Lela Rogers she should bring little Ginger into movies—because she looked like Baby Marie!

By Marie Osbourne,

as told to Marcella March

Ginger's unforgetting loyalty brought Marie the chance to change her job in a store for one in a studio —where she has an opportunity to regain the stardom she lost

I'M JUST Marie Osbourne, now. But once I was a star—Baby Marie. Maybe you don't remember Baby Marie. I remember her myself only as a little girl who once was I. A little girl who smiled before the camera. or cried, or danced, just as Director Henry King told her to do. And, as a reward for having a perfectly swell time, she was given . . . as I remember it, practically everything. Dolls, dresses, playhouses, pony carts . . . adulation. Plenty of that.

I wasn't quite four when the wheel of fate turned and spun me right into stardom. But perhaps I'm giving fate too much credit, and a trained bear not enough. Yes, I said bear. My foster father owned him, and I was playing with him in our front yard when Director Henry King happened to be passing by. Mr. King stopped to watch the bear, and stayed to watch me. He thought I was cute. Maybe because I had that bear for a foil. At any rate, the Osbournes received a telephone call that night. Would they bring me down to the Balboa studios? They would. A contract was the result.

For the next six years I turned out pictures as quickly as I could make them. I wonder if anyone now remembers *Little Mary Sunshine, Sunshine and Shadows, Joy and the Dragon, Dolly Goes West.* But *then,* people crowded to the theaters to see me. I was the Shirley Temple of the 1916's and thereabouts. I remember seas of faces crowding around me whenever I went out in public; people exclaiming, trying to get near me, to touch me.

Only one thing was lacking in my life, and I sensed that in a dim way as the years of my childish career went on. That was the close companionship of other children. Maybe that was why my fancy turned so strongly to thoughts of a little girl I had never seen. Her name was Ginger Rogers. Yes, I was a Rogers fan before Ginger had ever so much as heard of the motion picture industry!

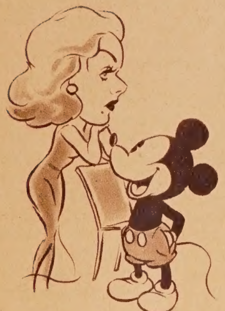
It happened like this: At the time I was at the height of my picture career, Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, was writing my picture scripts. Perhaps it was [*Continued on page 76*]

SCULLY SYMPHONIES

As sung in the upper story of

Frank Scully's Bedside Manor

The frolicking and famous author of *Fun in Bed* and *More Fun in Bed,* as well as other widely-read bits of humor, pens some light-hearted lyrics about his (and your) favorite film-ites



CLARK GABLE

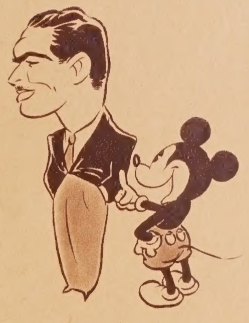
A lad should always say what's true,
And kiss a gal when spoken to,
And have good manners at the table,
At least so far as he is Gable.

PREVIEWS

Searchlights are blinding the heavenly stars
And pointing the way for others in cars,
Who gush of their likes
In radio mikes
While their publics are cooing their 'oohs' and their 'ahrs.'

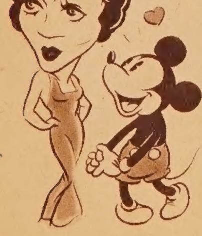
JEAN HARLOW

White were her platinum tresses,
Tight were her sensuous dresses;
So tight, in fact, she couldn't sit,
But had to dine on cream of wit,
Till censors made her change her hair
And give her old allure the air.



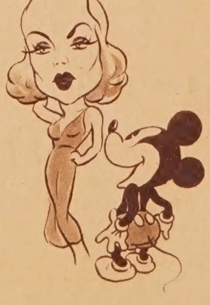
CAROLE LOMBARD

Lombard's a modern Christmas Carol
Lombard is love in a sugar barrel,
Lombard's the girl you can't forget,
Lombard's the perfect cigarette.
Lombard's a cake from a Cash-and-Carry,
Lombard's the girl you never marry.



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

This is the love in your mother's eyes,
The girl who won the Academy prize—
The cardiac lighter,
The Happened-One-Nighter—
Every Man's vision of Paradise.



HOLLYWOOD

For our virtue in this life, may the Fates give us in our next reincarnation a dog's life in a movie household!

By
Clark Warren

Sharing the family responsibility for the well-being of adopted Al Jolson, Jr., still in his crib-age, is the brindle Great Dane belonging to Ruby Keeler and Al, Sr.

IF I were a dog and could pick my place of residence I would select Hollywood—and a prominent movie personage as my owner, for Hollywood is Dog Heaven for any pooch that belongs to what is known as the upper crust of Filmdom, or for any of the screen's dog stars, like Rin-tin-tin Junior, Pete of *Our Gang* fame, or Buck of *Call of the Wild.*

Even dying a dog's death has its compensations for there is a pet cemetery far out on Ventura Boulevard where the pets of the famous can be cremated—and given a plebeian funeral in a nice little casket for $27.00, or an aristocratic burial in a private mausoleum for as much as $3,000.

The landscape is dotted as far as the eye can reach by ornate, modern dog hospitals. While the owner waits to consult the doctor he can find his favorite magazines and cigarettes in the reception room.

Careful, Maureen O'Sullivan, or you'll find yourself trailed by a quintet of baying foxhounds!

Yvonne
Cecile
Annette
Emelie
Marie

DOG HEAVEN!

A dog taken to Doctor Moxley's hospital is given a complete x-ray and fluoroscope examination, then placed in a ward in which are interned dogs with similar ailments.

There is a secluded maternity ward where expectant dog mothers may await the arrival of their puppies, without being embarrassed by the vulgar gaze of non-expectant male dogs. Caesarian operations are often performed, most frequently on Boston terriers who seem to find motherhood more of a task than most canines.

Charts are kept on all patients and an entire section of the hospital is devoted to star boarders who have out-of-door play yards, sanitary kennels and places to take daily sun baths. There is an isolation ward for contagious diseases, and a section devoted to grooming, pedicuring, stripping, de-fleaing, clipping and general beauty treatments. Dogs are bathed and dried under modern electric dryers.

Many animals are brought to the hospital regularly for a physical checkup. Files are kept on these and if the owner neglects to bring in his pet, he is telephoned and informed that it's time for Fido's checkup. Special diets are worked out when necessary, and there are private wards for those who have the price.

Various schools train dogs to be perfect ladies and gentlemen in every-day behavior, or school them for film work. Nearly all dogs belonging to stars are trained to a fine point, to make them better companions and pets.

Since talkies came in, it has been necessary to teach animals to obey gestures instead of spoken commands. Lee Duncan, owner of Rin-tin-tin Junior, is said to receive $1,000 for every week he works with his dog. Junior obeys signals quickly; a drop of the hand to run, raised hand for him to stop. He will snarl when someone calls him "good doggie!" Movie dogs, under fine training, become almost human. If a scene demands that the dog lick a boy's face, the owner first makes it lick his hand and then indicates the face of the boy.

Another second-generation dog star is Lightning, son of the once famous Strongheart—one of the most famous animal stars of all time. Flush, the cocker spaniel seen in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* earns $125 a week for his master. Corky, an Airedale used in *The Adventures of Frank Merriwell* works for $17.50 a day.

[*Continued on page* 74]

Lucky indeed are the two elongated pets known as Baby and Pupchen, that have the run of the Crawford-Tone menage

Charles Ruggles, cinema's keenest dog fancier, is shown here with two French poodles and an odd looking Afghan hound of rare and ancient breed

Freddie Bartholomew sleuthed when Concol disappeared, located his pet and talked the adopter into returning the truant to him

NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

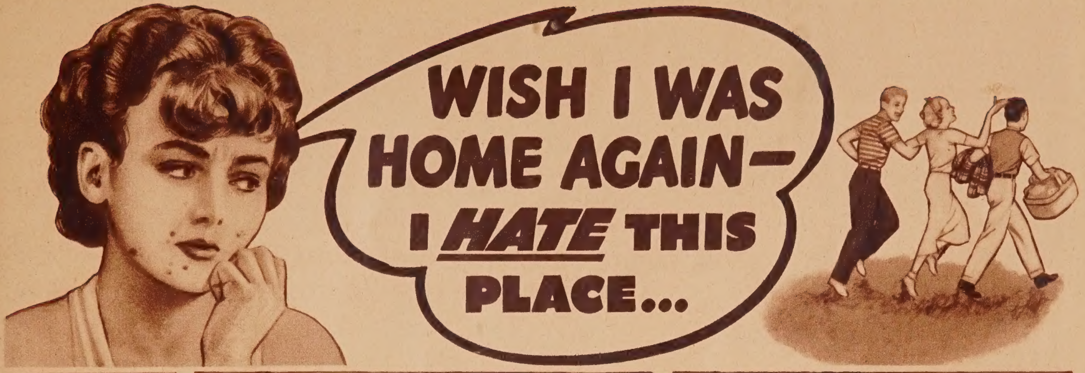
—*Rhodes*

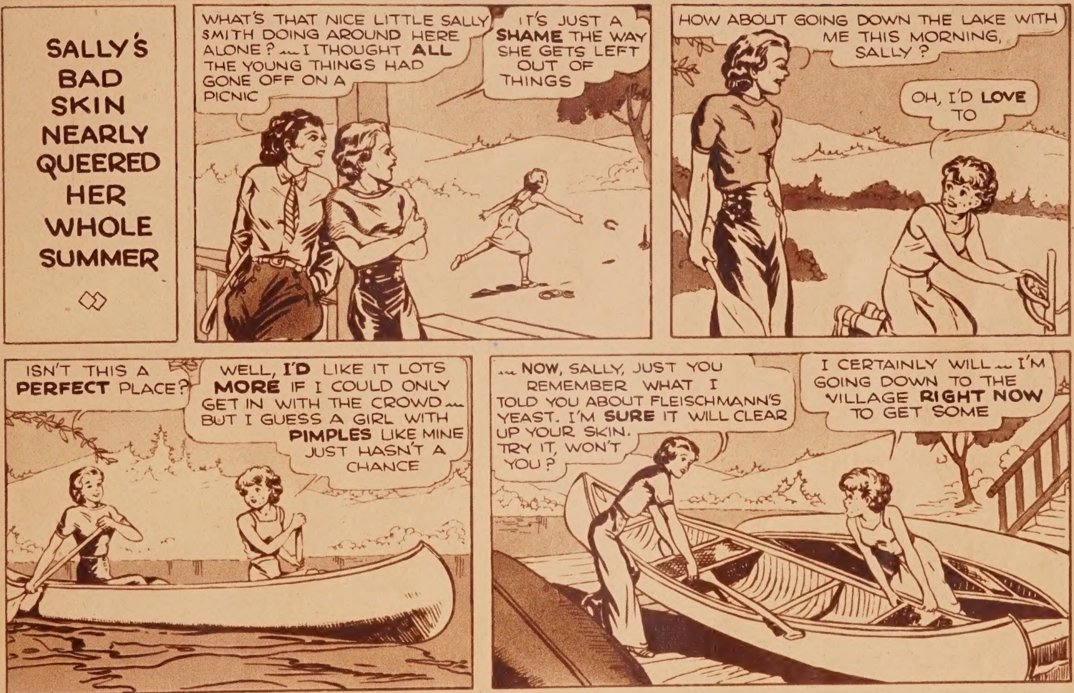
You can't say that Elaine Barrie, John Barrymore and the ever-present Mrs. Jacobs, mother to Elaine, have ever given you a dull moment. John avers he will sue Twentieth Century-Fox Studios for making *Sing, Baby, Sing* because he claims it is an infringement on his private life—if he has a private life by the time the newspapers are through ballyhooing his affairs. Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou play the leading rôles in the picture

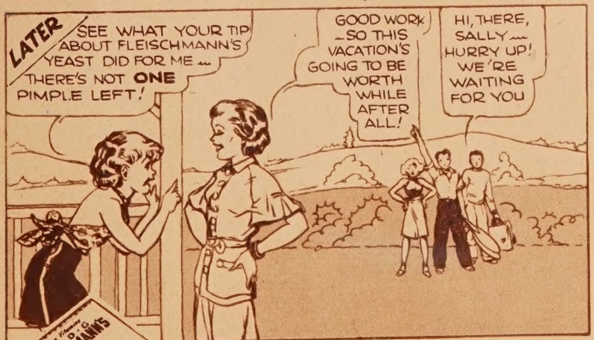
Wally Beery finds diversion in his work shop—which he says is the most complete home machine shop in the world

Jane Withers, who always does the unexpected, reverses the customary procedure and gives the camera the bird

Who could expect a poor fish (in this case a fighting barracuda) to resist the bait Merle Oberon dangles before it?


WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN— I HATE THIS PLACE...


SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER
WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? — I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC
IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS
HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?
OH, I'D LOVE TO
ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?
WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD — BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE
— NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?
I CERTAINLY WILL — I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME


LATER
SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME — THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!
GOOD WORK — SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!
HI, THERE, SALLY — HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

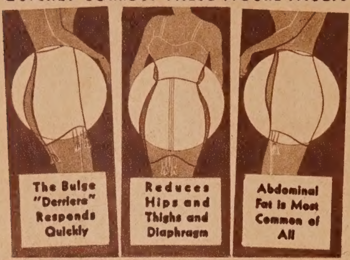
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

"REDUCE . . . YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS . . . or no cost!

"REDUCED 9 INCHES" writes Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS


The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Reduces Hips and Thighs and Diaphragm
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

SUMMER is the IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES *Ugly Bulges!*

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny . . . simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers! You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* . . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE ...at our expense!

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

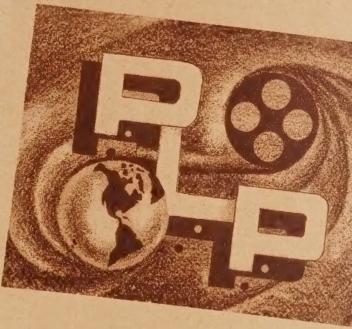
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

PICKING *the* WINNER!

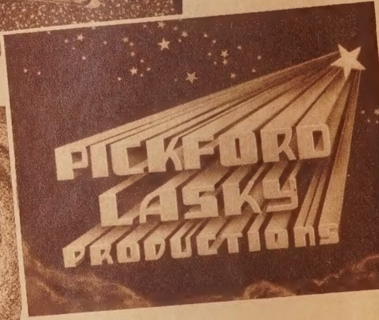
Naming the lucky contestants whose trademarks win $1,000 from the new Pickford-Lasky Corporation

PICKFORD - LASKY
pickford-lasky

Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky judging the entries. They were elated at the fine quality of designs submitted for their choice



SCREEN BOOK's winner, Shinkichi Hanagata from Tokyo, Japan, submitted this design which wins $100



From a background of stars letters shoot forward from the light of one huge star in this trademark which will be used on all Pickford-Lasky films. Reed Williams won $600 for this design

HERE'S what everyone has been waiting for—the outcome of the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest.

Reed Williams, Glendale, Calif., MOTION PICTURE Magazine winner of $100 for one of the best five designs, was awarded $500 for the grand prize.

Shinkichi Hanataga, Tokyo, Japan, SCREEN BOOK'S prize of $100.

Alice Kirkpatrick, Huntsville, Ala., HOLLYWOOD Magazine's $100.

Edward Crane Denton, Boston, Mass., MOVIE CLASSIC'S $100.

J. C. Claudis, Farmingdale, N. J., SCREEN PLAY'S $100.

There were more than 20,000 people from every country in the world interested enough to submit either an idea or a completed drawing. Entries came from South Africa. Several were from folk living within the Arctic Circle. Japan was well represented. Two came from Arabia. Many were alike—for instance, more than 500 used a lighthouse. Every kind of animal was represented. But all the ideas showed thought and skill.

Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky took an active part in sorting and judging the mail and were as happy as a couple of school kids at the deluge of ideas. The corporation really hopes to be able to have the new trademark animated in time to use on "The Gay Desperado," a new picture starring Nino Martini, Ida Lupino and Leo Carrillo. Perfectly adapted to motion, the new trademark is typically modern in design.

It was difficult to make eliminations for the final winners and two trademarks were selected. One is Mr. Williams' symbol which will be flashed on the screen; the other will be used on all letter heads and legal papers. The latter design will also become the seal of the company.

In addition to the prizes, trademark suggestions submitted by the following persons have been given honorable mention:

Maurice Anthoni, 2000 N. Highland, Hollywood, Calif.

Theodore Braasch, 5660 Fair Ave., North Hollywood.

Edward Czarnecki, 14204 Cedar Grove, Detroit, Mich.

Pauline Gale, 1831½ Grace Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Ruth Keller, 360 Bryan Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

M. M. McGowan, 59 Dundurn St., Hamilton, Ont.

Julius Pardi, lou Ravine Rd., Schenectady, N. Y.

Ralph Patten, 5169 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.

C. Reinhardt, Jr., 1711 N. 19th St., Sheboygan, Wis.

King Richardson, 811 S. Orange Grove, Los Angeles, Calif.

Eldon Dunbar Skolil, 1536 Gaffey St., San Pedro, Calif.

Sam S. Tigner, 524 Turney St., Sausolito, Calif.

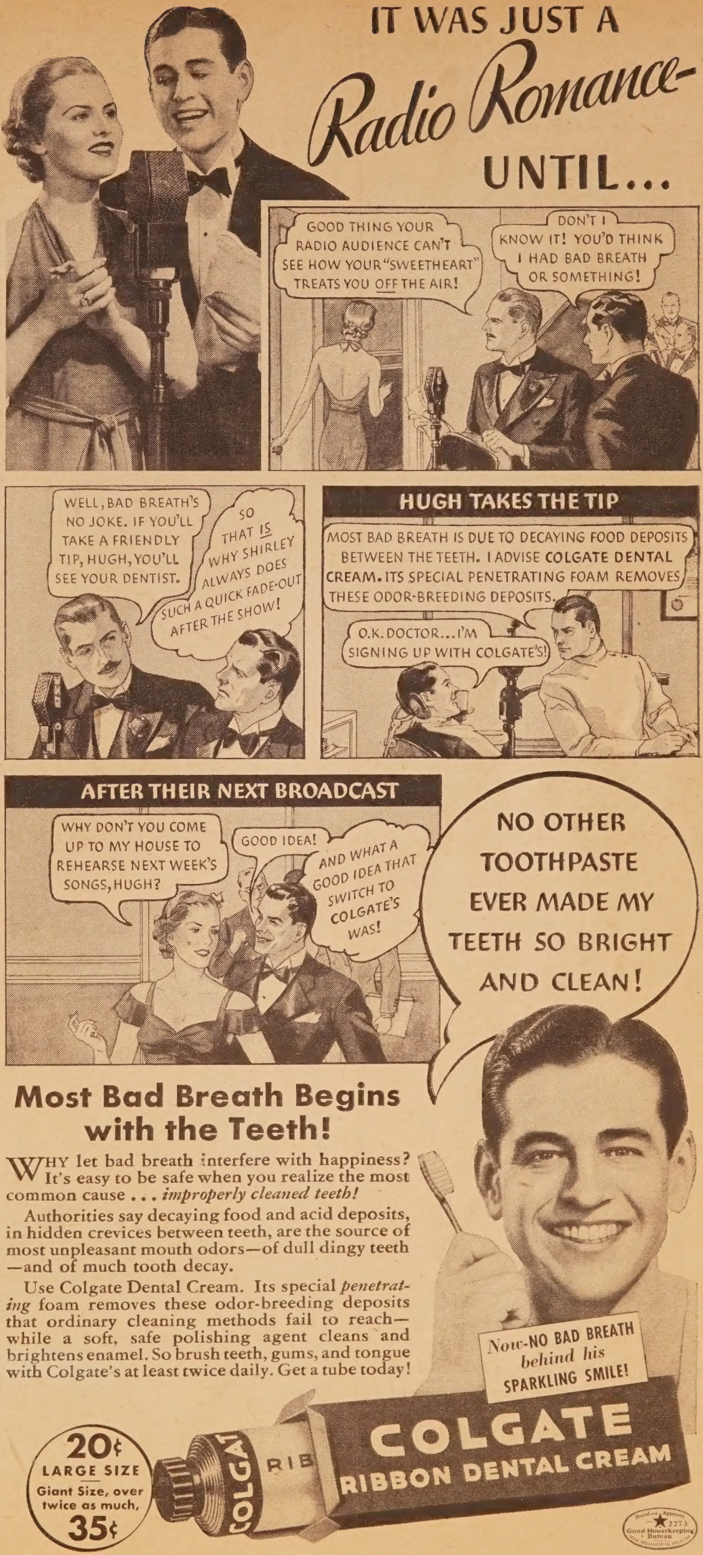
Alicia Alma Will, 8-115th St., North Troy, N. Y.

Minnetta Wilson, 3240½ Descanso Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.

It's LOVE!

Toby Wing and Tom Brown are the newest young romantics. They're at the roller skating rink—and have just finished a strenuous whirl at "crack the whip"

They are newly-marrieds—Edmund Lowe and his wife, the former Rita Kaufman. It's Eddie's third trip to the parson



IT WAS JUST A
Radio Romance—
UNTIL...
GOOD THING YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL, BAD BREATH'S NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST.
SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DOES SUCH A QUICK FADE-OUT AFTER THE SHOW!
HUGH TAKES THE TIP
MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
O.K. DOCTOR...I'M SIGNING UP WITH COLGATE'S!
AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST
WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH?
GOOD IDEA!
AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT SWITCH TO COLGATE'S WAS!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH

MILK

ANN RUTHERFORD WHO PLAYS THE FEMININE LEADING ROLE IN REPUBLIC'S "THE HARVESTER"

Amazing results from new type beauty creme made from fresh dairy MILK

Gone are your worries about coarse pores, blackheads, lines and blemishes, once you start using Creme of Milk. In less than 90 days more than 100,000 women have changed from ordinary creams . . . started using Creme of Milk and are amazed at the speed with which this entirely new-type creme clears the skin and brings back that soft delicate flush of child-like freshness.

Forget all you know about ordinary creams, for Creme of Milk is the first and only beauty creme in the world made from fresh dairy milk. Milk contains a certain fine, penetrating and nourishing oil that does things for your skin no other cream can possibly do. A trial will convince you. You'll see improvement in your skin the very first day. Send now for your trial jar . . . enough to last a whole week for only 10 cents. Use the coupon.

DUART'S
creme of milk

SEND 10c FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR
SEND 50c OR $1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose (10c) (50c) ($1.00) for which please send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.

Name..
Address...
City..............................*State*......................8

Ladies—Can You Take It?

[*Continued from page* 25]

ONE day, Baxter's mother had a date with him for lunch on the Fox lot. She appeared, wearing a neat black outfit—particularly stunning, as black so often is when worn by elderly women. But black is anathema to Baxter! Just as his mother arrived at the entrance to the stage where he was working, Baxter came hurrying out. He saw his mother!

"Good heavens, mother!" he shrieked.

Startled, his mother turned to a woman friend. "What is wrong?" she asked.

"Those clothes—mother—those *clothes!* I tell you, I'm *not* going to take you into the dining room unless you do something to relieve that awful dead black!"

So embarrassing was the moment, that a studio seamstress hurriedly offered to rush to the wardrobe department to get a white lace collar for his mother to satisfy the aesthetic tastes of her son. But no. She might be only Warner's mother, but she was a woman, and not even a loved son could talk about her clothes that way. So she drew herself up and said:

"Very well, then! I'll go home!"

Baxter was punctured. "Well, if *that's* the way you feel about it—" he surrendered, and took his mother to lunch.

But let's hear what Warner himself has to say about his violent reactions to feminine apparel.

Baxter, self-assured, and confident of his position, takes your breath away with the apparent logic of his replies.

"In the first place," he says, "a woman dresses primarily to please men, to attract men, to arouse men's interest, to draw each particular man's attention to her particular self instead of to another woman.

"Well, then, granting that," he continues, "why do women insist on nullifying that very fundamental aim by wearing clothes which are utterly unsuited to them? Don't they realize that the slightest clashing note in the harmony of their attire destroys the entire effect?

"Don't they realize that a man is by nature conscious of any incongruous note, no matter how tiny, in the ensemble that clothes the creature in whom he is interested? And doesn't she realize that anything that will tend to make her in any degree ludicrous in his estimation, destroys her utterly? And what, I ask, can be more ludicrous than some of the absurdities that women, in their current race to be outstanding in attire, achieve? Why, if a man, say, should appear in a hat with the general outlines of those which women have been wearing this summer, he'd be slapped into an insane asylum. And darned if I see why some of the women that wear them should be immune!

"I DON'T think I, myself, am unique in my reaction to women's clothes. From my conversation with other men—and believe it, men *do* discuss women's clothes—I know that most men feel precisely as I do about the matter. But, for some reason, most men will suffer in silence rather than tell their womenfolk how they feel about it. I *won't!* If my mother, or my acquaintance, or my wife wears something which I—and other men—think is unbecoming or silly, then I want her to know about it. It may not be according to the best canons of conventional behavior, but I can't help but feel that a woman should be grateful to a man for telling her about her clothes, rather than resentful when

Clark Gable, having just gone through an earthquake for scenes in *San Francisco*, rushes to the studio dining room to talk skeet shooting with Jack Conway, director, and Jimmy Robinson, writer of outdoor tales and former manager for the lady dead-eye, Annie Oakley

Francis Lederer's hobbies are multiple. He paints on canvas, models with clay, collects fine statuary

he criticises with a sincere desire to help."

Winnie Baxter, his wife, agrees with her husband's views. There does not hang in all her wardrobe, extensive as it is, one single piece of wearing apparel of which Warner doesn't approve. Oh, no—he doesn't go out to select them for her. But, the first time he sees them, he makes his decision. It's like the old Roman amphitheater days—"thumbs up" or—"thumbs down." And those, of which Baxter does *not* approve, are *out*. A niece, some other relative, even a servant, may suddenly find herself presented by Winnie Baxter with an exquisite new creation—dress, hat, pajamas, playsuit, coat—*anything!*

Instances of Baxter's dislikes are innumerable. Here's one: At a little beach party once, Mrs. Baxter, thinking to surprise hubby, appeared in new beach pajamas with tiny *flowers*. Baxter glared. They argued and argued. Finally he won her over.

She hurried upstairs to change. And never again did Winnie wear the discarded pajamas.

Let's listen to Baxter again:

"Why, for instance, should women wear those abominable 'mannish cut' clothes—those severely tailored things that hide whatever there is of femininity about her so that, seeing her at a distance, you can't tell whether she's Wally Beery in skirts or your girl friend?

"She wants to attract men. Does black, as a color, attract attention? No. Then why, in the name of Eve, should she hide herself in a smokescreen of black cloth?"

And what's more, take it from Baxter in parting, there's a matter of time as well as of taste in women's wear.

No woman, he feels, should try to be sartorially outstanding in the earlier hours of the day. Late afternoon and night—that's the time for women to become clothes conscious.

"A woman, no matter what she's wearing, doesn't interest men much before the cocktail hour. That's when woman begins to come into her own in men's lives. Before that, let her be utilitarian, practical, helpful, whatever she wants—but don't let her try to knock his eye out with clothes.

"But from cocktail time on—then let her do her stuff!"

LET'S TALK SENSE

about Permanent Waves . . . . . .

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND STARRING IN THE WARNER PRODUCTION, "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

RIGHT down to facts, a successful permanent wave requires three things: the expert hairdresser, the waving solution that gently softens the hair, and *heat properly controlled and applied.* Too much heat makes frizzy ends, dried out hair and a kinky wave.

Because the Duart method provides a thermostat in *each heater*—each curl receives *exactly* the amount of heat required to form a perfect wave. Small curls along the sides and back of the head receive the least heating while the larger curls along the top of the head receive more. Nothing is left to guesswork or judgment. Each heater *automatically* shuts itself off when its curl is perfectly waved.

Because of its exact heat control—Duart is the only wave that is endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild—the organization responsible for the beautiful hair of *every* lovely star you see on the screen.

Choose your next permanent just as though you were a Hollywood Star—ask for a genuine Duart wave . . . look for your individual *sealed package* of waving pads.

Copy a screen star's hairstyle too! **FREE** book of new Hollywood Stars' coiffures that you can copy. Sent FREE with a package of Hollywood Hair Rinse—no dye—no bleach—just a lovely tint. Select your shade.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE

DUART

PERMANENT WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

Name..

Address..

City.............................*State*..........8

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

DON'T QUIT
HALF
WAY

Forhan's goes deeper

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R.J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 19]

FRANCHOT TONE has intimated to friends that he and Joan Crawford may co-star in a couple of Little Theatre plays somewhere in Connecticut the coming summer.

GEORGE RAFT unveiled to Hollywood recently the last word in sport coats. Absolutely impossible to describe except to say it has more colors than Technicolor ever thought of.

BOB BURNS, from Van Buren, Arkansas, of radio and screen fame, was standing on the Paramount lot, the center of a group of players when one of the few blond extras remaining in cinemaland approached him and after a pleasant greeting said to Bob:

"Are you on location?"

"What do you think?" snapped back the amazed Burns.

Proving that some blonds are still dumb.

ADELE ASTAIRE—despite any reports to the contrary—IS returning to Hollywood in the near future and IS going to have a rôle in Sam Goldwyn's picture in which Merle Oberon will be starred.

ELAINE BARRIE, the "Ariel" to John Barrymore's "Caliban" is still without a picture assignment and John B. has vehemently protested to studio officials that Elaine is getting the well known run around. And John is mighty peeved over the whole thing. Meanwhile Elaine is carrying on and taking lessons in elocution.

JOHN is still a problem. At an operatic evening a few nights since, in the foyer, a chap stepped up to Barrymore and greeted him effusively. With Barrymore was Elaine Barrie and her mother.

"I would have you meet mv lady friends," said John, "but it would mean nothing to you."

Amazed, the chap bowed low and went into the theater.

MAE WEST treated members of her family to a novel gift recently. Her brother, her sister and her sister's husband were given carte blanche to go the limit with a famous plastic surgeon in Hollywood. They did.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE played hostess to the little French girl who won the contest in France which decided the French girl who looked most like Shirley.

When the day's fun started the French girl could speak no English; Shirley could speak no French. When the day ended Shirley could toss off a dozen French phrases. The French girl acquired no English phrases.

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH wears a black eye for *We Went to College*, a cultivated variety produced by the make-up man's skill. Charlie wears dark glasses around the studio and has taken a lot of ribbing about trying to hide the results of an altercation with some bigger and tougher guy.

FROM far-away Borneo came a letter to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio. It read: "I have written you before that the public here doesn't appreciate films with the hero wearing a mustache. If there is one showing they won't come to see the show. Please take note."

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new pastime on the set. She tosses quoits.

GLENDA FARRELL and Brian Donlevy, co-stars in *Trouble Makers*, lunched at the Assistance League tearoom. Brian sat with another group, his back to Glenda. During the course of the meal he accidentally upset the salt shaker and, kowtowing to the old superstition, cast a pinch over his shoulder. It sprinkled on Glenda. Brian apologized, but Glenda interrupted: "Oh, please don't mind, I need salting down every once in a while. I'm too fresh!"

DIRECTOR MICHAEL CURTIZ lost his temper, film was wasted and costly time flitted by when extras, playing tribesmen in battle scenes of Errol Flynn's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, refused to fa' down dead. After much yelling by the director and several assistants over the loud speaker system and much retaking by a battery of cameras, the proper number took their cues and bit the dust.

STEPIN FETCHIT, the famous colored comic, has returned to Hollywood and films and has brought a brand new idea with him—and seriously.

Step has formed a pool and is dickering for a large acreage a few miles out of Hollywood. He plans to establish a colony for colored folks which he is going to call Harlemwood.

You get from the name a combo of Hollywood and Harlem and Step proposes to have night clubs, hotels, restaurants and the like on a large scale.

WHEN a fire on the 20th Century-Fox lot burned the New York Street set, Jane Withers' so-called office went up in flames. In this cubby-hole Jane had hung a placard: "We Don't Sell Anything. If You Want to Hang Your Coat Up It Costs 2c. Signed XXX Club." The "Club" was composed of Jane and her stand-in, who divided the pennies which they collected.

AS YOU know, Pat Paterson is an English girl who married Frenchman Charles Boyer. Not long ago she and Boyer journeyed to France so the bride could meet her new mother-in-law. Mme. Boyer has returned the call, coming to visit Pat who, although she is thrilled at having her guest, cannot entertain her on the *Spendthrift* set, at Wanger Studio. She explains: "In the picture I'm to speak in a strong Irish brogue, and if I'm talking to Charles' mother between shots I find myself using a French accent instead of Irish." Mme. Boyer cannot speak a word of English.

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK was handed a dainty handkerchief which another party guest had picked up. "Ah, no. That one is not mine," she said unfolding a huge linen square. "I always carry a family handkerchief—large enough, you see, to wipe all the noses of all the young children."

AT A recent Bing Crosby broadcast Leopold Stokowski, famous conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra of Philadelphia, was a guest with his orchestra. He played four selections by four famous composers.

After the concert Leopold asked Bing which composer he favored.

"I'm heavy for that guy Debussy," said Bing. "He's my meat."

Real praise indeed for Debussy and without the frills.

GLADYS GEORGE paid a visit to the studios during her starring engagement in *Personal Appearance* in Los Angeles recently. And under decidedly different conditions than when she last visited the studios, five years ago.

At the time Gladys made the rounds of the studios with her friend, Frances Deaner, and tried to get a job. She was willing to start as an extra. No takers. Then recently her big stage success and now all major studios bidding for her.

SIMONE SIMON, the French actress who has had a tempestuous screen career since coming to this country a year ago, is finally set to play the lead in *French Doll*, the new title for *Kiki*, recently purchased by her studio from Mary Pickford. Simone still is unable to speak English to interviewers, but talks perfect English, without a trace of accent, off screen.

MAE WEST, among many other screen stars, was recently asked her opinion anent a controversy as to whether a man should take off his hat when entering an elevator.

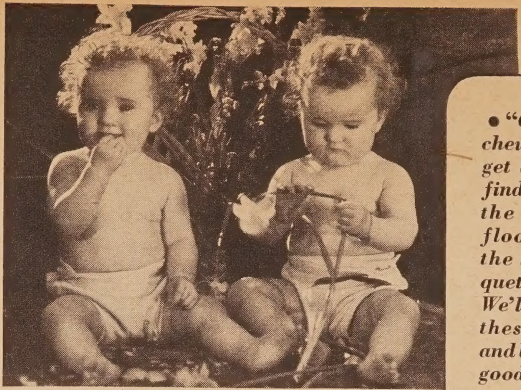
Mae's reply: "It's quite all right for a man to take off his hat in an elevator. But for a man to take off his hat—and leave it in the wrong place when he departs—that is something else again."

JACK OAKIE, on return from location and with his honeymoon over found a way to keep wifey occupied while Jackie was at work. He financed a hat shop for Venita in the exclusive shopping district. Between pictures Jack has promised to do the floorwalker stunt and will meet his public at the shop, hoping of course that they will be in a hat buying mood.

WALTER WINCHELL may use this in his column if he cares to. Winchell's Hollywood representatives have had little success in selling the columnist to major studios as a screen star because, so the studios claim his asking price for one picture is just a few dollars less than Garbo gets.

FRANK FAY, since his return to Hollywood from whence he broadcasts, has amazed even his closest friends, who were quite sure that he would make overtures to Barbara Stanwyck for a reconciliation. As a matter of truth Frank is seemingly entirely indifferent to Barbara's stepping out with Robert Taylor and other filmites. Fay is more interested in getting a screen contract and that he will, and shortly.

MELVIN PURVIS, former G-Man and credited with the capture of Dillinger, is in Hollywood and available for picture work either as an actor, writer or technical director.



● *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*

● *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*

● *"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*

Johnson's Baby Powder

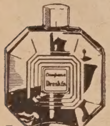
"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

CLEAN YOUR SKIN AS DOCTORS DO

USE A LIQUID

● Take a tip from your physician. Did you ever see a doctor use anything *except* a liquid, to clean the skin? Then why not follow his lead! Use a liquid yourself—use DRESKIN, Campana's anti-alkali cleanser and freshener. Dreskin is your protection against blackheads and dry, "faded" skin—because this new-type cleanser NEUTRALIZES ALKALI, the skin-drying element that is present in practically all water and in solutions of soap and water. Dreskin does the kind of pore-deep cleansing that removes all trace of stale make-up and dried gland secretions—letting your skin *breathe naturally*, as it must do, to be healthy. Send today for FREE TRAVEL SIZE BOTTLE. Use the coupon.



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Dreskin
by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

Two sizes — 50c and $1.00

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158 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.
I enclose **3 cent stamp** for postage. Please send me FREE the TRAVEL SIZE bottle of DRESKIN.

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City State
In Canada—Campana, FG-8 Caledonia Road, Toronto

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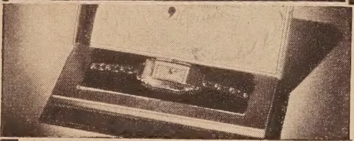

A BEAUTIFUL, 4 JEWEL, GUARANTEED LADIES WRIST WATCH
Don't admire a wrist watch on someone else's arm.
OWN ONE YOURSELF!
You may also have a choice of numerous other gifts, or, if you prefer, a cash prize.
WRITE IN AT ONCE FOR THIS UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY!
TRU-VALU HOME SUPPLY
Dept. F, 84 University Place, New York, N. Y.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

—*Tom Kelley*

Upsa daisy! Carolyn Babcock, crack woman tennis player, takes Cesar Romero, who is pretty good at the game too, over the hurdles. Butch, as Cesar is known to his intimates, now is attempting to overcome insinuations that he closely resembles the late Rudolph Valentino. As a matter of fact, though, he has bought Falcon Lair, the home Rudy loved

The Sunny Side of Beauty

[*Continued from page* 9]

and leaves an adherent coating. Gives a nice dull finish to shiny legs, softens rough elbows and knees and cools skin suffering from sunburn or insect bites. The jar is black, with gold accents.

Woodbury's Facial Soap — supercleanser as always—now has an added quality. It contains the Sunshine Vitamin which, as everyone knows, has a very beneficial effect on the skin. The formula of the soap has not been changed, but one of the ingredient is irradiated, during the soap-making process. Woodbury's creamy lather, nice scent and low price remain the same.

Max Factor's Make-up Blender is an indispensable preparation for the girl who freckles or burns in the sun. Applied carefully, it shields the skin from harmful sunrays, and at the same time gives it a smooth, dull, made-up finish. If your neck or arms have tanned more than your face, the Make-up Blender will banish this discrepancy, too, so that you are a uniform shade above your evening frock. Movie stars like the Blender for arms and shoulders because it doesn't rub off when they're dancing or acting romantic rôles

Madame Berthé presents two reliable personal daintiness aids, Zip Facial Hair Remover and Zip Instant Deodorant. The hair remover, which can be used on the arms and legs as well as the face, removes superfluous hair safely and neatly, leaving your skin matchlessly smooth. You apply the cream in strips, press a piece of cloth over the cream, then whip off the cloth, cream *and* hair. A little practice, and you become so deft that you wonder why you ever fretted over the problem . . . The clear, water-like deodorant with a convenient sponge applicator checks perspiration locally and prevents odor, when it is applied twice a week according to directions.

Hess Witch Hazel Cream in the blue and white bottle, is a mildly astringent powder base, as well as a softening, whitening hand lotion. A bath in warm water, and a rub-down with this skin lotion will soothe the hottest, tiredest feet; and it reacts equally well on a sunburned or windburned skin. When you use it as a hand lotion, always rub it gently into the cuticle, to keep it soft and pliable.

The La Cross people have added two new summer shades to their line of long-lasting and non-chipping creme nail polishes. "Rust" is a dark, reddish-russet tone and "Suntan" is a light orangy shade, both of them harmonizing well with sunbrowned fingers. An unusual feature of this extra-smooth nail polish is the "Drop-it-on" Oily Polish Remover, shown beside the bottle of polish in the photograph. The dropper-stopper serves two purposes—for applying remover economically to the nails and also for adding remover to the polish, to thin it out. A grand idea, isn't it?

If you have a personal beauty problem or wish to inquire further concerning any of the products mentioned in this article, write to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope (U. S. Postage Only) for a prompt reply.

Hollywood Ahoy!

Join a lively congenial traveling party

ONLY a short time remains for joining the second annual Movieland Tour sponsored by SCREEN BOOK and a group of cooperating railroads. A few reservations remain open for the August trip which leaves Chicago on Sunday, August 9 and returns to Chicago on August 23.

So popular has been this new plan of proffering an opportunity to see Hollywood, that the July trip is a sell-out and room on the August special trains will soon be at a premium.

The itinerary for the trippers is as follows:

Aug. 9 lv. Chicago via Burlington Railroad.

Aug. 10 lv. St. Paul via Northern Pacific (sightseeing at Rainier National Park).

Aug. 13 arrive Seattle for sightseeing.

Aug. 14 tour of San Francisco.

Aug. 16 arrive Los Angeles via Southern Pacific.

The next four days will be spent in Hollywood, with start of the return to Chicago made August 20 via Union Pacific Railway.

Aug. 21 sightseeing in Salt Lake City.

Aug. 22 arrive Denver.

Highlights of the Hollywood visit will be a cocktail party at the Beverly Hills home of Donald Woods, where you will meet this popular young man who made such a hit in *The Story of Louis Pasteur, Frisco Kid* and *White Angel.*

Trippers will visit Universal Studios where Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are making *My Man Godfrey* and where *Showboat* came into being . . . a boat trip to beautiful Santa Catalina Island.

Bette Davis will be guest of honor with other famous stars at the annual banquet in the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt Hotel. The Roosevelt and Plaza Hotels, the best known in Hollywood, will be headquarters during the travelers' stay in Hollywood. Max Factor will entertain at his internationally famous beauty salon and every minute of the stay will be filled with exciting events.

For a beautifully illustrated booklet and complete details, send a postcard to Joe E. Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Director, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WHY DOES SHE HESITATE? That fear of embarrassment that makes a woman worry . . . offer excuses . . . refuse invitations . . . is so unnecessary! Now—a new kind of sanitary protection, the Certain-Safe Modess, gives absolute safety!

PEACE OF MIND AT LAST! Experience the wonderful relief of knowing you're safe! You can—with Modess! Different from ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through.* Wear *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection and comfort are yours! Modess stays soft . . . stays safe.

Modess
This is the New Modess it's "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic" ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

- *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche tablet. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

SEND FOR THESE FREE SLENDERIZING RECIPES

12 FAMOUS POMPEIAN Slenderizing SALADS

THEY'RE salads — tempting salads—and non-fattening—favored by Hollywood. These salads are made best with Pure Imported Virgin Pompeian Olive Oil — a clear, nutty - flavored olive oil. Pompeian Olive Oil is the first press—which yields only about 25% of the olive—all that is good enough for Pompeian. The world's finest yet costs no more than other good grades. At all grocers and druggists.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

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Please send me free book of Slenderizing Recipes.
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City__________ State__________ FWG-8

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SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET revealing SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL SONG WRITING, including free copy of valuable Rhyming Dictionary and information on current market requirements. If you write poems or compose melodies, SEND FOR OUR OFFER.

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LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEPE METHODS. 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 70-H, Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE BOOKLET

YOU, TOO, CAN EARN $30 A WEEK

Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E—— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 35 years has been training men and women, *at home and in their spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how *you* can become self-supporting as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 88, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name ....
City ....*State* ....*Age* ......

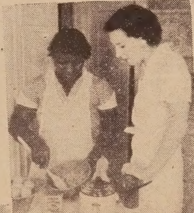
MONA BARRIE Offers a Delicious JELLIED TUNA LOAF

Mona's new picture is *Here Comes Trouble*—but that does not apply to the use of her grand recipes!

by Joan Davis

Mona smiles in anticipation as she reaches for the tuna fish. She knows her guests will relish her jellied loaf

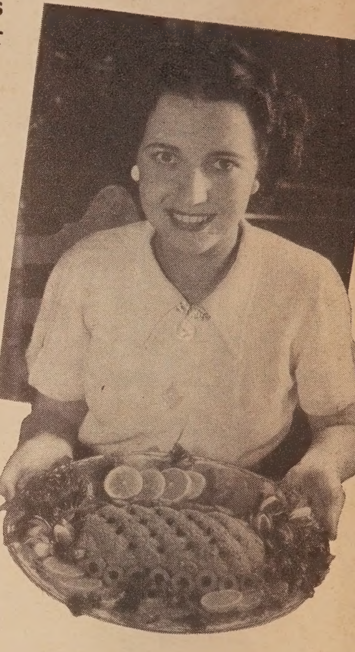
Laura Washington, Miss Barrie's cook, runs hot water over the tuna in sieve to remove the oil



Laura mixes flaked tuna with other ingredients and the slightly thickened gelatin

"Be sure to fill all corners," cautions Laura, as she presses the tuna-gelatin mixture into the mold. Mona helps by rinsing out her Nesco Enameled Ware

A cloth wrung out of hot water, and placed on mold, makes the chilled mixture slip out easily, explains the cook



The finished product! Doesn't it look inviting?

MONA BARRIE is considered not only one of the best dressed actresses in Hollywood, but one of the most popular hostesses as well. You and I would attribute this to her personality and hospitality, but not this clever girl—she declares it is because she has a good cook and knows food values herself, which enables her to give any directions necessary about menus and recipes.

While we basked in the sun flooding Mona's patio, she explained, "On the continent and in New York, people are accustomed to being wined and dined in great style—in Hollywood, it's the tastefully but informally served dinner that brings guests back another time. Hence, I have two rules—*watch the kitchen and have an outdoor patio!* I find that parties given in the sunshine or moonlight induce thoughts of sport clothes, a good time, and a hearty appetite."

"I'll take you literally," I said. "I've seen the patio—now show me the kitchen."

Mona *does* know housekeeping! Laura, the cook, was beaming and busy. Venetian blinds decorated casement windows, while wall paper, above the tile, exhibited carrots, turnips, and all sorts of good things to whet an appetite. The cooking utensils were most attractive—Nesco Enameled Ware I discovered—no wonder Laura is happy!

Here is the recipe that Laura and Mona have worked out for their

JELLIED TUNA LOAF:

2 tbls. gelatin
½ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
¾ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
2 tbls. lemon juice
½ cup orange juice
1½ cups grapefruit juice
1½ cups drained, flaked tuna fish
1 cup diced celery
4 tbls. stuffed olives, chopped

Soak the gelatin in cold water until soft. Dissolve in boiling water and add sugar and salt. Then stir until dissolved. Add the fruit juices and chill. Pour a thin layer of chilled mixture into a large mold, turning the mold so it is thoroughly coated with gelatin. Chill in refrigerator until stiff. Chill the remaining gelatin mixture until it starts to stiffen.

Place the tuna in a sieve, and rinse with hot water. Turn the tuna into a bowl and flake [*Continued on page* 69]

Send for these unusual recipes, autographed by Hollywood stars!

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½x11 loose leaf notebook and are tested by Anna Bell Lee, noted food expert.

ENCLOSE A THREE CENT STAMP FOR EACH LEAFLET ORDERED!

Mona Barrie's Famous Soups
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Heather Angel's Salads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Jim Cagney's Favorite Tuna Recipes
Sally Eiler's Appetizing Leftovers
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings

Address your requests to Joan Davis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. If your letters require a personal reply, *Be Sure And Enclose a Stamped, Self-Addressed Envelope!*

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

Protect yourself this SURE way

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Doctors say Odorono is entirely safe. With Odorono, the usual underarm perspiration is merely diverted, and comes out on less confined areas of the body, where it can evaporate freely.

Saves your expensive gowns

Odorono ends forever those shocking perspiration stains which can fade and ruin a lovely frock or coat lining, in just one wearing. And of course, there is no grease to make your clothes messy.

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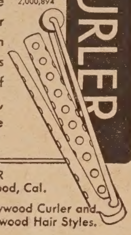

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Glenda, Quite Contrary

[*Continued from page* 45]

I'll take Farrell, bless her, the way she is.

I've a mental memory book of Glenda. From the time she played in stock. When her fourteen-year-old son Tommy was a tiny baby and she an eager-eyed girl-mother intent upon getting for her child everything which she had ever wanted for herself. Blue eyes alive with planning for him, she spun her dreams. I wrote a play about her. Made her a movie star at the final curtain. She laughed me to scorn. "What," she inquired briskly, "Would I use for a face in the movies? No, thank you, I'll stick to the stage."

But she's happy that she has done the things she dreamed of for Tommy. Tommy, who is a grand youngster.

Child that he is, he has an almost adult appreciation of his mother. He adores her. And understands her. Glenda, usually extravagant of expression, says so very simply of Tommy, "He is my heart."

But if you think they are placid and peaceful and calm, this Irish girl and her child, just drop by that house in the valley. They argue about everything in crisp, staccato sentences. Neither ever wins. They just change the subject or play ping pong or any other game of the moment.

AGAIN my memory book . . . Glenda turning down the orchids sent by a wealthy admirer who wanted to take her to supper with him after the show, to sit at a hamburger counter with a struggling young actor who had asked her to coach him in a scene for which he would have a try-out next morning.

Glenda, the movie star, is exactly the same girl. Her heart rules her head and if she were to bother to analyze it, she'd not bother to change. She'll save her pennies one day and squander her dollars the next. She'll swear you to secrecy on a personal secret and you'll hear it from ten people the next day. But wild horses could not drag from her a confidence given to her by someone else.

She is about as socially ambitious as the kitten I found her caring for one evening when I called to take her to a formal dinner. With fifteen minutes to go, I found her, in slacks, on her back porch, bending with infinite concern over a stray cat which had turned up that morning. Patiently, ever so patiently, she was feeding the miserable little thing with an eye dropper. Awaiting the arrival of the veterinary. Not until he had assured her that the animal would recover, did she scurry into her room, dress hastily, and leave for the party.

Suavely she entered her hostess' drawing-room, an hour late, with the simple explanation, "I was sitting with a sick friend, so—so sorry." Of course no one believed her, but she didn't bother to establish the truth of her explanation. Her hostess was very obviously annoyed. So Glenda chattered on . . . "Oh, no, I forgot about the dinner. Oh, no, I worked late at the studio. Oh, no, I was in an automobile accident. Oh, no, I guess I'm all wrong . . . I think Farrell was drowned an hour ago, and I just came in her place."

Spacing her apologies over a period of minutes the absurdity of the whole thing finally broke down the hostess' resistance and she laughed gaily. Then, and not until then, did the incorrigible Glenda really apologize and explain. Very humbly.

BUT it isn't always a sick cat which confuses her social engagements. One day she breezed into my room. She called out, "Surprise, I'm on time!"

"On time for what?" I asked.

"Haven't we a luncheon date? We haven't? Well, I've got a luncheon date with someone. Do you know who it is?" Then, as she noticed my expression, she clapped a hand over her mouth, her face filled with an expression of such sorrow that I nearly hurst into sympathetic tears. "Oh, honey, it was last Tuesday I had a luncheon date with you, wasn't it? Oh, honey, you know I'm sorry. Forgive me?"

And as I laughed, I remembered that this absent-mindedness was no Hollywood contribution to her personality, either. Remembered the day in stock when she forgot . . . I mean it, forgot a matinee! We'll pass over the agony of that afternoon, the sorry spectacle her absence made of the performance. The irate utterances of the stage manager when she appeared for the evening performance, after they'd had the police looking for her and had searched all the hospitals. We'll pass over that agony so that I may tell you quickly that she was sitting calmly in the motion picture theatre next door watching a picture in which her favorite star appeared!

Her romances are always in the papers. There are those who say she is fickle. Nothing could be less true. Glenda is in love with love. I know it. She told me so one day, and I know she spoke truthfully and earnestly.

"LOVE is the most important thing in the world to me. St. Valentine's day is my favorite holiday! I mean it! Anyone can forget me on Christmas or on my birthday, and I scarcely notice it. But if my family forget me on Valentine's day I sulk for a week! Love is an inspiration and a strength. Being cared for, I mean. Knowing that someone cares will tide over discouragements or disappointments. I married too terribly young, you know. I think I didn't know much until my heart broke. Until courage and the Irish in me had to make up for what that did to me. I am glad for that now.

"Now I think it was not the fault of the person I loved. It was rather my fault for not realizing that love, romance, is like a purple robe which we drape upon an ideal. Then we try to make it fit a man. He may not have the stature to carry it. But love is beauty and love is living. I admit I am in love with love! I think I shall be the same when I am very old. Whether I ever meet the man of my dreams or not."

Perhaps that is why her romances become fine friendships. Why the eager young men who go courting become her proud young friends. Then, too, Glenda cherishes her independence. In her work, her thinking, her life. Seeking no quarter, accepting none. Unpredictable, thoroughly lovable, looking forward, not backward, and ever lending a hand, she goes on her way.

I salute the tempestuous Farrell. May she never change in any way.

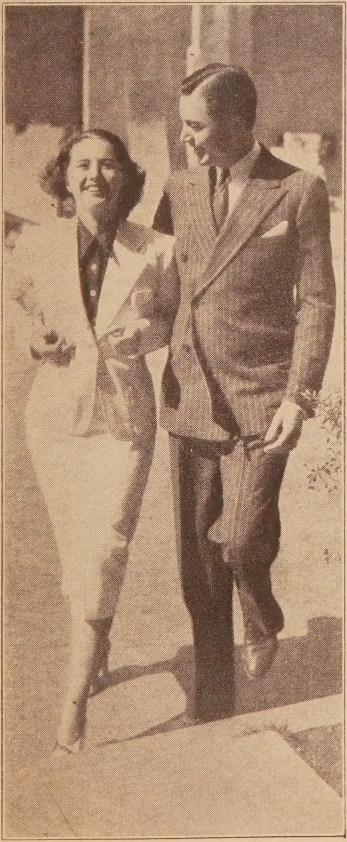
Mona Barrie Offers a Delicious Tuna Loaf

[*Continued from page* 67]

in moderate-sized pieces. Mix tuna with remaining ingredients and with chilled and slightly stiffened gelatin, handling gently so that ingredients will not become mushy. Take the lined mold from ice box and press in tuna-gelatin mixture. Be sure all the corners are filled. Cover the mold with waxed paper and fasten with rubber bands. Place in refrigerator until very stiff. Place a cloth wrung out of hot water on table and set mold on it. This enables loaf to be removed easily. After removing waxed paper, lay chilled platter on top of mold. Turn over to remove the loaf.

Mona decorates her platter with radishes, lemon slices, parsley, sliced tomatoes, and stuffed olives. She suggests serving hot rolls, potato chips and tomato juice with the loaf.

"Serve sherbet for dessert," she told me, "and one will have a well-balanced, tasty meal."



"Out to lunch" tells the story of this twosome. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are two-thirds of a love triangle in *The Bride Walks Out*

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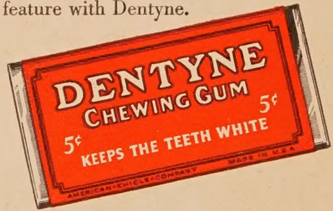

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Just a trio of old salts passing a holiday on the briny deep—Elizabeth Russell, Kent Taylor and Eleanore Whitney, recruits to Hollywood's rapidly growing yacht hysteria, take off for a speedy ride in the recently opened Newport Yacht Harbor

Girl Trouble

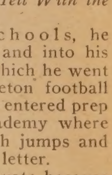
[*Continued from page* 49]

was to go big-game hunting in Africa. His father loaded him onto a train and they started for Atlantic City—which was to be Africa for Jimmy. But a train ahead was wrecked, holding up the Africa-bound train and Atlantic City was never reached. Father Stewart took Jimmy Stewart back to Indiana, Pa., where Jimmy contented himself by shooting a skunk, which put him in disgrace for a week when he took it home.

From big-game hunting, young Stewart turned to the higher sciences, first chemicals. He learned the elementals from a carnival man, whom he took home as a house guest without his parent's consent. Anyway, his father bought him a big chemical set of his own.

His next interest was radios. He made his first ones out of oatmeal boxes and, with his Dad's help, actually made a set that worked. When he first heard music coming out of the air, young Stewart screamed and cried with delight. He's been a radio bug ever since and still has the last one he made.

Then the war came and he remembers his father marching off to a training camp. When his father sailed, the family accompanied him to New York where there were lots of soldiers and speeches and hullabaloo, and before returning home Jim enjoyed the thrills of the Woolworth building and the Statue of Liberty.



Even all the kids in town were playing war. They dug up almost all their backyards for trenches and when Dad's souvenirs began arriving from France Jim had the best helmets and gas masks in the backyard battles.

Probably young Stewart's first experience in the drama had its birth in the basement of his home. There, the children built a stage with a curtain that actually rolled up and down and presented such plays as *To Hell With the Kaiser.*

From Indiana public schools, he stepped up to high school and into his first pair of long pants, in which he went to see his first Yale-Princeton football game. After high school, he entered prep school at Mercersburg Academy where his achievements in the high jumps and the hurdles won for him his letter.

"But I almost didn't graduate because of Cicero," he admits.

Princeton came next. It was there where his bashfulness suggested the purchase of the accordion. He became a member of one Charter Club and joined the Triangle Club for its musical shows. He sang and played his accordion in the school plays for three years—1930-1931-1932—and meanwhile studied for a career as an architect. During the summer months he worked as assistant to a magician, Bill Neff, in his home town.

Upon graduation, Jim Stewart—with his architectural education—started out to design the world's finest buildings. But it was in one of those years when woodsheds weren't even being built—so he went to Falmouth to play his accordion in a tea room.

During his college days, Stewart had made several friends with a stock company in Falmouth. He joined the company, then known as "Theater Unit," and, fortified by his experience in the Triangle shows, he became an actor. *Goodbye Again,* had been tried out by the Falmouth company, so, when it went to Broadway, Stewart went with it.

After several successive stage hits, he was screen-tested by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and sent on to Hollywood.

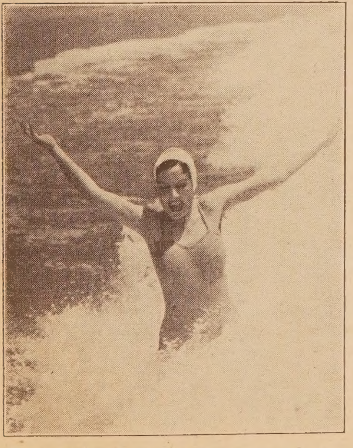
In Hollywood, he took up aviation. Today, he is an expert flier with a pilot's license. His screen appearances have been in *The Murder Man, Rose-Marie, Wife vs. Secretary, Next Time We Love, Small Town Girl, Speed,* which gave him his first leading rôle, and now he is working with Joan Crawford in *Gorgeous Hussy.* He has been selected for the lead opposite Eleanor Powell in *Easy to Love.*

He lives in a bachelor bungalow in Brentwood, California, with the same roommates he had in New York—Henry Fonda and Joshua Logan. When they moved into the house, it carried with it one lonely, female cat. The cat had a litter of six kittens. Four of the kittens later raised huge families of their own. To date, Stewart's home is over-run with, as well as he can count them—Thirty-two cats.

The cats are wild, defying capture. Nightly they yowl under the house, crying for food. Mice, there are a-plenty, but the cats ignore the mice, apparently preferring caviar.

So Stewart obtained a police dog to police his premises. But, strange as it seems, the cats gang up on the police dog.

While the cats continue to yowl and multiply.



Margaret Sinclair, British musicomedy star just arrived from Shanghai, has joined the ranks of American filmites

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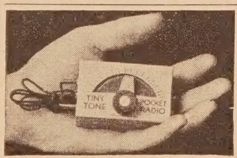

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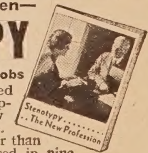

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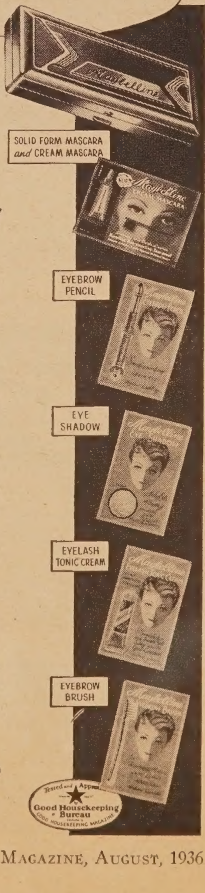
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They Wanted to be Cowboys

[*Continued from page* 51]

mountain town of Lone Pine. Great hunting and fishing. When the location was selected, "Tex" Taurog immediately decided that he and Bing would "rough it." They invited that fella, Bob Burns, who plays a funny-looking thing he calls the "bazooka," to join them.

Well, when the cowboys and I got to Lone Pine, we were dumbfounded to meet something that looked like a circus train. Leading a procession of trucks and touring cars, loaded down with fancy baggage, were director and the star in a limousine. In one of the cars they had an English butler, a Chinese cook and two Filipino houseboys.

"Hey Bob," they yelled, "get your boys and help us unload."

Believe it or not, they had an electric stove and refrigerator, kitchen utensils, a radio bar, guns, fishing tackle and everything you could imagine. And, they had rented a mansion which was the summer home of some wealthy man.

After us cowboys had spent most of the day unloading, we crawled into our own tepees that night, kind of disgusted.

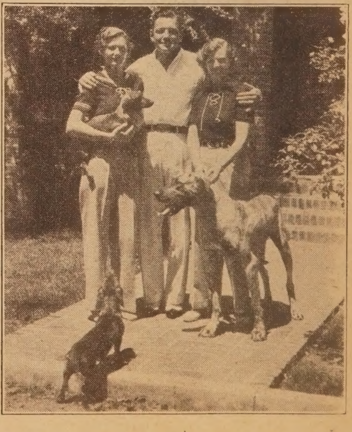
We thought they were going to "rough it!"

"HEY Bob!" said the director one evening after a good day's work, "come over tonight for dinner."

Imagine how I felt when I walked in to find several guests all dressed in evening clothes. Those rough, tough cowboys, Tex and Bing, were in tuxedos. They even had the hillbilly with the bazooka in one, and the beautiful Frances Farmer wore a swell evening gown. At first, the "dead pan" butler wasn't going to let me in, 'cause I didn't have on a coat, but the director finally convinced him that it was okay.

I might have known not to trust a comedy director and a crooner. They put me right next to Miss Farmer. She looks like a swell girl, but I found out later she was in on it too.

First thing, my water glass leaked and spilled on her. I apologized, and she acted kind of cold. When I tried to cut the



Buck Jones with his daughter Maxine (left) and Mrs. Jones pose with just a few of their pets. Watch for him in *The Phantom Rider*

Never has a game held Hollywood—or the whole nation, for that matter—so long in its thrall as Monopoly. Now it makes its screen debut in *Meet Nero Wolfe*. Here Lionel Stander and Russell Hardie get pointers from director Biberman. Notice that Lionel Stander is on the milk wagon

steak, it slipped off my plate like it was made of rubber, and I spilled some gravy on my lap. Miss Farmer looked at me sort of funny and kind of edged away, I was never so embarrassed in my life.

"Hey Bob!" asked Bing, "How you doing?"

"I'm not very hungry tonight," I retorted, "and I reckon I am more at home at the chuck wagon."

Anxious to get away I took a sip of coffee, and doggone if the cup didn't drop off, spilling coffee all over the table. I felt like a fool sitting there holding on to the handle. How Miss Farmer and those mavericks, Bing and Tex, could keep "dead pans" ribbing me thataway. I don't know. I'm not a comical fella.

As I tore out of the place, mad clear through, I heard Tex Taurog saying to the rest of the guests:

"Boys, this is the life. I sure like to rough it."

DID you ever go snipe hunting? Well, I waited a few days before pulling it, and I tried not to let on that I was resentful of the way they ribbed me. Finally, I innocently built up the beauties of snipe hunting, and how much more delicious they were to eat than quail or dove. They went for it hook, line and sinker. That night us cowboys brought the hosses and we all rode out some ten miles in the mountains. We had a big gunnysack with a ring mounted on a large hoop and three kerosene lanterns. Picking out a gully where I told them the snipe were nesting, we built up brush wings on each side, and then got Bing and Bob and Tex to go down in the gully with the lanterns.

"Now, boys," I explained, "comes the big drive. All you have to do is to sit here quiet, keep the lanterns covered until you hear us yelling and beating the brush. Then wave them to and fro, and we'll drive the snipe right into the bag."

Well, we left the three tenderfeet down in the gully and quietly rode away, taking their three horses along. We laughed so hard on that ten mile ride back to Lone Pine that we almost fell off our horses.

We were sitting around on the porch of the mansion waiting for those snipe hunters to come walking home plumb disgusted and all in—when the front door opened, the lights went on—and darned if Tex, Bing and Bob weren't standing there.

"Hey Bob!" they said in chorus, "bring the boys in and let's have a snort before we sit down to a swell snack of snipe."

The cowboys looked at those snipe hunters and then at me, and I knew they were wondering who framed who. I knew when I had enough.

"Okay, Boss," I said, "you fellas win, but I want to know how you did it."

Bing laughed and said, "Ask Tex, Bob. He's the guy who knows how to hunt snipe."

The director gave me one more "dead pan" and replied: "You never know, Bob, when you may need a limousine and a chauffeur when you're roughing it."

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Hollywood—Dog Heaven!

[*Continued from page* 55]

Trainers and owners often get as much as $250 a day to let their dogs grace the screen.

Carole Lombard, who owns a Dachshund and a Pekinese, introduced the latter to film audiences in *Love Before Breakfast*. Incongruously, and humorously, this pint-sized pooch is named Pushface the Killer.

Smokie, a black French poodle owned by Claudette Colbert, is one of the few canines allowed on a sound stage. When the red lights go on and the bell rings calling for silence for a sound take, Smokie "freezes" and neither moves nor emits a sound until the cameras halt.

Charles Ruggles has commercialized on his love for dogs, breeds fine animals for sale and exhibits his pets in dog shows all over the country. Four of his prize winners are a white French poodle, an Afghan hound, a Cairn terrier and a West Highland White terrier. Ruggles has nearly one hundred dogs on his ranch and knows them all.

The affection with which many Hollywood owners hold their pets is shown in the story of the pet cemetery, *Valley of Quiet*. Jiggs, a famous movie dog, is buried there. A funeral for Sammy, Alice Brady's wire haired terrier, cost her $300. Mae West had her pet monkey, Boogey, buried there also. Puzzums, a famous Mack Sennett screen cat lies buried in the cemetery—she had a gold medal bestowed posthumously upon her by the Humane Society. Many people read Senator Vest's famous oration to a dog, as a funeral service.

Kabar, the famous Dobermann Pinscher owned by Valentino died of a broken heart after the death of his famous master and lies in *Valley of Quiet*. Dolores Del Rio, Miriam Hopkins, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, John Barrymore and Billie Burke are among the prominent movie folk who have dogs buried in this cemetery.

BORIS KARLOFF, although in England for an extended stay, keeps his house open and his servants on salary to care for his two Bedlington terriers.

When Ned Sparks and his wife divorced, they divided the dogs as well as the rest of the property. She took the wire hair and he the Boston.

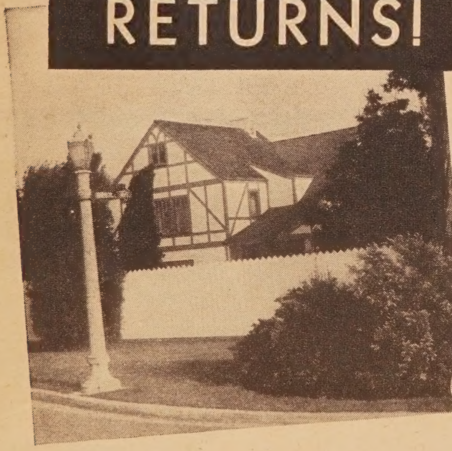
Andy Devine owns a pit bull that chews up all the dogs in the Toluca Lake district. Andy pacifies irate owners by sending for a hospital ambulance and pays for the patching up. Robert Armstrong, who lives on a ranch, takes in and gives a home to every stray cur that seems inclined to stay. He has scores of them living on his bounty.

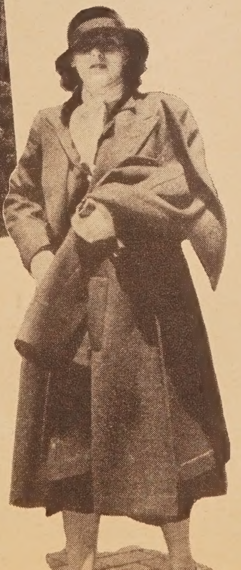
And so I repeat, Hollywood is Dog Heaven. The stars make kindly owners to their canine pets and if I were a dog, I'd want to be a Hollywood dog, with a movie star for master or mistress.

It's news when a colt has a rôle written for him. Chang's owner is James Hilton, author of best-seller novel *Lost Horizon*—his fellow actors in the filmization are Jane Wyatt and Ronald Colman, his director, Frank Capra. That worried look is the fear that he may be the face on the cutting-room floor

GARBO RETURNS!

Just before she arrived from her holiday in Sweden, this ten-foot-high fence was erected around the house in Brentwood. There's no peeking between the pickets of this fence, which provides the seclusion desired by Garbo and her closest woman friend, Mercedes D'Acosta





WHEN Greta Garbo arrived she stressed the fact that she was in poor health. Her first picture is *Camille* and it is to be remembered that the heroine she is to portray was not over-well, especially toward the close of the story. Although Garbo had changed to the extent of being more cordial to the press (she still won't talk) she has not changed her mode of transportation, but made her first calls to the studio in the same black sedan she has used for nine years. It has a new coat of paint, however. Garbo has a two-picture contract but will not make two films in the same year, due to prohibitive income tax. Her second will be *Beloved,* based on the story of *Marie Walewski.* Charles Boyer will be her leading man.

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Once I Was a Star—Now I'm Ginger's Stand-In!

[*Continued from page* 52]

her own loneliness for Ginger, whom she had had to leave in the east, that made Lela realize the lack in my life. Anyway, she used to take me on her lap and tell me stories about Ginger, and about what fun we would have together some day.

I don't remember this incident, but my mother tells me that one night, just before dropping off to sleep, I said suddenly:

"Mother, if you get Lela to bring Ginger to play with me, I'll give her half my dollies. To *keep*!"

Whether the details of my proposition were relayed to Lela or not, Ginger never came. I wasn't the only one who thought she should be in Hollywood. People who saw her photographs on Lela's desk were always coaxing Lela to put her in pictures, because—and that's rather strange—they said she looked like *me*. But Lela Rogers merely laughed at the idea that *her* baby could be a star. Years later, I was going to meet Ginger in Hollywood. But, by that time, there would be no dollies to give her.

BABY MARIE continued to pull them in at the box office until she was almost ten. And then fell the Damoclean sword that hangs over every actress. I became *too old* for the parts I was playing! I was getting ready to enter that fearsome period, the awkward age.

My foster parents refused to believe that their darling was losing her appeal. They decided to invest all that was left of our money in a super-colossal production that was to re-establish me in the hearts of the fans. *The Winsome Waif* was the misnomer of the picture. But I didn't turn out to be a winsome waif at all. In fact, I was so pathetically unwinsome as a waif that the moment it was finished, the picture was carefully put in tin cans and stored, without even a showing. The cans probably are standing yet in some store room.

There were personal appearances after that. Aren't there always? But people still remembered Baby Marie, and they came in crowds to theaters to see in person the child they had loved on the screen.

It was on one of these tours that I first met Ginger. Lela Rogers had long since left Hollywood, and was working on a Dallas newspaper. When she learned that I was appearing at a local theater, she brought Ginger backstage for that long-promised introduction.

I remember that meeting as if it were yesterday. It was a pretty big event in my life, meeting the girl of whom I had heard so much, thought about so much. She was a lovely little thing, even then, the kind of person, even as a child, that it was impossible not to like. I took her to my dressing room, and in true kid fashion, proceeded to show her all the paraphernalia of a traveling child entertainer. To say that she was thrilled is putting it mildly. She fairly exuded excitement. And, of course, I was delighted. We talked about schools, about the number of dolls we had, though *of course* we

Since the script orders that they must play a scene under the table in *Yours for the Asking*, director Al Hall (who, by the way, is the second husband of Lola Lane, who is the first wife of Lew Ayres) gets down on the floor with George Raft and Ida Lupino

didn't play with them any more. We discussed our futures quite seriously. I was going to be a movie star, naturally. Ginger looked positively awed at that one.

She had no such lofty ambitions for herself. She wasn't quite sure what she was going to be, but she thought probably . . . a school teacher!

When Ginger left me that afternoon, she looked at me as if I were something out of a fairy tale that might never materialize for her again.

"It's been *awfully* nice to meet you," she said a little wistfully. "And thanks so much for telling me all about Hollywood. I do hope I'll see you again sometime."

She did.

"SOMETIME" was almost a decade later. I'd done a lot of things during that time, but becoming the shining light of Hollywood wasn't one of them. I'd gone to high school. I'd seen my home break up through the separation of my foster parents. I'd gone out to see my old director, Mr. King, with a view to getting back in pictures. And when I found that the best I could do now was extra work, and that it was up to me to take care of myself, I finally went to work in a store. It wasn't too bad. People were nice to me, and I liked the girls I worked with. But I wasn't happy. I wanted to be back in the studios. Not as a star, anymore. That ambition had been shattered pretty badly.

I would have taken anything that would bring me again behind the high walls of the studios, back in the glamorous atmosphere of picture making.

I think the biggest thrill of my life was picking up a paper one night to see that Fox Studio had brought Ginger Rogers to Hollywood under contract! I cut out that little item and for days afterward bored everyone I knew by showing it to them and saying, "*I* know her." But I didn't dream that she knew me now. Ten years is a long time.

It seemed almost as if Ginger's spectacular rise to stardom was mine. I couldn't read enough about her. I waited outside restaurants and stood in crowds of spectators at premières, just for a glimpse of her. And one day I plucked up my courage and went to the theater where Lela Rogers was conducting a drama school. She was out, but I left my telephone number and name with her secretary, and then went home, wondering if the Rogers would think I'd been too bold in imposing on an old friendship to bring myself to their attention now. I came home, still dubious about having done the right thing . . . and there was a telephone message for me. Lela Rogers wanted me to call her.

I did, of course . . . and I didn't lose any time. Two days later I went to the Rogers' home to lunch with Lela and Ginger.

Perhaps you can imagine how I felt when they told me they had been trying to get in touch with me ever since they had come to Hollywood.

Even if I had intended to tell Ginger and her mother about my desire for studio work, I wouldn't have had a chance. Ginger beat me to it. She wanted to know if I'd be interested in a studio job. And when I gasped that I certainly would she turned to her mother with the suggestion:

"Mother, don't you think Marie could be my stand-in?"

It came to me with a sort of shock then that we were a good deal alike. The matter was settled almost immediately, and I went again to work in pictures. When Ginger came to R-K-O from Fox, she brought me with her.

IT ISN'T the way I planned my picture career with Ginger Rogers that day in Dallas. I'm not the star. She is. But somehow, I can't feel any regret. Being a star would be wonderful. Sometimes I let myself dream of a come-back. But standing in for a girl like Ginger Rogers has compensations . . . even for stardom. Ginger is such a grand person, so unspoiled, so much fun to know. And the knowledge that there is such friendship as she and her mother have given me has given me a different outlook on life than I've ever had before. Of course, I'd love to be able to afford luxuries. And yet, I wonder if I could ever buy anything that would give me as much pleasure as the bottle of imported perfume that was Ginger's last gift to me. For me, it was the fragrance of a friendship that was tried, and proved true.

People always ask me if I have thoughts of a comeback in pictures. Of course I have. People don't give up thoughts of a comeback in pictures . . . not when they are inoculated with the Hollywood virus as young as I was. Ginger and Lela have ambitions for me. They're doing what they can to give me a break. Maybe it'll come. But if it doesn't I can go on being happy, as long as Ginger wants me to work with her, as long as she lets me try to show her, in what little ways I can, that I'm grateful to the destiny that somehow, long ago, twisted the threads of our lives together, parted them, and then brought them together again.

Our candid cameraman, with an eye for beauty, steals an informal shot of Jean Arthur, just as that rapidly-soaring young star prepares for her mid-afternoon plunge in the pool of her temporary home. She prefers New York, where her husband lives

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The Luise Rainer Mystery!

[*Continued from page 32*]

the part of O-Lan in *The Good Earth*—and immediately she entered the dressing room I knew that I was not to talk with a gay young Viennese girl who plays tricks and has tantrums. For that look of patient suffering in her eyes, that compressed enduring mouth, those lines of stubborn patient resignation *were not all acting.*

And I remembered hearing something Luise had said to a friend when she first came over here . . . "I know all the sorrow, tragedy and pain that life can give—*believe me.* And so I like to forget it by making fun as I did when a child—"

So that the Luise I had planned to write about has really gone away a long time ago. The childlike, prank-playing Luise is put away and is taken out now and again by the grown-up Luise when she "likes to forget . . ."

No, no facile temperament and tantrums here.

I had expected to be impressed with Rainer. I was impressed. Profoundly. But not in the way I had thought.

She spoke, first, of *The Good Earth.* She admitted that she is affected by the parts she plays. They go more than skin-deep.

She said, looking weary, "I did not want to play this part of O-Lan in *The Good Earth.* I did not believe it when I was told that Mr. Thalberg wanted me to do it. Perhaps Helen Hayes—yes, perhaps Helen Hayes. Surely it is the most difficult part any actress has ever had to play.

"I read the book two years ago. I never for one instant thought of it for me. Think—think what I must do!—always to walk with my head down, my eyes on the ground. Never to express an emotion, never to look up, never to give one tortured movement of the arms—always to be felt but never to be seen—and to have to give the feeling of great drama, great suffering, great love . . .

"It is so hard . . . I suffer from it! I went to Mr. Thalberg only yesterday. I said to him 'If I am not right in this part—even now when I am playing it—*throw me out of it*—please—!' But he thinks I can do it," sighed Luise, "and so I am doing it. . . .

"You see . . ." the little figure in the pale blue, faded and wadded coat and trousers of the Chinese peasant woman started up and walked to and fro in the tiny dressing room, "there is something I am after."

"THIS is why it is so important for me to do the right thing. This is why I must be critical of me . . . it is so difficult, these movies," sighed Luise, relapsing into her chair, small tense hands dropped between her wadded knees. "I am fighting. I am in the front line of battle. That is why I cannot talk to many people, cannot give interviews, cannot go to parties, do all the other things. I am fighting for this thing I want. I am tired when I am fighting. . . ."

WALTER WANGER productions inc.

The lucky and pretty winners in the Search for Talent tour conducted by Hold-Bob Hairpin Company are entertained by Dan Thomas, young executive at Wanger Studios. All the girls, Norma Jane Slider, Dorothy Dalton, Dorothy Kate Brown, Frances Nalle, Helen Dax, Carolyn Oliver and Margaret Hehn were given screen tests

She sipped the iced grapefruit juice which was her luncheon. She said, "To make money is not why I came to Hollywood. No, *not* to make money. If I wanted to make money I would have done it other ways. To think only of making money with the work you love is like marrying a man, not for love but for his money. It would be the same.

"When I first came here—now that I am making only my third motion picture in my life—I know that I must do what I am told to do. I cannot just arrive and say 'I am Luise Rainer! I am great. Now I will tell you what I will do!' I must learn first. After that, when I know how things go—then I will speak up and fight—or go away.

"Do you know," said Luise, that fascinatingly accented voice was gentle now, "do you really know what I mean when I say that there is something I must have? I have felt it ever since I was a small child. I did not know then what it was. I did not think of becoming an actress. We are not actors, my people. My father is a merchant. My mother has never been in the backstage of a theatre in her life. I was born on a country estate near Vienna. And my two brothers and I, we were just happy children, making mischief.

"It is only by accident that I went on the stage and had an audition and a success and then, two years later, after that first little theatre, with Max Reinhardt. I might have been, not an actress but a sculptress, perhaps. But it would have taken so long, being a sculptress. And I am impatient. I am impatient with *me*. The stage was quickly—quickly—

"I do not give interviews—no. Because there is nothing to say. It is *feeling* I have to give and words have nothing to do with that.

"It is like this—when I am on the screen I give little bits of myself. I give myself. I want only to be like this—that I may be able to show people how other people love and live and suffer. It is like I come upon a paragraph in some great nov-el. And I feel a sudden upsurging, a sudden great release from my loneliness. I say 'Ah, yes, I know . . . I know . . . I have loved this way or suffered that way or feared this way or desired that way . . . *Life is like this* . . . but I didn't know that anyone else knew it, too. I didn't know, until now, that anyone else felt the same as me. I thought only I knew this and now it is shared with me. That is good. That is great. That is what I want to give. That is the way I want to share.

"That is the thing I am after. To give myself so truly that others will know. If I do not give enough of myself in my work then I am not any good, then I had better go away.

"It is so easy to com-pro-mise," said Luise, resting her head against the back of her chair. But I must not do that, or I will lose my way. If I let too many people into my life, if I give too much of myself away in words, I may lose what I want. For, after all, I am just a young girl like all the others. Like all the others I am a little good and a little bad and the two together. There is nothing for me to say about myself. I could not waste my time making up silly things.

"And I might," and Luise sat erect and smiled and winked, do that thing called 'going Hollywood' if I listened to too many people telling me what they tell everyone of us. They say to me, 'You are won-der-ful! You are great! You are beautiful!'—and after a time I might listen and forget that they say these same things to us all.

"I might forget that the ones who do not like me, the ones who say 'That Rainer girl, she is not good at all, I do not like her or her work or anything at all about her'—I might forget that these are the people *we never hear*. Because the people who have the bad things to say about us do not say them. They stay away from us. They do not say anything at all. But they are there all the same.

"I do not go to parties very often because I do not feel well when I am with lots of people. I am not a shy person but I am uncomfortable when I am with more than two or three I know well. I do not feel well at parties and so I do not go.

"I like to be alone by myself. I have good times alone. I make myself my own world again, as I did when I was a child. Then, my father's business took us abroad, to Switzerland, to Italy—and always I lived in my own world, wherever I was, and I was happy. Yes, I was happiest as a child.

"I shall not stay on the screen very long. I have been working for six years now, ever since I was sixteen. I shall give myself four years more—ten years altogether. And if I have not got the thing I am after then, I shall never have it.

"Ten years is long enough for unreal things. For the theatre isn't real—the pictures are not real. There is only one thing which is real—and that is love. There is no one who has not loved, *no one*. Their love may have come to nothing, it may have been unhappy and unfortunate . . . but everyone has loved, *everyone*. Love is as real as hunger and thirst. It is so real that, like hunger and thirst, it must happen to us all."

"Have you," I dared to say, then, "have you ever been in love, Luise—*really* in love?"

There was a brooding pause in which the dark eyes with the eager heart in them seemed to look back, to weigh what she must tell. "Yes," she said, briefly, "yes, I have known love—*great love*." And I knew that she would say nothing more. It wasn't necessary for her to say anything more.

I understood, now, many things about her I had never understood before . . . the tremendous importance she attaches to her career, the deep compulsion she feels to reach that which she is after wells up, I am sure, from memory that has burned all trivial things away—wells from a loss deep enough to have seared her with the desire to achieve consummation in work, who has lost love. . . .

Her love of music . . . the symphonies which drift through her house . . . they are solace . . .

Her love of nature and of gardens . . . the hours she spends in her garden, under the tall, shining poplars, handling the pushing flowers . . . there is healing in the earth and promise in growing things . . .

"I shall marry," Luise said, as I rose to go, "I shall marry one of these days. *Love comes again*. And then I shall have my own house and my children and then that will be real—that will be life."

No, I couldn't write the story I had planned to write.

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Would You Believe It?

[*Continued from page* 43]

I couldn't imagine what an imitation cobra would be like, so I went back to the Fox lot where they were making *Under Two Flags,* and using an imitation cobra.

A real Hindu named Otto Frisco, who has long hair and mystic eyes had rented himself out for the scenes with his pet. A rival named Jack Allman also had a New England version—a harmless chicken snake named Oscar. It seems that back in Maine, Oscar used to swipe eggs and secrete them in a wide mouth sack—quite a useless character around a chicken farm. But with a heart shaped leather wedge in his mouth, he now earns fifty dollars a day. A piece of string does the dread cobrahood waving.

THE Hindu cobra is a harmless bullsnake over whose head Otto Frisco slips a fake cobra hood which makes him look a bit more realistic than Oscar.

So there's deadly rivalry between the two imitation cobras. Allman is bitter because he can't act a snakecharmer like Otto, and Otto is bitter because they won't let him make his act really artistic by letting him import a real cobra, which he insists he could manage.

As it happened, both snakes were used in the picture, as snakes tire easily before the cameras.

"Aren't there any really dangerous snakes in Hollywood?" I asked in some disappointment.

"Go on over and take a look at what they have got on W. C. Fields' set, *Poppy*—"

So I met Ada Mae Moore. My luck was in. She was not working. But she did dig into a nice big box, she did extract two enormous rock pythons, she did wind them around herself.

And so we chatted.

The rock pythons are named Babe and Spot. "I'm crazy about my pets," she said. "I wouldn't give them up for the world."

A LOVELY brunette, reminiscent of Mae West, Ada came to Hollywood in 1924 with the Al G. Barnes circus. She's been making a living out of her snakes ever since.

"I've got a little house and Babe and Spot live with me—they sleep right in my bedroom. I let them out for exercise and feeding once a week, and about that often I fill my bathtub and give them a bath. On cold nights I put a hot water bottle in bed with them. They are such a comfort to me now that my husband is gone. I wouldn't sell my snakes any more than I'd sell my children."

"If you ever marry again, will you tell your husband about the snakes before or after the honeymoon?"

She laughed. "It'll be a case of love me, love my snakes, I'm afraid, or else I won't have him. Meantime, I wish you'd come up some time and I'll show you Beauty!

"Beauty was my first python. She was a dear if there ever was one. She'd lie down, roll over, was as smart as a dog. When she died I had her stuffed, and now I put her on the middle of my bed after it's made. There she lies, coiled just as natural as if she were rising out of the grass."

"I'd be afraid she'd bite me. But I suppose you've never been bitten."

"Oh, yes, I have. But it was my own fault," And here I got the same reiteration I'd got from all the animal folk. "I didn't take care. You see I was feeding my snakes, and the feeding was a week overdue. I give them live rabbits and chickens which they crush to death and swallow whole. I usually keep them apart so there'll be no squabbling. I was feeding Spot when Babe suddenly reared up out of his box where I thought I'd locked him safely. I snapped my fingers at Babe, ordered him sharply back, but since he was hungry and nervous he got frightened and made a pass at me. The next thing three of my fingers were down his throat—

"I knew my snakes, so I kept cool. I grabbed Babe's tail between my knees—I've strong knees from dancing—and I kept working my fingers around in Babe's throat, and didn't stop talking. Bye and bye I won Babe's confidence with my coaxing and scolding, and he began to relax. I got my fingers back—slightly mashed and with a few snake teeth in them."

BUT, folks, you haint heard nothin' yet. Theodore Tausch is the movie rattlesnake man. He lives with a desert full of them in a rented room in Los Angeles. The rattlesnake business is not booming too well these days of the vanishing western (where rattlers are in demand). Theodore has to work for the W.P.A. to make his snake ends meet. Theodore looks like El Brendel, is a clear-headed intelligent Austrian who tried selling raincoats, perfumes, Mexican pottery, then lace underwear. Got in trouble taking a woman's measurements one day—he swears he was up to no harm—and when he got out of it, he decided to look up something less dangerous. So he picked on the

The postscript on a ten-page fan letter to Errol Flynn asked him to excuse the writing, as the writer was suffering from smallpox!

rattlesnake business. Wanted a field that wasn't overcrowded, and, after searching the dictionary vainly for one, found what he was looking for in the Bible, right there among the debris of the Garden of Eden.

He was afraid of everything including humans, so he forced himself into the Arizona rattlesnake country, studied from five to eight hundred rattlers a day, in time steeled himself to pick them up, learned to master them, baby them. Now he boasts an ice cold nervous system and takes a few hours to get a newcomer used to him and tamed. His plan is to master it and then make friends with it. I've seen him thrust his hand into a bagful of rattlers. They neither hiss, rattle nor bite. Yet they'd rattle and hiss (horrid sound!) if a nervous person passed them six feet away. It's not as complicated as it sounds—it's awfully simple—the way Tausch does it.

BUT he's been bitten. Eighteen times. But only when it was his fault. He never blames the snake. He scared the biter usually when he was not having a good day. But he always keeps a razor blade handy and if he acts within fifteen seconds no harm is done. He slits and squeezes, but he always leaves a little poison in his system. Says it rejuvenates him, tonics him, peps him up, takes fifteen years off his life. That is, just a little poison. Too much is unhealthful. He also eats rattlesnake meat. Despite everything, he's still alive and happy, in love with his deadly pets, thinks the world would be happier if it got over its absurd fear of snakes.

Once two thieves ran off with a suitcase he had parked while eating his breakfast in a Los Angeles restaurant on the way to location. It was returned—pronto! He'd have given anything to see the crooks' faces when they opened the suitcase—if they did open it!

Then there's a Mrs. Vanderman who owns a pet deer. The deer rides a car, smokes, sleeps in a bed, and can do anything except act wild.

There are falcons and buzzards raised and trained at Culver City by Orrin Cannon, of a long line of falcon trainers. And one Rob Glover keeps a skunk for a house pet in his house. Lover—the skunk, was raised in captivity and has had her pockets picked. Business has dropped off now that the skunk joke is not so hot around the slapstick factories.

BUT not to Hollywood animals alone is strangeness confined. Have you ever heard of Patsy O'Byrne—the human paradox, with the homeliest puss and the loveliest legs in town. So Patsy makes $25 a day for playing an ugly gossip at one extremity—while she doubles her legs for a pair of genuine garbos.

And that rough hairy hand that comes through the windows in the whodunit films? Did you ever think about that? It's attached to Harry Wilson, who also offers size 14 dock walloper shoes in case anyone wants a pair of satchels to knock over steam rollers. On the other hand (no jokes professor) Jack Minton makes a living by having a couple of perfectly manicured paws which he rents out for the writing of letters on the screen.

And once upon a time, Frank Fay, then a Hollywood flop, but now radio's darling, ran an advertisement: "Available for inserts—Hands. Frank Fay."

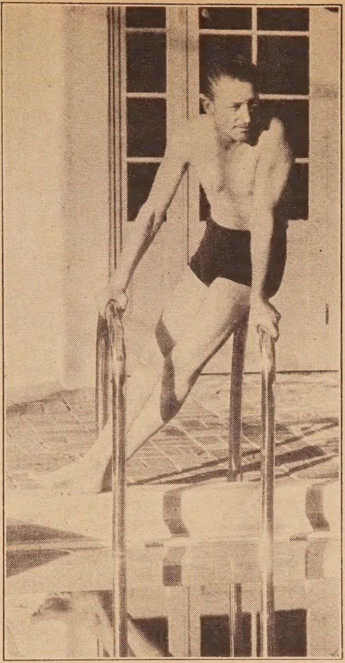
There is always a demand for beards—or airedales, as they are termed.

August Tollaire has been more French mayors in films than there are towns in France. He gets work by walking into a casting office, tossing his magnificent jungle on a table as he asks, "Can you use a beard?" He washes it in milk and sleeps with it under the covers to protect it. Some ribber once made the mistake of yanking August's hedge. The cane flew furiously. Nobody has ever made the same mistake again.

As for the doubles of the great, theirs is the hardest lot. They must wait for a picture that wants them. Lincolns lead the list in usability, and Frank McGlynn has that field sewed up. Should he lay aside his moles and whiskers, the field would open—for jobs once or twice a year. There are people who look like Teddy Roosevelt, people who look like F. D. R., on whom there is a present (mild) boom.

The saddest case is that of Alex Schoenberg and Alfred Weidler who gave up less romantic livings to play Professors Einstein and Piccard in *It's Great to Be Alive*. They find it hard to go on; impossible to go back to more prosaic tasks.

E. L. Monro always plays Christ. He looks like the popular conception of the Lord, is about thirty-three, leads a Christ-like life, and works only rarely—then for $15 a day.



Debonair William, sharer of honors with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell in *Stage Struck*, bathes in his back-yard pool

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PICTURE TIPS

★★★★ Perfect Picture ★★★ Good Entertainment ★★ Not Bad
★ Ho Hum!

New Films

★★½

THREE WISE GUYS—They complicate things then straighten them out. Betty Furness and Robert Young furnish the love interest in this comedy.—*Metro.*

★★

EARLY TO BED—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland wed after 20 years' engagement, but the groom sleepwalks into crime.—*Paramount.*

EDUCATING FATHER—Family troubles and family laughs. Good cast.—*20th Century-Fox.*

HEARTS IN BONDAGE—Lew Ayres' first directorial assignment and worthy of applause, too. Title doesn't fit this piece in which James Dunn sinks the Merrimac, makes love to Mae Clarke.—*Republic.*

HOT MONEY—Ross Alexander is smart as a smart-alec promoter in a fast-moving farce melodrama of the get-rich-quick school.—*Warners.*

JAIL BREAK—Murder mystery within prison walls. Smart young reporter solves the behind-bars killings to please June Travis. Full of tough eggs.—*Warners.*

NOBODY'S FOOL—Edward Everett Horton up to his good old tricks, this time with real estate racketeers.—*Universal.*

PALM SPRINGS—Love and fortune-hunters in the desert resort where millionaires and movie celebs rub elbows.—*Paramount.*

ROAMING LADY—Millionairess has a crush on an aviator and follows him to China where they are captured by bandits. Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy are charming.—*Columbia.*

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Stark, tragic story of havoc brought upon a family through yellow journalism. Humphrey Bogart and Beverly Roberts play leads.—*Warners.*

★

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS—Warren William unravels another mystery as Perry Mason, the dashing dektiff.—*Warner.*

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Heiress Helen Wood falls into clutches of racketeer Paul Cavanagh who falls into her clutches and they fall into clinches.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LOVE BEGINS AT 20—Domestic comedy with Hugh Herbert walking away with laugh honors.—*Warners.*

Previously Reviewed

★★★★

SHOW BOAT—There's never a dull moment in this entrancing musical drama. Irene Dunne shows a surprising flair for comedy and Paul Robeson almost stops the show with his singing of two numbers. Charles Winninger's antics will have you rolling in the aisles.—*Universal.*

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—Embodies all the virtues of good entertainment. Gary Cooper, a small town tuba player, inherits $20,000,000 then turns philanthropist and as a result stands trial for insanity—when he pokes delicious fun at his accusers. See it and add "pixilated" to your vocabulary.—*Columbia.*

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR—Academic but interesting war on microbes waged by Paul Muni against French background, with fragile love tale.—*Warners.*

★★★½

DANCING PIRATE—Unusual for gay satire and gorgeous color. Last century dancing master escapes imprisonment by teaching townsladies to dance. What story lacks in reality it compensates in fun. Charlie Collins and Steffi Duna dance; Frank Morgan provides hilarious comedy.—*Pioneer-RKO.*

THE MOON'S OUR HOME—Grand comedy with Margaret Sullavan and real-life ex-husband Henry Fonda teamed for first time. She portrays a movie star and he a globe-trotting author who scorns movie stars. While both are traveling incognito they meet, fall in love, marry. Then truth outs and fun begins. Charlie Butterworth helps.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

★★★

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD—Bill Powell is a doctor with crime detection thrust upon him by his ex-wife, Jean Arthur, who is determined to make him hers again—strictly against his wishes, and therefrom results the laughs, which are many.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES—Accused of husband-murder Madeleine Carroll offers the prosecuting attorney $25,000 if he can prove her guilty. Brent's best rôle to date. This pair make a grand team.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

UNDER TWO FLAGS—From the Ouida novel about the Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert give surprise performances; the former going brash and audacious, the latter portraying a fiery, passionate café girl. Beautiful photography of colorful setting.—*20th Century-Fox.*

SONS O' GUNS—Joe E. Brown, dragged into the Army, finds his former valet now his hard-boiled top sergeant. Joan Blondell is a French gal with a fetching accent. Joe is so beguiling a German regiment follows him to his own lines—despite his protests. There's a lot of fun in this.—*Warners.*

MESSAGE TO GARCIA—Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles and Wallace Beery portray a famous old story in modern tempo.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

SINGING KID—Broadway jilts Al Jolson and he fights his way back to fame with song.—*Warners.*

SMALL TOWN GIRL—Full of chuckles, some pathos is Janet Gaynor's plight as small town gal who marries charming Robert Taylor. Lewis is father-in-law and Binnie Barnes the other girl.—*Metro.*

BIG BROWN EYES—Joan Bennett, manicurist who knows all the answers, and detective boy-friend Cary Grant round up gang of murderous jewel thieves. Full of good wisecracks and exciting action.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

★★½

BORN TO FIGHT—Excellent characterizations of prize ring hangers-on. Frankie Darro and Kane Richmond in an appealing story of two fighters.—*Conn.*

HUMAN CARGO—About the alien-smuggling which is carried on over our borders. Mix murders, raids, rival girl and boy newspaper reporters (Claire Trevor—Brian Donlevy) and you have plenty of excitement and a little comedy.—*20th Century-Fox.*

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON—Francis Lederer kisses the wrong girl in a dark theatre and goes to trial as a woman insulter. The scene is Paris, the comedy gay and satirical.—*Pickford-Lasky.*

THE GOLDEN ARROW—Light, amusing fluff about pseudo heiress being married by poor newspaperman purely (oh yes!) to save her from fortune hunters. George Brent and Bette Davis star.—*Warners.*

★★

ROAD GANG—Serious drama goes hokum in grim revelations of prison brutality with Donald Woods as a newspaperman railroaded to jail in political feud.—*Warners.*

DEVIL'S SQUADRON—Death takes no holiday in this film dealing with the hazards in life of fliers who test speed planes. Richard Dix is disgraced but saves reputation and wins gal.—*Columbia.*

FORGOTTEN FACES — Tragedy, co-starring Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael. He eggs her into shooting him and then committing suicide—all to save the happiness of their little girl. Gertrude wins a palm for her work.—*Paramount.*

Free Lessons In Movie Acting!

[*Continued from page 37*]

given an opportunity to thousands—yet less than one per cent were able to avail themselves of it.

"BE PREPARED *for opportunity.* "Out of five thousand extras you can pick out in a moment those who know their business. The director says 'Yell!' And most of them yell with wooden faces. Instead, all the body should coördinate in that yell. It should strain forward, there should be a tenseness in the face . . .

"Often it takes no more than a small piece of business like that, well done, to start a person on the road to fame. There was that time, for instance, some years ago when I was making *The Little American* with Mary Pickford. The scene called for a painting to be cut out of its frame in a French chateau and the actor I had chosen didn't do it very well. After cutting out this beautiful painting he was to wrap it around some loaves of bread and other things, then leave with it under his arm. I noticed a young Latin in the back of the set whose reactions to what this fellow was doing were better than those of the man doing it. So I called him to the front, asked him if he could do the 'bit.' He said, 'Just give me the chance!' His name was Ramon Novarro.

"In the case of Gloria Swanson, I picked her for the way she leaned against a door-post in a one reel Mack Sennett comedy. She was leaning there looking sorry about somebody who had just fallen downstairs, bumping all the way down. I got from Swanson in that moment, probably six feet of film, the thing that made her the world's greatest star for a long time—*and that was not her beauty, but her genuineness and appeal.*

"In other words, *she was convincing.* And that's the main point in acting. You have to make the audience *believe* what you're doing even though it is something quite foreign to your own nature. Take, for example, Fred MacMurray in *The Bride Comes Home.* He was a two-fisted, high-tempered, bombastic editor and he *convinced* you that he was—although Fred himself is anything but that type.

"To perfect a rôle like that you need to have trained powers of observation. *Learn to observe.* That is the first thing every aspirant to screen fame should do. Study people, their little tricks of voice and gesture. If you're going to play the part of a secretary you have to know how a secretary acts. As you walk along the street see if you can tell about people from their different expressions. As a matter of fact the majority of persons go through life without seeing very much. But an actor has to. He has to assimilate in order to give out. That's equally true of a director. Some time ago I was in a railroad accident and I had photographed on my mind all those varied expressions. The calm stoicism of some, the terror of others."

The next most important step in preparing yourself for a theatrical career, according to DeMille, is *getting experience.* Play anything. Start with amateur theatricals. A violinist has to learn five finger exercises before he can play concert pieces. All talent has to be cultivated—and you can get along infinitely faster if you come to Hollywood with some experience behind you.

STEP number three is *diction.* "It's queer," said DeMille, "how people refuse to recognize the importance of voice." And he cited the case of the boy who recently saw Miss Loughton at the School.

"I want to know if I kin act!" asserted the boy in a high, nasal tone.

Miss Laughton smiled. "I can't tell because you can't speak!" The boy protested that he didn't want to bother having his voice trained unless he knew he could act.

"Can you play the piano?" she asked. For a moment he looked startled.

"Well, supposing you play something for me."

He looked more startled. "How kin I when you haven't a piano here?"

"Exactly," said Phyllis Loughton. "You need an instrument . . . And the voice is the instrument of acting!"

Bad enunciation, says DeMille, is the greatest fault of America—and the lowering of voices the greatest necessity.

Poise is another thing Hollywood is looking for in every player. You must have it because you're no good at all if you get flustered easily in front of the camera.

"Body control has much to do with it of course," said DeMille. "Knowing how to walk properly and how to use your hands. Even in the simple matter of drinking a cup of tea you require it. There are twenty things you can do to add interest to that everyday performance.

"It's generally the mouth which shows extreme nervousness. There's a slight twitching there that reveals the tenseness although the rest of the body may be entirely quiet. Eyes are the hardest feature to read unless you *want* them to say something. They may be the 'windows of the soul' but they have curtains."

There has never been a time when Hollywood was so eager to single out new talent, when C. B. DeMille himself was searching so thoroughly.

Are *you* star material?

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Marilyn Knowlden, with the greatest of ease (music, please!) hangs by her knees from the flying trapeze! Bradley Metcalfe completes a back flip. Both these youngsters are active in pictures, Marilyn having played in *Showboat* and *Anthony Adverse*, while Bradley has the title rôle in *The Millionaire Kid*

The Truth About Robert Taylor's Romances!

[*Continued from page* 31]

never seemed to stand between them. He was just as enthusiastic about her future as he was about his and he promised everyone that success would never change him.

They were inseparable. At least so the town thought—until one night he showed up at the Beverly Wilshire Gold Room with Jean Parker on his arm. They danced divinely and heads turned and tongues wagged and everyone said that as far as the Hervey-Taylor romance was concerned, this was the end. The few of us who knew, knew that it was no such thing. Jean and Bob just happened to be making a picture together—*Murder in the Fleet*, remember?

What appeared to be whispered sweet nothings were something quite different. If Bob and Jean seemed to be leaning on each other's shoulders, figuratively at least, they weren't talking about each other, but *about their respective sweethearts!* As Jean told me afterward . . . she and Bob were both a little upset on that particular evening. "You see I had promised I wouldn't see Pancho anymore. I had promised *myself*! And I was finding it awfully hard. Bob was sympathetic. He could understand. Because he was going through the same thing in a way with Irene. It seems that whenever he was working she was free, but when he was free she was working. And he was afraid they were getting further and further away from each other. It was really ironical . . . his talking about Irene, and my talking about Pancho, and there we were *supposed* to be having a good time together!"

As you have gathered, at that time Jean was still very much in love with Pancho Lucas, her childhood sweetheart. And Bob was still very much in love with Irene. So it's easy to see that Jean Parker had nothing to do with the end of the Bob-and-Irene romance.

Still, in a way, it was what she represented that did mean the beginning of the end. Jean and Bob were out together that night because it was all part of the business, all part of getting acquainted in Hollywood, and getting Hollywood acquainted with them.

AFTER his big success in *Broadway Melody* he was borrowed by Universal to play opposite Irene Dunne in *The Magnificent Obsession*. There were several celebrations during and after the picture and it was only natural that Bob should escort the star on these occasions. I had luncheon with him about that time, and he explained that as long as he was going out now and then with other girls that he wanted Irene, his Irene, to do the same.

"It's so silly for any two people to be tied to each other's apron strings," he told me that noon. "Dates with other people won't make any difference in our friendship. They'll probably make us appreciate each other even more."

And so they made their experiment. Irene saw an old beau or two, and Bob continued to go out with the girls he met on the set. Back at Metro again, he went into production with Janet Gaynor in *Small Town Girl*, and for the first time, new romance rumors really began to fly thick and fast. He and Janet appeared together at parties. They lunched together day after day and they posed arm in arm for countless pictures.

But other things are fed too with such

romance gestures. Gossip, for one example. And jealousy for another. To her credit, let it be said that Irene never in any way indicated that she was jealous, but it must have been there, anyway, a rancor inside. You can't have your best beau stepping out with the most glamorous girls in pictures without biting at least one nail now and then. No girl could!

BOB felt more badly about it than anyone knew. He felt himself being pushed along in a direction he didn't want to go, but he felt powerless to stop it. He tried once. He thought the rumors about himself and Janet were going a little too far. He sought advice, and was told to go out with somebody else for a change. But somebody *big*. In other words, and to put it crudely, no one would notice if he went out with somebody as unimportant as Irene.

Of course, all this wasn't helping Irene and Bob any. It was, as he had feared, driving them apart. Finally the inevitable happened. Bob and Irene weren't seeing each other anymore. In less time than it takes to tell, Irene was going out with Allan Jones. "At least our break-up did that much for Irene," Bob tells me. "I'm glad for her sake. Now she's really in love, and happy, and anyone who says it's rebound romance just doesn't know what he's talking about."

What was Bob to do after that? Sit around and mope? Retire to a monastery? Apparently that would have made a bigger hit with Hollywood than what he did do . . . which was certainly the most natural thing . . . to keep on going out and trying to find fun. If Bob appears at the Trocadero with one girl tonight and with another tomorrow, I assure you it's merely that—and *not* that he's trying to show off.

Perhaps I sound to you like Bob Taylor's own press agent, his whitewasher de luxe. But if I seem prejudiced it is only because I feel I know Bob, and because I know his "Lothario" title is totally undeserved. People look at me askance when I say that Bob isn't conceited . . . that he's naive and young . . . and terribly anxious to be liked . . . when I say that he is really frightened by the rapid-fire success which has come to him so easily. But perhaps you'll believe little Eleanore Whitney—yes, another one of the girls he has dated during the last few months. I ran into her just recently on the *Three Cheers for Love* set.

"Yes, I went out with him twice," she told me. "Once, to dinner at Perino's and to the fights afterward . . . and again, dancing at the Trocadero. And I'm right here to say that he's not conceited even though a lot of people say he is. He didn't talk about pictures once—except when I happened to mention that I had seen him in *The Magnificent Obsession*, and then he said, 'Oh, let's don't talk about that. If you ask me, I think Taylor kind of stunk in it!' I guess that will show you what he's like.

"Incidentally, he's the best ballroom dancer I have ever met in Hollywood."

Wendy Barrie is another who will go to bat for him every time. They had several dates and she says, "He's not like an actor at all. Usually I don't like to go out with actors because they always want to talk about themselves, or they're always craning their necks to get a look at themselves in the mirror. Bob was guilty of neither the whole evening."

And now, last but not least, I suppose you are wondering about Barbara Stanwyck. She is the latest girl to have her name linked with Bob's. Are they in love? Isn't she much older than he? With two such different backgrounds—Barbara, who came up from the burlesque ranks and Bob, straight from psychology course at college—what can they have in common? Will they marry? Is this on the rebound too, for both Barbara and Bob? Her break with Frank Fay and his with Irene Hervey? These are the questions that are going the rounds. And these are the questions that should be answered.

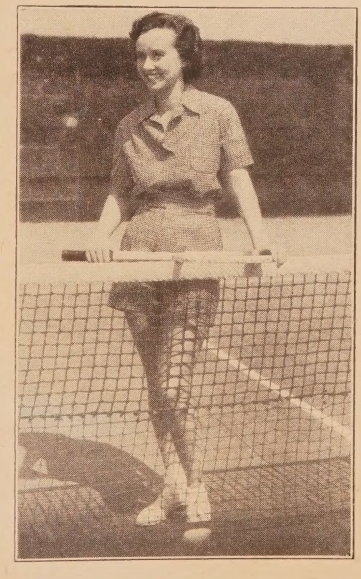
FIRST of all they are not in love, on their own frank admission.

Second: she is older than Bob—and that, in a way, is the foundation of their friendship. If anyone ever needed advice from someone who has already gone through the Hollywood mill, Bob needs it, and Barbara is the girl to give it to him. And more than that she is a girl who values friendship and knows how to preserve it. As someone has said of her, "She's loyal to a fault!" And I'm quite sure that that is one of the things that has bound Bob to her so much lately. Like he needs advice, he needs loyalty now.

Third: What do they have in common? Frankness, simplicity, ambition and modesty. I guess that's enough. And as for their friendship being a rebound: Bob and Barbara are two people who could still be friends even though both were in love with somebody else.

Bob had planned to take a long-promised vacation after finishing *Gorgeous Hussy*, Joan Crawford's picture. But when he and Barbara were given an opportunity to co-star in *His Brother's Wife* Bob immediately canceled his holiday plans.

So I can see only one answer to "Bob's galavanting," as they speak of it around here. Bob Taylor, one one-woman man is looking for that one woman again!



Margaret Lindsay is Janet Gaynor's pal. She's a fine actress, having made an outstanding bit of her rôle in *The Law in Her Hands*

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Anything for a Laugh!

[*Continued from page* 30]

challenge to throw away pretense and be yourself—to stand on your own feet and give and take with the best of them.

The lily-livered, the snobs, the pretenders and the self-important hate the sound of it. It's a dare to them—a dare they never take the second time. For Lombard is an insurgent, a rebel, an individualist and a deflationist. She'll deflate the ego of the most conceited ass in the world in ten minutes.

She has the same hate for the over-dog as has Stanwyck—but unlike Barbara she doesn't take it out in anger and resentment. She meets intolerance and conceit more than half way—with a gale of laughter and the cold steel of wit. Heaven help the pretentious with a gal like Carole!

DON'T associate Lombard's laugh only with the pranks she plays, the fantastic parties she throws and the hilarious stories she tells. Because it is heard elsewhere—in strange places for full-throated happy laughter. In hospitals, for example, where humble studio workmen lie inured or sick, and where funny little presents are piled high in the room. Also in poverty stricken apartments and shacks where hard luck has been working overtime.

And in the face of danger. Right in the teeth of disaster. I heard it not long ago, as I was driving out to Universal's back lot. Suddenly I heard a gale of laughter that slammed my foot down on the brake instintively.

Lombard, Unlimited! The flap of a great tent over at my left raised up and out burst Carole, dressed in blue slacks and a blue wool sailor shirt. Her head was thrown back and she was laughing till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Hey, Willie," she called, waving her hand and sweeping her hair back in a single movement, "come on in and see me get dunked!"

She was laughing because she was about to enter upon one of the most dangerous moments of her career—when even her bathing beauty experience back in Mack Sennett's slap-stick comedies might not save her from injury.

They were making the storm scene of *Love Before Breakfast* and Carole had just insisted that she would do the whole thing aboard the storm tossed sailboat herself, rehearsals and shots alike. A few minutes before her stand-in had refused to risk injury aboard that boat, and Carole's answer to the director's problem was a burst of laughter, and a rush to the nearest telephone to call for hot drinks for everybody as soon as the scene was shot.

And then, after exposing herself to as great a hazard as any woman star has taken in Hollywood, she calmly stood on the deck of the slippery boat and passed out drinks to the shivering studio crew—*before* she changed from her own soaked clothing.

BUT why the Lombard laugh at a time like that? And "but why?" for so many other strange things about her. Why does she shock people with those stories of hers? Why does she play such wild pranks? Why is she so hard boiled and brutally frank at times? In other words, WHY is Lombard like that? To answer that, let's consider her laugh first.

"That laugh saved the day for us," explained one of the workers on the *Love Before Breakfast* tank set. "Only a few hours before that the launch we had in there had sunk and we were having lots of trouble. It was an especially tough set up—and then when the stand-in was afraid to take a chance we were in a pretty mess. How could we ask the star borrowed from Paramount to risk her neck?

"It was such a risky shot Lombard knew we couldn't go ahead with it if she talked it over with us sanely. So she just made a joke of the whole thing and took it right out of our hands. It was magnificent of her.

"And then, probably, laughing it off kept Carole from thinking about the chance she was taking."

Which is the answer to much of Lombard's wild doings, fantastic pranks and startling remarks—a case of whistling in the dark, or singing past the graveyard. Only it is more often to keep up the courage and relieve the tension for others than for herself.

In spite of her nonchalance, Carole Lombard is sensitive. Defense mechanism the psychologists call it. Carole has admitted that it makes her nervous to have people watching her in a scene—and that tenseness cramps her style. So, just before going in front of the camera, Carole always tries to leave those around her thoroughly relaxed; if you can call being doubled up with laughter relaxed.

CAROLE has an excellent reason for wanting an air of ease—even of abandon where she works. The turning point of her career, the crossroads at which she left the rut of the bit player to take the highway to stardom, was in the picture *Twentieth Century* with John Barrymore.

Until she made that picture Carole always worked under a tension, under a suppression. But Barrymore taught her abandon—wild, laughing abandon—and she turned in a performance like she never dreamed of turning in before.

"Doing a picture with Barrymore," Carole told me then, "is wild and delicious. It is Experience, with a capital E. You start as one person and emerge as quite another. But you learn.

"You learn abandon—and acting! A week with him, and you trample underfoot every inhibition you have."

But how about her habit of shocking people?

In my first, and never-to-be-forgotten, talk with Carole, she suddenly, for no apparent reason (though I have since suspected she perhaps felt she should explain things a little so my eyes would stop popping) told me why she amazed people. I jotted down her words, and here they are, for the first time in print.

"A girl needs a strong defense," explained Carole. "Mine was to shock people out of notions. When I was just a kid in New York, going around looking for a job in a show, men in the booking offices got notions. I discovered then that if I could startle them sufficiently they would get their minds back on business."

From an original defense weapon, Carole's sense of humor has caused her

Aboard Johnny Weissmuller's yacht, *Santa Guadalupe*—Guadalupe is his wife's real given name. You remember, of course, that Lupe Velez is Mrs. Weissmuller. His guests are that happily engaged couple, Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan, with Benita Hume

to include it in her little bag of tricks. For the purpose of taking the starch out of high hats, it cannot be equalled. Carole has shocked many an individual off his high horse and brought him down to earth with the common folk.

Carole's pranks and her funny gifts are her means of breaking down barriers and of taking a short-cut to a mutual understanding.

She sent a ham to Clark Gable immediately after they had finished making *No Man Of Her Own*. On last Valentine's Day she sent him the most dilapidated old Ford she could buy in a Los Angeles junk yard—and personally saw to tieing an enormous red ribbon around it.

Sending screwy presents and funny little games is a trade-mark of Lombard's. Whenever anyone at the studio is sick or hurt, she first sees that his room is supplied with flowers, and then begins sending games and bringing crazy gadgets. "Give 'em a laugh," says Carole, "that's the best doctor in the world."

UNDERSTANDING the other fellow's viewpoint is also a hobby of Carole's. And this hobby has brought her some strange friends. Take George Raft's colored man, Alex, for example.

Alex never goes by Carole's dressing room without putting his head in the door and asking: "How's Missy Lombard this morning?" Then, the chances are two to one Carole will say: "Come on in, Alex. Let's have a chat." And the subjects they discuss are wide and varied.

Alex has his place in Lombard's scheme of things, also. For he is a great leveller for the democratic Carole. More than once individuals of terrific self-importance have had to stand waiting, while Carole chatted with Alex.

And now as to her reported brutal frankness. Lombard hates deceit and subterfuge. She detests alibis. Also, she believes that a clean cut is sometimes the best remedy.

However, any studio worker will tell you he would far rather have Carole light into him with blazing eyes and lashing tongue, than to have her smile sweetly, and then report him to the front office, as certain other stars do.

Carole gives vent to her feelings, and then forgets it. There are no grudges held—no knifing later on.

There is no trace of Pollyanna in Lombard. She has her faults, and stands back of them. She won't alibi for anything.

And what is the foundation of the stories about Carole Lombard's stony front? You should talk to her friends about that. They'll tell you it's a false front; only a mask.

Carole knows her own weaknesses—and so she sits beside sick beds and plays with silly gadgets, and laughs loud and long where trouble is stalking. Carole thinks that tears don't fit the Lombard rôle—so she puts on a stony front to hide her charities and her kindnesses from everyone.

The exterior Lombard makes herself as conspicuous as possible, so the inner woman won't be ferretted out.

So it seems that the keen witted, straight hitting, loud laughing, perpetually shocking and generally madcap Carole is just a softie, after all.

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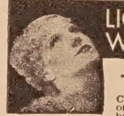

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5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
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Capricious Cagney

[*Continued from page 29*]

"What is going on here?" Mrs. Cagney, always the first to regain her speech after they have all been struck dumb with that we're - packing - you - told - us - you-were-leaving look on their faces, comes forth with the obvious statement: "Why, we're packing!"

This explanation is just as likely as not to bring from that vague husband the astounding question "where are you going?" When, at this point, he is told in screaming tones: "Why, Jimmy! *I'M* not going anywhere! You told me last night that . . ." Only then the information definitely comes forth that the travel minded man of last night is, *today*, the twin brother of Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire!

It was last fall, I think, that several of my more solicitous friends spent anxious hours over my prostrate form, trying their best to revive me, after I had been laid prone from laughter upon learning that our colorful friend was on the verge of leaving again, because (this time) "I want to see New England in the autumn!"

It was not so much the idea that Jim wanted to see New England in the autumn that sent me screaming to my couch, as was the fact that here was a man who, having been born and raised in New York City . . . it had never occurred to him that he "had to see it in the autumn" until he found himself some three thousand miles away.

Mr. Cagney has yet to see New England in the autumn, summer, spring or winter!

WHAT a guy!

But it is all so typical of my impressionable friend; so true to form; so absolutely in character.

I have seen him—this adept gangster—sit enthralled at a symphony concert. Not only enthralled, but literally aquiver, his body tingling from goose pimples, brought on by the vibration of his soul . . . yes, SOUL . . . to the music being played.

I have seen him go night after night to performances of the Monte Carlo Ballet. I have seen more than that! . . . and this will knock you for a row of gangster films. I have watched James Cagney execute those same ballet movements with a skill and a grace and a style that would be the envy of any potential Nijinsky.

I hope that it also will help you to understand the actor who so convincingly portrays the ruthless killer; the thick necked, slightly punch drunk prize fighter; the city-wise taxi driver and the lady killer; the mad, irresponsible two-timing aviator of *Ceiling Zero* . . . and makes you like him—and then tops it all with a Shakespearean performance so delicately wrought, at times so moving as to bring a lump to one's throat and a burst of spontaneous applause from an entire audience.

I hope that it will help you to understand that that actor's knack is not motivated only by a great acting gift, but also by his disposition—a disposition that is at the same time one of virility and one of gossamer-like fancy—of the corner ruffian that longs for New England in the autumn—of the Faun: half human, with pointed ears and goat's feet!

Jimmy! I salute you!

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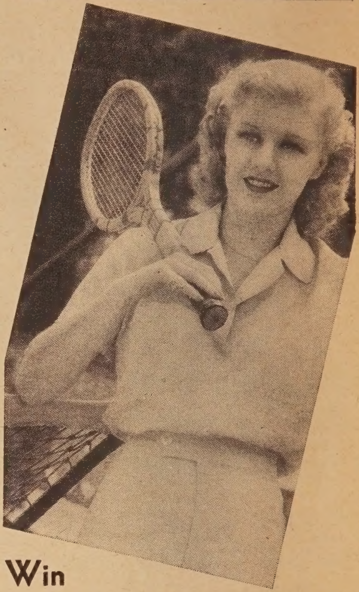

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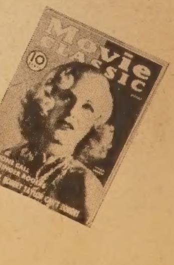

The Case Against Madeleine!

[*Continued from page* 41]

English women, with a nun complex and a teacher's manner and the extremely bored air that so many British university scholars can't ever seem to shake off.

"Lead me," I capitulated, "to it." Might as well get it over with!

And then I met her.

It was on a stage at Paramount, where she's making *The General Died At Dawn*, opposite Gary Cooper. She'd just finished Wanger's *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*, you recall—(mustn't miss that one, you movie-goers.)

A mutual friend introduced us. She said "Howd'y'do?" and then she turned her eyes on me. Whoof!—it was like grabbing a live wire. Nun? *These were no nun's eyes!* If ever a nun looked with eyes like that, they'd go to work exercising at once!

I began to feel better about this, meeting her, I mean. And then we began to talk. And I'll tell you right here that no nun—no, and no British schoolmarm, either!—could put quite the mischievous deviltry into first-meeting conversation that this Madeleine Carroll did. She rather knocked me over when I tried to break the ice (if any!) by asking her what she thought of a certain international actor with whom she'd just finished a recent picture in England. I anticipated the usual polite commonplaces about what a "splendid AH-tist" he was, and how nice to work with, and all that sort of tripe. Instead, this English gal exploded with:

Claire Trevor insists that she plays a better game when wearing her red-and-white checked play suit

"Oh, he's positively the most delightfully Rabelaisian person I've ever met! He was learning Spanish at the time and the first words he learned were all the—ah—startling words. And he tried them out on us. And I speak Spanish, you know.

"Why, on that set, Rabelaisianism began at nine. It was lovely. By tea-time, I was so saturated with it that by the time I got home, I was through sheer surfeiture the purest of the pure; purer than driven snow. It rather surprised my husband, you know. He didn't know me at all, *that* way. . . .!"

I wondered whether she was "pulling my leg," as the British have it. I don't know yet. That's one British trait she has to perfection—that ability to rag a person, to kid us, without our having the slightest conception that we're being made a goat.

But I liked it. Because, after my fears that I was going to meet a brain-jammed frigidaire, I'd suddenly met one of the liveliest, most charming women I've seen in Hollywood.

AND so we got to talking about her. That crack of hers about her husband launched us on him. He's one Captain Philip Astley, quite a fellow. Captain in the British Royal Life Guards, he's a personal friend of the now King Edward. Got that way when His Majesty was just Eddie, that jolly young Prince of Wales. Captain Astley has oodles of money of his own; Madeleine's picture earnings, fat as they are, are just pin-money. They were married in the Captain's villa on the shores of Lake Como, in romantic Italy. She loves him. But she can kid about him, too.

"My husband visited me here in Hollywood, only a fortnight ago," she murmured.

"That must be love, to carry him 12,000 miles for just a visit," I suggested.

"Why, of course," she agreed. Then the impish gleam popped back into her eyes, and she asked: "But you don't imagine that he was also checking up on whether I was behaving myself in this 'wild' Hollywood, do you?"

"But you *were* behaving, weren't you?" I wondered.

"Oh, certainly. *Of course. Assuredly!*" she said—(but the gleam was still in the eye and there was a grin on her lips). And so we got around to talking about herself.

It seems that when she opened her eyes and beheld the world for the first time on February 26, 1910, in West Bromwich, near Birmingham, she looked into the eyes of a pedantic gentleman who was a professor of languages, and to whom scholarship was the greatest thing in the world and money just a pooh. That, she subsequently learned, was her father. He was Irish, not English—from Limerick, which is certainly not English. And her mother was a Frenchwoman.

"SO I'M really not English at all, you see," she said.

Dad, it seemed, wanted Madeleine to follow in his footsteps, win scholastic honors and eventually graduate from the Paris Sorbonne, as he had. He tutored

[*Continued on page* 90]

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The Case Against Madeleine!

[*Continued from page* 89]

her. She had to take education and intelligence whether she wanted it or not. Heredity counted; she was precocious. At an age when most girls wonder whether or not they're going to make high school, she was entering Birmingham University.

There she discovered that she wanted to be an actress, instead of a nun. Actressing was much more fascinating. In university theatricals, she was as brilliant as in her studies.

One day she told Papa that she wanted to become an actress. Papa fulminated furiously. He brr-r-r-rumphed and he thundered; he declaimed and he pounded a table. Madeleine changed her mind—temporarily. She surrendered to Papa, graduated from the University and taught school.

And then the head of a Birmingham theatrical company, having seen her in university plays, offered her a place in his troupe.

Madeleine thought it out. She'd acceded to her father's wishes so far. Now her life was her own. So she said yes to the theatrical man. Papa exploded again. So violently that once again, Madeleine called the deal off, went back to teaching. But not for long. She knew, in her heart, that acting was her field, and even though her father was dead against it, she determined to follow her own mind.

She didn't have the railway fare to London. It was about $7. So she pleased Papa, who didn't know why she was doing it, by taking a position as tutor to the six children of a second-hand clothing dealer. She got $3.50 a week.

Two weeks got her the $7. A few weeks got her an extra few shillings. One day, she told her astounded father au revoir, and went off to London.

It would be nice to relate, here, that the theatrical and film world immediately collapsed at her feet. But the truth is, that it did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, Madeleine's feet nearly collapsed from her daily fruitless rounds of the agencies and casting offices. Fish-and chips, for a few pennies, became a luxury meal to her.

She modeled hats for a while, to get money to live and eat.

Then came the breaks. Her first job got her three guineas a week—that's about $15—with a touring repertory company. It folded after awhile, and Madeleine modeled more hats. Finally Seymour Hicks, noted actor-producer, admitted this girl might have something the stage needed.

He put her under contract, tutored her, sent her out with road companies, finally allowed her to take a part in a London play under rehearsals.

In the midst of the rehearsals, she got a chance for a screen test. There were 149 other testees. Madeleine, however, got the job—leading part in a picture called *Guns of Loos*. She'd never been before a camera, even in a studio, before. And stepped into a leading rôle. Up went her heart.

Then down it went again. Four months of absolutely no work followed that break. But then, at last, just when she was wondering whether school-teaching or being a nun mightn't be a good idea, after all, another rôle came her way. This time, it was better. She began to click. And then, in rapid succession, came other rôles—and before she knew it, Madeleine Carroll suddenly found herself at the top among British actresses of the cinema.

After that, it's been all gravy for Madeleine. Life's been very good to her, she admits. She's very glad she didn't go back to teaching. She's even gladder that she never got near a convent. She can't imagine, now, what she'd do without the world and all it offers. She can't conceive of life without her husband, and nuns don't have 'em. She's crazy about tennis, horseback riding, swimming, polo, hockey.

"WHAT on earth sort of a nun would I *ever* have made?" she wonders now.

And now you're wondering about that "very intelligent" line, 'way up at the beginning of this story. But she is. I mean, she can—and does—turn suddenly serious, right in the midst of her conversational funning. And she thinks seriously, she reveals, when she talks of things like—well—

She's one of the smartest, best-all-round and most popular girls in the film colony. Her name is Betty Furness

"I'm hard at work now, you know," she says, "taking the extreme English off my speech. Oh, I don't want to drop my English accent entirely, you know. That would be a form of affectation—just as it is when an American tries to adopt a very British accent.

"But as to language—I feel that a middle course between pure English and your virile Americanese is the obvious answer to the problem of English speech. I think, too, that it's inevitable. With the constantly growing interchange of actors and actresses between our countries, it is certain that before long, she shall have one language, one English-speaking race, instead of two sharply distinct ones, as now."

It's interesting, too, that unlike any other of her country folk I've ever met, Madeleine does approve whole-heartedly of one Hollywood custom: that is the fact that Hollywood, throughout its twenty-four daily hours, never stops talking, thinking shop.

In England, it's different. "When the studios close down in the afternoon, shop is forgotten. It isn't considered proper even to mention movie making after hours. I go home and become Mrs. Astley, no longer Madeleine Carroll. It's shockingly bad form to carry one's work out of the studio with one," she explains.

"BUT here, you think, talk, eat, sleep, drink, *live* movies throughout the day and night, whether you're in the studio, at a party, at a café, at some sports affair, out yachting, riding, or whatever. I like it. It fits me perfectly. I'm that way myself. I'm intense in whatever I'm doing. When I'm making a picture, I *can't* suddenly look at a clock, realize it's 5 p. m., and suddenly cease being the actress. I like to sleep, eat, drink, dream my work, and I do. And I'm perfectly amazingly happy over here, because you Uhmeddicans do it that way, too."

THE girl's charm is amazing. You feel, after talking with her a few moments, that you've known her half a lifetime. She has that faculty, you know. I know that by the time I'd talked with her fifteen minutes, I was head over heels in love with her. They tell me, (and I've heard things, too) that a lot of Hollywood's males, woman-proof though they imagined themselves to be, have gone nuts over this white-gold headed girl from London.

"Right after this picture, I'm hurrying over to Spain to join my husband. You see, we've bought an old ruined castle on the shores of the Mediterranean, just by Barcelona. And we're renovating it—swimming pool, even—and we're going down to see how the work is getting along, and to do a bit of living and adventuring and romancing in Spain."

"Woman," I told her, "that's a cruel thing to say to a writer on a day like this."

"Yes, isn't it?" she grinned, the little fiend! "But isn't it going to be a lovely trip? And when we've got the castle redone, you *must* drop over and see us sometime. . . .!"

The wench! By jove, I'll save my pennies and do it. For two reasons: Just to *show* her, for one. . . .

And for the other—well, I'll get her to go swimming with me in the Mediterranean—and then I'll see those beautiful legs from *The 39 Steps* once again.

It's Smart to be Natural!

"*Natural Lips Have Won Fashion's Favor,*" *says* **HATTIE CARNEGIE,** *one of America's leading designers.*

"*Natural Lips Are This Year's Favorite,*" *says* **MME. LOUISEBOULANGER,** *noted French couturiere.*

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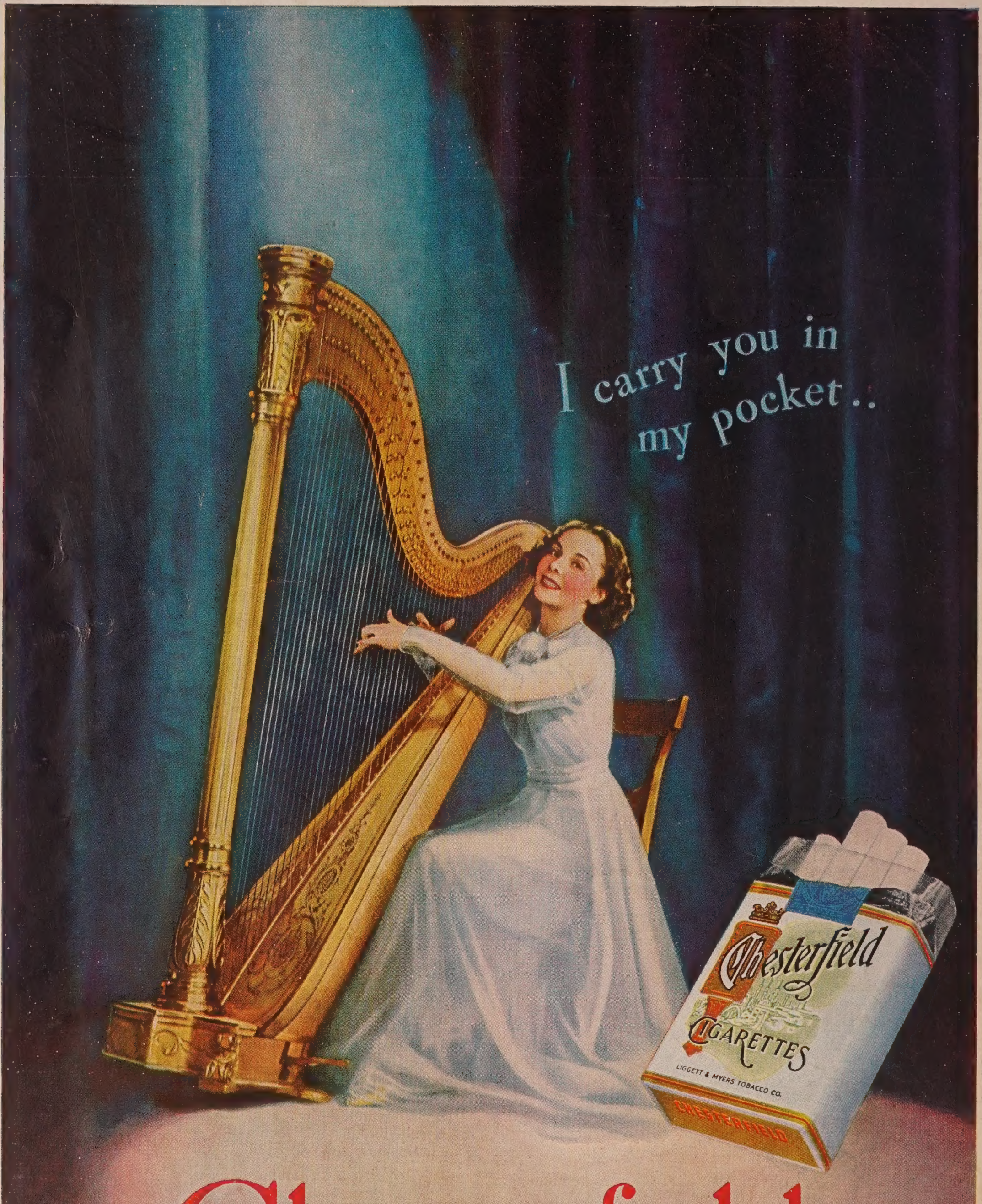
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SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE

10¢

SEPTEMBER
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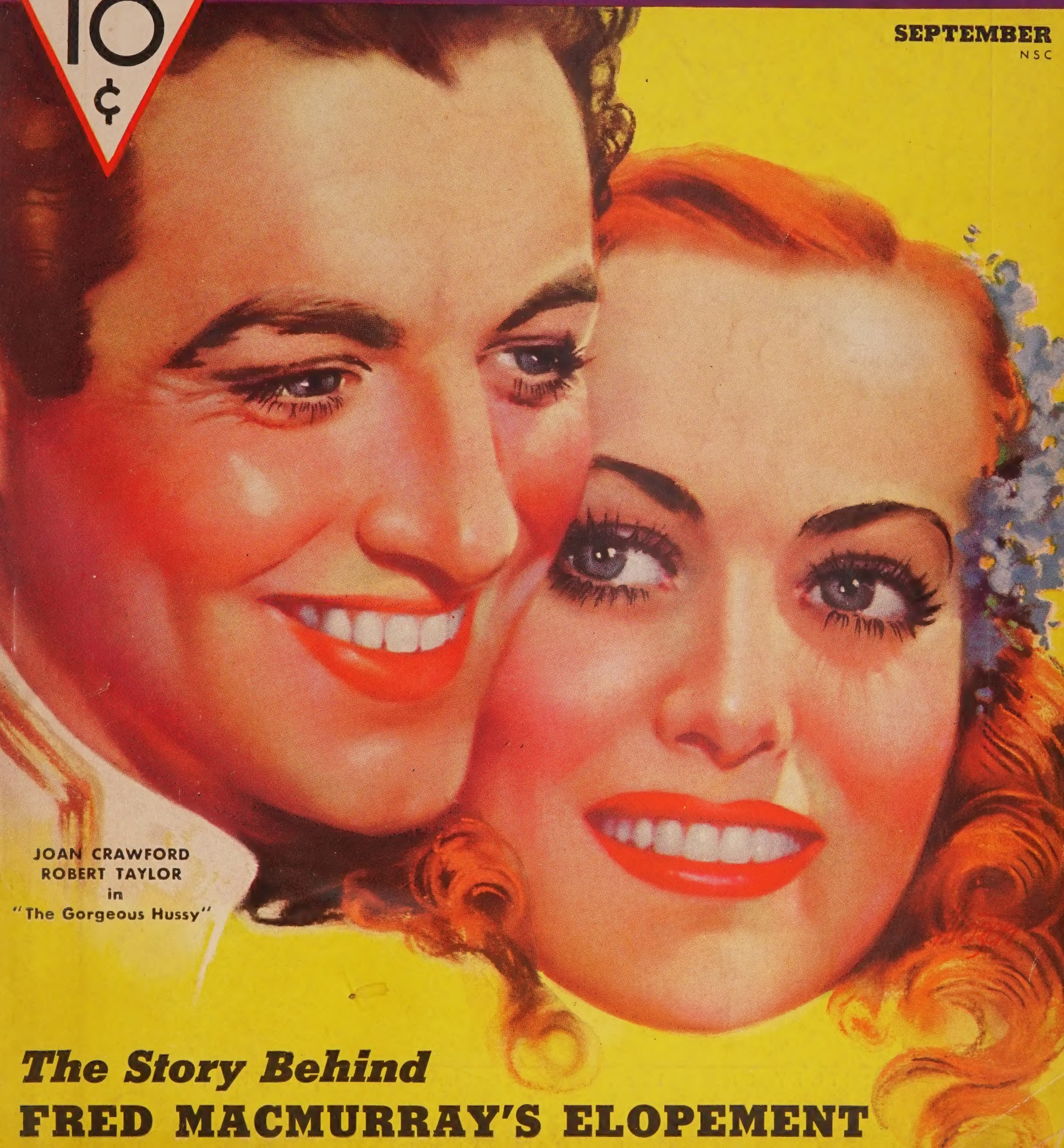
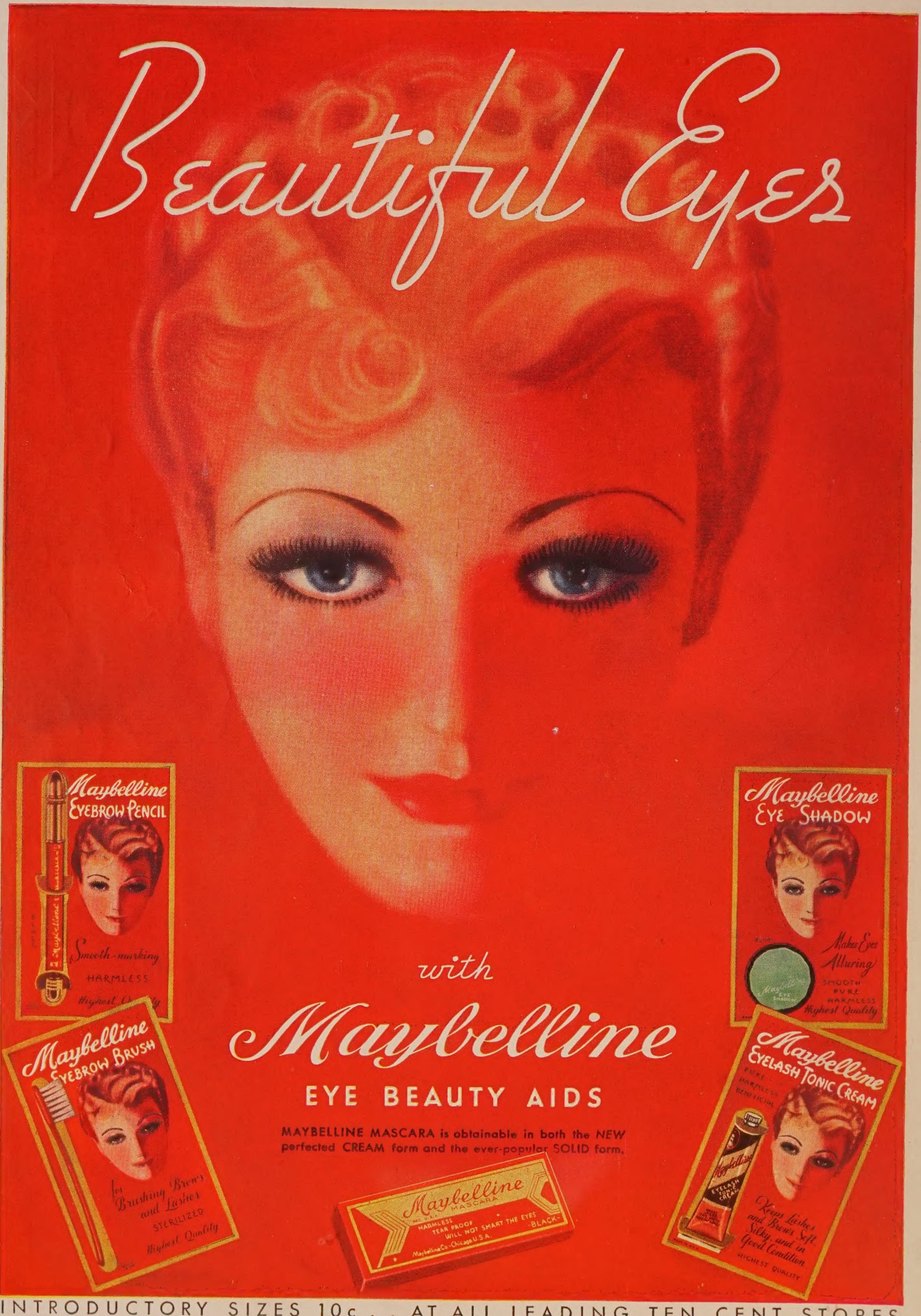


JOAN CRAWFORD
ROBERT TAYLOR
in
"The Gorgeous Hussy"

The Story Behind
FRED MACMURRAY'S ELOPEMENT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It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of "pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and *the reason is soon evident.*

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

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AMERICA'S GORGEOUS GIRL FRIEND *meets* AMERICA'S NEWEST HEART THROB

"No Man Who Kisses You Once Will Ever Be Content . . ."

Joan's romantic companions (in addition to Bob Taylor) are M-G-M's latest discovery, James Stewart... handsome Melvyn Douglas *(both below)*...and—on the screen together for the first time since their marriage —Franchot Tone *(above)*.

M-G-M TOPS ITS BIGGEST

Six Headline Stars in the New Spectacular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Drama

Robert Taylor meets Joan Crawford—in the sizzling story of an outrageous flirt who couldn't make her heart behave. She defied conventions and slanderous tongues to live her romantic life to the hilt! Three men are tangled in the web of her enchantment in Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, and what a whale of a picture M-G-M has made of it!

Joan **CRAWFORD** · *Robert* **TAYLOR**

IN

Clarence Brown's Production

The GORGEOUS HUSSY

LIONEL BARRYMORE · FRANCHOT TONE

MELVYN DOUGLAS · JAMES STEWART

Directed by
CLARENCE BROWN

Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

SEPTEMBER
1936

Vol. XVII
No. 2

SCREEN BOOK

The News Magazine of the Movies

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

FLORENCE JOHNSON
Executive Editor

Don't miss reading the story on page twenty-seven. You'll really *know* Myrna and her new husband when you've finished

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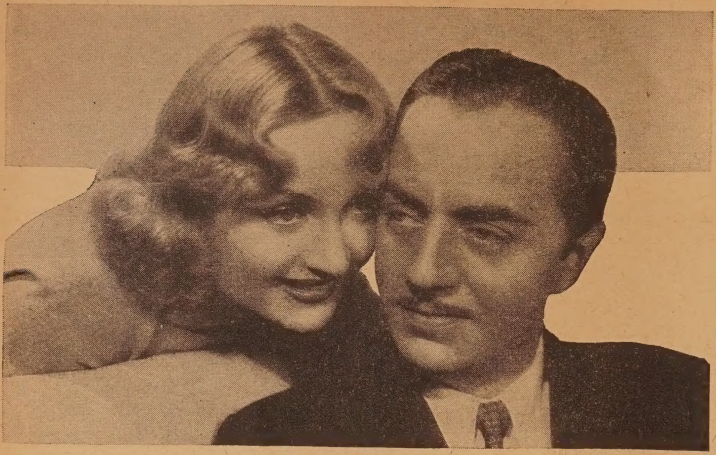
LETTER PAGE

Your opinion is worth money—try for one of the cash prizes!



Another once-married now-divorced pair make a gay picture together—Carole Lombard and Bill Powell in *My Man Godfrey.* Remember the ex-wedded Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda in *The Moon's Our Home?* What's your reaction on seeing now-dissolved couples making love on the screen?

$15.00 Prize Letter

Don't Poke Fun

I'D LIKE to register a very necessary complaint against the "humorous" treatment of hapless citizens by satirical newsreel photographers. You've seen them, poor creatures—families of sweepstake winners, members of religious orders, political candidates—all photographed from the worst possible angles, all saying things in squeaky voices and making utter fools of themselves. It's funny—I'll admit, it's screamingly funny and the audience, being very superior, howls with helpless glee. I howl, too, till I'm limp in my chair—though undoubtedlv I'd look just as silly on the screen. I laugh and feel a little ashamed. For seriously, the method is both distasteful and discourteous.

I've never been a victim of the newsreel racket, nor have any of my friends, so this is no personal grudge. At any rate, I hope this is the first step toward the elimination of such unnecessary ridicule, and that bubbling cameramen will find it in their merry hearts to curb a little of their heavy mirth.—*Estelle Katz, 23 Ellsworth Ave., Brockton, Mass.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Bridging The Years

AT SEVENTY, I have neither the money nor patience for new-fangled hobbies to keep old age at bay, yet I act and look as young as most women years younger. My secret? Two movies a week? There I keep in touch with the rapid social changes of today; I thrill to romance a la Gable and Crawford; I laugh at the rollicking humor of Laurel and Hardy; while little Shirley Temple—my favorite of them all—takes me back across the bridge of years to the most treasured days of life, when my own children were babies. If the real object of life is to help the most people, then the film industry has triumphantly justified its existence. Aye! They have given us "life more abundantly."—*Mrs. Alice Flaherty, 1038 Murdock Ave., Parkersburg, West Va.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Memorable Scenes

ETCHING, those little scenes, that reserve a place in your memory—Lewis Stone, quoting Macbeth, and that off-distance shot, which told us much, in *Three Godfathers* . . . Jeanette MacDonald, singing at the opera, bewildered by the unseen voice of Nelson Eddy, singing the "Indian Love Call" . . . Irene Dunne, seeing the light of day after Robert Taylor's operation in *Magnificent Obsession* . . . The beauty, and simplicity of Spanky McFarland's funeral in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* . . . Gary Cooper's dejected appearance as he was branded insane in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* . . . The meeting of the dog and horse after the long parting in *Two in Revolt* . . . And, well this could go on and on. . . .

. . . It is these little scenes, that make us go back again to the theatre to find more of them to place in our memory.—*Schuyler C. Hill, Box 756, Centralia, Wash.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Gamboling Kid

WHY is Fred Astaire so attractive? What is his peculiar charm? I mean his charm as a person—still, or in action—but especially still, since any sap can understand why he is attractive when he dances.

I am not going to say he has a "funny face"—though I resentfully admit that he may have one—because most comedians have funny faces and we don't lose our hearts to them. He has a delightful smile and excellent teeth, but *all* movie stars have smiles and teeth.

Then what on earth is there about Fred Astaire that makes both men and women fall for him?

Well, I am prepared to unriddle the riddle! I thought it all out myself! It is just this: Fred Astaire is the *youngest* person in the world! He is younger than a puppy, or a kitten, or a gamboling kid—younger than Shirley Temple!—I mean it. Every look, every gesture is the perfect expression of "youngness." Did you ever see anyone chew gum before and enjoy the sight? You enjoy it because Fred Astaire chews gum exactly like an eight-year-old boy, with freckles on his nose and one pants-leg hanging down. He is quicksilver, racing water, the wind, the tide—but most of all he is youth.—*Ethel L. Small, 1827 Belmont Road, Washington, D. C.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Another Protest

CAN'T something be done about news reels? In the silent days they presented "scoops" worth seeing, but today they bore you with inane commentators, bathing beauty contests, comedy, (so called) bits, and military propaganda.

They should be just what their name implies—news reels.—*Agnes Meeks, 4422 Beryman Avenue, Culver City, Calif.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Follow The Fleet

IN *Follow the Fleet* we saw two sailors in uniform attending a house party in an atmosphere befitting playboys, brokers and oil barons.

Although we wish we had such opportunities to mingle socially with our superior officers, most of us salty gentry who go down to the sea in ships are not fortunate enough to spend our leisure hours in such a swanky environment.

In spite of this phenomena Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott portrayed gobs in a real goblike manner inspired by two of the swellest gals in cinemaland, nimble-footed Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hilliard of the radio.—*R. J. Shelton, Vauclain Home, San Diego, Calif.*

What's on *your* mind regarding movies and its people? Have you, for instance, a pet story you'd like to see filmed—special stars you'd like to see in the leading rôles? Any topic—so long as it concerns the fourth largest industry—that you wish to write about it's okay with us.

We all enjoy reading each other's complaints and pats-on-the-back and since you may win one of the monthly cash prizes, here's your chance to do a doubly-good turn for yourself!

The folk who make pictures (stars, directors and producers) read these columns to learn what you like and don't like to see when you go to their movies. So join—today!—our company of pen wielders who like to make their opinions known. If you wish, we'll not publish your name.

The first letter published each month wins $15; second, $10; third, $5; all others published, $1. Write to The Letter Page, Screen Book, Hollywood, Calif. Time's a-wastin' . . .

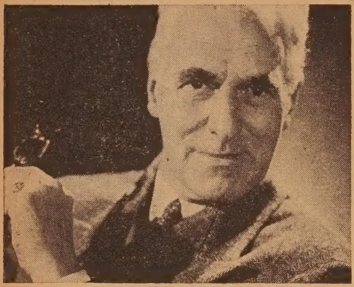
Your favorite soldier of fortune, the dashing "Bengal Lancer", laughing, fighting his way through another glorious romantic adventure.

Gary Cooper and **Madeleine Carroll**
in **"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"**

with William Frawley, Akim Tamiroff, and Porter Hall. A Paramount Picture. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Screen play by America's foremost playwright, Clifford Odets.

(Advertisement)

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



AS SYMPATHETIC as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

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Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as for adults.

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When Nature forgets — remember

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PICTURE TIPS

★★★★ Perfect Picture ★★★ Good Entertainment ★★ Not Bad
★ Ho Hum!

New Films

★★★

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—A tense, grim picturization of the tragic life of Lady Jane Grey, who was executed after ruling England for nine days in the sixteenth century. One of the best British-made films of the year.—*Gaumont-British.*

★★½

SPENDTHRIFT—Henry Fonda is a young millionless millionaire; Mary Brian his scheming wife who is nasty to Pat Paterson, their hoss trainer. Bright little comedy.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

★★

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Florence Rice in a fast-moving reporter-versus-gangster drama. Well-acted, well-written and above average entertainment.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

HIGH TENSION—The amusing adventures and romance of a deep-sea diver and a gal writer of lurid pulp fiction. Brian Donlevy and Glenda Farrell have the leads and it's swell entertainment. —*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG—Gertrude Michael scores in this dramatic tale of a reformed jewel thief who foils a master criminal. Not pretentious but satisfying.—*Paramount.*

THE BORDER PATROLMAN—The best western George O'Brien has made to date. A drama of the new west, hinging on the activities of smugglers along the Mexican border. Polly Ann Young is the gal.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TICKET TO PARADISE—Roger Pryor and Wendy Barrie in an amusing comedy-drama, based on the adventures of a chap who simultaneously loses his memory and his heart. You'll like it.—*Republic.*

THE CRIME OF DR. FORBES—Grim, yet always interesting, is this newest screen contribution to the argument anent "mercy killings." Gloria Stuart gives her best performance to date and Robert Kent scores.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

PAROLE—Henry Hunter and Ann Preston make an impressive début in this dramatic screen exposé of the much-assailed prison parole system. Interesting without being entertaining.—*Universal.*

HEARTS DIVIDED—Marion Davies and Dick Powell in a musical romance based on the historic marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson of New York. The song numbers are excellent and both stars make the most of rôles not equal to their abilities.—*Warner Brothers.*

★

AND SUDDEN DEATH—A grand opportunity missed! Based on the avalanche of traffic deaths, this picture emerges as frank propaganda for safe driving. Randolph Scott and Frances Drake play leads.—*Paramount.*

THE ARIZONA RAIDERS—Larry Crabbe, Raymond Hatton and Marsha Hunt in a western that employs every moss-grown situation in the bag.—*Paramount.*

THE RECKLESS WAY—Marian Nixon, Kane Richmond and Inez Courtney in a deftly handled comedy-drama.—*Puritan.*

Previously Reviewed

★★★★

SHOWBOAT—There's never a dull moment in this entrancing musical drama. Irene Dunne shows a surprising flair for comedy and Paul Robeson almost stops the show with his singing of two numbers. Charles Winninger's antics will have you rolling in the aisles.—*Universal.*

★★★½

DANCING PIRATE—Unusual for gay satire and gorgeous color. Last century dancing master escapes imprisonment by teaching townsladies to dance. What story lacks in reality it compensates in fun. Charlie Collins and Steffi Duna dance; Frank Morgan provides hilarious comedy.—*Pioneer-RKO.*

★★★

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD—Bill Powell is a doctor with crime detection thrust upon him by his ex-wife, Jean Arthur, who is determined to make him hers again—strictly against his wishes, and therefrom results the laughs, which are many.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES—Accused of husband-murder Madeleine Carroll offers the prosecuting attorney $25,000 if he can prove her guilty. Brent's best rôle to date. This pair make a grand team.—*Wanger-Paramount.*

UNDER TWO FLAGS—From the Ouida novel about the Foreign Legion. Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert give surprise performances; the former going brash and audacious, the latter portraying a fiery, passionate café girl. Beautiful photography of colorful setting.—*20th Century-Fox.*

SONS O' GUNS—Joe E. Brown, dragged into the Army, finds his former valet now his hard-boiled top sergeant. Joan Blondell is a French gal with a fetching accent. Joe is so beguiling a German regiment follows him to his own lines—despite his protests. There's a lot of fun in this.—*Warners.*

★★½

BORN TO FIGHT—Excellent characterizations of prize ring hangers-on. Frankie Darro and Kane Richmond in an appealing story of two fighters.—

THREE WISE GUYS—They complicate things then straighten them out. Betty Furness and Robert Young furnish the love interest in this comedy.—*Metro.*

★★

EARLY TO BED—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland wed after 20 years' engagement, but the groom sleepwalks into crime.—*Paramount.*

EDUCATING FATHER—Family troubles and family laughs. Good cast.—*20th Century-Fox.*

HEARTS IN BONDAGE—Lew Ayres' first directorial assignment and worthy of applause, too. Title doesn't fit this piece in which James Dunn sinks the Merrimac, makes love to Mae Clarke.—*Republic.*

HOT MONEY—Ross Alexander is smart as a smart-alec promoter in a fast-moving farce melodrama of the get-rich-quick school.—*Warners.*

JAIL BREAK—Murder mystery within prison walls. Smart young reporter solves the behind-bars killings to please June Travis. Full of tough eggs.—*Warners.*

NOBODY'S FOOL—Edward Everett Horton up to his good old tricks, this time with real estate racketeers.—*Universal.*

PALM SPRINGS—Love and fortune-hunters in the desert resort where millionaires and movie celebs rub elbows.—*Paramount.*

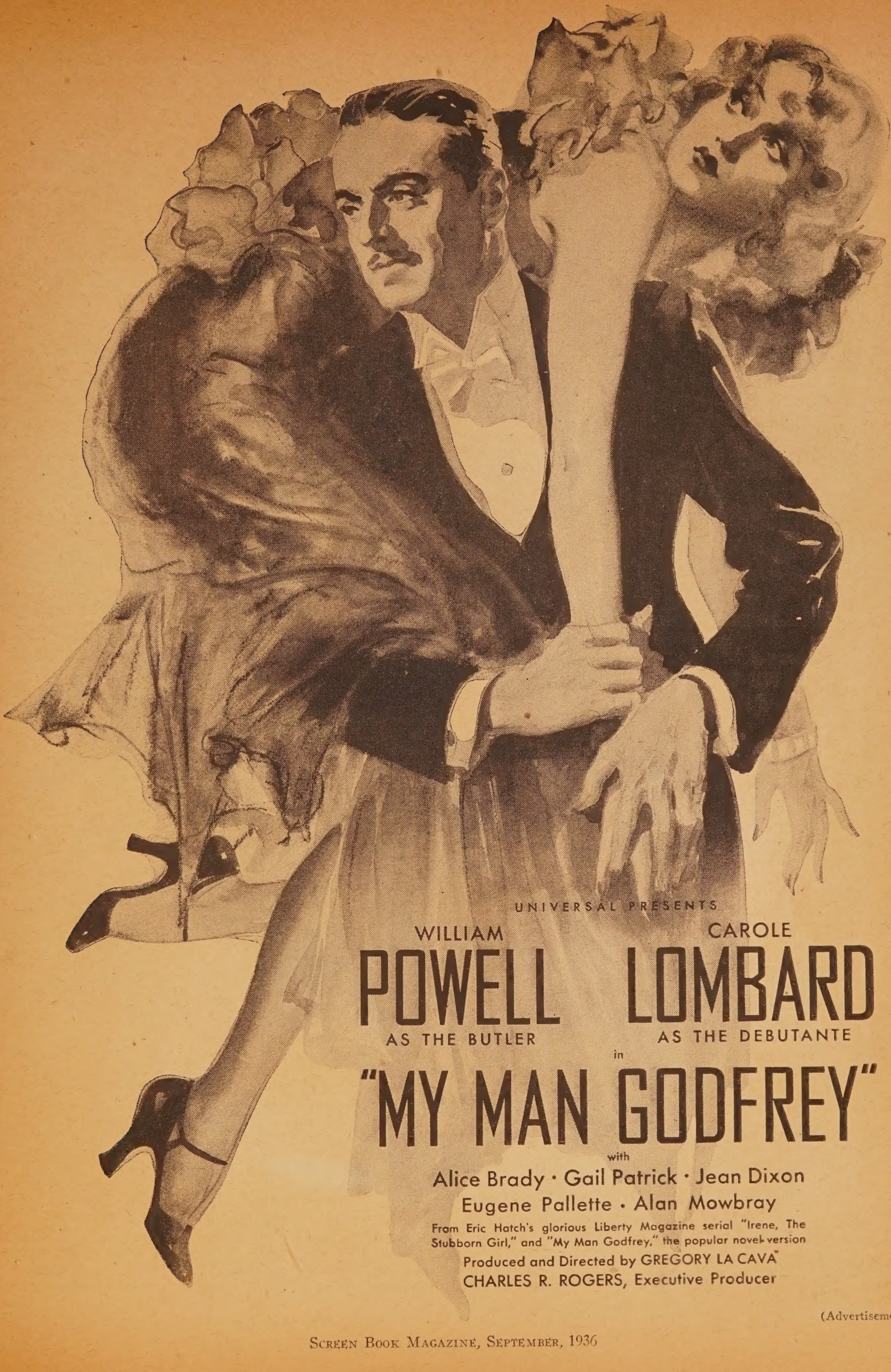
TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Stark, tragic story of havoc brought upon a family through yellow journalism. Humphrey Bogart and Beverly Roberts play leads.—*Warners.*

★

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Heiress Helen Wood falls into clutches of racketeer Paul Cavanagh who falls into her clutches and they fall into clinches.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LOVE BEGINS AT 20—Domestic comedy with Hugh Herbert walking away with laugh honors.—*Warners.*

(See page 20 for reviews of this month's best pictures)



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM **POWELL** AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE **LOMBARD** AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady · Gail Patrick · Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette · Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

(Advertisement)

Bride..Queen..Martyr
ALL IN NINE DAYS
You'll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."
—*Adela Rogers St. Johns*
"LIBERTY"

Cedric HARDWICKE
Nova PILBEAM
NINE DAYS A *Queen*

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORNDIKE
Directed by Robert Stevenson

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

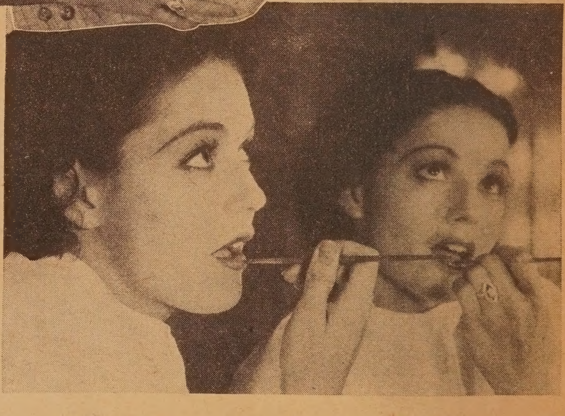
A GB Production

Up the Ladder with Marjorie!

A star in the making gets her first breaks—and a disappointment

Marjorie Weaver gets a warm welcome to the Joe E. Brown set . . . it's in line with her rôle—that of a girl who likes to cling to Joe

First makeup lesson: outlining lips, then filling in with a brush — turning corners of mouth UP to give animation



HOLLYWOOD is doing right by our Margie. She's been here only a few months and has already played in four pictures. It begins to look as though she's going to become famous one of these days. She is, you remember, the little gal from Kentucky who won SCREEN BOOK'S contest and a scholarship in a New York dancing school . . . then a movie contract.

Pat O'Brien himself picked her to play in *China Clipper*. Next came a lead opposite Dick Foran in *Pony Express Rider*. She was in seventh heaven—but her ecstasy was short-lived. As she sat in a tiny, dark projection room at the studio watching rushes of the first day's filming, she saw herself on the screen saying "I'll keep both eyes on you, Bill." But the eyes of the girl in the picture were almost closed! . . . unable to stand the bright sunlight intensified by huge silver reflectors held by "grips" to magnify the already glaring light. Her eyes had become swollen and sore and their hurt showed on the screen! She had failed on her first important job! She says that if she hadn't seized herself by the scruff of the neck, she'd have gone off into a corner and cried. Saying nothing, she hurried home to bathe her swollen eyes. But her disappointment was even sharper next morning when she arrived

[*Continued on page* 80]

Carole Lombard's beauty bath protects daintiness–leaves skin *sweet*

LUX TOILET SOAP
I STEP INTO A FRAGRANT **LUX TOILET SOAP** BATH–LIE BACK A MOMENT COMPLETELY RELAXED
OFTEN I COME HOME FROM A LONG DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT
WHEN I STEP OUT I AM SO MARVELOUSLY **REFRESHED!** MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH–DELICATELY PERFUMED

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

New GLAZO puts old-type nail polishes in the discard

You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

PIE on a Moment's Notice

Doesn't Karen Morley's pie look tempting? Wait until you try it!

For the delicious crust merely roll Sunshine Vanilla Wafers into crumbs

VANILLA WAFERS

Cover pie plate with crumbs and place wafers around the edge

KAREN MORLEY has two kitchens in her home. No wonder she makes good pie!

"The two kitchens were not my idea," she laughingly explained. "The folks who built the house thought it would be nice to have a kitchen in both wings. Why, I don't know, unless the house was overrun with servants who required a kitchen of their own—and while one would do us nicely, it is fun to decide whether I have a blue or red complex when I feel the urge to cook."

Evidently the wife of the builder was interested in culinary matters as I have never seen more attractive kitchens. Your fingers itch to get busy and display your talents. One is white tile trimmed in red, with a red stove and white and red Venetain blinds, while the other is the same, with a white and blue color scheme.

Karen is devoted to her husband, Charles Vidor, who is a director and her son, "Mike." While Mike is still a bit young to appreciate his mother's specialty, Mr. Vidor likes pie *and more pie*—hence Karen's interest in this type cookery.

The day I tasted Karen's Magic Lemon Cream Pie, I begged her not to skip a detail when she gave me her recipe.

"But there aren't many details," she protested. "The whole process takes about two minutes and is the easiest recipe I know. However, it's a blessing to have it tucked away in a cook book when unexpected company arrives for dinner—so here you are."

A Perfect Pie Can Be Made In The Twinkling Of An Eye

by Joan Davis

MAGIC LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING

1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 egg yolks
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Pinch of Morton's Salt

Beat the egg yolks and blend with condensed milk, lemon rind and juice and salt. Pour into an eight inch pie plate lined with Sunshine Vanilla Wafers.

SUNSHINE VANILLA WAFER PIE CRUST

Roll enough wafers to make ¾ cup crumbs. Stand vanilla wafers around edge of pie plate. Cover bottom of pan and spaces between wafers with crumbs. Pour in filling. Place in refrigerator to set and thoroughly chill. Pile the pie high with whipped cream and sprinkle generously with wafer crumbs.

Pour the filling mixture over wafer crumbs and place pie in refrigerator

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with other ingredients

IT'S YOURS! A COMPLETE COOKBOOK of Film Stars' Favorite Recipes!

Now you can have this splendid collection of favorite recipes — autographed by the stars—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½x11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cook book cover, this collection of 120 kitchen tested dishes, selected by noted stars, is just what you've long wanted.

You are sure to enjoy this modern file of unusual and tasty recipes. Here are the stars represented and their preferred dishes:

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Joan Davis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

Now!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them *doubly* safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually *lingers* long after your bath, keeping you *fragrantly dainty!*

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Never Before Such Restful SLEEP
Evalyn Knapp, vivacious movie star, says: "Restful sleep is the best beauty and energy treatment I know of."
Multipleater Slumbernest Quilt . . . exclusive and patented, adding almost unbelievably to comfort and long life.
Genuine Fales Underpadding . . . acknowledged as the best and most durable for mattress construction.
Full Floating Spring Unit . . . with a double cone, tempered coil spring indestructible "all steel" unit.
The NEW

slumbernest

• A Revolutionary Advancement in MATTRESS COMFORT, BEAUTY, CONSTRUCTION and LONGEVITY

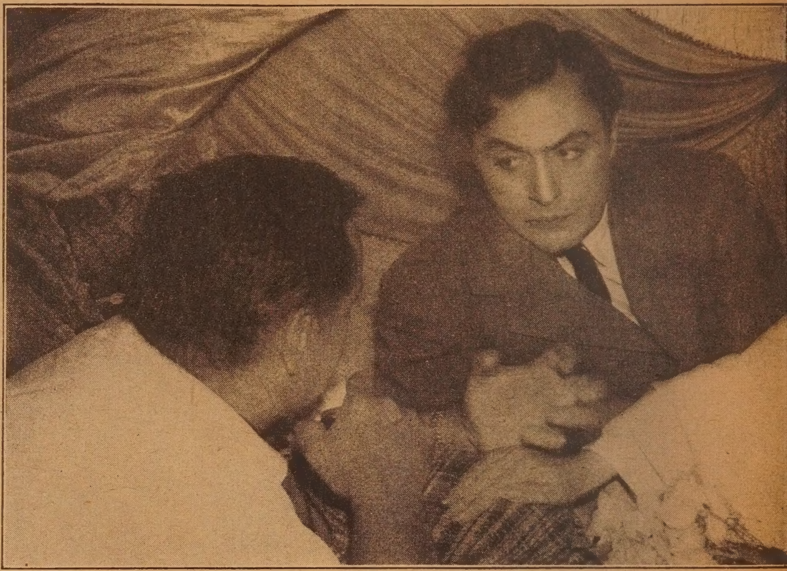
The secret of youthful beauty and vitality is restful sleep. SLUMBERNEST, the revolutionary new mattress, gently relaxes the entire body . . . "cradles" it so buoyantly and comfortably that you drift soothingly and pleasantly into the deepest, most refreshing slumber. Unofficial returns from scientific tests now being conducted prove that sleepers move and twist 36% less on a SLUMBERNEST. Years ahead of conventional mattress design. Beautifully styled by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Costs no more than an ordinary mattress. Gives you lifetime sleep comfort. If your dealer does not as yet have SLUMBERNEST, use the coupon for full information.

AMERICAN AUTO FELT CORPORATION
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Why slumbernest means better rest

Send me postpaid, free copy of booklet, "Why Slumbernest Means Better Rest"; also name of my nearest Slumbernest dealer.
Name..
Address..
(St. or RFD)
City........................State........................

TODAY'S GOSSIP



JUST before starting work in the *Gay Desperado*, Leo Carrillo took Clark Gable on a fishing trip to Mexico. Leo has been visiting Mexico for years and was well known by the mayor of the town where they anchored their yacht. In his honor, the mayor gave a dance and Carrillo, of course, took Gable with him. At the dance, Gable was all for going over and asking the beauteous senoritas to dance—but Carrillo warned him that such informality in Mexico would result in nothing less than a knife between his ribs. This, then, was the procedure when Clark Gable wanted to dance: He would cast a roving eye over the assembled maidens, pick out the one he wanted to dance with and indicate his choice to Carrillo. Carrillo in turn would seek out the mother of the girl and go into a prolonged discussion with her about the merits, moral and otherwise, of Clark. Most of the Mexican mothers, never having been to a movie in their lives, were a bit skeptical about the qualifications of Clark, but moved by the persuasive oratory of Carrillo would consent to meet the Mr. Gable in question. Carrillo would then introduce Clark to the mother and she would proceed with further direct questions to pry into his past, present and future. Those mothers who were weak enough to consent to their daughters dancing with Clark, never failed to cinch the agreement with the remark—"You may dance with my daughter, but bring her right back *here*!" Haw!

WILLIAM POWELL and JEAN HARLOW are married or, if not, close friends are way off in their surmise. What gives credence to the report that they will shortly disclose a secret marriage is the fact that Jean recently sold her home and Powell recently built one of the finest estates in the film capitol.

Bill's home will eventually become Jean's home, so they say, and that will force the wedding announcement.

ALICE FAYE has exercised a femme's prerogative—to change her mind. A short while ago Alice announced that the care and expense of a big Beverly Hills home, swimming pool, *et al*, was too much for her. So she moved to the fashionable Chateau Elysée in Hollywood. Currently Alice is back in Beverly Hills. You can discount all those rumors of Rudy Valleé marrying Judy Stuart or this girl or that girl.

If and when Rudy does marry, make your bets the chosen girl will be Alice Faye.

IRVING THALBERG is planning an early production of *George Washington*. No selection yet for the title rôle, but a lot of good character actors in Hollywood, angling for the job are very careful these days about telling the truth for that, according to history, was one of Georgie's assets.

[*Continued on page* 16]

By *the* Star Reporter

Come along while we listen in on Hollywood's tale-bearers

Just before a love scene—your sleuthy cameraman sneaks up on Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich listening intently to Director Boleslawski's instructions. That clenched hand belongs to the director. Boyer is arranging passports to take himself and his English wife, Pat Paterson, back to France; Marlene embarks for London

It's Ginger and James Stewart—again! He's got her blushing, but it's all in fun

HAVE YOU A "SAHARA SKIN"?

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By *Lady Esther*

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

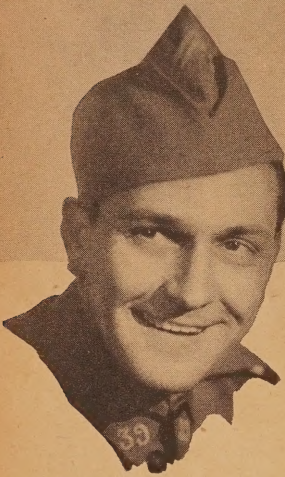
*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

DO *YOU* Want to Get in the MOVIES?



Read "Fredric March's Letters to a Movie-struck Girl" in the September issue of

Screen Play

Look for it on the stands!

They'll tell you an amazing inside story of Hollywood! They'll be a revelation to you! For another thrill, join Jeanette MacDonald's exciting Treasure Hunt and win a cash prize . . . Or read about the loves of Robert Taylor! These features together with glamorous stories of Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, Henry Fonda and many others are in the September SCREEN PLAY, Magazine of Romance.

10c NOW ON SALE

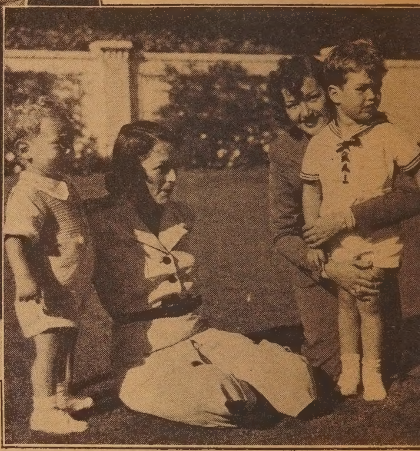
Screen Play
10c
THE LOVES OF ROBERT TAYLOR
Fredric March's Letters to a Movie-Struck Gi

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 14]

You're at the Cocoanut Grove—and here is Josephine Hutchinson dancing with (of all people!) her husband—and about to crash into them are Gail Patrick and Robert Ritchie. Bob was engaged for many years to Jeanette MacDonald, who now is squired by Gene Raymond

—*Rhodes*



Harry Joe Brown, Jr., throws out his chest (?) and cries "Waaaah!" to anyone who will listen. Arline Judge holds her son, Wesley Ruggles, Jr. Arline and her husband, who separated some months ago, surprised everyone by appearing at the Trocadero, dancing together until the wee sma' hours and talking animatedly

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has a new standin. Her name is Betty Lou Islin and she has been Shirley's Santa Monica playmate since they were infants.

Shirley has a new fad these days. She makes birds' nests and places them in the shrubbery of her home in Brentwood. The other day Shirley found that her nest was occupied and the shrieks of Shirley and Betty could be heard a mile.

WALTER WINCHELL, in Hollywood for the summer, can usually be found in the Brown Derby at the luncheon hour. And he is more eager to have celebrities pointed out to him than any occasional visitor from Iowa.

BARBARA STANWYCK was leaving the Metro lot the other evening about five. A rather tactless player on the same set hailed her and said:

"Barbara, Frank Fay will be on the air in a few minutes. Are you going to listen to him?"

"I've been listening to him for seven years," snapped Barbara, "suppose you listen to him for a little while."

The advent of the story bearing the eleventh child to Mrs. Dionne, mother of the Quintuplets, reveals one of the most unique situations ever. Twentieth Century has the Quins under long-term contract and Universal has the father, mother, and five present children, as well as any to come, under contract for pictures. Meaning, for the first time in screen history a child was under contract before it actually was born.

LILIAN HARVEY, whose American screen career was not very successful, is, if you are interested, back with UFA in Berlin. Her current picture, and they do say it is a sensation, is *Lady Beware*.

MARY BRIAN and CARY GRANT are just drifting into the class of "good friends."

It was a real romance, especially on Cary's part, but Mary just does not seem to care for the sound of wedding bells.

NICK LUKATS, handsome All-American footballer of Notre Dame, now under contract to Paramount never had a chance to play in the famous Rose Bowl when in college. But his chance is coming. He is going to play football in *Rose Bowl* a Paramount picture slated for early production.

EDDIE CANTOR has taken the home of Lita Grey Chaplin in Beverly Hills and plans to become a permanent resident of the film colony. This is the home that Chaplin made a gift of some years ago to Lita's mother.

George Burns and Gracie Allen

have leased the beautiful home of Pauline Frederick and Jack Benny is shopping for a permanent home in Beverly Hills.

BING CROSBY has completed and furnished one of the most attractive homes in the film colony. It is a big white Colonial home. Is located close by the Toluca Lake colony and, significant, is the fact that a special wing is in readiness for a rumored visit of the stork—come Michaelmas.

JACKIE COOGAN had to wait 16 years to see *The Kid* the picture which

[*Continued on page* 66]

—*Rhodes*

Goldilocks Temple adds riding to her already astonishing list of accomplishments. She owns a cow, chickens, rabbits, a dog and cat . . and more rabbits

Ketti Gallian, a French actress, swings with George Raft, whose heart is in England, where Virginia Pine is vacationing. When his divorce is final he and Virginia will wed

MARGARET HEHN, of Chicago, a lovely winner of the first "Search for Talent"

WANTED!

NEW FACES, NEW TALENT FOR THE SCREEN

Enter HOLD-BOB'S SEARCH for TALENT.

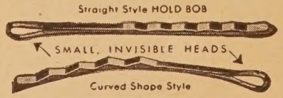
Here's your chance to win a movie contract. A winner selected every month who will be given a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash. At least one of the winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

THIS is *your* opportunity to win fame and fortune. The second "Search for Talent", sponsored by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, is giving every girl her *big chance*! Imagine the thrill of your going to Hollywood to actually take part in a motion picture . . . to be in the "inner circle" of Hollywood . . . this thrill and many more await the final winners!!

You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you like until the closing date, December 31, 1936. Complete rules for entering are printed right on the back of all HOLD-BOB cards. You'll be ahead, any way you look at it—for HOLD-BOBS not only bring you an entry blank but a card full of the finest bob pins ever made—the bob pins that are used by almost all Hollywood stars. Look them over carefully. Notice their many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Let HOLD-BOBS keep *your* hairdress smooth, smart and lovely.

FRANCES NALLE—Dallas winner, chats with Joel McCrea on the set in Hollywood.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-96, Chicago, Ill.



Copyright 1936 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Clip coupon to HOLD-BOB card (or facsimile)—attach your photo and enter the "Search for Talent".

SEARCH FOR TALENT HEADQUARTERS F-96
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Enter my photograph in the "Search for Talent"
Name..
Address..
City..State........................
Age....................Height....................Weight....................

PIMPLES and SKIN BLEMISHES Spoiled My Appearance
-Was Irritable, Rundown
-A Nervous Wreck!

...Yet When Blood and Glands Got NATURAL IODINE All Skin Troubles Ended—Gave Me a Clear, Fresh Complexion and Rosy Cheeks!

Here is good news for you thousands of girls and women—and men, too—who suffer the shame and embarrassment of ugly, pimply, blotchy skin—and who constantly suffer the annoyance of skin "breaking out," disfiguring eruptions and often boils. Usually, the whole trouble is internal, caused by poor blood, faulty digestion and elimination. Now, however, with Seedol Kelpamalt, the world's richest source of vitally needed minerals and iodine, a way has been found to quickly correct the underlying cause of these vicious skin troubles. By stimulating the glands which provide the digestive juices needed for proper digestion, elimination improves, blood becomes rich, red and nourishing—and the cause of sallow, pimply, blotchy skin is quickly removed.

"I had been rundown for two years," writes L. T., "and was constantly troubled with pimples and boils. After two weeks of Kelpamalt, I noticed an amazing improvement and am glad to say that I am now proud of my flawless complexion. I feel fine, too."

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. Note how much stronger you feel, how well you eat, how your digestion improves. If it does not definitely eliminate skin disorders due to internal causes within ten days, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on new quick way to purify and enrich the blood, end skin blemishes and pimples, improve digestion, banish constipation and strengthen nerves. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 933, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

IDA LUPINO'S Rules for POSTURE

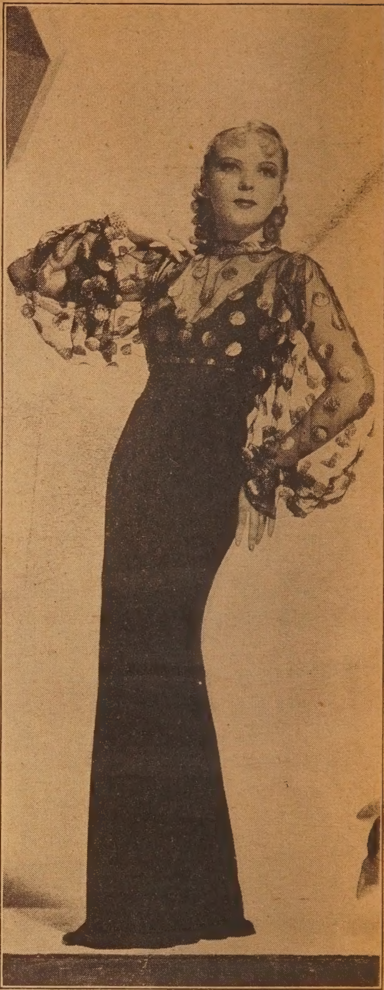
Trained for the stage since childhood, Miss Lupino knows the secrets of graceful carriage and poise

By Janet Lynn

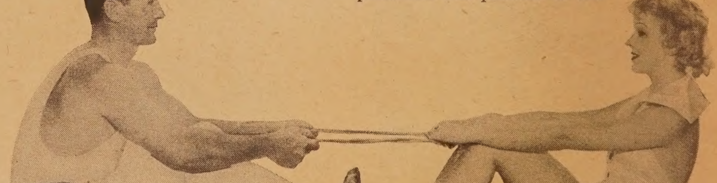
CURLED luxuriously amid the pillows of her dressing room lounge, Ida Lupino presented a picture of charming indolence. But she didn't fool me! I had seen her flashing about a tennis court, placing the balls over the net with swift, sure strokes. I had admired her lithesome grace and beautiful posture on the screen. She was resting now, between scenes of Pickford-Lasky's *The Gay Desperado,* and apparently she rested with as much abandon as she played.

"Exercise!" she said with a quick, vivacious smile. "Indeed I do—every day! Nothing is more essential to a career on the stage or screen than a good figure and correct posture, and that means training. Fortunately I enjoy almost every kind of sport—swimming, riding, tennis and golf. My favorite exercise, my real pet, is figure ice skating. There is nothing like it for building muscular control.

"I began my training for the stage in England under [*Continued on page* 76]



Graceful lines are given to the floor-length gown by correct weight placement and position of feet



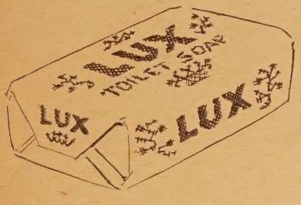
A homemade tug-o-war between Jim Davies and Ida Lupino. Excellent for muscle development and weight reduction

Discoveries in BEAUTY AIDS

By Janet Lynn

IF YOUR approach to beauty is going to be, as it should, from the inside out, then don't neglect any points of health or careful grooming that will lay the groundwork for outward glamour. Your figure, your skin and your hair should all come in for their share of careful attention. Therefore this month I am going to tell you about a valuable aid for each of these primary requisites of beauty.

THE FIGURE—Be sure to augment your good work in exercise and posture by wearing the proper foundation garments to insure correct proportions and perfectly fitting gowns. As these beauty builders are always hidden from view, too often their importance is overlooked. And now that the boyish figure is as dead as the proverbial dodo, more and more clever girls are supplying the necessary aid to a spare silhouette with the built-up brassiere. Meeting the demand for this type garment, the Formfit Company has introduced the Kapok-filled *Inflation Brassiere* which gives that natural, graceful curve so essential to a romantic figure. Priced at two dollars.



A dependable aid for unblemished skin

THE SKIN—Beauty fads may come and beauty fads may go, but a good soap goes on forever. A clear, unblemished skin is as essential a background for cosmetics as a clean, smooth canvas is for an oil painting. *Lux Toilet Soap,* endorsed by the Hollywood stars, is a perennial favorite of such dependable quality that it can be used with confidence day in and day out. Hard milled, rich in lather, it is economical for the bath, and its faint clean fragrance provides a neutral background for

[*Continued on page 77*]

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling
WITHOUT COOKING!

EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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FRANK REVIEWS

★★★★ Perfect Picture. ★★★ Good Entertainment. ★★ Not Bad. ★ Ho Hum!

Clark Gable finds the innocent choir singer, Jeanette MacDonald, an interesting study

San Francisco
★★★★

YOU'LL be terrified by the wonderfully real earthquake scenes which make the very theatre walls tremble; you'll be moved to tears; you'll find plenty to laugh at; and you'll be thrilled by Jeanette MacDonald's beautiful singing of a wide variety of melodies. Her voice now ranks with that of any of our fine songbirds!

The story has Clark Gable a rowdy night-club owner on the Barbary Coast, to whom Jeanette comes looking for work. She is a church singer, unlike any girl he ever met and of course love rears its head. Their differences of standards come between them, she makes a début in opera, accepts the marriage proposal of Jack Holt who sponsors her career. Holt and Clark are at odds politically, but when Clark faces ruin the girl comes to his aid. Then the earthquake. There is a smashing, dramatic finale in which Clark, handling a difficult part, proves himself a fine actor. The religious theme, merely suggested throughout the picture, reaches a climax.

Jeanette gives a brilliant acting performance and looks lovelier than ever. It seems just a bit incongruous to find her after the devastation, singing on a hillside with nary a white ostrich feather ruffled. Movie heroines always emerge so unscathed! Spencer Tracy, as a priest, and Jessie Ralph have notable individual scenes. Jack Holt, Ted Healy, Shirley Ross and Harold Huber add to the splendid cast. Most beautiful sequence: Jeanette singing "Hosannah" with the little choir boys. This is a film you can't afford to miss.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Anne Shirley, as M'Liss, confronts her drunken father, Guy Kibbee

M'Liss
★★★

THIS picture's appeal is in its simplicity. As *M'Liss,* a wild mountain girl, Anne Shirley gives an admirably restrained performance, although she is whimsical and spirited, innocent and wise in turn. The girl learns about love as well as the three Rs from her school teacher, John Beal. Guy Kibbee delivers both humor and pathos as her too-goodnatured and perpetually drunken father. Douglas Dumbrille gets a break from his usual villainy and does well as a rough-cut but sympathetic character. Most memorable scene: *M'Liss* goes to a tough dance hall girl to ask, innocently, "What does marriage mean?" It's a well-rounded out screen play.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

Drunken Robert Young calls on newlyweds Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck

The Bride Walks Out
★★★

IT'S a delightful farce, with an accent on romance. Barbara Stanwyck handles her comedy well, yet remains sincere and sympathetic. Next for honors is Robert Young's bit as a lovable but frequently inebriated millionaire. The story: Gene Raymond, a $35-a-week engineer persuades Barbara two can live as cheaply as one. The bills pile up, she goes back to work, unknown to him. His pride wounded when he discovers her well-meaning duplicity, they quarrel and separate. The playboy steps in—but you can guess how it ends. Helen Broderick and Ned Sparks are an hilarious husband and wife, and Billy Gilbert has some very funny lines as the bill collector who haunts the bride.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

June Travis and Joe E. Brown thip thider thru a thraw

Earthworm Tractors
★★★

IT'S Joe E. Brown in one of his familiar characterizations, co-starring with a tractor—and combined with a story which gives the picture a much wider appeal than other Brown films. He is a tractor salesman as clumsy with his merchandise as with June Travis and Carol Hughes, who vie for his favors. His first demonstration of the tractor involves Guy Kibbee, a savage old man fond of his imaginary ailments, and for five minutes of screamingly funny business the machine runs wild in a swamp. Next Joe moves a house, towing it all through town, then tackles a mountain road being built—dynamite skyrocketing all around. It's a good thrill-and-laugh mixture adapted from Upson's popular *Saturday Evening Post* series of stories.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Louis DaPron, Eleanore Whitney and Robert Cummings romance while dancing

Three Cheers For Love
★★

THE principals are young dancers. Eleanore Whitney, in a girls' school, falls in love with song writer Robert Cummings, who poses as a music teacher. A couple of old theatrical troupers invade the school with their galaxy of musical comedy actors posing as students, put on a show, hoping to crash Hollywood via Eleanore's motion picture producer father. Everyone picks up the marbles and wins. Best feature of an otherwise drab film is Eleanore's dancing. On the mature side of the cast are John Halliday, William Frawley, Elizabeth Patterson and Grace Bradley.—*Produced by Paramount.*

[*Continued on page 22*]

You can't get away with it!

In Business

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for *this*. It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."

In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration *odor*.

Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

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USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

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Read Your Movies, Then See Them —It Adds To Your Enjoyment!

On Sale Aug. 10 All Newsstands

10c

Romantic
Movie Stories
September
10c

Frank Reviews

[*Continued from page 21*]

Carole Lombard loves Bill Powell, whom she picks up on the city dump

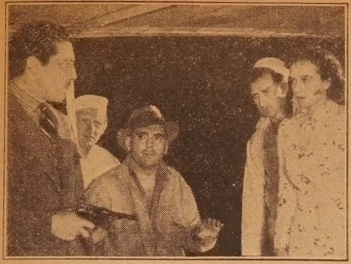
My Man Godfrey
★★★½

JUST as gay a film as you'd expect to see when two such masters of insouciance as Carole Lombard and Bill Powell get together. Carole plays a nitwit but lovable daughter in a screwey household. Mother Alice Brady and sister Gail Patrick always obey that impulse (Carole, too!) even to the point of bringing horses into the library and tossing bricks at plate glass windows when the spirit moves. At a fashionable scavenger party Carole is sent out to get a "forgotten man," brings in whiskered and disreputable-looking Bill Powell from the city dump. He becomes the family butler (wearing his mustache while buttling!!?) and then the fun begins. He helps the harassed father, Eugene Pallette, to cope with his nutty family. The situations are romantic, dramatic and serio-tragic. Funniest scene: the butler puts Carole under the shower. The dialogue sparkles. You'll enjoy it when you're looking for something fluffy. Incidentally, the players had riotous fun making it.—*Produced by Universal.*

Una Merkel warns husband Hugh Herbert not to over-imbibe at homecoming celebration

We Went To College
★★½

THIS probably will appeal more to those old enough to reminisce about college acquaintances and reunions. If you can enjoy it at all, you'll enjoy it a lot! Walter Abel is a brick tycoon who goes to his college homecoming, accompanied by his wife and stooge Charlie Butterworth, only to sell bricks for a new building. He scorns the caperings of used-to-be collegians but finds himself in the swing, under the wing of his former campus sweetheart, Una Merkel, who mawkishly tries to rejuvenate a youthful crush. She is married to a likable but constantly preoccupied professor, Hugh Herbert. Two marriages are almost broken up—strictly in the comedy manner—but all ends as comedies should. Funniest scene: the floats in the homecoming parade. Walter Catlett plays his usual talkative character.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



Escaped convict Cesar Romero confronts his wife, Margaret Lindsay

Public Enemy's Wife
★★

MARGARET LINDSAY is married to Cesar Romero and they are both doing stretches in what seems to be a co-educational Big House. She is paroled, threatens to divorce him; he threatens lead poisoning to any man she marries, and escapes to make good his word. Pat O'Brien is a G-man whose job it is to apprehend Romero. He stages a fake wedding with Margaret to attract the desperado so he can be captured. The marriage is legal (just why, it is hard to understand) and they find themselves wed—with each disliking the other until the final scene. There are many good comedy situations and a "chase" between gang cars so exciting, everything happening afterward seems anti-climactic. Romero cops acting honors.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

HERE'S A TIP!

Movie fans everywhere find it adds to their enjoyment and entertainment to read the complete fiction story of a movie before seeing it.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale at all newsstands for 10c, prints the *exclusive* fiction stories of coming movies.

The big September issue (on sale August 10) contains the complete fiction stories of SWING TIME, starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; THE TEXAS RANGERS, with Fred MacMurray, Jean Parker, Jack Oakie; STAGE STRUCK, with Dick Powell, Joan Blondell; THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, with Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel; GIVE ME YOUR HEART, with Kay Francis, George Brent—and many other complete stories of coming movies.

It's a real thrill to read these stories, *completely illustrated with actual scenes from the movies,* before seeing the picture.

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● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. The excess fat is removed solely by the massage-like action of the Perfolastic material. You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . you *actually* reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm . . . where fat first accumulates.

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"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
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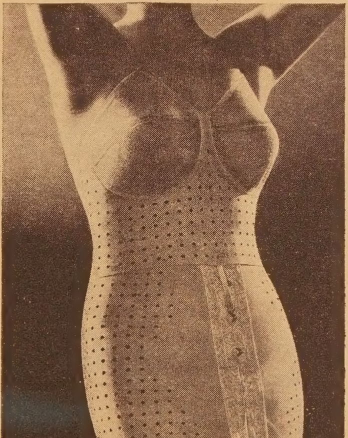
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



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"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
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"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

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"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
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"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

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"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

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Notary Public

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A double was hired to do the gay fiesta dances for Loretta Young in *Ramona.* But Loretta stepped in and out-danced the double. Watch closely when you see the picture—you'll see it's really Loretta

Photo News

They met only recently but are great pals—Irishmen Pat Knowles and George Brent

Charlie Chaplin has begun work on a film for Paulette Goddard. He may buy John Barrymore's yacht, which is for sale by Dolores Costello Barrymore

A year ago Mary Astor promised daughter Marylyn she'd break a rule and allow her to be photographed for publication on her fourth birthday. This is the result. Mary divorced Dr. Thorpe last year

"Unhand me, cur!" gasps Frieda Inescort to John Halliday as the director directs. This is a scene from *Hollywood Boulevard* which is giving old-timers a break

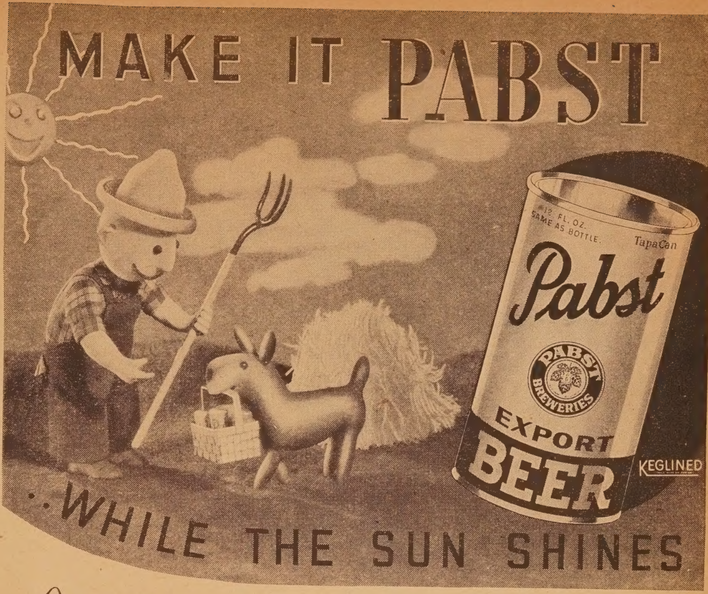
James Stewart keeps the gossips busy trying to figure out which of the cinemaidens has really got an option on him. Eleanor Powell is another claimant to his attention

Screen players go in for swimming pools, so Ross Alexander takes a tip from his fellow actors and builds a wee pool for the animals on his ranch. Here one of the kids is ready for a dip—with a kitten scrambling hastily out and crying, "No! No! A thousand times no!!!"

We're sorry
that we cannot announce
in this issue winners of the

MARION DAVIES CONTEST

There were so many thousands of entries that the judging could not be completed in time. But in the October issue the lucky winners will be named



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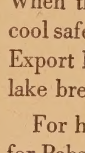
THERE'S a lot of delightful refreshment sealed in Pabst TAPaCan. When the summer sun beats down—a cool safe drink of pure, wholesome Pabst Export Beer will revive you like a fresh lake breeze.

For hot weather comfort learn to ask for Pabst TAPaCan. At lunch, Pabst puts an edge on your appetite—and refreshes you for afternoon activities. At dinner—cool, delicious, wholesome Pabst makes good food taste even better.

Ninety-two years of "knowing how" does make a difference—that difference in added enjoyment can always be yours. If you have not yet tried Pabst TAPaCan—you have not yet learned how good beer can be. Try it today. Simply say—Pabst TAPaCan.



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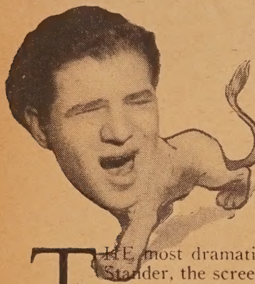
BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

By
Dorothy
Spensley

Introducing a new kind of actor to Hollywood—Lionel Stander, who knows all the answers and shouts them from the housetops!

SHY—Like a Lion!



THE most dramatic moment in the busy life of Lionel Stander, the screen's new scream, came when as a kid, a drunk pulled a gun on him in the midst of a crap game. He's been shy ever since. Shy, like a lion; fearful of expressing opinions, meek-voiced. You've noticed that on the screen. Oh, yeah?

"President Roosevelt recognized Russia. It would be a good thing for films if Will Hays would recognize Sex," he bugled forth in discussing the films' dilemma. Lionel, at home, was wearing a royal blue brocaded pajama suit, and very swish it was, too, with its matching dressing gown. His house is a reconditioned vintage dwelling, done into something very modern with low chairs, divans, Venetian blinds, zebra-striped curtains. Schindler, the mood moderne decorator, did it in tomorrow's tempo.

"Sort of Neo-Roman, isn't it?" we suggested, gazing at the tasty tans, the maize-colored upholstery, the low Romanesque seats.

"Uh uh. Japanese," bawled Stander. "All modern art comes from the Japanese," he corrected us. The man is an authority on *everything*, from collective bargaining to subversive propaganda. That's the trouble with him. He knows *too* much. Most young actors (he was born twenty-eight years ago in New York City) may be dismissed with the remark that "they're charming fellows—and play accordions." Not Stander, product of several colleges (New York University, Duke University, University of North Carolina), a "prep" (Dwight Preparatory School), Bloomfield Military Academy, Mount Vernon High School.

More than that, he's a graduate, with all the degrees, of Life's School of Experience. Sketchily, from the age of fourteen, he's been waiter, publicity man, promoter, ditch-digger, lifeguard, tile-setter's assistant, chauffeur, cab-driver, newspaper reporter, pulp paper magazine writer, bank clerk, foreman in a picture-framing plant, office boy, messenger boy (he lost $147,000 worth of bonds on that stint, *and* his job), enlisted soldier. He enlisted to go to the Philippines. Got as far as an Eastern polo field.

During one job, at eighteen, he was bodyguard to a nineteen-year-old dipsomaniac, heir to one of Europe's oldest titles. Every morning the young heir was given a potion to make liquor unpalatable to him. Every night he turned up, sober Stander at his heels, and the young heir roaring drunk. The nobleman had gone to the public library; found the antidote to his morning medicine. Stander lost that job, too.

No, you can't dismiss Stander as a "charming young fellow." He happens to be that anomaly, an actor who thinks. "Oho, I'm an Optimist," he chortles. "I think we're living in the greatest time in all the ages. Never before has there been such a moment in the history of the world as there is today with the struggle of two great classes. I'm glad I'm alive to see it."

Other actors talk about their press clippings. Not Stander. Not even the swell notices he got in the Gary Cooper picture, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* or the salvos the critics gave him for that croaking-voiced poet in the [*Continued on page 78*]

He has one brown eye, one green eye . . . appeared in twenty-six flop plays . . . did Russian dialects on radio programs

—Rhodes

Here is Hollywood's happiest couple—Myrna and Arthur Hornblow, who literally "fell for" one another when they first met in 1931. She was born August 2, 1905 in Montana; his birthdate is March 15, 1893—the place, New York City

The *Inside Story* of MYRNA LOY'S Only REAL Romance

It's never been told before—the unusual story of two charming people so deeply in love

By Frances Kellum

FOR the first time in her life Myrna Loy is in love.

For the first time—after making wives famous on the screen—she is going to be married. Friends say it is only a question of days before she and Arthur Hornblow, Jr. slip out of town somewhere for a wedding. And Hollywood is preening itself in its usual way and saying, "Well, of course we knew it all the time!"

But what Hollywood doesn't know is the story back of that romance—what love has really done for Myrna Loy.

Valentino once said the screen would find its greatest actress when love came to Myrna. And so it happened . . .

For eight years, ever since that miraculous day he and Valentino's wife discovered her when she was sixteen, Myrna labored at her job. Labored? She fought and struggled and slaved. I know. I watched her. There were no vacations. No parties. At night when she left the old Warner Brothers' studio where she was under contract for so long, she drew a curtain down on her private life. But those privileged to look behind it saw a clear-eyed, eager girl at work. Going over scripts. Devouring histories and biographies that would help her with her rôles. Once I saw her at the Japanese temple off Main Street studying Oriental types.

"Do you ever take time off to play?" I asked her. She gave me an impish grin. "Certainly—in pictures!"

You see, Hollywood's idea of play and Myrna's idea of work simply didn't mix. She had a young brother to send through art school. A family she was determined to make financially secure. And with a concerted effort, she ruled love completely out of her life.

There were rumors, of course. Wasn't she engaged to Barry Norton? Hadn't she gone "absolutely mad, my dear," over John Barrymore after that *Don Juan* production? What about that childhood sweetheart

[*Continued on page 72*]

The Story Behind FRED

One of the most amazing love stories ever told. It reveals some things about Hollywood that you never suspected

By
Clark
Warren

ON THE surface, it looked like just another Hollywood marriage story, didn't it?—that item the other day telling how Fred MacMurray and Lilian Lamont flew suddenly off to Las Vegas, Nevada, and came back Mr.-and-Mrs. . . .

BUT—in reality, behind that simple news-flash, there's one of the biggest stories in Hollywood in a long time. And I'm going to tell you the inside of it, here.

It's the inside story of how Fred MacMurray defied Hollywood for love!

It's the story of how he had the courage and the faith to marry the girl he loves, despite Hollywood's warnings that to marry her now would almost certainly mean the PFFT-end of his career!

And more—it's the story of a smart young fellow who, deep in love for three long years, had the strength NOT to marry his sweetheart while he felt he couldn't offer her all he wanted her to have!—but who, WHEN he finally did feel he could give her everything, married her despite all hell, high water *and Hollywood!*—despite all Hollywood's *temptations and taboos.*

And that, in Hollywood, is a *story!!!*

To understand it fully you have to realize, first, the terrifically strong cage that is built by Hollywood around its sudden stars. When a young fellow suddenly flashes across a screen with that indefinable and complex *something* that, in a flash, sets the film-goers of the land aflame—sets his fan-mail soaring to the top, sets literally millions of young women throughout the world crazy about that man, then things happen.

The studios, warned by past events, at once put the lid on any and all stories of that man's love-life. If he has a sweetheart, they hush-hush it furiously. Interviewers, writers, get little if any news about the girl and the romance. The up-and-coming star himself is warned that it'd be "bad policy" to admit he's in love.

Beyond that, Hollywood goes, too. There begins a more or less subtle campaign to alienate the young star-to-be from his love. This campaign is both deliberate and un-deliberate. The deliberate part of it comes from the studio higher-ups, usually. They have their eyes glued on box-office figures; that's their business and you can't blame them. To them, a prospective star is just so much merchandise, to be protected and made more desirable. They feel that his popularity would suffer if the

He, probably wouldn't be married yet if he hadn't been given an unexpected vacation. This picture was snapped immediately after the wedding

Mac MURRAY'S *ELOPEMENT!*

girls who, all over the world, go crazy about him, were to know he's engaged or about to be married, or even "that way" about some girl. And they see to it that slowly but surely, the star-to-be's mind is turned against romance and the girl.

At the same time, the other machinery of Hollywood goes to work—suddenly famous, possessed of the innate appeal that makes him the screen sensation he is, the young star finds himself in demand in Hollywood. Beautiful girls, famous stars, clamor for his attentions. They want him as their leading man on-screen. Offscreen, they want him as their escort. For a finger-snap, he could have his choice of any of scores of beautiful and famous girls. It'd be enough to turn the heads of most men. That, and the studio campaign against his romance has killed more than one pre-fame love affair in movieland.

It was three years ago that Fred MacMurray and Lilian Lamont first met. It was backstage, on Broadway. Fred was just a guy who tooted a saxophone in the stage play *Roberta.* Lilian was just one of the showgirls in the line. One day Fred saw her, liked her looks, got an introduction, asked her out. She accepted. That started it . . .

"Love at first sight" is a trite phrase. But, believe it or not, it's not infrequently true. For Fred and Lilian, it was true—and how true! Well, it was so true [*Continued on page* 74]

Lilian Lamont and Fred taken at one of their rare night club appearances. Here they are at the Trocadero, shortly before their sudden marriage

HEADSTRONG MEETS

By
Frank Scully

The latest and most exciting act on the Mary of Scotland set

IF YOU remember a little of the battle of wits between Elizabeth and Essex, Catherine and Potemkin, or Victoria and Gladstone you have a pretty fair blueprint of what all Hollywood looked for when John Ford, a violent believer that woman's place was in the long shots, was picked to direct Katharine Hepburn who, with equal violence, believed that woman's place was in the close-ups.

That they were to come together in a picture where the high-strung Hepburn was to play *Mary of Scotland*, a Sixteenth Century queen so headstrong she literally lost her head, only made the battle lines more sharply drawn.

Here, on one side, was a man who had moved up from directing lowly westerns to winning the Academy Award with *The Informer*. Here was a pipe-smoking, handkerchief-chewing, coat-patched genius who dressed and acted as he darned well pleased and took the task of directing high-strung prima donnas as so much routine hack work. His favorite picture of all he directed was called *Men Without Women!*

Opposite him was a wilful bundle of beauty who never thought much of the divine right of kings but who certainly acted as if she thought a picture queen could do no wrong; and even if she did they'd better praise her for it, or else.

You could prove that from the infancy of this royal gamin. She *always* had her own way. Why in her first performance, a telescoped version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* she reduced the cast to Topsy, Little Eva and a couple of slaves. There wasn't even room in it for Uncle Tom, and Little Eva came off very badly because little Katie Hepburn wanted to play Topsy and so Topsy had to be tops.

Wilful in her childhood she was even more wilful when she joined the legitimate theater after her college days at Bryn Mawr. She walked out of her first part in *The Czarine* with Kenneth MacKenna because she decided she was not good enough! She returned to a side street off Broadway and studied till she perfected her speaking voice, diction and acting skill generally.

Then she returned to the theater in *The Big Pond*. The director didn't like the way she interpreted her part and before he could tell her any more she walked again!

She waited three months for the chance to play opposite Leslie Howard in *The Animal Kingdom* and after six rehearsals she was out again! All you had to do was to tell Hepburn how to play the part and you found yourself talking to the backdrop.

But at last the tide turned. She went into *The Warrior's Husband* in the star rôle and, for a change, was fired as not being good enough. So the producer *thought*. Fortunately for the divine fire of Hepburn he couldn't get anybody half as good and had to ask her to return. She was too good to pout.

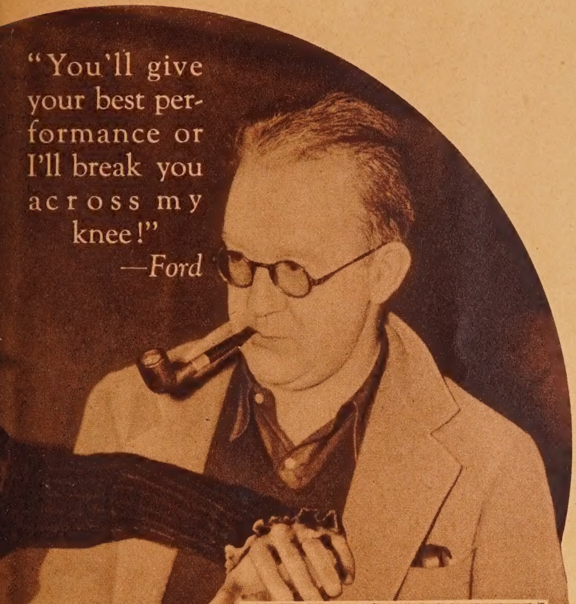
"I instinctively knew it was the break," she said, "and I took the bit in my teeth."

So she went back with her head as high as ever, but no higher, and walked into a smash success. She was a star—the toast of Broadway overnight.

But everybody was terrified by that old walkout complex of

"Will you come at least one day dressed like a gentleman?"
—Hepburn

HEPBURN HER MATCH!



"You'll give your best performance or I'll break you across my knee!"
—*Ford*

hers and every producer and director lived in mortal terror of it. Like Catherine the Great of Russia, Katharine of Hollywood had always proved that she did as she pleased. Her regal commands had to be obeyed and she cracked the whip on everybody and anybody who tried to take the reins in his own hands. Would Ford, too, go down under the lash of her royal tongue?

I was curious as anybody to see how this headstrong star and this equally stubborn director of her destiny were getting on.

In the studio restaurant, to my utter delight and astonishment, sat the Queen herself, *en pantoufles,* as the French say. At her right sat Prime Minister Ford and at her left Royal Scrivener Dudley Nichols, winner of the Academy prize for the best script of the year. Also present were Royal Photographer Joe August, Chancellor of the Exchequer Bob Sisk, and the Three-Gun Harry Carey.

With incredible hospitality they offered me a chair, and the Queen, her legs hidden in jodhpurs, those horsey riding pants which she wears when not working, bowed and smiled and welcomed me to dine at the royal table and tell her all the news.

I forgot everybody else in the presence.

"So you wouldn't shake hands with me, eh?" queried Prime Minister Ford, biting a mean briar and fearing I was going too fast into the camp of the enemy after being a Ford fan for years.

"I had a clean glove on," I explained.

"I've been trying to think of a crack as mean as that for weeks," said Katharine the Great, giving Ford a flash of her teeth in a way which made it hard to tell whether she meant it for a gloating smile or an exulting victory.

Ford, dressed in an old tweed coat, which had chamois skin patches from the cuffs to the elbows, a blue shirt, and no tie, old gray trousers and white tennis shoes, puffed at a pipe and studied his star scornfully from head to foot.

"Listen, Katharine," he said. "I'll play you a round of golf."

"For a hundred dollars a hole," countered the Queen who was once runner-up in the Connecticut State Women's Golf Championship.

"All right, for a hundred dollars a hole, and if you lose you'll agree to come to this studio at least one day dressed like a woman."

"And if I win," cracked the Queen, "will you agree to come to the studio at least one day dressed like a gentleman?"

"Listen, Dudley," said the Prime Minister, turning from the Queen to the Keeper of the Royal Seal, "let's put that unhappy ending back on this picture. Let's behead the dame after all."

"Yes, sir," agreed the understanding Dudley.

"And let's do it right now," commanded the obviously annoyed Ford.

"But we have to match for the check first," reminded the Queen, gloating behind her smile of health.

This, it appeared, was a daily ritual. Everybody took one or several matches and hid them in his palm. Each took a guess at how many matches were in all the palms. The one who guessed right was eliminated from the onus of paying the dinner check. This went on like a tennis tournament until it got down to two. The one who guessed wrong between these two got the check. To them that have is given, so the Queen naturally slipped out of this noose in jig time.

As the thing narrowed down to Royal Photographer August and Royal Scrivener Nichols, the Queen said, "Let's change this thing a bit. Let the worst

[*Continued on page* 85]

She queens it and laughs—as often at herself as at anyone else

WE CAN'T SLEEP!

"Don't want to stay awake—but can't sleep. All I do is see funny little men and count black sheep. What kind of gay night life is that?" Edmund Lowe demands

Here are some of Hollywood's champion non-sleepers caught in the act: Jeanette MacDonald; Warner Baxter, who sits up studying lines; Janet Gaynor, who has become very wistful about this business of staying awake; and Herb Marshall, who is about to pop off in the middle of a soothing hot eggnogg

They're not maniacs, but insomniacs wooing elusive Morpheus and having plenty of trouble

By
Peggy Shane

"AND lastly, your honor, I demand a divorce because my husband has now begun to read *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*"

"Surely, Madame," the judge is talking to a famous Hollywood star—"this hardly seems a sufficient cause—"

"When you consider, your honor, that he is reading it at night with the light blazing full in my face when I want to sleep—"

The judge nods. He is an insomniac himself. He can well understand. And the lady gets her divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. This may sound like an exaggerated case. But it's on the court records. Those who find difficulty in getting to sleep at night can sympathize even though they might think the star's methods were extreme. And for many reasons, members of the film colony find it hard to go to sleep.

Warner Baxter, for instance, studies his parts with such thoroughness—usually at night, that very often as he gets well into a part he gets so excited over it that he can't sleep. There is the story that once his wife returned from a short vacation to find her husband standing in a huge tub of hot water. He was being slapped vigorously with a towel wrung out in ice water by a well-meaning attendant.

"What on earth is going on?"

"Well, they say this will make me sleep and so I'm trying it."

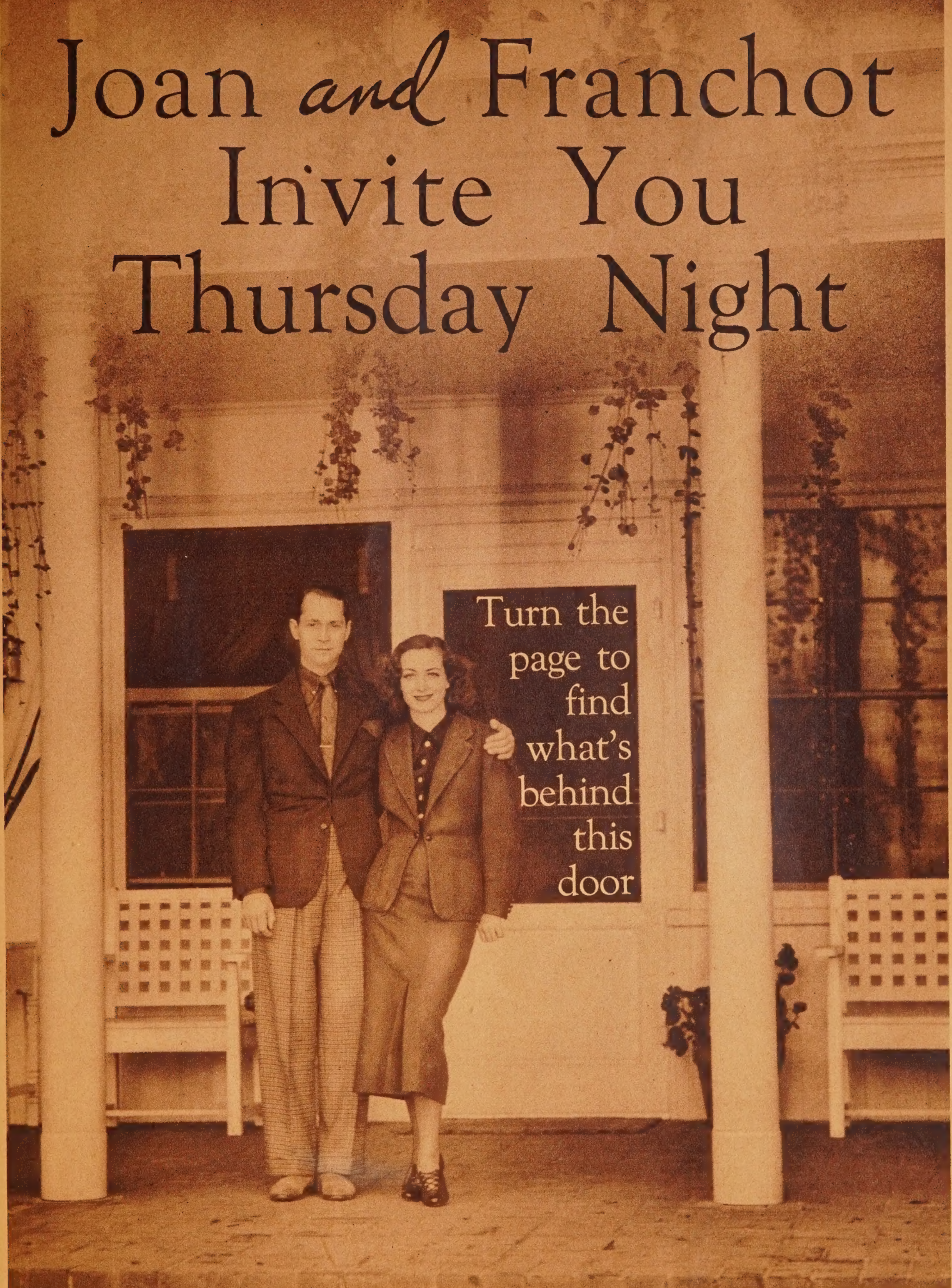
Whether or not the remedy was efficacious, he did sleep that night.

But the incident is typical of what a sleepless star will do in order to get back to normal resting. The medical profession believes that merely lying down with all muscles relaxed gives a lot of rest, even if consciousness is not lost. But most people want to sleep. Stars feel that they have to sleep if they are going to give their parts the energy they deserve. They want to wake up refreshed, invigorated. And sometimes this very desire keeps them from sleeping.

Take Janet Gaynor's case. She knows that she has to be on the set early. So she sets her alarm clock and hurries off to bed in order to be fresh for a new day.

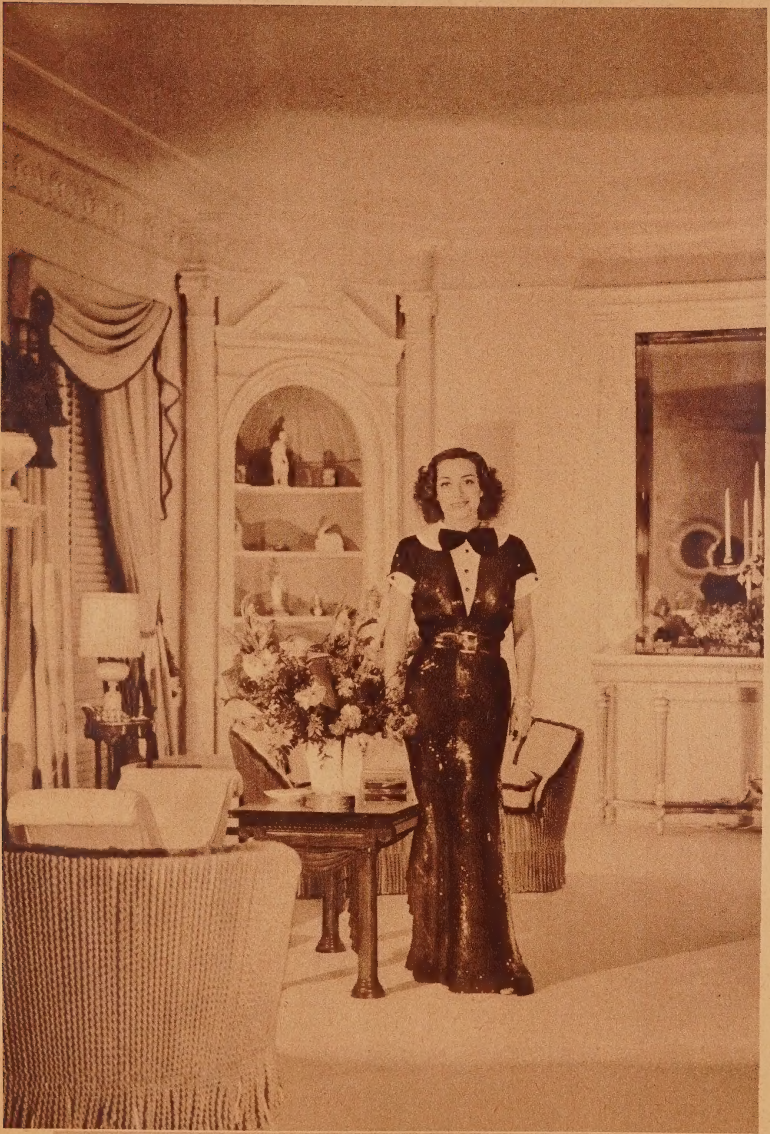
After she turns in her first thought is that she is so tired that she will be sure to oversleep in the morning. So she gets up and fusses with her alarm clock. Now the fear strikes her that she will not be able to hear the [*Continued on page* 70]

Joan *and* Franchot Invite You Thursday Night



Turn the page to find what's behind this door

We *Take* You Through *The Tones'* *Doors* On Maid's Night Off



This is the first picture published of the interior of Joan and Franchot's home. Notice the corner shelves which are cleverly lighted from inside. The picture on the preceding page shows the house entrance

TO MANY a Hollywood star Thursday night is a pain in the neck. It means a deserted kitchen, dressing in her latest Hattie Carnegie, and dinner out at a night spot.

To young Mrs. Franchot Tone (Joan Crawford to you!) it spells complete happiness. She can fuss around in the kitchen to her heart's content, wearing the stamp-sized aprons she adores ("I'm always intending to buy big, useful aprons that really cover my dresses," she says, "but I never get around to it.") She can boil spareribs with black-eyed beans (an old Southern custom), mix salad dressings, keep a domestic eye on the clock to see that dinner is ready on time for her guests.

Thursday night with Joan is more fun than a pack of simians. She makes it that way through informality. There's no formality, even in the formal dining room with its carpetless hardwood floor, its tobacco-brown drapes, the classic simplicity of its Early American furnishings. Half the time, when the second round of coffee is needed, she says to one of her guests—maybe it's Playwright Moss (*Once in a Lifetime*) Hart—"Run out to the kitchen, will you, please? and bring in more coffee." And the guest does. The guests love it.

All right, suppose you are invited to the Tone *menage* in Brentwood Heights for Thursday night dinner. We'll take you (by the hand) from the start of the event to the late finish. You may talk all night in the pine library (simply full of Franchot's books—plenty on the theatre), and long after the hostess has excused herself to retire. That's why we say "late finish." When Joan has an early morning studio call, she believes in excusing herself to her guests and ascending the stairs to a long night's sleep. The guests understand. That's why they are guests . . . and friends.

"My friends are the kind of people who understand the demands of the film business," says Joan. "They know that if I refuse their invitations two or three times in a row, it's not because I want to drop their friendship, but because I am tired from working, or I have to work at night, or I'm studying my script. Without exception they, too, are in the same business, and they know its problems."

Saturday night is the "big" entertainment night in the Crawford-Tone household. That's the night (followed by a restful Sunday) that the best silver and china comes out, and Finnish Mary, the

If you called on the Tones of an afternoon when neither was at work, you'd find them dressed like this in their own backyard—hard at a game of ping pong, at which both are adept

cook, and Swedish Axel, the butler and Mary's husband, have Sophie, the extra cook, in to help them, and they get to work on elegant aspics and chickens supreme. But Thursday night . . . that's the night that the Crawford-Tone cronies get together.

If you were to be one of the guests, your 'phone would tinkle and Joan's voice would come over the wires when you answered. "Come for Thursday night supper, will you?" she will say. "Franchot will be working until the middle of the evening," she will continue, "and I don't want to eat alone." Your answer, of course, is "yes."

Your car will take you to Brentwood Heights, two blocks west of lovely Carmelina Avenue, and north of Sunset Boulevard, to a two-story Colonial American dwelling. Punching the bell, you'll wait a moment. The hostess is in the kitchen, stuffing eggs, and there's not a servant in the house to answer your ring. Presently the door will fly open, and Joan will be there, greeting you with a broad, pleased grin. She'll say: "Hang up your own coat and hat, will you, please? You know where the closet is."

You've been there so many times you know that you will follow what Joan calls the "gallery" (plain, old "hall" to us Yankees—Joan's a Southwesterner, a Texan) to the closet that adjoins the powder room. Then you tag along, stopping first at the bar for a snifter, to where Joan is working in her immaculate white kitchen. She's stuffing eggs, as we predicted, and the breakfast table in the dining room is being used as a buffet. It is full of grand food. The kind of plain, wholesome food that Joan and Franchot like. And you, too. Joan's favorite eating is spoon bread.

If Lynn Riggs is there (he's the playwright of *Green Grow the Lilacs*), Joan has made baking powder biscuits. He loves them. He is probably there. So, too, will be Comedienne Jean Dixon (she's ma-ad about creamed spinach, and Joan has that for her, too), Magazine-writer Jerry Asher ("he's proven to be such a real friend—true and loyal," Joan will say), and Barbara Stanwyck. Joan, sensitive, anxious to have real friends, not sycophants, is all admiration for Robert Taylor's Barbara. There are two girls, Joan and Barbara, starting from "scratch," who have built up amazingly successful lives for themselves.

Domestically-inclined, despite her orchidaceous screen appearance, Joan is telling one of the women-folk how she prepares the stuffed eggs that will soon occupy a place beside the cold cuts—tongue, chicken, ham, head cheese, and the salads. "Hard boil the eggs," says Joan, busy with a spoon, "halve them, mash the yolks with a fork, add vinegar and mayonnaise, but not too much so that the stuffing is soft, then put in salt, pepper, chopped olives and dill pickles . . . *ummm*, makes my mouth water to talk about it," she finishes with a laugh.

"Joan," asks one of the guests, "is this cooking act of yours something new? How long have you been at it?"

Joan turns [*Continued on page* 84]

HOW DO YOU

Attention, girls! It's still Leap Year and here's the whole truth and nothing but the truth confessed by our most desirable bachelors

Do You Like A Girl to Telephone You or Do You Prefer One Who Waits For You To Take the Initiative?

Bob Taylor: The girl who waits is my preference.

Gene Raymond: It doesn't matter. However, I don't like chasers—man reserves that privilege! But if they want to call, it's flattering . . .

Dick Powell: Up to the first four dates I like to do the dialing. After that it's swell to know she cares enough to call!

Henry Fonda: I like women to telephone me, if I want to telephone them—

Randolph Scott: One who waits.

Francis Lederer: Let the lady call by all means if she wishes. It's a distinct pleasure.

Would You Prefer To Dine With a Girl Who Wants You To Do the Ordering or With One Who Does It For Herself?

Bob Taylor: Let *her order;* but preferably not "chicken a la king," or French pastry.

Gene Raymond: If I know her tastes, I like to order the dinner ahead of time.

Dick Powell: In this day of Equal Suffrage, Free Thinking and tuxedos for women, does *any* girl say, "*You* do the ordering?" (If found, please notify D. P. care of Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, Calif.)

Henry Fonda: Let her order what she wants—if she lets me order what *I* want.

Randolph Scott: A little collaboration helps. Especially if she can read the French on the menu . . .

Francis Lederer: I like to consult the lady's preferences—and then do the ordering.

Do You Like A Career-Conscious Girl Or One Interested Only In Your Career?

Bob Taylor: It's all right with me if she has her own career—so long as she doesn't work overtime at it.

Gene Raymond: I prefer the latter. But it really depends on what the girl's career is and how much of her time it would take from me.

Dick Powell: Both. Let her be conscious of hers in the daytime . . . and conscious of mine in the evenings.

Henry Fonda: Most girls are more interesting when they have careers of their own.

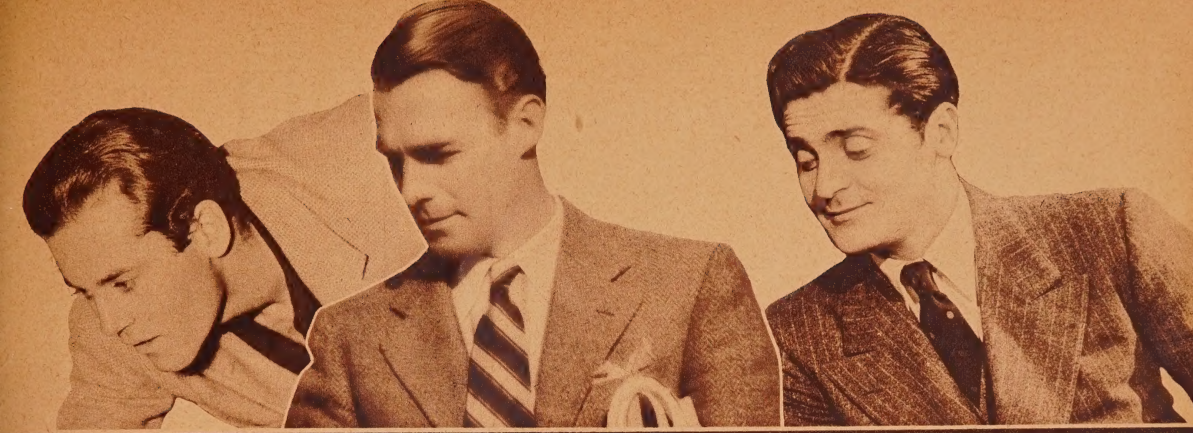
Randolph Scott: I come from a long line of Southerners who *were* their women's career. That's my idea.

Francis Lederer: A man's career is only as brilliant as a woman makes it. If she uses hers to dim it, the glow is gone. If she uses hers to stimulate it, the glow increases!

Do You Like To Be Sure of a Woman Or Does the Somewhat Unattainable Attract You More?

Bob Taylor: There's more mystery in the unattainable. I like mystery in small doses.

Gene Raymond: I wouldn't like a girl to flaunt her independence. I'd like to know she was honest with me so I *could* be sure of her.



LIKE YOUR DATES?

By
Virginia
Lane

Dick Powell: I like to be comfortable. So I like to be sure.

Henry Fonda: I'm attracted by the unattainable all right. The old moon-wanter, that's me.

Randolph Scott: Puzzles don't interest me. And after all, security means safety! I want to be sure.

Francis Lederer: It makes a man feel bigger if he has to reach . . .

Do You Prefer a Girl To Be a Good Listener or a Good Talker?

Bob Taylor: A good talker—providing she knows when to stop.

Gene Raymond: A little of both. And well mixed.

Dick Powell: The girl who turns her full attention on you and says breathlessly, "Oh, *do* go on!"—boy, she's the type that's made presidents!

Henry Fonda: If I had to choose between the two, I'd take the good listener.

Randolph Scott: It all depends. If she's cute I'd just as leave she did the talking.

Francis Lederer: A good listener—because that leaves a man free to choose her as a subject.

Do You Prefer Girls (a) Who Smoke or Who Don't (b) Who Use Makeup or Who Don't (c) Who Dress Conspicuously or Simply?

Bob Taylor: Maybe it seems funny, but frankly I don't like to see a girl smoke. If makeup actually makes her more attractive it's okay with me—but half of the time it doesn't . . . I wouldn't know about this dress business. I guess I like best the clothes that are strikingly simple—and of satin when it's possible.

Gene Raymond: (a) It doesn't matter as long as they are conservative smokers. I don't like to see girls take one cigarette after another, though. (b) It's all right if they use it as long as I don't know about it. (c) A girl who dresses simply with taste is always the most conspicuous!

Dick Powell: (a) I enjoy a companionable smoke with a girl—if *she* honestly enjoys smoking. But where they do it only for effect it's no go. (b) Makeup? As if a man had anything to say about it! (c) I like my girl to be well-dressed enough to attract attention—*favorable* attention . . .

Henry Fonda: All the girls smoke. You have to get used to it. I don't like makeup. I go for the fresh out-door look sprinkled with suntan. Clothes—I like them simple most of the time. And a few feminine frills for Sundays and evenings.

Randolph Scott: (a) Those who don't. (b) Makeup is fine—in its place. I don't like to see a girl drawing out her compact every five minutes or putting on lipstick across the dinner table from me. (c) A well-dressed girl usually is conspicuous.

Francis Lederer: (a) It doesn't matter whether they smoke or not. (b) Certainly let them use makeup. It makes a girl more sure of herself—and consequently more charming. (c) Simply, by all means. But with *feminine* simplicity—not tailored.

Would You Rather Have a Girl Even-Tempered, the Kind Whose Actions You Can Predict, or Are You Entertained by Moods and the Unpredictable?

Bob Taylor: Even-tempered. That means she has a sense of humor (you must have, to keep your temper balanced) and tolerance and common sense.

Gene Raymond: Anyone who is the same all the time is uninteresting. Personally, I like a little surprise now and then!

[*Continued on page* 80]

TIRED of BABY

This is the face that Joan built—

A MAN who has met practically every important star, amazed everyone by saying:

"Joan Bennett is the only truly sophisticated woman in Hollywood. She has poise, charm, a divine sense of humor and a casualness that only comes to a woman who has traveled and learned to appreciate the fine art of good living."

Being a wise young woman, Joan knows the value of marital vacations even for happily wed couples, and so sailed on the *Queen Mary* alone—except for her maid. She wires back that their positions now seem to be reversed, with Joan taking care of Ellie.

Joan is even more a favorite in England than in America, and is having a mad whirl of entertainment in London.

From the top of her beautifully coiffured dull blonde head to the tips of her smart, high-heeled slippers, Joan Bennett spells sophistication with a capital "S." Her street clothes and even her evening gowns are severely tailored. Bows and furbelows have no part in the wardrobe of this ultra-modern young woman. But in spite of all this, there's no denying it's with something of a shock that you hear the low, throaty, measured drawl that is Joan's voice coming from her delicately-bowed mouth. It's the voice of a woman of the world, but her face is still that of a sixteen-year-old girl.

When Joan Bennett was eleven, she confronted her mother with the astounding question:

"What is poise? How do you feel *right* when you come into a room?"

And her mother, smiling patiently at her small daughter's whim, assured her that poise was something that came as you grew older. And that was that.

But that was not that so far as Joan was concerned. Even at this early age, Joan was not content to wait until she grew older to know what to do with her

—Rhodes

The seldom-photographed Markey family . . . Diana (daughter of John Fox, Joan's former husband) joins Gene and Melinda Markey in bidding Joan bon voyage to Europe. She has shopped in Paris for the two girls, but not for herself. She took along eight trunks full of American-made clothes

Being a FACE!

Joan Bennett's a trickster who plays pranks on her husband, gives gay parties—and wants to look like what she is, instead of what you thought she was

By Virginia Wood

hands and to acquire that self-assurance which she admired so much in grown-up people.

Joan was never a talkative child. She disliked intensely the aimless chatter and prattling of children her own age—and even grown-ups. It was better, she thought, to wait until you were sure what you wanted to say.

And so, when she was sent to Europe at the age of fifteen to attend school, Joan had already developed within herself a sureness and an amazingly adult bearing which belied her child-like face and figure.

Now, at twenty-six, Joan Bennett is still carrying on the old battle that started way back when she was labeled "the baby of the Bennett family." And she's dead earnest about it!

"I'm sick and tired of having people tell me I look like a little girl," Joan announced emphatically. "I'm going to try to look like I feel inside, or know the reason why.

"I'm so bored with the silly girls I play on the screen. They're so dull and spiritless. Why, I'd [*Continued on page* 81]

And this is the face she never wants to see in the mirror again—

Efficient Joan has given each of the six servants in the house a list of duties. Here's the typewritten list used by her personal maid—

PERSONAL MAID

Answer Telephone *Answer Doorbell*

DAILY DUTIES

Breakfast at 7:30

1. Take hot water or fruit juice, with morning paper to Madam when your bell rings.
2. Draw drapes, straighten bed, give Madam her bed jacket, pick up things from evening before—such as bag, hat, gloves, etc., and return to proper place.
3. Bring up breakfast.
4. While Madam is having her breakfast put away night make-up, put out day make-up.
5. Always before going down to lunch inquire what dress Madam is going to wear and put it out, also fix bag. Draw bath if not instructed to do so before, inquire what time car is wanted and tell chauffeur.

Lunch at 11:45

6. Start making up room while Madam is dressing. Never—never leave room while Madam is taking her bath without first asking if you may.
7. Accompany Madam to the door with bag, gloves and anything else that is wanted.
8. Finish cleaning room.
9. Errands, sewing and ironing to be done in afternoon.
10. Spend time in the morning before Madam is awake doing your laundry work.
11. Be in dark uniform by 5:00. Draw drapes and turn on lights in Madam's room.
12. Meet Madam at door when she comes in, take her gloves, bag, coat, packages, etc.

Dinner at 5:30

13. Put out Madam's clothes for evening. Put out make-up and draw bath, if desired.
14. Stay in room while Madam is dressing and accompany her to door if she is going out.
15. Turn down beds in Mr. Markey's room, put out pajamas, robe and slippers, also in Madam's room put out night make-up, nightgown, robe and slippers. This to be done at 9:00. If there is company, this is not to be done until after they are gone.
16. Set up Madam's breakfast tray for morning.

Don't be ashamed of a high forehead!

Slenderness for verve

Accent an unusual feature!

Don't *paint* on a Cupid's-bow mouth!

Does your voice express personality?

She capitalized on naturalness!

What you consider a beauty defect may be made a mark of distinction!

By Rowena Devine

CINDERELLA was just a dowdy little girl dressed in rags when the fairy godmother waved her magic wand and transformed the forlorn waif into a beautiful and desirable creature. A fairy tale? Not on your life! For some of the screen's most famous stars have produced the same magic effects with the wand of intelligence and determination. And no clock, tolling off the midnight hour, causes their handiwork to be destroyed.

I was disgusted the other day when a girl with whom I was lunching sighed as Ginger Rogers swept by our table.

"Just look at her. Isn't she lovely? Ginger Rogers has everything—and here I am looking like an old frump. Doesn't it madden you to see these stars looking so beautiful?"

"Certainly it doesn't madden me," I retorted. "Especially when I know to what great lengths many of those girls have gone to acquire their loveliness. *And there isn't a girl living who can't learn something from these former 'ugly duckling' stars.*"

My companion eyed me incredulously. "Don't tell me Ginger wasn't born as beautiful as she is now!"

I pushed my salad plate aside and started in on one of my favorite tales—the metamorphosis of Ginger Rogers. When Ginger came to films from a successfull stage career she was cute, certainly, but no more resembled the svelte, poised young star of today than Garbo resembles Shirley Temple.

I recall one of her early Pathé pictures. Ginger was a hat-check girl in the story and wore a short, snug-fitting satin dress. I couldn't keep my mind on the story at all because I was so intently waiting for the seams in Ginger's little costume to pop! Ginger was fat—no denying that. Her red hair was bunched close to her round little face, adding width to it, and she giggled a good deal, as I remember. Cute? Of course. But the Ginger of that time wouldn't have even been remembered today.

Came *Young Man of Manhattan* with Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert. Ginger gained [*Continued on page* 86]

6 Stars *Help You* to BEAUTY

PIP, PIP, *Old Thing —here comes Treacher!*

By Harry Lang

SUCCESS hasn't been a battle for this chap. It's been just a buttle . . .!

It seems screwy, but it's true—he's the world's very worst butler, and yet it's brought him fame and money. This worst butler extant gets paid more for his unspeakably execrable buttling than the very best butler in the world, Buckingham Palace included!

The worse he buttles, the more they pay him and the more jobs he's offered.

He doesn't particularly care for buttling, either. He'd much rather be a handsome movie hero; in fact, that's his ambition. But they won't let him. They insist, instead, upon his buttling—and the more guests he insults, the more masters he gets in trouble, the better.

And so Arthur Veary Treacher—who stands six feet four and a fraction, weighs more than 13 stone (a good percentage of which is attributable to his utterly magnificent nose), and who's called "Pip" because that isn't his name—buttles his way to Hollywood fame, shrugs a philosophic shoulder as he contemplates his growing bank balance and the disintegration of his dream of being a second Gary Cooper, and hopes his fellow-Englishmen won't take too painfully his efforts to portray what he calls "the character of an Englishman so dearly beloved by Hollywood producers, more asininely than usual."

About the time you read this story Arthur's mother in England is receiving a copy of the original manuscript sent to her by her son

That, in a nutshell, is the success story of the tall Briton who's rapidly looming as the prime comedian of current screen farce. Shirley Temple thinks he's the funniest man she ever saw, and wanted to know if she couldn't take him home and keep him, after he'd played butler for her in *Curly Top*.

Since then, millions of film fans have endorsed Shirley's opinion—and now "Pip" Treacher finds himself about to be catapulted to stardom in the rôle of Jeeves, the most famous butler of all literature. As the Jeeves of *Thank You, Jeeves*, he's to be rewarded by 20th Century-Fox for a sustained period of utter personal disgust that begun

[*Continued on page* 82]

Scoop! The Other

When Freddie was little more than a baby (three and a half years old) he left his parents' care and never lived with them again except to visit

By
James
Reid

Poignantly dramatic is the tale told by Lillian May and Cecil Llewellyn Bartholomew who are now living in Hollywood and hope, they say, to win their boy's love back again. Here they are pictured at the Knickerbocker Hotel

A mother and father who no longer have their only son, tell for the first time the story of how they lost him!

THE two most tragic figures in Hollywood today are not movie stars. They are the parents of a movie star. They are Cecil Llewellyn and Lillian May Bartholomew, father and mother of Freddie Bartholomew. They have had to fight for him against his aunt. And, in fighting, they assert that they have been misunderstood. Tragically misunderstood.

The world has not heard—until now—their complete story. Even Freddie has not heard it. They have never had a chance to tell it to him.

An American court has listened to the story. And listened sympathetically. Now it is time that their story went before the greater court of public opinion.

Newspapers, sensing intense human drama, have reported the court steps taken by his parents in the feud over Freddie. But the headlines have touched only the surface of the drama. They have not probed into the emotions behind the actions. They have left the public to interpret those actions. The result, in large measure, has, perhaps, been misinterpretation.

It was reported that Freddie's mother and father intended to wrest Freddie completely away from his aunt, who has guided his career until now—so well. It was reported that they intended to take him back to England, where producers were willing to double his Hollywood salary. It was reported that, because they had been excluded from his life and earnings, they

—Rhodes

Aunt Myllicent (Freddie delights in calling her "Cissie") takes her young charge to a "dress up" party

Side of the BARTHOLOMEW STORY!

now intended to win complete control of both. It was reported that they were motivated only by a father's and mother's love for a young son. It was reported, in rebuttal, that this interest of theirs in Freddie was something strangely new and sudden.

Out of the welter of reports and counter-reports, rumors and counter-rumors, arose a haze of innuendo about parental money-madness. Some people were willing to accept such innuendo. Others, parents themselves, were unwilling to accept it. All of them wanted the inside story. Here it is, as told to me by Freddie's father—with occasional assistance from Mrs. Bartholomew.

Cecil Llewellyn Bartholomew is a short, slight man, sandy-haired, with frank blue eyes and a strong English chin. His thin face is deeply lined, and you wonder if the lines could have been caused by the same war injury that has given him a perceptible limp. He looks like a man for whom life has been none too easy, but who is still capable of fighting—with a broad smile. He does most of the talking for his wife and himself, and talks well.

Freddie's mother is of about the same height as her husband, and a quiet type, timid before strangers. She is dark, slender, youthful-appearing. Freddie looks more like her. When I saw them (just as this magazine was going to press), they were living in a small Hollywood apartment, one of a dozen on the fourth floor of a "walk-up."

This, I discovered, is not Mr. Bartholomew's first visit to America. Before the War, he worked in Toronto, Canada. He enlisted in the Canadian Army, saw service at the front and, after the big fracas was over, married and settled in London.

"Freddie was born in Harlesden, Middlesex, London, on the 8th of February, 1924," he told me. "Every other story has always had it March. My sister has some superstition about February and has always given out March as his birthdate."

And were they happy about having a boy? Both smiled, and Mrs. Bartholomew said, "That was my one desire. I had wanted a boy from the first. I was disappointed when the first two were girls."

Mr. Bartholomew did the naming. "I told my wife that no son of mine would ever have to carry the name of 'Cecil' or 'Llewellyn' around. So I called him Frederick, after my father—and my brother in Canada. I said, 'There'll be no sissy business about that name. When he grows up, people will call him Fred. And he won't mind answering to it, no matter what he becomes.' "

They had no dreams at his birth of what his future might be. "Parents don't start planning that early. They like their babies too much for just what they are. It never entered our heads that he was born to be an actor. Nobody in my family, or my wife's family, had ever been on the stage. My wife had been a bit of a singer, but that was amateur stuff—singing in hospitals during the War."

There is a general impression that Freddie might not have become an actor if he had not gone to live with his aunt and his grandparents. But his father and mother do not share that impression. "He wasn't out of his cradle yet when he started entertaining us with his mimicry. I remember one time—he couldn't have been more than three—when we took him to a fair, and he showed a great liking for the roundabouts and imitating all the people riding them. [*Continued on page 63*]

Their Most Appealing FAN Letters . . .

Fan letters bring everything—from marriage proposals to fearful scoldings. Read what effects they have on players . . .

By John Winburn

Dear Francis Lederer:

I would be a perfect slave girl for you. I am a thirteen-year-old Balkan girl and have been carefully trained in all the graces and virtues. I am faithful and would have eyes only for my lord. I dance as lightly as leaves in a summer breeze and my song is soothing as that of nesting birds in the trees.

My father tells me that only in America is there money to buy the women of our race and I have chosen you, for I would be happier with one who is like one of our own people. The price my father is asking is one hundred pieces of silver. In other days I would have brought ten times that price, but the harems have been closed since Turkey became a republic.

This sincere appeal is the most memorable fan letter the Czecho-Slovakian born Lederer has ever received. The girl, whom he had never met, far from having overstepped the boundaries of propriety, is seeking to fill the only rôle in life that she and all the other women of her family before her have been taught or allowed to fill. According to the custom of the country, she brings honor to herself and to her father's house by so doing.

It goes without saying that Francis has no intention of establishing a harem—or buying a wife, but he was deeply touched by the offer she made.

Dear Ginger Rogers:

I wish I could see your new picture but I can't. I am nine years old and I go to see all the moving picture shows you are in. Now I am in the hospital. They have me in funny strings with weights on. I will draw you a picture of them. Every day they come and pull to stretch my muscles and it hurts pretty bad but while they do it I hold a picture of you and look at it hard, and then I just smile. Will you send me your picture? This one is about wore out.

Yours, truly, Jimmy ——.

That was Ginger Rogers' most appealing fan letter. It made her cry to read about this brave little boy who found ease for his pains by looking at her picture, and while she laughed at the funny picture he drew of the weights and pulleys, she couldn't quite hold back the tears.

She went right over to the still department and got out all the different poses she could find. Then she autographed them all and sent them to Jimmy, with a long letter. Whenever a new still came through, a copy went to the sick lad with a note of encouragement from his idol.

They say that the power of the mind is the strongest factor in curing one who is ill, and certainly to this young boy suffering on the torture rack of the mechanical contrivances made to stretch his muscles, the courage to try to get well came from the photos he clutched in his fists as he tried to forget the pain. Finally he was able to go home. And as a reward, his parents had promised to give him anything he asked for.

He asked for a trip to Hollywood to see Ginger!

And one day "Jimmy" arrived, with his parents.

"He's the sweetest lad ever," Ginger declared. "I showed him my dressing room and then took him to the sound stage. After we were through he took me to one side and whispered: 'Dad's promised me a dog for Christmas. Do you like dogs?'

"I told him that I most certainly

[*Continued on page* 68]

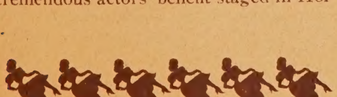
Our Hollywood FRIVOLITIES!

Let's all sing like the birrrrd-eeees sing! tra la la, la la. Betty Furness, James Blakely, Donald Woods, Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Olivia de Havilland, Warren Hull with his Ethiopian suntan, June Travis, James Bush and (seated at the piano) Patricia Ellis, Dick Cromwell and Mary Carlisle open up and *give* in rehearsal for a big charity show for which they worked long—and gaily!

The goings-on of our young-stars, as told by that popular junior top-hatter and nocturnal prowler of Cinemaland..

Henry Willson

HOW would you like to see twelve of the town's most prominent young stars, singing and dancing in the chorus of a show all done up in hoop skirts and breeches, presenting a replica of the famous Floradora Sextette. It really happened here the other day in the tremendous actors' benefit staged in Hollywood. The show was great but the real fun took place at rehearsals. It is a miracle in the first place that they could even get those twelve together at one time for so many rehearsals a week. Two dance directors taught them the lyrics and steps—and it was really a treat to watch them.



Betty Furness, Mary Carlisle and Tommy Brown would be caught off in a corner every now and then making up their own modern version of the famous Floradora routine that would probably make the original twelve of the gay 90's roll over in their asbestos had they seen the local folks "Going to Town." These stars deserve a lot of credit though, coming to those rehearsals promptly and working as diligently as they did. It was all very informal with slacks, sweaters, overalls and practically anything being worn at the rehearsals; but the night of the show that group presented the world's best looking and most prominent "ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble."

Ten dollars a seat was the price of admission. It was worth that to kibitz backstage—just to hear the old-stars giving the young-stars "guaranteed" last minute tips on how to wow an audience.

SINCE his return from Europe, Richard Cromwell has become about the most popular host among the Hollywood younger stars. For five years Dick has been known as a quiet, stand-offish type of fellow who never liked to mix with groups or crowds of people. Dick was actually bashful.

Today the story is different. The Hollywood younger stars are really getting to know him and include him in their many social gatherings.

Dick has just completed a new swimming pool at his hillside home; so this summer promises plenty of fun for his friends. Kidding about it the other day, Dick claimed he was going to paint signs and put them up, specifying: "Visitors' Day." Tuesdays, Saturdays and Sundays for his friends; Thursdays for his neighbors. (Mondays the pool will be closed.) Wednesdays for his relations (which number [*Continued on page 79*]

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of
production

Reunited in the best love story The Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER
BAXTER and MYRNA
LOY

IN
To Mary—with Love

with
IAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR
JEAN DIXON

SING BABY SING

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"

with
ALICE FAYE
ADOLPHE MENJOU
GREGORY RATOFF · TED HEALY
PATSY KELLY   MICHAEL WHALEN
RITZ BROTHERS

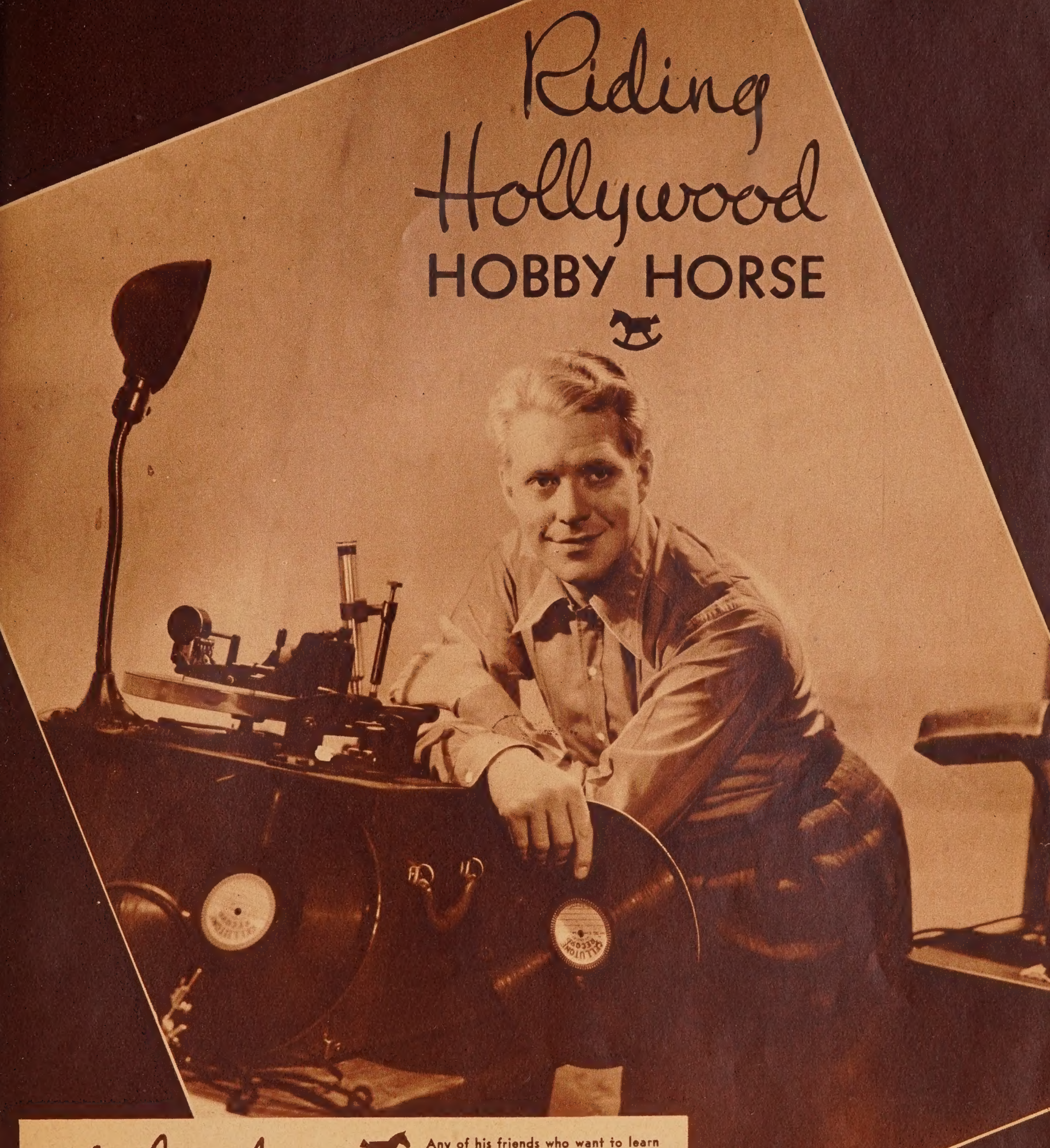
HERBERT
MARSHALL and RUTH
CHATTERTON

in
GIRLS' DORMITORY

introducing the star discovery of 1936
SIMONE SIMON
(pronounced See-môan See-môan)

with
CONSTANCE COLLIER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
DIXIE DUNBAR · JOHN QUALEN
SHIRLEY DEANE

Riding Hollywood HOBBY HORSE



Nelson Eddy

Any of his friends who want to learn how their voices sound need only hint and he will give them a really professional recording. He uses this device to perfect his own singing technique. Being somewhat of a gagster, Eddy has recorded conversations of his house guests—when they didn't know the infernal machine was turned on—and then played back the records, often to the accompaniment of blushes. Picture yourself in that situation, probably hearing your own voice saying ". . . and my *dear*, did you see the *look* she gave him? . . ."

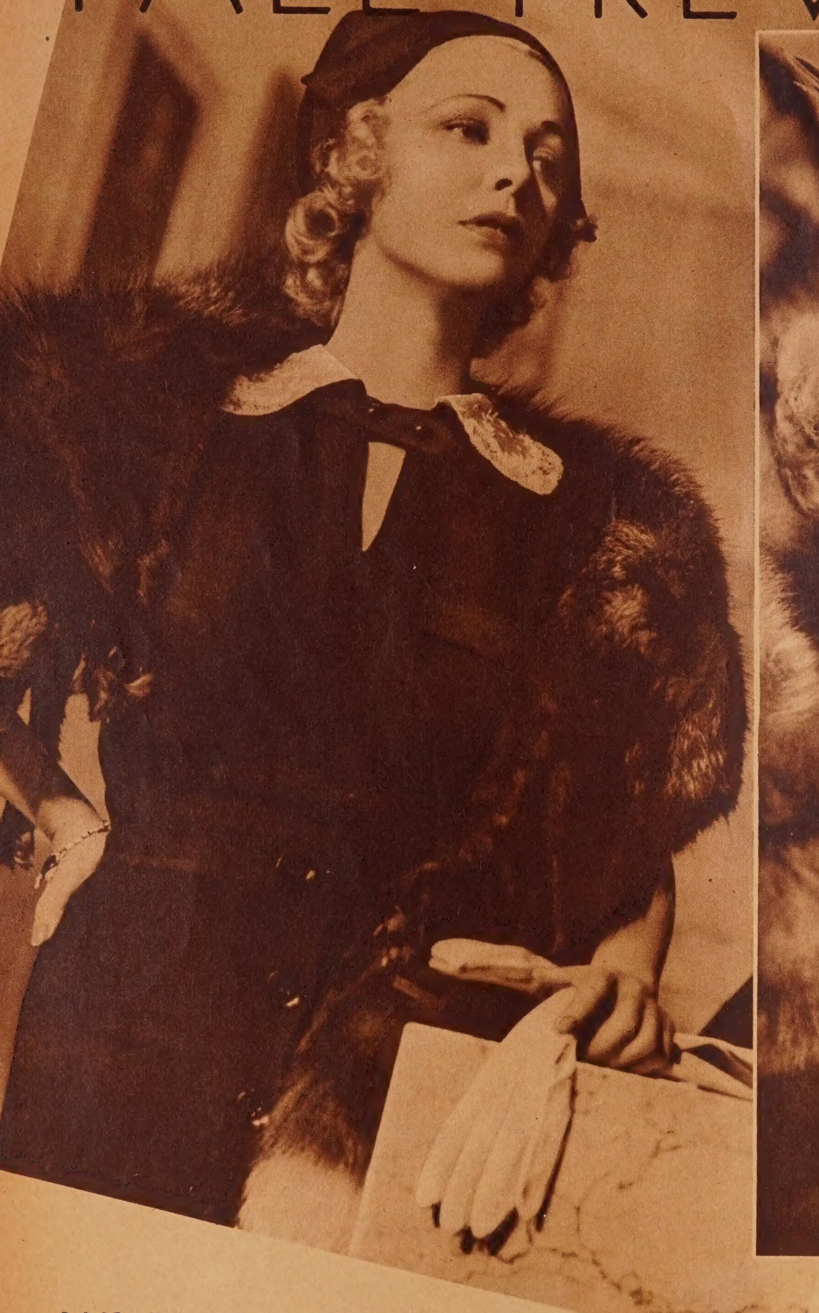
Olivia de Havilland

She's converted a corner of her home into a place where she can ride her hobby of sculpturing in clay without disturbing anyone less inclined to fancy so messy a pastime. Olivia, using simple tools, has become quite proficient and may one day find her models in demand. Having finished *Charge of the Light Brigade*, she's rehearsing lines for *The Green Light*, which is to be made from the best-selling novel

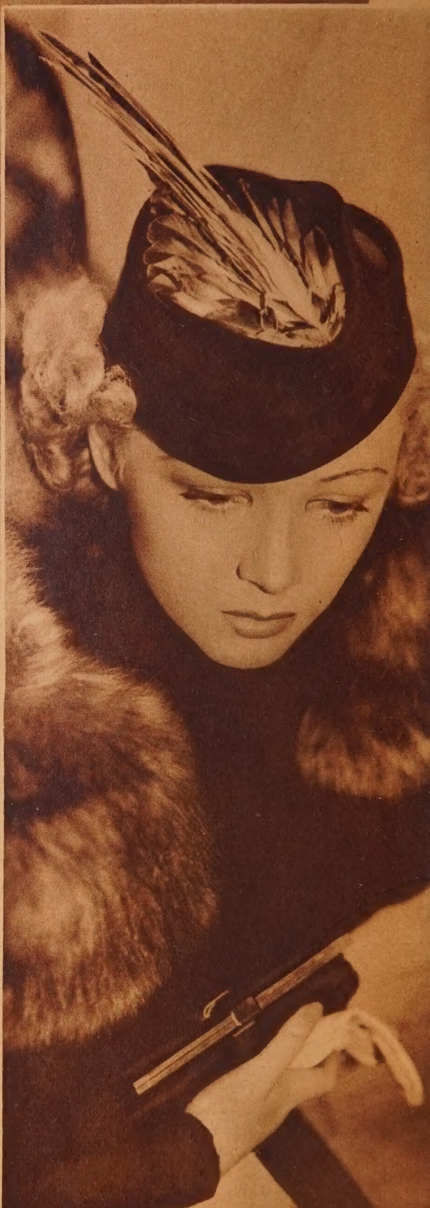
Gary Cooper

Gary once earned his living sketching. In 1919 he set out to be a cartoonist on a Helena newspaper—he was fired with the ambition to become a famous artist. Five years later he went to Los Angeles and asked for a job on a newspaper. The art editor told him to sit down and prove his worth. The art editor was sorry. Gary secured work as a salesman. Soon after he tried for a movie extra job. Thus round-aboutly his hobby led him to the film city and fame

FALL PREVIEW



Isabel Jewell poses in the newest of Fall attire. A black light weight wool two-piece dress with embroidered batiste and lace collar and cuffs



Dressed for the street Isabel wears a smart black coat topped by velvet scarf and luxurious blue fox collar. The coat material features the new cellophane thread, the small hat boasts a blue tipped feather

Photos by Ray Jones—
Clothes from J. W. Robinson Co.
Shoes—Hollywood Bootery

The correct accessories play an important rôle in Fall fashions. Here Isabel displays a stunning bracelet, earrings and compact to match of aquamarines and zircons to wear with a white fox cape

With a lacquered black satin dinner gown showing the new use of stitching on pockets and belt Isabel chooses sables and a black Sally Victor turban trimmed with exciting buff yellow feather fancies

By Sally Martin

NOW that the Fall season is under way, we know what some of the world's best-dressed women have bought, and therefore what styles are more or less definitely set, which is a lucky break for many of us. A few of them are pictured above on Isabel Jewell, who has just completed work in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon.* These clothes effect a return to elegance with smart costume jewelry, befeathered hats and gorgeous furs playing the leading rôles for winter 1936-'37.

The department stores have big ears and they keep them to the ground for all fashion rumblings from the Hollywood studio designers and Paris dressmaking houses that flank the Rue de la Paix, Rue Royale and the Champs Elysees. You can't prove it, but probably the espionage system works as well in business as in politics.

For instance, a new hat is designed for the screen or shown by one of the Big Houses in Paris. A few days later copies of it are seen in one of the leading department stores piled high on tables around which swarm clutching hands. Without "inside information" this would be impossible and it hardly seems like a strange coincidence for two houses or studios with but a single thought.

Isabel Jewell who completed work in the Columbia production *Lost Horizon* chooses for town a sage green wool dress with hat to match and contrasted it with a golden brown coat and dark brown accessories

MUGS *is*

By William Frawley

Pat O'Brien points—not at a French pastry, which Emily Post rules is the only thing one may properly point at—but at Wallace Beery, whose homely old kisser has been around a long time

HE'S a *mug!*

Far from being an insult, this is the most flattering of all slang phrases in Hollywood usage today, for expressing one's admiration or affection for another.

Originally, the word "mug" was coined by the New York city police department years ago, in the photographing of prisoners for the rogues' gallery. If a prisoner was photographed for future identification he was "mugged."

Mugs could be good or bad, smart or dumb, big or little, hot or cold, male or female. Mostly a mug was supposed to be a bad guy with a homely kisser.

An English bulldog has the homeliest mug in dogdom. Yet we have always loved good old English bulldogs. They have the most loyal, affectionate and bravest hearts of all animals.

What could be more suitable than to discard the rascally implication originally designed for "mug" to apply it admiringly and affectionately to those homely guys who take the play away from the good-lookers?

Glance over your Hollywood favorites. Most of 'em are plain, homely ol' mugs who are making the erstwhile ever- and over-popular handsome leading men run second. Personally, we gloat with glee at this turn of affairs, not because we don't like some of the guys with handsome profiles and curly hair, but because it is high time we mugs were getting the breaks.

Meet our gang, folks.

Pat O'Brien

THE O'Briens were kings in old Ireland. Pat is a king in the hearts of mugs he never forgets.

Here's a Mick who was born in the German-est town in this country, Milwaukee. He shook that off by playin' football at a Mick university, Marquette. When the Notre Dame lads were through playin' with Pat, he got smart and decided to become an actor, along with Spence Tracy.

This mug misses bein' handsome by a few shamrocks. In the map of Ireland the best features are a pair of Killarney eyes and a stout Donnybrook chin.

Pat is so Irish it hurts. He'll fight with a pal, but let some lug make a crack ag'in said pal, and he'll fight for him. He likes leprechauns, sentimental poetry, fellow actors, baseball, football, handball and fights, German beer, singing ballads in late night quartets, entertaining hosts of mugs, going to church and adopting children.

No great lover is Pat, but with that fast-talkin' Irish gift of gab, he can blarney any gal (on the screen) into saying "Yes" to the mug instead of the Lothario.

Spencer Tracy

A VERY, very intellectual actress recently said to me: "Spence Tracy may be a rough and ready rowdy, but I have found him a perfect gentleman—and what is more important, there is no finer actor in pictures." She voiced our sentiments to a T.

Spence used to be a bad boy now and then, here and there, but you can throw those innings out, as he was just poppin' off excess steam.

MUGS

Some unknown facts and amusing "off the record" fancies about our biggest actors—presented by a writer who knows them best

Charles Laughton, our British cousin, a mug? You'd be surprised! And Spencer Tracy, above, is a rough-and-ready rowdy—still perfection in his own way

Three of the finest—Fred Austerlitz, Claude Dukinfield and Harry Lillis Crosby, who have always been on the up and up and who have made the spirits of vast audiences soar. The boys, Fred Astaire, W. C. Fields and Bing, long ago discarded their youthful names—but not their youthful ways

He was born in Milwaukee, same as Pat O'Brien, and they grew up together on the stage. Used to swap rôles. Once while playing a bit with Ethel Barrymore in New York, some caustic critic said that he "looked as if he had been picked up by the property man." This made Spence mad, so he made the Theater Guild so the guy would have to eat his words. And did.

Essentially a man's man, Spence is a popular mug in Hollywood. He won't wear make-up in pictures or hats in public. He goes around in riding britches, boots and a sweat shirt.

Recently he was bitten by a polo spider. He likes his ponies so much he eats with 'em. His best friend and idol was Will Rogers, which will tell you what kind of a mug he is better than words.

Bing Crosby

HERE is a mug who is right as rain, and as well liked as the sun itself. Just ain't nothin' wrong with the guy, so don't start askin' us if he is nice to his folks.

A plain mug who believes in Lady Luck. A few years ago croonin' out arias with two other larks in Paul Whiteman's band, and today every note bubblin' from his throat worth about eleven bucks a "bub."

A crooner whose lazy, caressin' voice is merely a swell reflection of his own amiable personality. Romance clad in old sweaters and floppy pants. But when he turns on the heat, a mug who can take the play away from the Don Juans.

A young western rancher come to town to play golf and drink a few beers with the gang at Lakeside. Too smart for the wise guys who manipulate the ponies, he buys, breeds and bets on his own ponies.

No ladies' man is he, except for a golden-haired honey he calls Dixie. No swanky parties, no night clubs, no high, wide and fancy steppin'.

Strictly a family man and a man's man. That's Bing!

Fred Astaire

IF FRED ASTAIRE couldn't dance a step, he would still be one great mug.

Here is a little guy from Omaha, looking just as funny as Chic Sale, Odd McIntyre and some of the rest of us country mugs. But, not only has he been showing the world how to dance for several years, but he had the crowned heads of Europe at his feet.

If there is anything that makes Fred mad it is when some one refers to him as "the best-

[*Continued on page* 88]

Are YOU the Double

Hollywood has become "double" conscious—
even Laurel and Hardy play twin brothers

$500 *in* PRIZES *for* ANY "TWINS"

$50 for photograph most resembling Stan Laurel
$50 for photograph most resembling Oliver Hardy
$50 for photograph most resembling one of the *Our Gang* kiddies
$50 for photograph most resembling a male star
$50 for photograph most resembling a female star
$50 for photograph most resembling a child actor
$50 for photograph most resembling a character actor
$50 for photograph most resembling a character actress
$50 for photograph most resembling a juvenile, male
$50 for photograph most resembling a juvenile, female

You may not resemble any of these well-known players, Spanky MacFarland, Joan Crawford, or Joan Blondell—but you may look like some other screen personality—man, woman, juvenile or child. If you think you do, by all means send your picture

OPPORTUNITY—that much-talked-of lady—is knocking at your door. She's calling all men, women and children.

If you've ever been told—or if you've ever thought that you look like a movie player, then send in your picture right away. There are many prizes. Think of it—$50 for a photograph.

Perhaps you have one facial feature that makes you resemble some screen personality. Just this one point of similarity may make you a winner. If you are a young woman, you may have a smile like Janet Gaynor's, hair like Kay Francis', eyes like Claudette Colbert's—some facial feature that marks your similarity to any girl player. If you are an older woman, send your picture if you think you resemble any one of the dozens of character actresses.

If you are a man, perhaps you have some resemblance to a male player—Guy Kibbee, for instance, or Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor, Jack Oakie, Ronald Colman or Bill Powell. If you are an older man, the chances are that you *do* look just a bit like one of the myriad of successful character actors or comedians.

Perhaps you are a child or know of a child who looks like Shirley Temple, Sybil Jason, Jackie Cooper, Janie Withers, Mickey Rooney, Edith Fellows or Alfalfa of *Our Gang*.

Some famous physiognomists have said that every one of us has an exact double somewhere in this world. This has been proved in many instances. John Boles' double, Wilbur McGaugh, looks so much like Boles that he can fool the camera even in a close-up. Warner Baxter and his stand-in, Frank McGrath, are now vacationing in Canada—and the other holidayers at the resort cannot tell which is which.

There are innumerable such instances of astounding resemblances.

This is your chance to capitalize on

Hollywood's MOST

So unique in appearance and personality was the late Will Rogers that you'd never expect to find any-one who looked even remotely like him

# of a MOVIE STAR?

Whether you're young or old, ugly or pretty you have a chance to win this contest and become known as a movie double

Two and two equal what? . . . Laurel and Hardy in an hilarious comedy titled *Our Relations*, in which each plays his own twin brother

any similarity you may have to any one of the countless people you have seen on the screen. It makes no difference what age or race you may be—for Chinese Anna May Wong and Keye Luke, and Negro actresses and actors (Louise Beavers, Bill Robinson, Stepin Fetchit and little "Buckwheat" of *Our Gang*) have enjoyed great success in Hollywood.

Just so, you have an equal chance to win in this contest—to win one of the cash prizes and have your photograph published. It may be a stepping stone to fame—as it was in the case of Marjorie Weaver, who won a SCREEN BOOK contest a few months ago and was, as a consequence, given a movie contract. She has already made four pictures.

Perhaps some trick of make-up will emphasize your similarity to one of Hollywood's players. You are at perfect liberty to use what art you can command to make this resemblance more pronounced.

Ginger Rogers' stand-in, Marie Osbourne, doesn't startle anyone with her likeness to Ginger until she puts on a curly light wig over her own smooth dark hair, curls her eyelashes, and makes up her mouth and eyebrows to look like Ginger's. When she has done this, even the people who work with these girls must stop and look twice to discover which is which.

Perhaps the player you resemble only slightly looks more like you when he or she is photographed from a certain angle. You can use a few make-up tricks and have your picture taken while you are posed like the star is posed in some photograph you may have. That's all permissable in this contest—for the art of make-up plays a large part in movies.

FAMOUS DOUBLE!

A. A. Trimble, a map salesman, won fame and fortune because he could — and did! — double for the beloved cowboy philosopher

CONTEST RULES

1. **Any man, woman or child is eligible—and welcome!—to enter a photograph in this contest, except employees of *Screen Book* or anyone who has accepted pay for doubling for movie players.**
2. **The winners are to be judged solely by their likeness to current screen personalities, selected by the editorial staff of *Screen Book*. The judges' decisions are to be final.**
3. **The contest closes midnight, October 10, 1936, and all eligible entries will bear postmark on or prior to that time.**
4. **In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.**
5. **No photos can be returned, and no correspondence entered into regarding them.**
6. **Mail your photo with filled-in coupon attached, to Doubles Contest Editor, *Screen Book* Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.**

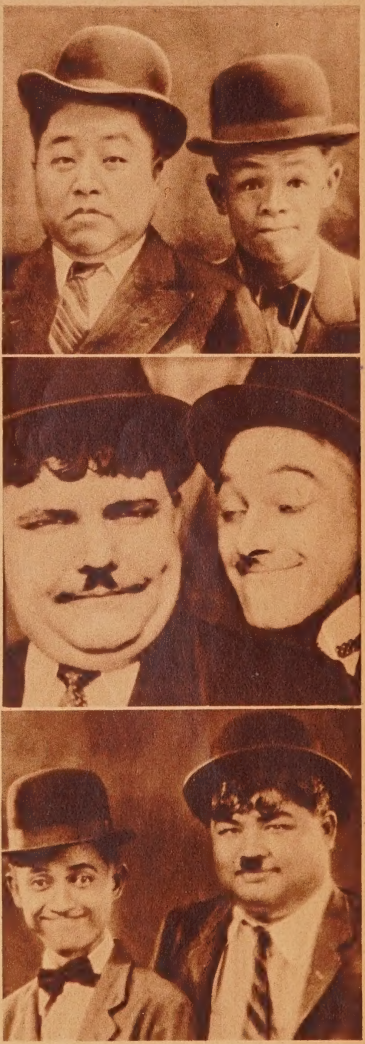
Attach to your photo

Name ....

Street address ....

City ....State ....

Double for ....
(name of player)



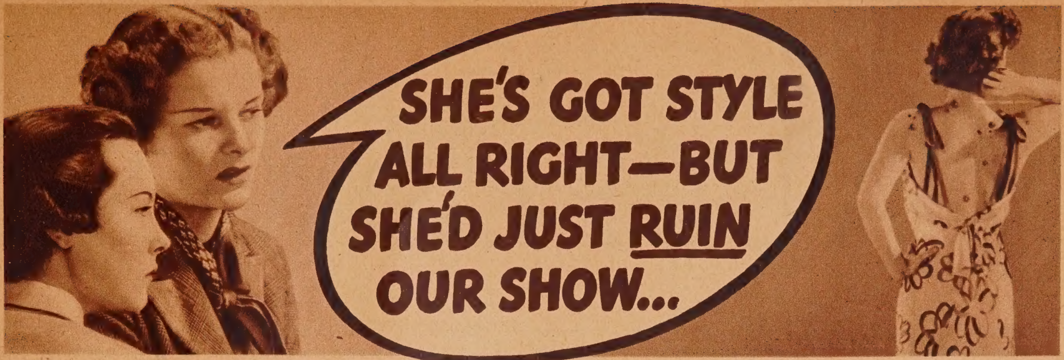
Every country in the world has its Laurel and Hardy imitators. Here are a few of them. Top, is the Chinese Laurel and Hardy team, who are famous for their clever impersonations. Next, are two young men from Antwerp, Belgium, who earn their cakes and ale through imitation. Directly above is another pair from the Orient

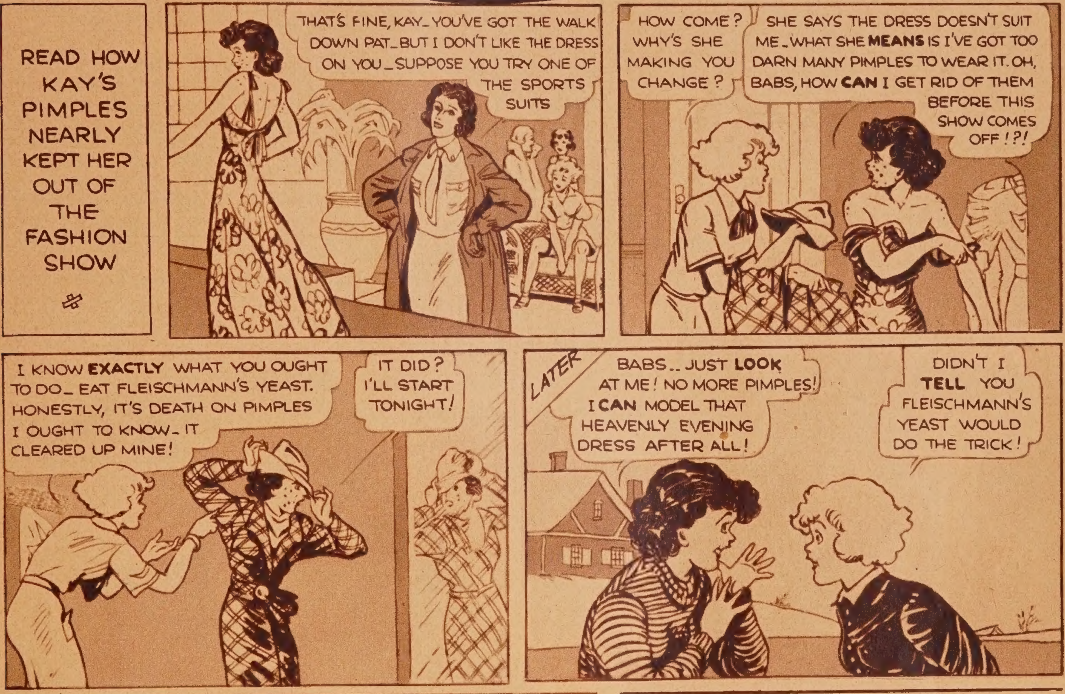
East Meets West to Film

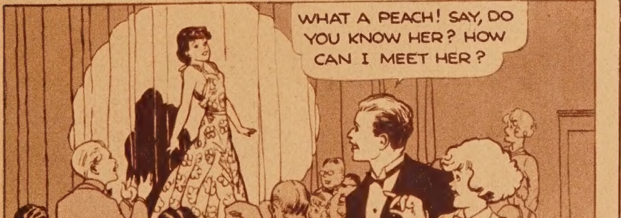
A part of old China has been transplanted to America and three years consumed in filming

The Good Earth

Paul Muni has gone into social retirement because he shaved his head to play Wang Lung, the Chinese farmer, in the filmization of the great book. Luise Rainer co-stars as his wife. All the available Chinese around the Film City were employed and it was necessary to send to San Francisco for 600 more. George Hill, who committed suicide last year, was first assigned to direct the picture three years ago. In China he filmed backgrounds, purchased properties (bamboo huts, buffalo water wheels, cooking utensils, implements of the field, etc.), in fact, transplanted a whole Chinese village. In California, the studio leased for a year acres of hill country. Chinese farmers planted Chinese crops in native fashion, terracing hillsides for miles into the hills, installing irrigation. Now the irrigation has been withdrawn and the crops are withering naturally for the drouth sequences. The two water buffalo imported three years ago are now sextuplets.


SHE'S GOT STYLE ALL RIGHT—BUT SHE'D JUST RUIN OUR SHOW...


READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW
THAT'S FINE, KAY_YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT_BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU_SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS
HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME_WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF!?!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO_EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES I OUGHT TO KNOW_IT CLEARED UP MINE!
IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!
LATER
BABS.. JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK!


WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't BE A WALLFLOWER!

By
Linda Leath

"THE only way any woman can single out any particular man—and win him—is first to deliberately make herself attractive to the entire male sex!" said Joan Blondell. "Women should get over the idea that they can pick and choose between suitors—because they can't do any such thing!"

But first maybe I'd better go back to the beginning. You see, the reason Joan was going on about women was because I'd been pumping her about how you get to be "a man's woman." And the reason I was pumping her was because I had been egged on by my husband. When he gets wound up about her—or any other blonde—I usually listen. It pays. You certainly can get a lot of good ideas, listening to your man talk about another woman!

"I've never met a man who didn't think Joan Blondell was simply wonderful," said he. "So you gals better start thinking a little," he added, the brute. "Ask yourselves: what has she got that we haven't got . . .?"

"Better still, ask Joan herself!" he went on. "Ask her how she got to be such a riot with the men, and could any other woman do it, and how? Bet a nickel she'll be just sport enough to tell you. And if she does—you'll have a story!"

JOAN laughed when I explained my errand.

"Every magazine I pick up lately seems to have an article in it about how 'any girl can get her man if she puts her mind to it,'" she said. "Personally, I think that's a lot of bologney!

"For instance, I came across a good example of this mistaken point of view in the last issue of a sophisticated magazine, when three Smith girls wrote in to describe what they liked and disliked in their escorts. They said they particularly liked Norfolk jackets, clean shaves, white shirts, and so on—and added that 'midnight blue dress clothes may go places in Hollywood—but not with us!'

"Now that's a ridiculous and

[*Continued on page* 90]

One of Hollywood's most popular girls tells you how to be a man's woman

Joan Blondell's words ring with authority—especially when you consider that she has captured one of the very nicest men in Cinemaland, or anywhere else, for that matter!

THIS HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP...

What will it do for you?

HOLLYWOOD'S *make-up originated by Max Factor will do wonderful things for you... it will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there... it will individualize that beauty, make you interesting, different!*

IT IS an extraordinary make-up, because it was created for extraordinary conditions... screen stars, not wanting to look alike, asked Max Factor to create a make-up that would individualize their type. The result was Max Factor's sensational discovery—powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony shades that instantly dramatize the individual charm of every star!

You will find that Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance... the Rouge will add a lifelike color to your cheeks... the Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely! Try Hollywood's make-up secret, and note the amazing difference!

Jane Wyatt

IN COLUMBIA'S

"LOST HORIZON"

A NEW LIP MAKE-UP. *Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. One dollar.*

A POWDER SECRET. *Your skin will look young and lovely when touched by the magic of Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade. One dollar.*

ROUGE MAGIC. *Max Factor's color harmony Rouge imparts a natural looking radiant color to your cheeks... blends smoothly and evenly... does not look "hard" in any light. Fifty cents.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL COUPON.

© 1936 *by Max Factor & Co.*

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE.

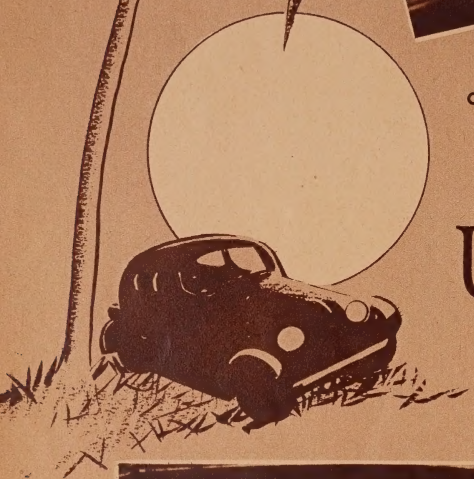
5-9-17

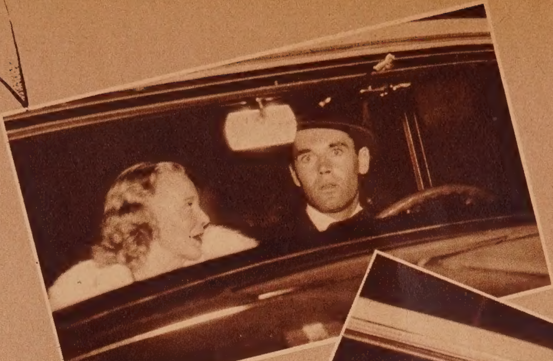
NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

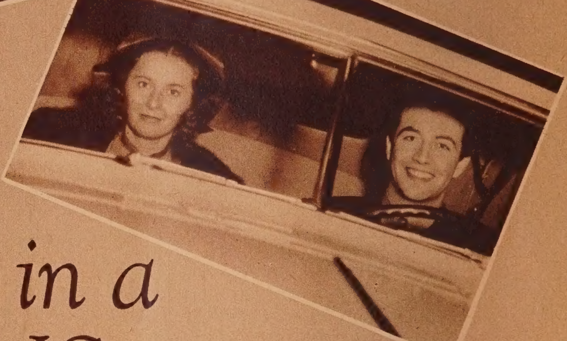
COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	





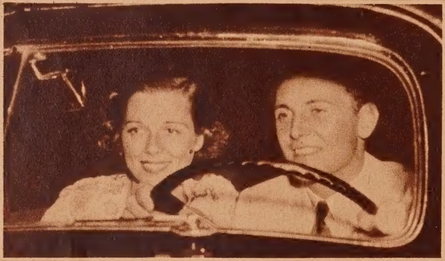
All these photos were snapped as the Trocadero closed during the wee sma' hours . . . Henry Fonda reacts to a flash bulb flaring unexpectedly. Virginia Bruce keeps calm

Photos by Charles Rhodes

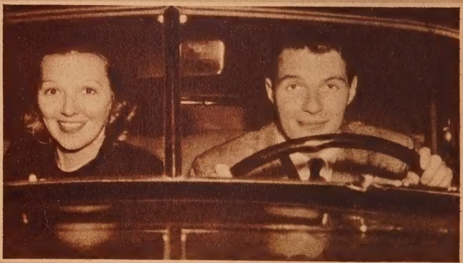


US *in a* BUS

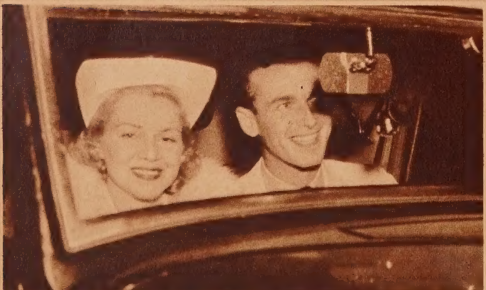
Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor say it's not love. But it looks like love, it sounds like love. It must BE love!



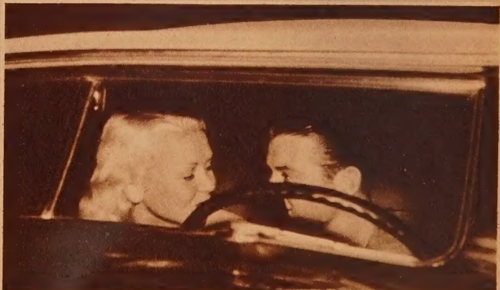
Irene Hervey and Allan Jones confess they will be Mr. and Mrs. That'll save gasoline!



New romance! Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent are wearing out a lot of dancing shoes—together!



Love is the thing—Claire Trevor and Clay Adams realize it. Everyone says they're engaged—they say nothing at all on the subject



"I gotta pass your house to get to my house," leers the mysterious man to Toby Wing. Okay, we'll squeal—the guy is Tom Brown

WINNER!

Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIRST girl to win the title of MARCHAND BLONDE—OF—THE—MONTH, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop *one* of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunnette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair *your* secret of loveliness.

BLONDES—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Rinse sparkling highlights into your hair, with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can lighten your hair to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms and legs. Marchand's alone keeps you dainty and alluring—*all over*. Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in your drugstore. Or use coupon below.

WANTED! ATTRACTIVE BLONDE FOR FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK

Marchand Blonde-Of-The-Month contest. Full details in your bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or use coupon.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle.

Name..

Address..

City.................... State.................... F. P. 936

● Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt get into the mood of the season—vacation time for all of us—to pause in the shadow of the rocks and get a taste of cool spray from the waterfall. They are on location in the mountains of California pretending, for the sake of making *Lost Horizons*, that they are in far-off Thibet. It's an unusual motion picture

Scoop! The Other Side of the Bartholomew Story!

[*Continued from page* 43]

Even my sister used to say, when he was very small, 'Freddie's a born actor.'

"When Freddie was three and a half, we went for a holiday during the month of August to Weymouth, a beautiful seaside place. On the return trip to London we had to pass near Warminster, where I was born and where my parents lived. We broke the journey by stopping to see them for the week-end. They fell in love with Freddie—the baby of the family. He was such a good youngster, and so amusing, and had such pretty baby ways. When it came time for us to start for London, they suggested that Freddie should stay for another two or three weeks. Warminster was a pretty little place—'much better for him than smoky old London,' I said. We decided we would let him stay till the end of summer. My parents were coming up to London after a bit, and they could bring him with them.

"We'd be expecting them when we'd get a letter saying they weren't coming just yet. I'd write back that I'd be coming down after Freddie. They would ask to keep him 'just a few weeks more—then we'll either bring him up to London or you can come down after him.' Things dragged on that way until Christmas, when we went down to Warminster for the holiday and had a family reunion. They hated to part from Freddie and asked to keep him 'just a week or two more.' We let him stay.

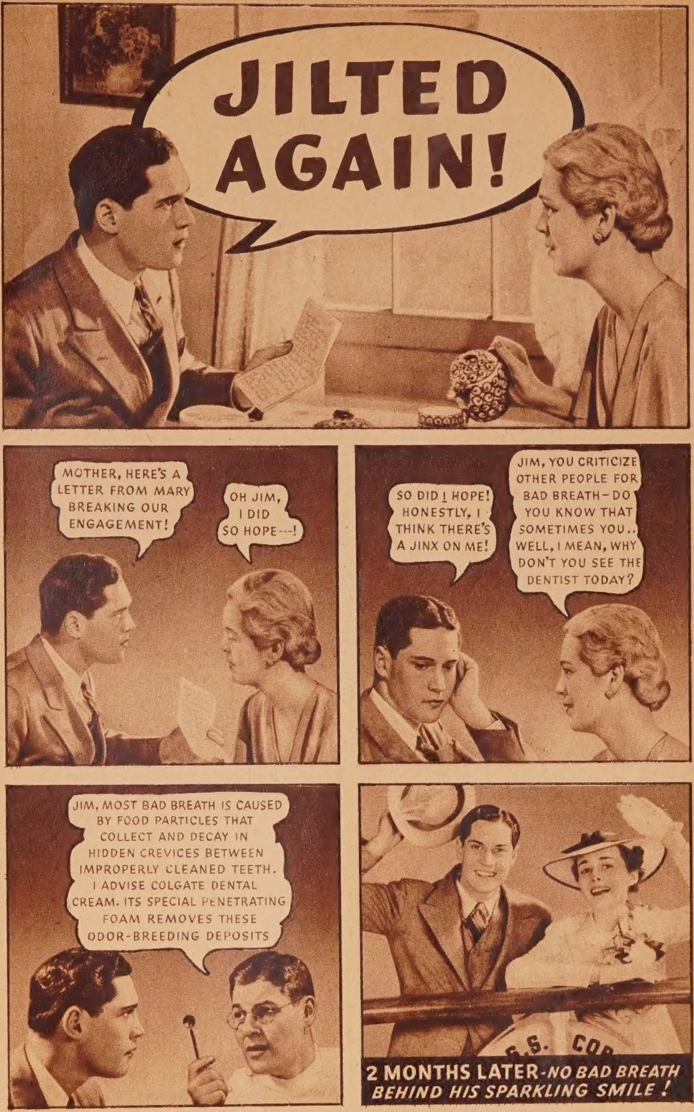
Then we had the same old thing as in the summer, putting off his return from day to day, week to week. But eventually they did come up to London and stayed a month, calling on old friends.

"When my parents went back to Warminster, they asked if they could have Freddie 'another week.' Or maybe until Easter, which wasn't far away. They pleaded so that we couldn't refuse them. Easter came and went, and still no Freddie. But that time it was almost summer. They had a fine place, with acres of ground. He could be outdoors all the time. It would be good for him. Better than London, certainly. Especially the part of London where we lived—the West End, which is like your Broadway. He was happy at Warminster, and thriving. That was the important thing. Even though it meant that we weren't seeing much of him. We knew that he was in good hands. His grandparents couldn't do enough for him. Neither could his aunt. We did not foresee the trouble and heartache it would bring."

ABOUT that time, Freddie's aunt embarked upon his education. "Many people suppose that at one time she had been a teacher. As a matter of fact, she had never been out to any kind of job . . . She simply took a book off the library shelf and started reading to him. She discovered that he had a remarkable memory for what he heard. She started having him memorize whole passages from the classics. When he was just a tot, he could recite yards of Shakespeare.

"He did his first bit on the stage when he was five. He was in an amateur Pierrot show put on at Warminster. He and two others did a dancing turn, fitted out

[*Continued on page* 64]


JILTED AGAIN!
MOTHER, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MARY BREAKING OUR ENGAGEMENT!
OH JIM, I DID SO HOPE---!
SO DID I HOPE! HONESTLY, I THINK THERE'S A JINX ON ME!
JIM, YOU CRITICIZE OTHER PEOPLE FOR BAD BREATH—DO YOU KNOW THAT SOMETIMES YOU.. WELL, I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TODAY?
JIM, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
2 MONTHS LATER-NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

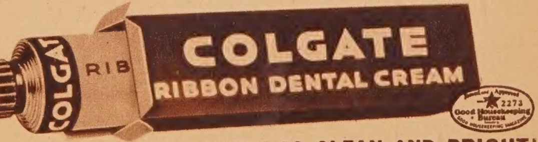
WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢


COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE MAKES TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT!

Scoop! The Other Side of the Bartholomew Story!

[*Continued from page* 63]

in clothes suitable to the occasion. His stage poise was very noticeable. In fact, he was a draw. It was marvelous, what he could do. The director of the show coached him for the job. And the job went on for the whole winter.

"While Freddie was doing that, my sister met some agent and he had a look at Freddie and said, 'I think he'll do for a bit at the Islington Empire Theatre.' Naturally, we were delighted—and nervous, too. Having him appear in an amateur show in small towns was one thing; but seeing him go on in a regular theatre was another thing.

"From that he got several offers. Then we saw more of him. He and his aunt spent a lot of time in London, hunting for parts around various studios, calling on various agents. Much of the time they stayed with us. Other times they stayed with friends who were in a position to drive them around."

Sometime during that period, they signed an agreement with his aunt that the first five hundred pounds that Freddie made in any year should go for his maintenance and further training. That agreement seemed only fair to them.

"*Sugar and Spice* was his first film. It was a pantomime, a Christmas fantasy, in which he dreamed of receiving gifts. Then he went into *Fascination* with Madeleine Carroll, in a very good rôle, and was in one or two other things. Then the law stepped in and said that no child under twelve could act on the stage and that no child under fourteen could work in pictures. The government was very strict.

"He was seven and a half or eight when the ban begun. He stayed on in London and went for a time to a famous school of dancing. A very expensive school, which charged fees beyond the average person. But the manager took Freddie on at almost nothing, on the understanding that he would get a percentage of anything Freddie might make later. My sister managed to break that agreement, somehow.

"With no money coming in, and all their small savings going out, she couldn't live in London. She suggested that she and Freddie return to Warminster and forget this stage and screen business—leave it alone. She would concentrate on his education.

"Freddie never went to school until he was nine years of age. My sister taught him at home from the usual school books. I suggested finally that he should be going to a proper school. There was a very good private school in Warminster, the Lord Weymouth Grammar School. Arrangements were made for him to enter at the beginning of September. I agreed to pay all the necessary fees—until I could make arrangements for his transfer to a good London school, where he could be near his mother and me."

SOON afterward loomed the big crisis in the lives of all the Bartholomews.

"Miss Italia Conti, who ran a school of dancing and trained children for the stage, was asked to find a boy for the title rôle of *David Copperfield.* A handsome boy, very English and very talented. She tried every pupil she had; nothing doing. She had seen Freddie and knew what he could do. She sent for my sister and Freddie, and they arrived in London. They were told that he would have to go over to Elstree, which is like your Hollywood, and be tested.

"It was practically settled then and there, but I didn't know it. Neither did the government. If it had, Freddie and his aunt may not have got out of England—because of the government's attitude toward children working in pictures. Soon after the test, my sister began talking about a two-month holiday in America. 'If you go and any film business results, I want to know about it before anything is done,' I told her. 'We don't want our boy away from us too long—especially so far away.' She knew we would never let him go, if there was a chance of any long separation from us. So she kept insisting that the trip was only for a holiday.

"Then she hopped a boat at Southhampton with Freddie, without letting us know. The first word we had was a wire from Cherbourg, telling us that they were on their way. 'Will write later.' I didn't like the looks of it, sailing without telling us. I went that same Saturday morning to the *Daily Mail* and interviewed their solicitors about steps to take.

"I got in touch with the United States Labor Department and had her detained in New York for three days on Ellis Island and investigated. Miss Frances Perkins, the Labor Secretary, informed me that the trip was only for a holiday. My sister visited friends in New York for a few days; then she dropped from sight. I had people in America trying to locate her. Eventually, we tracked her down. She was in Hollywood, and Freddie was making *David Copperfield,*

"Since then he has made *Anna Karenina, Professional Soldier* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy.* I never heard from my sister from the day she arrived here. I sent her cables and letters, including letters warning her that I should take steps to have Freddie returned to us.

"My brother-in-law, Capt. Keith Ellison of the Royal Engineers, who is married to another of my sisters, saw Freddie and Cissy off on the *Berengaria.* So did Italia Conti and my parents. Ellison suggested that they should form a sort of trust company over Fredde—and an agreement was drawn up roughly. Myllicent would be one trustee, he would be the second, and Italia Conti number three. It is this trusteeship, about which we knew nothing then, that we have been trying to break up.

"My sister knew that I would not have let Freddie come, if I had known of the possible long stay he would be making. Not only because I didn't want my son away from me too long, but because I wouldn't have let him come without everything straight and aboveboard, leaving England. I wouldn't have taken any such chances as she took,

"That 'phone call from the *Daily Mail* gave her the fright of her life I think. It was the reason why she never wrote to us, her actual excuse. 'After I spent three days on Ellis Island,' she asked me when I saw her, 'how could you expect me to write to you?'"

Freddie and his aunt sailed for America on July 15th, 1934.

Peep at what goes on between scenes. Ginger gets a going over by her hairdresser, Louise Sloan, who winds Ginger's naturally curly hair around her finger to produce ringlets. In a moment Ginger will be chanting *I Won't Dance*—but dancing with Astaire

"And it has taken me right up to now to untangle the situation—a tragic situation to Mrs. Bartholomew and me. Separated from our boy by seven thousand miles. Never hearing from him. Or of him, except by reading newspapers and American film magazines.

"I interviewed the Foreign Office, the Home Office, even the film company's agents. They certainly tried to help me. But even the film agents never got a reply to their letters. I went the rounds of solicitors, seeking legal advice. I spent a lot of money to find out how I could get my boy back. And it's only in the last six months that I was lucky enough to find a firm that could help me. This firm, by the way, has an interest in Gaumont-British—which probably led to the rumor that I wanted to take Freddie back to England to work in British films, for some fabulous sum. I want to kill that rumor. I want to remind people of the English law banning children in pictures.

"I've had to sell out my home in London to get my wife here and myself here. I've had to put my two daughters in a different school. I've had to lose my pay in civil service—though my job is always there, waiting for me. I've had one round of expense since the day my sister sailed with Freddie."

"Finally, it was arranged that my wife should come to America and take our case before an American court."

WHEN I talked with the Bartholomews, each of them had seen Freddie only once since arriving in America.

His mother told me: "I saw him in Town House Hotel for an hour and a half through a court order. In appearance, he was the same little Freddie, only taller and thinner. He had grown inches since I had seen him last. But, inwardly, he was changed. He hardly spoke. I went up to him, shook hands and kissed him. I asked him how he enjoyed the journey over and he said he was seasick the first day out. I did not talk about the lawsuit. But he had been told all about it. I'm afraid he knows more about one side than the other. . . ."

His father told me: "I stayed with him a week-end, from five-thirty on Friday until Monday morning. He was very delighted to see me. 'Hello, Daddy! Enjoy your 'plane ride?' That was the first thing he said to me. You know, the studio won't let him ride in planes. But he does practically everything else. He has become a wonderful little step-dancer, I found out; he showed me. He has a home-movie outfit that some big star gave him and he's an expert with it. He ran off pictures for me of himself, taken on a ranch, dressed in a cowboy suit and riding horseback, taking jumps and all of it. 'Yahoo! Yip-pee!' he would yell. He has a scooter-bike with a motor wheel, and I saw him go down the road at twenty miles an hour. He's taking up boxing, with one of Jack Dempsey's old trainers teaching him. He's taking dancing, and piano lessons. His education is in the hands of a studio governess, Miss Murphy . . . At a ship's party on the *Bremen* coming over, I picked up a toy model of the ship's siren, and I gave it to Freddie when I saw him. Well, I heard that whistle all week-end . . . He doesn't let you know he's a big star. But he isn't shy. There never has been any shyness in him. Most children are awkward when they first perform. He never was.

"I asked him when he would like to go back to England. He shook his head. He loves California and he loves the work at the studio . . . I asked him what he would like to be when he grew up, and he answered, 'An actor.' . . . So his mother and I are staying in America, and we're sending for Freddie's sisters. We shall probably live near Freddie.

"I'M NOT out to ruin Freddie's career. That's the reason why I've given my sister the guardianship of him. By that, I don't mean adoption. I don't want to hamper Freddie in any way. He has a fine chance here in America. But it appears that he has been pumped with a lot of nonsense about his own mother. The job I have now is to explain to him just what has happened. He is very sensitive, very highly strung, and I'm not anxious to say too much about it. He likes his aunt and wants to stay with her. But the more he sees of us, the more he will realize our love for him. Words won't be necessary.

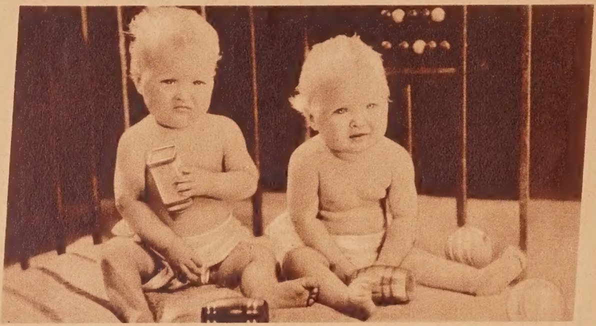
"American courts, we have discovered, deal out fairness. We can see Freddie now whenever we like. Naturally, we don't expect to see him while he is making a picture. We don't want to interrupt his routine. But between pictures we shall see him—either at our house or his, which ever is most convenient to him."

By official court decision, the battle of the Bartholomews is ended. Freddie's life is no longer overweighted with emotional conflict. He lives with his aunt, yet his parents can be with him often.

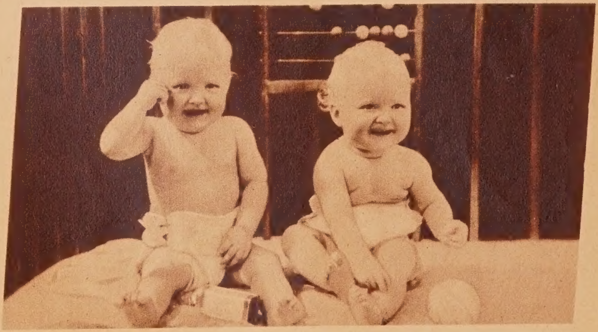
A Los Angeles court has just approved a financial settlement of his $1,250-a-week earnings.

"We came here to see something besides the almighty dollar. We came here to see our boy, to be near him. After all, deeply though she may love him, a spinster aunt cannot be to a young boy what a mother and father can. Particularly as he grows older."

● ***"Well—well! It looked like we were going to have a kind of hot, sticky morning—but see what brother's just found . . . a can of Johnson's Baby Powder! Goody! . . . I'll see if I can't swap my spoon for a sprinkle from his can! . . ."***



● ***"Empty! . . . We might have known it—it was too good to be true! I was almost beginning to feel that lovely, silky powder sliding down my back, and all smooth and tickly under my chin. Just a dream—that's all."***



● ***"Look—do you see what I see? Mother coming with the honest-to-goodness, full-up Johnson's can. She's shaking some powder into her hand—bet she likes the feel of it, too! Baby! . . . the darkest hour is just before the dawn!"***

• • •

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

● ***"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I keep a baby's skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal—protected from chafing and rashes. I'm made of the softest, finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream make babies happier, too. And don't forget Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies!"***

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 17]

made him a millionaire. During the making of *Modern Times* Charlie Chaplin invited Coogan to the studio and had the complete picture—ten reels—run off for him. During the showing of the picture Chaplin's auditor came to the projection room to show him a check just arrived from Calcutta, India, for $1,250 representing payment for showing of the picture in 1935 in India. Still going in India, China and Russia, after sixteen years. Imagine!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S camera car which the company uses in making outdoor shots is, actually, the big Locomobile 6-48 which Charlie purchased in 1916 and has used continuously ever since. Chaplin has had the same Japanese chauffeur for twenty years. Which comes under the head of a steady job.

JACK OAKIE wise cracked Cecil B. deMille and the famous director got a real laugh out of the crack.

Seems deMille was master of ceremonies in a big radio broadcast and told of the time he first started in a little barn, then went on and upward, etc.

"That was great," said Oakie, "what a career? Started small, went to the top and—now you're selling soap."

What Oakie meant was that, on the program, part of C. B.'s job was to do the commercials, telling the value of a certain soap. All in fun.

FRED DATIG, famous casting director for Paramount for years tells a story which proves Hollywood is a funny old place. A director, making a South Seas picture, needed two Tahitian girls who could sing, dance and, of course, possessed of plenty of pulchritude. Datig searched all over and finally had to send to Tahiti for the girls. When they arrived in Hollywood plans to make the picture were abandoned and the girls stayed on. Later another picture company planned a similar picture and needed two girls. The company went to Tahiti to make the picture but had to send back to Hollywood to get the girls.

MAURICE COSTELLO, father of Dolores and Helene and himself a screen idol in the days gone by returns to the screen for a very brief rôle, as a motion picture director, in *Hollywood Boulevard*, a forthcoming Paramount picture. In the same picture will be seen many idols of other days including Charlie Ray, Theda Bara, Florence Turner, Betty Compson, Francis X. Bushman, Bryant Washburn, Herbert Rawlinson and Esther Ralston.

CHARLIE FARRELL has returned from Australia where he starred in a picture and made several personal appearances and radio broadcasts. He is wildly enthusiastic over New Zealand but not so enthusiastic over the taxation thing there which means Charlie will stick to this country until taxes get reasonable "over there."

MAE WEST, while in San Francisco recently, was prevailed upon to make her first airplane trip back to Los Angeles. She enjoyed the experiment hugely and was incog to the extent of registering for the plane trip as "Miss North."

When she went to Chicago recently she registered as "Miss South" and on a trip to Ensenada as "Miss East" so that washes up the points of the compass.

HAL ROACH, who has been making short comedies for twenty-two years at his studios, made his last one a week ago.

It was the 1,095th comedy—what a record.

In the future Roach will devote his time to feature length comedies and his first series will co-star Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti.

SONJA HENIE, famous Olympic Champion skater, has been placed under contract by Twentieth Century and an announcement was made that she would teach Shirley Temple to skate and that Shirley would appear in a picture with her.

However, at a radio broadcast, Miss Henie was asked what she was going to do in the picture and she said she was going to be the star. Guess Mrs. George Temple will have something to say about that.

BABY LEROY is advising all children to forget about pictures. He points to his own experience "washed up at four."

His name in the lights, brief fame and all else now gone. All he has left is a trust fund which will provide him a college education but he can't get that for fourteen years.

He parted with his studio on good terms after they had talked it over with him, man to man.

JAMES CAGNEY after playing heroic G-man rôles in a number of pictures made a special visit to Washington for the sole purpose of finding out for himself just how G-men actually worked. That's sort of locking the barn door after the horse has gotten away.

LORETTA YOUNG was one of a group including Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Director and Mrs. John Ford, Jack Oakie, George Raft and the Bing Crosby's who were honored guests of Rev. Frank J. Caffrey, head of the San Juan Batista Mission in Lower California, at the week's religious celebration at the famous Mission. This group makes the pilgrimage each year.

MARLENE DIETRICH is going to Europe after all, but not as has been printed so many times to make a picture for Alexander Korda. Her trip abroad is chiefly to place her daughter Maria, in school and when she returns she will go to Paramount and pick up where she left off making *Hotel Imperial* with Lubitsch supervising.

Incidentally, they do say, that while in Europe Miss Dietrich plans a little talk with her husband, anent their marital differences.

KAY FRANCIS has been mentioned many times by experts as one of the ten best dressed women in America.

She is at least going to try and live up to that fame with the aid of Warner Brothers who plan one of the smartest pictures of the year for Miss Francis. It will be *Mistress of Fashion* and that spells clothes and plenty of them.

AMOS AND ANDY are established as Beverly Hills residents and doing all their broadcasting from the film city.

Annual visits to Palm Springs and contact with the picture colony enthused the boys to becoming permanent residents, and here they are!

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is another Hollywood actor who is finding gold in London. Dick is playing the star rôle in an English picture *Spy of Napoleon*. Mrs. Barthelmess and the children have left for London which indicates that Dick is going to stay for more pictures.

***Our Gang*, those perennial favorites introduced by Hal Roach whose first members are now grown into adults, are now called Baby Patsy, "Buckwheat" Thomas, Darla Hood, "Alfalfa" Switzer, Pete the Dog and Spanky MacFarland. The dog is the fourth canine to bear the name. Do you know a child who looks like any of these famous baby players? See the story on page 54**

HOLLYWOOD TIPS For HOME MAKERS

Robert Montgomery in his new dressing room at the studio! The room is done in Early American style, having walls and ceiling of knotty pine and colorful rugs and draperies. Most interesting is his nautical panel screen. . . . You too may have the same novelty of design, if you investigate the Imperial Wall Paper Company's products!

Ever try Rinso for those balky spots that other soaps seem to miss? Now that we're beginning, it might be well to investigate a soap that will not shrink the most delicate woolens or fade the most delicate colors. . . . Why not try it?

•

A tip on how to keep slim! Lots of salads say experts . . . but be sure your salad dressing is as slenderizing as the lettuce in the salad. In other words, use only Pompeian Olive Oil, for Pompeian is first-press oil from naturally ripened olives. Just the thing for a French dressing!

•

Those new electric Mixmasters go a long way in helping the housewife with her every day tasks. Nothing could be better for mixing cake batters or anything else that requires constant stirring. All you have to do is to put your Mixmaster to work and you can go about your other tasks. They are swell when you come to pouring in whites of eggs or anything else that requires the use of both your hands. Let Mixmaster do the work!

•

Mona Barrie is one of the many screen stars who have found that, after all, ice refrigeration *does* keep vegetables much fresher and keeps foods from spoiling. Mona's choice is one of the new Coolerators!

Bradley Metcalfe, 12-year-old child actor making his first "purchase" at his newly erected Fox Blox store from little Virginia Fox, daughter of the inventor of Fox Blox. The patented interlocking blocks, siding and columns may be assembled by any mechanically minded boy into a variety of buildings and other structures. Bradley plays the title rôle in *Millionaire Kid*

No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress . . .

IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm *sweet*. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

ODO-RO-NO
Regular
Instant

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9F6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

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For the First Time
35c

Woven-to-Shape
HICKORY
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Sanitary Belt
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GRIP

The lowest price for this belt in Hickory history—35c—is sensational!

By a patented process these Hickory Belts are permanently woven-to-shape on the loom to make them conform comfortably and perfectly to your figure. Made of long-wearing, easy-stretch fine quality Lastex. Can be boiled, washed and ironed.

The "MARVELOX" grip is a new, simple, sensible aid to your personal daintiness, protection and peace of mind. Tiny, lightweight, no bulk, unobtrusive. Adjusted in an instant — permanently secure. No. 1395 (illustrated) 35c. Other Hickory Sanitary Belts: 25c-75c. At all good Notions Counters.

If your dealer hasn't Hickory Woven-to-Shape "MARVELOX", send us his name with your remittance and we will supply you. Specify small, medium or large size. Address: 1143 West Congress St., Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Their Most Appealing Fan Letters

[*Continued from page 44*]

liked dogs, and said nothing could part me from Yankee Doodle, my frisky little terrier.

" 'I'm going to send you my dog, when I get him,' he said. Yes, he was going to give me the one thing he wanted most—his dog. When a boy is willing to give up his dog, that's about the most touching demonstration of esteem you can imagine."

Ginger persuaded him that, since she had one dog, and the new home she is occupying with her mother since her separation from Lew Ayres, is pretty small, maybe he'd better keep his dog.

IT WAS on account of a dog that Chester Morris came into possession of his most touching letter. An item appeared in a gossip column erroneously stating that Chester had given away his dog.

He promptly received an indignant letter from one of his unknown fans. The man wrote:

> **I've long been an admirer of yours, but when I read that you had given away your dog, I changed my mind about you. Any man who would give away his best friend, who would let his dumb but loyal companion go into strange hands, is a base ingrate and I'll have nothing more to do with him!**

"I feel about as strongly on that subject," Chester told me, "so you can imagine how much I was concerned over this letter. I couldn't figure out where the story came from, but I answered right away.

" 'I didn't give away my dog,' I told him, 'and you couldn't make me part with old Michael for any amount. And you're right; when a dog has been your pal for years, you must be an ungrateful brute to have the heart to give him away.' Then I enclosed some snapshots I'd recently taken of Michael.

"It wasn't but a few days before I had a letter back from this fan, telling me he was sorry he had made a mistake. He was so nice about it that in spite of his bawling out, we got to be great friends and corresponded regularly.

"Then one day old Michael died," Chester continued. "I was broken up over it. So were the children and Susie. I sat down and wrote my friend about it. I'm glad I did, for his reply was the most touching letter I have ever received, and did much to lessen the loss of that faithful old Dane."

Chester's dainty little russet Spaniel, Lady Elizabeth, came and rested her nose on his knee. He scratched her head affectionately.

"I've got six dogs now," he smiled. "Lady Liz has proudly presented us with five pups."

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S most treasured fan letter came when she was in the midst of *The Little Minister*. It was from Sir James Barrie, author of the book, and it said:

> **I congratulate RKO-Radio for having such a fine actress as Miss Hepburn to play my Babbie, and for having such a fine Scotchman as Mr. Watson to "keep them right."**

The beloved author of *Peter Pan* had written this fan letter with his left hand, for he lost the use of his right arm some time ago. Rare indeed are the letters that come from his pen of late years. But he wanted Miss Hepburn to know of his admiration for her, and to put in a good word for his friend Robert Watson, the Scotch novelist who acted as technical advisor on the picture.

JEAN HERSHOLT was working with Greta Garbo in *The Painted Veil* when he received his most poignant fan letter. It came from Copenhagen, Denmark, and was written in Danish. The letter was from an old man whose son had gone to America to seek his fortune twenty years before.

"Many times have I been to see your cinemas," wrote the old father, "and the feeling grows on me that you are my long lost son. In every way you resemble him, particularly in *The Student Prince*. Can it be that you are my boy who went away to America? For twenty years I have waited to hear from him, but no word comes."

Mr. Hersholt was deeply moved by the letter, and replied in Danish immediately. He sent photos of himself and explained that, although he was a fellow countryman, he was not the long lost son. The old man practically adopted Jean, anyway, and their correspondence undoubtedly has done much to brighten the old man's declining years.

GENE RAYMOND'S most touching fan letter might not be so thrilling to a family man, but for a young bachelor one must admit there's a kick in having a baby boy named after one!

Gene told me about a letter he received from a young wife who was anticipating a blessed event. She wrote in part:

> **"I hope my baby, if it's a boy, grows up to be just like you. I suppose that a lot of mothers look into the future and wonder what will come to their offspring in the way of fame and fortune. For me, nothing could be nicer than to be the mother of a lad like Gene Raymond."**

Gene replied gratefully to the author of these cordial sentiments. Time passed, and one day Gene's mail contained an announcement that the child had arrived. It was a boy, and his name was to be Gene Raymond!

"Did that give me a thrill?" grinned Gene. "You bet it did! Maybe it's all just in the day's business for a President to have a youngster named after him, but put yourself in my shoes. Wouldn't it make you feel that you have to live up to that young mother's expectations? I wouldn't want that boy to grow up and be ashamed of his name, that's sure. I tell you, that was my most touching fan letter!"

Gene went down town and picked out a lovely cup and spoon of silver, with the baby's initials engraved on them, and sent it off to his god-child. When his namesake had another birthday not long ago, Gene dispatched a gift.

"He's got to toe the mark, that infant," Gene wrote, "because he is going to be a pretty swell fellow if he lives up to my expectations of him. Tell me all about him, please! Because I'm mighty proud of him and I want to be a dutiful godfather."

OF THOSE few, don't forget to include Jean Harlow, whom I would nominate as the most consistently popular star in Hollywood—if fan mail is as reliable an indication as we all believe it to be. Her mail, according to studio statistics, averages twenty thousand letters a month.

And so, to round out this story of the fan letters received by the stars, I went to ask Jean about hers.

I learned that she has over five thousand regular correspondents! All their letters are answered and filed, and some write as often as once a day. Many in this vast group of regular writers send Jean a letter three times a week.

"I couldn't possibly choose the one letter that has affected me most," Jean told me. "There have been so many of that nature that I can't begin to tell you what those letters mean to me."

Her secretary had told me that Jean often dictates replies to more than a hundred letters during an evening, far more than the average business executive handles during a day's work. But she doesn't complain of this chore, she enjoys it and reads every letter containing a personal message.

"You can't imagine the good those letters do me," Jean went on. "They pep me up when I feel discouraged, and their loyalty is beyond my attempt to describe it. All of these friends seem very close to me. They tell me what they think of my clothes, give me advice, intelligent criticism—even their most cherished recipes and beauty secrets.

" 'Don't act in roles where you have to talk out of the side of your mouth,' implores one.

"They have very definite likes and dislikes, particularly in the choice of leading men. Their letters definitely influence me in my choice of roles, for these are the people I am trying to please on the screen.

"I feel very keenly my obligation to them. It's not alone their little gifts and remembrances, understand—it's bigger than that. These fans did their full share in bringing me what success I have enjoyed on the screen; without their support no star can continue in pictures.

"In their letters I read of their heartaches and problems, and their courage in meeting them is inspiring. It's an intangible thing, this contact with my friends, but their influence is very real."

Is it any wonder that Jean Harlow, feeling as she does this kinship with her loyal correspondents, has received more poignant fan letters than she can enumerate?

On the other hand, one of the deciding factors in Jean's change of character—and the attendant dyeing of her spectacular platinum hair—was the tone of another entirely different kind of letter she received. She was brought to a point of rebellion by the audacity of some of the comments written by men who assumed that her sexy characterizations invited freedom of expression.

THE unseen friends of Hollywood stars need have no fear that their letters fail to inspire and thrill the stars. All of them have received their share of poignant communications, of which these are but a few examples—and all consider them to be their most precious reward for their work on the screen.

WITH A FEW STIRS
Perfect Mayonnaise!

EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE

⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
¼ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1¼ cups.

● It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it *good!*

● But notice—this recipe calls for *sweetened condensed milk.* Don't confuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.

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New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. FGB-96, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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THE NEW FRENCH WAY

No matter how gray, faded, streaked your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lasting color by the use of my new discovery **SHAMPO-KOLOR. Shampoos and colors the hair at the same time.** No experience necessary. Takes few minutes only. Can't fade, rub off. Colors gray hair close to scalp. Can be Permanent waved.
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Amazing value sell on sight to friends and others. Take easy orders full or spare time. You make 100% profit and Cash Bonus. 21 charming designs, gorgeous papers, metal foil inserts, etc. Other assortments retail 50c up—Religious, Etchings, Gift Wrappings, Everyday. Write for FREE SAMPLE OFFER!

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Milk*...the quick, easy way to win soft, smooth, youthful skin!

TOBY WING, *vivacious, and fair-skinned, Hal Roach comedy star, says, "Summer sun, dust and wind will never give you a dry, aged looking skin if you nourish and protect it with Creme of Milk."*

MARION TALLEY, *former Metropolitan Opera Star, now a Hollywood & Radio celebrity says, "The milk-oils in Creme of Milk are so fine and penetrating you can fairly feel your skin drink them in."*

ROSINA LAWRENCE, *blond, piquant, youthful Hal Roach star in "Mister Cinderella" says, "Creme of Milk is the fastest and most thorough skin cleanser we Hollywood stars have ever seen. It is truly an all-purpose creme.*

*MILK in a beauty creme at last!

MILK contains natural glandular oils that possess superior power to penetrate, cleanse and nourish the tissues of the skin. No creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to equal their marvelous results. And now scientists have discovered a way to extract and condense these precious milk-oils to make Creme of Milk the first really new face creme offered in modern times.

Creme of Milk, is a complete, all-purpose creme. It cleanses, nourishes and clarifies the skin with amazing speed. Dryness goes almost at once. The penetrating milk-oils make short work of blackheads, clogged pores and other blemishes, leaving the skin soft, smooth, fresh and youthful in appearance. Creme of Milk does more and lasts longer than any creme you know of. Every jar is guaranteed to stay sweet and fresh and it will not grow hair. Try Creme of Milk and you will discover the one beauty creme you have always hoped for. Use the coupon to order a special one-week trial jar for 10 cents or better still, order a full 2-oz jar for 50 cents or the large 5-oz jar for $1.

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creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

DUART'S
FACIAL
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CREAM

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it — every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Druggists and Dept. Store Buyers Note!

3 - 50-cent jars and counter display shipped prepaid for $1. Simply attach your store label to this coupon and mail to us with $1.

Creme of Milk is on sale at *All* Drug and Department Stores in California, Oregon and Washington.

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Please send me {1 2 3} {2 oz. 5 oz.} jars of Creme of Milk for which I enclose $..........
☐ Check here for One-week trial jar and enclose 10 cents.
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CREME OF MILK POSITIVELY AND PLEASANTLY PREVENTS SUNBURN

We Can't Sleep!

[*Continued from page* 32]

alarm. She is now well on her way to a sleepless night, ready to try counting sheep, hold conversations with her fingers and toes, instruct her muscles to relax. She may even pretend she is a tree, trying to stretch her roots down into mother earth (a practice highly recommended by some authorities). It is all no use. She lies sleepless.

In the morning she is on the set looking as fresh as a daisy, and feeling like a daisy that has just been plowed under the earth about six inches. No doubt she has rested. Her doctor would tell her that she has been asleep part of the night without knowing it—but he'd better not. For if there is one thing a person who has passed a bad night hates to hear—it's that.

When these periods come on Jeanette MacDonald she puts on her dancing slippers and seeks the Hollywood night spots. "If I can't sleep, I can't sleep," she says. "And lying in bed does absolutely no good. So I always go out and try to have fun."

Which is the most sensible thing she could do, according to the best authorities because insomnia, they say, is largely a mental habit. There is something about not being able to sleep which strikes terror into the average heart. Being afraid of not being able to get to sleep keeps you from getting to sleep. And thus begins the vicious sleep-stealing circle.

Groucho Marx is one of Hollywood's leading insomniacs. The mere mention of the word is enough to keep him awake nights—he dreads it so much. Recently he turned down a large sum of money to appear on the radio—merely because he didn't want to have to stay up nights. But he said he worried so much about it before-hand that he couldn't sleep. Later he stayed awake regretting the money he had lost.

Groucho is an insomnia cure collector. In a hotel he can't sleep above the twelfth floor. He takes epsom salt baths to make himself sleep, and has a special vibrator for his neck. Fortunately there is a bright side. When things get too bad he goes to the theater. He can always sleep, he says, through a good show.

Ted Healy had a specially built room made for him by a specialist who said that light and sound were the two biggest enemies of complete rest. Built of cork, each window had a small ingenious device (which cost a fortune) but which was able to catch even the smallest sound that tried to enter the room and muffle it.

Black drapery concealed doors and windows. The gloss was rubbed off the furniture lest a ray of light be caught and held in the room. Exceedingly scientific tests, said the specialist, had established the fact that light rays were as apt to keep you awake as sound rays.

Then came the testing night when Ted was to have his first perfect night. His friends gathered round for a farewell toast. Then with many loud expressions of good wishes they ushered him into his scientific apartment.

Healy has never revealed what went on in the room that night. But in the morning he did not rise bright and early. It grew very late, and finally a member of his household decided to open the door.

As the sound proof door swung wide, he was greeted by a blast from the radio. At the same time he was almost blinded by the glare from a ceiling light which originally had been installed solely for the benefit of the cleaners.

Ted Healy was sleeping peacefully The light blazed on his classic countenance, and the radio which he must have acquired at some period during the night, was working its way manfully through the Marine band's playing of the *Marine Hymn.*

In spite of Mr. Healy's big experiment, there is still a movement going on in Hollywood to have rubber bottoms put on ash cans. Early morning milk wagons are already equipped with rubber wheels, and some of them even have low, musical horns that sound like doves, and are calculated to soothe the most jaded Hollywood nerves.

There is a theory that all the sleeplessness is produced by the system of options. Actors, writers, directors are often under contract to work for a certain period at a good salary. At the end of that period the agreement is that they are to have a salary increase—or to get the sack! To a star, to a writer who is living up to every bit of his salary (and there are few of them that are not supporting several other people outside their own families) it is something to lie awake and wonder about—will the option be lifted? Or won't it? Thus half the colony feels itself to be on a transient basis.

OF COURSE there are lots of stars that do not know what it is to lose a night's sleep. Gable, and Crawford—that devotee of exercise, and Harlow and Gary Cooper. Bob Montgomery takes a book to bed with him and reads himself to sleep. And Nelson Eddy is lucky enough to be able to sleep standing up—as he proved on his recent singing tour.

Madeleine Carroll once tried to elope with her insomnia, but she found out it was not a satisfactory process.

"It was in London," said Madeleine, "and I had been playing on the stage, making a picture, and trying to lead a social life with my husband and my friends. After awhile I got out of the habit of sleeping which made me feel rather strange, so—the doctor ordered me to go away somewhere and take a complete rest.

"Now, I could have gone down to my house in Sussex. It would have been the sensible thing to do, but I had a romantic notion of going to a particularly sleepy, quaint, adorable little Inn. So, nothing would do—but there I must go.

"As my car drew into this village I stifled a yawn. Soon I was tucked in bed.

"Suddenly I found myself sitting up in bed. Nearby something was going on that sounded like the shelling of Verdun. I leaped out of bed. Across the street—from the quaintest little church in the world—were coming the most bloodcurdling sounds. Merely the village bells ringing out the hour of nine o'clock. But what bells! My first sleep in months rudely interrupted.

"At ten they came again. And at eleven. By midnight I was ready for them, shouting, 'Ring out wild bells,' as I packed my bags. I knew that I was wilder than the bells could ever hope to be.

"In London, among the accustomed noise and shouting of the city, I fell into a dreamless sleep. I've never suffered since."

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The Inside Story of Myrna Loy's Only Real Romance

[*Continued from page 27*]

who spent hours tagging after her? Rumors . . .

Myrna smiled and went serenely on her way. But there came a time when the last necessary dollar had been put in the trust fund she'd established for her mother. She had seen her and the brother off to Paris where he was registered at the famous Ecole des Arts.

IT WASN'T the kind of day when you expect things to happen. A lid-less sun beat down unmercifully on sweltering people crossing Santa Monica boulevard. The road was gummy and soft with the heat. "United Artists *would* send for me on a day like this!" thought Myrna, parking the old coupe with a disgruntled air.

Slowly she walked into the outer office of the studio. "Mr. Goldwyn, please?"

"That door, miss."

"That door" opened swiftly as she went to it. A man came hurrying into her arms.

"Sorry. *Terribly* sorry," he apologized as he righted her. "Did I hurt you?"

"Not at all." He's nice, she thought. Not that he was handsome. But he had the unmistakable air of culture and good breeding that distinguishes a man.

Five minutes later Sam Goldwyn was introducing them. "Myrna, do you know Arthur Hornblow?"

Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Son of the famous playwright and producer who was responsible for such standbys of the theater as *The Lion and the Mouse* and *Bought and Paid For.* So it was natural for Arthur to have a heritage of the best in American dramatic and literary life. He came to Hollywood in 1926 and in short order he developed into one of the outstanding young producers in the industry.

"Mr. Hornblow," Goldwyn was saying, "is going to be associated with me in this production of *Arrowsmith.* Now your part, Myrna . . ."

As the days went on she decided she liked it better and better. Her dressing room was perfect (it was exactly on a par with the one she occupied at Warners but she didn't stop to figure that out.) The company was the pleasantest she'd ever worked with—had Ronald Colman always been so fascinating? And certainly Helen Hayes was the most charming woman on earth. She'd never been so happy. She didn't know why . . .

It was the thirty-seventh time Myrna Loy had played the part of the Other Woman—and the first time she'd ever fallen deeply in love. *But it took her two years to find out that she had!*

She only knew that she was completely dismal when the picture was finished. And completely thrilled when Goldwyn called her back to make *Devil To Pay.* That her feeling was in any way connected with one Arthur Hornblow, Jr. she had not the vaguest notion.

"He seems to be friends with everybody, that Mr. Hornblow," she remarked to another girl on the set.

"Well, you can't help but like him, he's so decent to everyone . . . Did you see that picture of his wife in yesterday's paper? She's an actress too, Juliette Crosby . . ."

A cold wind blew on Myrna. "No," she said in a small voice, "I didn't see it."

"Oh, they're separated. People say they're going to get a divorce."

The wind suddenly was no longer cold. It must have been a draft.

DURING the months that followed she developed a casual business friendship with Hornblow such as she had with dozens of other men. It wasn't until that morning when Myrna stood, figuratively speaking, at the crossroads of her career that they began to understand the feeling that lay between them.

She had come into his office like a worried child, brushing off her hat with a characteristic gesture. "I don't know what to do, Arthur. I'm at a standstill, right back where I started from. My agent says that every casting director in every studio can't see me even yet as anything but a vampish Oriental. And I'm so tired, *tired,* TIRED of those rôles! I tell you they haunt me! What do you think I should do—go to New York?"

Myrna, the self-reliant, the capable young career-ist, was actually leaning on a man's strength. And loving it . . .

"No, not New York. You're known here. Better stay and we'll work it out together somehow."

Together. It can be the most important word in the dictionary at times.

To Hollywood at large it was given out that Myrna was away on a vacation. In reality she was home studying the script of *Animal Kingdom, and it was Arthur Hornblow who coached her.* Very adroitly—theatrical genius that he is—he brought to life the Myrna Loy of today. *For it is Hornblow who is chiefly responsible for the glamorous, amusingly clever Myrna, the most sensational screen "discovery" of the last two years . . .*

RKO officials when they saw her tests for that picture were a little stunned—

Boris Karloff may be the meanest man in town on the screen, but off-screen he spends most of his time nurturing rare plants for his garden

then blazingly enthusiastic. M-G-M, who had her under contract, followed it up immediately by giving her the lead in *The Barbarian.*

Love can do anything for a woman. *It made a star of Myrna Loy . . .*

"She's going to marry Ramon Novarro!" chorused the news gatherers. And proceeded to print five million words on their "romance." Hadn't he invited her to dine with his family—something he'd never asked any actress to do? And hadn't she rented his house while he was in Europe? But filmdom never guessed that one of the most frequent visitors there was a certain Mr. Hornblow.

EVEN when they began to go to parties together no special import was given it. And he is the first man she has ever been seen in public with consistently. Hollywood, usually so keen in such matters, didn't lift a single eyebrow when Myrna, bright luminary of M-G-M, ducked over to Paramount for *Wings in the Dark.* They called it merely a "friendly interchange of stars between the studios!" And no one thought it significant that Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was the producer of that picture.

He called her aside for script reading just as he did other members of the cast. They sat apart from the others and occasionally his voice would float across the stage—"In this scene, Miss Loy, you'll need to give particular emphasis . . ." And she would nod quietly just as if her heart was not pounding wildly.

Their social life was something else again. You'd see them at those brilliant small parties the Benjamin Glazers give, or at King Vidor's or at any of their other intimates and the thought would come to you startlingly—"Why, they act like Nick and Nora in *The Thin Man!* The same casualness, that gay sustaining nonsense of theirs . . ."

Hornblow is a head taller than Myrna. In Hollywood if you want to describe an innate gentleman you say, "He's like Arthur Hornblow." The first thing you notice about him is his voice. It has a quiet quality that somehow makes everything he says sound terribly important.

Small wonder that a year ago Myrna took the boat to Europe following his.

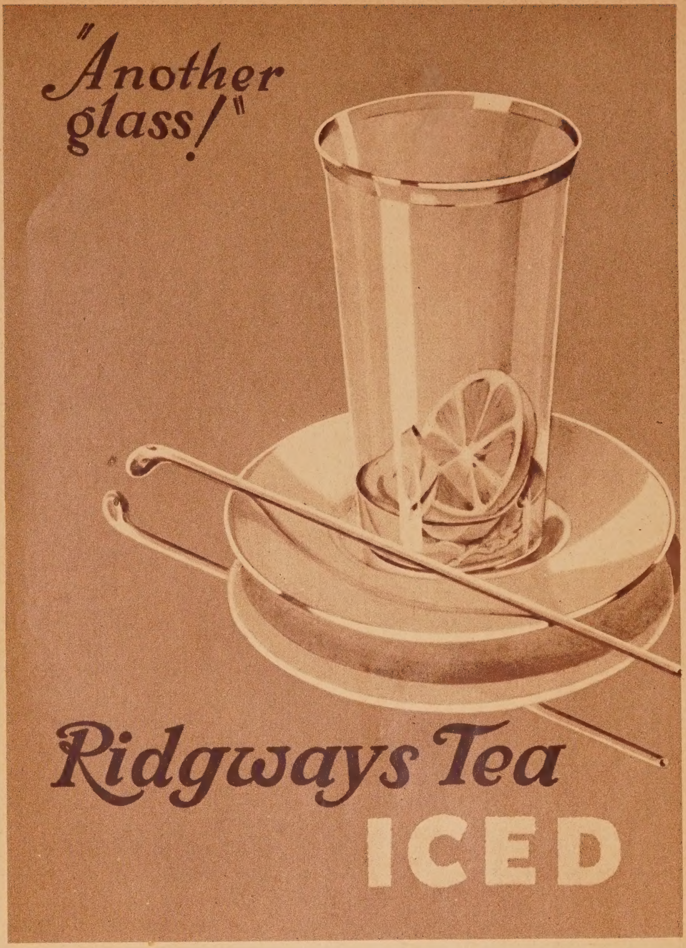
He had, you see, telephoned her one fine spring evening and said he was headed for England to submit the adaptation of *The Light That Failed* to Rudyard Kipling. Gary Cooper is to star in it . . . He wanted to make it one of the most impressive productions on the Paramount schedule . . . Myrna listened, feeling oddly stricken. And at the other end of the 'phone Arthur was wondering how soon he could catch a ship back.

He had been gone three days when Myrna did the most drastic act of her life. *She ran away from Hollywood.*

In New York they said she was there to discuss her contract with the studio. Back on her home lot Luise Rainer was rushed into the place she left vacant opposite William Powell in *Escapade.* Actually, Myrna was finding out the full meaning of loneliness.

Hornblow sailed on the Champlain. She sailed on the Paris with a companion-secretary. And one afternoon Mr. Hornblow looked up from his London News to find a young redhead standing in front of him. "Oh, please, sir, it's such a *large* city—and I think I'm lost!"

They smiled delightedly at each other. "Oh, no, not lost," he assured her. *"Not ever lost!"*



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Hollywood
5

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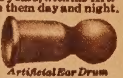
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Captivating

The Story Behind Fred MacMurray's Elopement!

[*Continued from page* 29]

that, believe this or not—from that day when they first met, neither Fred nor Lilian has gone out with anyone else! In all the parade of beauties he has met on stage or screen, there's never been any girl for Fred but Lilian. And in all the men she's seen, there's never been anyone else for Lilian but Fred.

They were nobodies, then. Just a sax-player and just a chorus girl. Fred took her home, showed her to his mother. With Fred's mother, Lilian clicked just as instantaneously and just as thoroughly as she had with Fred. Mother okehed Fred's girl—and that was that. Since then, Lilian has been almost as much a member of the MacMurray household as though she'd been born into it!

Their romance went on, as young folks' romances do. Fred and Lilian mentioned matrimony, once in a while, talked it out frankly. Fred pointed out that he was just a small-timer, as yet—that he didn't make much money; that he didn't have anything to offer except love.

That, Lilian told him, was all she asked.

But Fred had his own ideas of playing the game fair. "I won't," he told himself, "ask any girl to marry me unless I know I'm set. Unless and until I know I have the certainty of an income and a future that will enable me to give my wife everything I want her to have—everything she wants—a home, comfort, surety and position."

And so, aching with love for this girl, Fred MacMurray was fair enough and strong enough not to ask her to marry him, yet.

Then came that spin of Dame Fate's wheel that landed Fred in Hollywood. It was Fred's number—and the pay-off was great. That's an old story now—and I won't bore you here with a repetition of the story of Fred's skyrocketing ride to film fame.

He went to Hollywood.

Lilian followed him. She quit the New York stage, went to Hollywood, found herself a job as dress model!—to be near Fred. In Greer's swanky gown shop on Sunset boulevard, she paraded before the stars opposite whom Fred was playing. She, a voiceless, mannikin, had to strut like an impersonal automaton before the very beauties to whom Fred was making love before the cameras of Hollywood.

I often wonder what thoughts must have passed through Lilian's mind, those hours. Lilian is no fool, no empty-headed doll. Lilian has brains! All those who know her tell you that. Lilian knew what sudden film fame meant—she knew how easy it'd be for a man to go Hollywood, in all the term implies. She'd read tales of the broken romances that crumbled in the wake of other careers.

But no matter what she thought, Lilian had faith in Fred MacMurray. And that faith was well placed. Fred didn't go Hollywood. And all his spare time, he spent with Lilian.

The story of their love-life in Hollywood isn't a glittery, glamorous, brightlighty and jazzy tale. Fred and Lilian don't go to the nightclubs making whoopee; they didn't play around in the flashy set of Filmland. Instead, when the day's work at the studio and at the coutourier's was done, Fred and Lilian jumped into that old ramshackle car of Fred's, and took a ride, somewhere. Likely as not, Mother MacMurray was along.

It was a homey sort of love story—as homey and as simple and as unostentatious as Fred himself. Now and then, Fred and Lilian would sneak a surprise over on mother—why, I remember the holiday, not long ago when Fred sent his mother over to a friend's for a visit—and then he and Lilian, like a couple of small town kids in love, bought a turkey and trimmings, and went home. And in the kitchen, they put on aprons, like two children playing house—and they cooked the turkey and the trimmings—and had it steaming on the table to surprise mother, when she got home. That sort of fun. . . . !

Their friends were simple, obscure folk. Their best friends were—and still are—Mr. and Mrs. Dean Jagger. Dean is another lad, like Fred, trying to crash pictures. Lady Luck hasn't pulled his number out of the bag yet; Dean's glad to get bit parts and even extra work. They have a little simple home up in Laurel Canyon, miles from ritzy star-studded Beverly Hills. But the Jaggers' shack is where Fred and Lilian liked to visit. They'd go there often, for Sunday morning breakfasts. The names of those who were there never appear in magazines; they're still Hollywood nobodies. But they were Fred's and Lilian's friends.

No mushy-mushy, moony-moony stuff for Fred and Lilian, either. They weren't the out-under-the-moon, sighing-their-heads-off, hand-holding, kind of lovers. Here were two kids who were pals as well as lovers. Fred'd watch Lilian, and listen to her—and get a kick out of her. He'd tease her oftener than he'd kiss her. But it was the sort of teasing that you know is built on a firm foundation of respect, admiration, love and above all, a warm, rich, great friendship.

Now and then, of course, Fred had to talk about Lilian. Usually, when interviews were arranged for Fred, as he skyrocketed toward higher film triumphs, the studio press department hinted and suggested to the interviewers that they not ask Fred about romance or love or his own love or things like that. Sometimes, to some interviewers, they said that Fred didn't like to talk about such things. To others, they admitted, more frankly, that it wouldn't do Fred any good to publish the story of how he loved and stayed in love, despite all fame, with that little obscure dress-model from Greer's.

But Fred didn't object to talking about her at all. He loved her and he was proud of her. One day, at lunch, he told me about her—months before they married.

"We're not officially engaged," he grinned. "But hell, you can pretty well guess that we'll be married sooner or later, can't you? Of course. But not until I'm ready—I'm not sure yet that this isn't all a flash in the pan for me. When I'm sure, then—well, you know. . . ."

It was like that with Fred. There never was any other girl in his mind; there never was any idea in his mind of not marrying Lilian, when he was ready. It was just part of the idea to Fred—and in everything he ever said about Lilian, that shone through.

And that's why when they did marry, it happened as it did. With all the appearance of a casual, offhand, shoulder-shrug, maybe. It was like this—

Fred had been away on location with the "Texas Rangers" for about a month—a long, long month, away from Lilian. In that time, he learned most deeply how he missed her when she wasn't near him. And, too, in the long, desert weeks he had time to think it all out. He realized, suddenly, that his income and his future were, at last, assured. He realized those two things—first, how much he loved and wanted Lilian for his wife, and, second, that now at last he was ready to ask her to be his wife. . . .

They went back from location, and one morning, Fred came to the lot, and was greeted with:

"Beat it—we're through with the picture—that was the last 'take' last night. Go take a vacation."

It was sudden. Fred hadn't expected a vacation. For just a moment, he was bewildered. Then his face beamed. He leaped into his car, and drove like a bat out of hell around to a little apartment on DeLongpre avenue, not far from the studio, where Lilian lived. He pushed the bell, hoping Lilian was home. She was—the buzzer hummed, and Fred bounded in.

"What," Lilian asked, "are you doing here? Been fired or something?"

"Nope. Gotta vacation," yelled Fred. *"Let's get married . . . !"*

Like that! Casual? Maybe it seems so—but it was Fred's way of doing things. For three years, Lilian had waited for this moment, had dreamed of it. Now it was here—and Fred pulled it off like he'd order a glass of beer. But Lilian knew her Fred; she knew that behind that MacMurray casualness, there was a strength and a depth and a sincerity and a faith that withstood three years of every kind of buffeting and above all, Hollywood. She knew that this casual proposal was the most uncasual proposal Hollywood had ever heard.

"Oh, okay," she said, just an nonchalantly. I don't believe they even kissed. Fred didn't have time. He was too busy at the phone, arranging for airplanes and things. You see, Nevada is only an hour's flight—and in Nevada, you don't have to wait three days between filing your application for a license, and marrying, as you do in California.

A half hour later, Fred and Lilian and Fred's mother were in the plane. Another hour, and they were saying their "I-do's" in Las Vegas. Still another hour, and they were back in Hollywood.

Fred called the studio.

"Say," he asked, "are you sure I have a vacation?—sure you don't want me for retakes or something?"

"Hell, yes; we're sure," they told him. "What are you so jittery about?"

"Well—aw—uh—you see, I just kind of got married, and if you won't want me, I figured we might like to have a sort of honeymoon. . . ."

That's Fred MacMurray for you.

Of course, they told him to take his honeymoon. They hadn't wanted him to marry, but what could they do about it now? So Fred bought a couple of tickets to Honolulu, and that's where they are, on the Hawaii boat, in mid-Pacific now.

At the studio, they're wondering whether Fred's marriage to the obscure little dress-model will smash his promising screen career.

But on that honeymoon boat, Fred doesn't give a damn.

Fred's got the wife he wanted, and that's all that matters.

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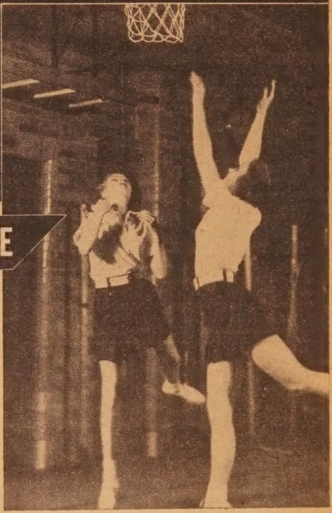

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General Card Co., 400 S, Peoria St., Dept. C-121, Chicago, Ill.

Ida Lupino's Rules for Posture

[*Continued from page* 18]

my father's tutelage when I was seven years old. Dancing was a part of that training, both tap and ballet, and I still dance every day, because it is fun and because it is, by now, a part of me. I have studied with both Ernest Belcher and Le Roy Prinz since coming to Hollywood.

"Dancing has a tendency to create heavy muscles in the calf and ankles and that is why so many professional dancers have knotty legs. To keep my legs and feet smooth and supple, I constantly flex my toes and ankles like this. . . ." She thrust a slim foot over the edge of the lounge and wriggled her sandals up and down over her toes.

"It is, however, only the consistent, regular exercise that keeps the figure in line. These calisthenics I do every day—without bending my knees I touch the palms of my hands to the floor, fifty times to the front, fifty to the right and fifty to the left. Then I bend backwards from the waist as far as I can the same number of times.

"An exercise for reducing the hips and waistline taught me by Jim Davies, Paramount masseur, is to sit on a bench with the legs extended straight out from the waist. Have someone hold the ankles firmly. Then slowly let the upper half of the body fall backwards until the head touches the floor. Then slowly raise the body to a sitting position.

"Another exercise which is excellent for muscle development and weight reduction is a homemade tug-o-war. Sit on the floor with the legs stretched ahead, facing your opponent who is in the same position. Brace your feet against a book and grasp a two-foot cord between you. First your opponent falls to the floor backwards, tugging you forward. Then you tug backward, drawing your opponent to a sitting position as you let yourself backward to the floor.

"The best of figures," Miss Lupino continued, "can be ruined by incorrect posture. One should always remember to keep the small of the back arched inward, the shoulders back, and the chest held high as if attached by an invisible string to the ceiling.

"The walk more than any other habitual action characterizes an individual. That is why an actress will change her walk to suit the rôle she is interpreting. If she walks across the stage with a slouch, hand on hip, and flops into a chair, the audience immediately recognizes the character as a trollop.

"One should strive for a graceful, rhythmic walk by standing erect and placing one foot directly in front of the other in a straight line. The walk should be natural, without exaggeration, as small mincing steps and long gawky strides are equally unflattering. Above all, don't slump!

"Another important point to remember in walking," she went on, "is not to let the knees sag. Wobbly knees are disastrous to good posture. If the back muscles have been trained to play their rightful rôle of keeping the body erect, don't let protruding, half-bent knees betray you into the general collapse of everything that stands for vim and beauty. Keep the knees back in their sockets where they belong—don't let them rob your walk of all grace."

Miss Lupino stood up then, interested in illustrating her next point. Although small in stature, her pose was dignity and charm incarnate. "When one stands still for any length of time, rest the weight on the right foot. This gives a graceful line to the thigh and to one's gown, particularly if the gown is floor length. To stand rigid with the feet planted firmly together gives a stolid look.

"Sitting down with ease and some semblance of grace should be the easiest thing in the world, yet so many girls do it badly. If you are standing beside a chair, place your hand on the back of it as you walk around to sit down, measuring it with your hand. If you back up to a chair, measure the height of the chair seat with the calf of the leg. Flex your knees accordingly and sit down—don't drop.

"Personally, I never, never sit with my knees crossed. It pushes the calf out of proportion and thickens the line of the ankle. Sit with one foot slightly in front of the other, the soles of the feet squarely on the floor.

"Nor do many girls seem to know what to do with their hands or how to carry them. For the girl who is hand conscious I would suggest wearing a ring on the left hand which she can touch or hold between the thumb and middle finger of her right hand. I don't mean to twist and play with the ring, but it does bring the hands together naturally and gracefully and has the effect of giving them something to do."

I asked Miss Lupino then about her beauty routine—those habits of care which must always complement even the most perfect figure.

"I follow any kind of exercise with a cold shower," she said. "And then I enjoy a fragrant dusting powder as a finishing fillip.

"Equally important to the care of the figure is the care of the skin and hair. I use the same brand white soap for my face that I do for my bath. After washing my face, I go over it again with a pad of cotton saturated with a mild astringent before applying make-up.

"An actress has very little time to appear in street make-up. Therefore cosmetics to me mean either screen make-up or evening make-up. And here's my favorite eye make-up trick for evening. I spread a small amount of grey eyeshadow evenly over my lids from the base of the lashes to the top of the eyeball. Over this I smooth a drop of oil which gives a luminous look to the lids that is particularly flattering under artificial light."

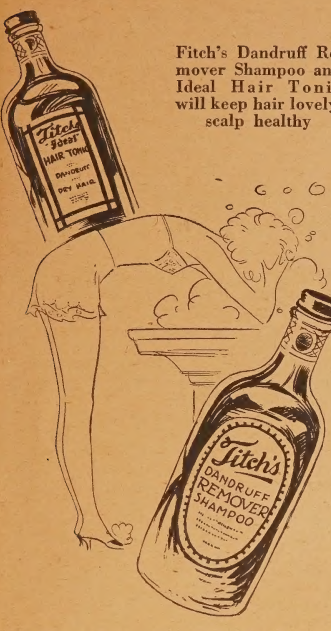
The bungalow telephone rang peremtorily. Miss Lupino was wanted on the set . . . Nino Martini was waiting to sing her a love song. And what girl wouldn't hurry away under those circumstances!

BEAUTY ADVICE—FREE

Perhaps there is some trick of make-up used by the stars about which you are curious. Perhaps you have problems of hair or skin about which you would like the advice of an expert beautician. Then write Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Miss Lynn will give a personal, confidential answer to your beauty problems. There is no charge, but please don't forget the stamped envelope.

Discoveries in Beauty Aids

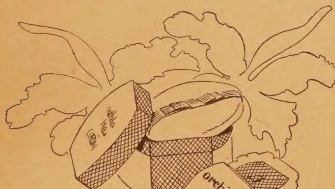
[*Continued from page* 19]



Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo and Ideal Hair Tonic will keep hair lovely, scalp healthy

your favorite perfume. On sale wherever soap is sold.

THE HAIR—Before there is any discussion of sculpture curls or hair ornaments, every girl should make sure that her scalp is clean and healthy and that her hair is in the best of condition. 'Tis said that the hair picks up and holds more dirt in an hour than the entire body does in a day. This calls for a constant cycle of brushing and shampooing. If you are a victim of that hoodoo dandruff, then you will find *Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo* especially beneficial in keeping your scalp immaculate. It is applied to the dry hair and then massaged with a small amount of water into a veritable ocean of lather, which you remove by the handsful. After rinsing with clear water, your scalp tingles with renewed life and the hair is glossy and tractable. Under normal conditions the hair should be shampooed once a week, but if you work or live in a dirt-laden atmosphere, twice a week is not too often.



Corday's lovely Orchidee Bleue scents face powder and bath powder, for the girl who likes perfume harmony

PERFUME AND POWDER—Subtle fragrance is an integral part of feminine charm, and the ensemble in perfume and powder marks the truly fastidious woman. Exciting news to the users of *Corday's Orchidee Bleue* perfume is the announcement that this famous French perfumer now manufactures a powder scented with this delightful bouquet odor. The face powder is gossamer fine and comes in five exquisite shades, selected to blend with every type skin. A smart and useful addition to each box is the genuine lamb's wool puff which fits snugly into the top, preventing the powder from spilling and the puff from becoming overladen.

Completing the *Orchidee Bleue* ensemble is a bath powder of velvety texture. This, too, has its own puff—large and fluffy with a ribbon pleated strap through which to slip the hand. You will find these powders so expertly perfumed that even after months of use, the last grains in the box are as fragrant as the first.

If you would like the name of a product to fill a particular beauty need, write Janet Lynn in care of SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Kindly enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

What would grandma say? Jean Joyce, a dancer in *Follow Your Heart*, probably would talk right back about the advantages of shorts as a feminine costume

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh

NOTARY PUBLIC

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"
"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"
"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are all that you claim"

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

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Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. FG 9-36
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REDUCE
Controllable FAT

"I LOST 55 lbs. of FAT"

writes Michigan Lady

Look-Feel-like a NEW PERSON!

● Is fat making your life miserable? Many other women who used to sit back ashamed and uncomfortable because people laughed and called them "Fatty" have now found a new joy in living after freeing themselves from the burden and embarrassment of overweight. Don't let controllable FAT rob you of happiness!

READ WHAT THESE WOMEN WRITE:

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life, **I reduced 55 lbs.,** with RE-DUCE-OIDS."

Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: **"Lost 47 lbs.,** though I did not diet."

Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: **"Lost 34 lbs.** RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take."

Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, writes: "I took RE-DUCE-OIDS according to directions and was soon delighted to find my weight steadily decreasing until **I lost 27 lbs.** I worked every day and felt fine all the time. I can recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS."

RE-DUCE-OIDS are **not** a new experiment—they have been used by thousands of fat people. Sold for 22 years. Pleasant, easy to take.

IMPORTANT — RE-DUCE-OIDS positively **DO NOT** contain dinitrophenol.

FAT GOES . . . or Money Back

Your money back in full if you are not delighted with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS. You are the judge. Sold by leading drug or department stores everywhere, or if your dealer is out, send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages, direct to us.

Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (10c fee must accompany C.O.D. orders only.) **Sent in plain wrapper, no embarrassment.**

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746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me................packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS, for which I enclose payment, on your Money-Back Offer.

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Through three generations distinguished visitors to Philadelphia have preferred the comforts of this hotel, its noted cuisine, and the spirit of its service.

Rates begin at $3.50

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Booking Offices in
New York, 11 W. 42nd St., Longacre 5-4500
Pittsburgh, Standard Life Bldg., Court 1488

Shy—Like a Lion!

[*Continued from page 26*]

Hecht-MacArthur film (Stander's first) *The Scoundrel.* His most recent release is the Edward Arnold-Columbia released film *Meet Nero Wolfe.* It will be followed by *There Goes the Bride.*

With idle curiosity Stander asks about other film personalities. But it's all very casual. He's really not very much interested in them. He refers to Jean Harlow and Clark Gable not as persons but as names symbolizing Sex Appeal and Glamour in The Films. Motion Pictures, he thinks, have by no means attained their full stature. They could be made much more important. The Cinderella story that Hollywood tells and retells is just so much four-lettered-word.

Frank Capra, thinks Stander, is a genius. He directed *Mr. Deeds.* The piquant flavor of Capra's films, such as the Award-winning *It Happened One Night,* comes from Writer Robert Riskin's adroit handling of the hackneyed Cinderella theme, plus Capra's technique of slam-bang realism. It's a sure-fire combination. Academy-Award Director John Ford, Stander says, is also a man of genius. Ford does the frothy stuff well, but can also do stuff with guts, like the dramatic *Informer* (the best film Stander has ever seen) which won Star Victor McLaglen and Director Ford honors. But Ford, says Stander, is ably assisted by a "class-conscious" writer, Dudley Nichols. Take it or leave it, it's great to hear Stander analyze. He flavors his speech with strange words like "wacki." "Wacki" means "not so good."

"Hawaiian?" we ventured.

"Yes, I believe it does come from the Islands," says this two-legged encyclopedia. Yet, you don't want to wring his neck because he's so smart. "Films," he continues, "are the synthesis of all the arts." He squints his green left eye, looks sharply through his brown right eye. Nature gave Belle Cantor's son eyes of two colors. ". . . writing, acting, music, painting. The theatre has always reflected life. In medieval times the feudal baron was always the hero. As the system changed, the baron became a villain . . . et cetera."

If a crap game, early in life, gave Stander his biggest dramatic moment (see opening paragraph), crap shooting has dominated his life. Even his speech, today, is vividly embroidered by the single-syllabled word. At nineteen, he got his first stage part because he rolled the "bones" with great natural talent. Interested in the theatre, Stander stayed to appear on the New York stage in *Him, House Beautiful, Red Rust, The Bride of Torozko* (Jean Arthur seen with Stander in films *Mr. Deeds, If You Could Only Cook,* was in this stage play, too), *Final Balance, Reunion,* plus twenty-six flops!

Poppa Stander (Louis E., a Certified Public Accountant) hoped that Lionel Jay would follow him into the debit-credit business. Brother Alvin is a medical student (like Momma Belle Cantor Stander before her marriage); Sister Frances is an advertising copy writer. But no. Lionel was adamant. He didn't want to chase figures—on paper. Stander would have been the son of a War profiteer if the Armistice hadn't come along when it did in 1918.

Poppa Stander, you see, in addition to being a CPA, was also a civic government official (New York School Board, etc.), and, further, he was a manufacturer of khaki puttees. He outfitted the First American Expeditionary Force, and, like a good business man, put his half-million profit back into puttees, figuring that the Second Expeditionary Force would have to have its legs covered, and he would make about eight million dollars covering them. You know what happened on the 11th of November, 1918. Away went the Standers' fondest dreams of wealth. Also their profits.

THIS was not the permanent blight on Lionel's life that you might imagine. He is so catholic (with a small "c") in his interests . . . also as regards women, he tells us . . . that he can't be bothered about thinking of what might have been. He's too busy thinking of what will be, and is.

When he is not working in a film, Stander spends the night and half the early morning reading in his cromium-and-black den (that is, if he is not studying feminine psychology with a fair companion at a theatre, or somewhere), sleeps until noon, wanders about his acre estate (he bought it eight months ago), and spends the rest of the day and night in conversation. He's a great talker, need we say? He'd rather talk with directors, writers, producers, than actors.

Stander gets his political news from two of the world's greatest newspapers: England's *Manchester Guardian,* New York's *Times.* He reads the local editorials for his laughs. Never looks at the sports section; the "funnies." Likes to read between the lines of important dateline items concerning political maneuvers. The kind of drama he likes is not the synthetic stuff that he enacts, but the kind that is seething beneath newspaper headlines. He scoots up to San Francisco, during vacation, and hob-nobs with political reporters and editors. Talks "shop" with them. He has no desire to write his memoirs. They'd be good reading, if he did. "What do I want to 'louse' up clean paper for?" he asks, grinning like a satyr.

Stander, of German-Russian descent, prefers women from "fifteen to forty," changed it to "fifty," upon seeing our disappointed look. He also likes them to be "dignified." To him, Jean Arthur has "dignity." He has been six feet in height since he was sixteen (or was it fourteen?), now weighs 160 pounds, played football for four college years, has no university sheepskin to prove it, doesn't care much about that, indulges in few active sports, and says, with a roar, that "Jackie," a trained film lion, is his favorite male screen actor.

His favorite screen actress is, laugh this one off, Lynn Fontanne. But she has only made one film, we reminded him. "I know it," he answered with a grin. If he had been born in Iowa, with that mammoth voice, those lungs, Stander would probably have been State Champion Hog Caller.

HE HAS no suppressed desires. They are all vigorously expressed. Vigor, as a matter of record, is his outstanding personal trait.

Our Hollywood Frivolities!

[Continued from page 45]

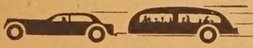
about thirty-three, cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers and sisters)—which would in itself make quite a pool full.

Fridays haven't been spoken for; so I wager that is Grace Durkin day, 'cause Dick is awfully crazy about Grace right now.

Grace and Dick have been exchanging these ardent looks since January! . . .

PATRICIA ELLIS and Paula Stone have really gone "monopoly" minded in a big way. If you have played this game Monopoly (as you undoubtedly have), you realize how it really gets you real estate minded. The topper last week, though, was Paula wiring birthday congratulations to a friend saying: "We can let you have a happy birthday and 'park place' for two hundred dollars. Love—Paula."

The fellow took the happy birthday and the love, but left "park place" to the Indians and Patricia.



Mary Rogers (daughter of Will) really created the latest thing in party transportation last Saturday when she hired a beautiful, two-room trailer, hitched it to the back of her big car and drove from house to house picking up her fourteen guests and taking them the twenty-mile drive to the Annual Spinsters' Ball at the Midwick Country Club.

The trailer is furnished beautifully and contains a radio, a bar, and all the comforts of a small sitting room. In fact, Mary even proved its practicability by doing a bit of ballroom dancing en route with Kelly Anthony, son of Earl C. Anthony, wealthy Los Angeles financier.

Incidentally, if Mary Rogers ever accepts any of those movie offers she has had, you will get to see a really gorgeous looking girl—and one with plenty of talent for star material. At this moment, however, she is off for Ogunquit, Maine, where she will delve into another summer of stage work in stock to garner a bit more experience before tackling motion pictures. To date, Mary has had featured rôles in nineteen stage plays.

SAY, this new fellow, James Stewart, is certainly beating everybody's time around Hollywood with the young movie queens. At a recent social gathering, six different prominent young screen ingénues came up and said, "Henry, do me a favor—" and after the fourth one, I had the answer. The favor was each time, "—introduce me to James Stewart."

But one beautiful and famous little redhead inadvertently illustrated "how to get your man" in one easy lesson. She did not ask to meet him, but he did meet her; which resulted in a luncheon date at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary the very next day.

TOM BROWN, who receives more fan mail than almost any other young player on the screen, has really set up an enviable system of taking care of the fans' requests.

Each letter is opened and read by Tom, and the name and address of the sender is recorded on a special ledger book. If the envelope requesting a photograph contains a quarter, the fan receives an 8x10 of Tom, personally autographed: "To Mary, Best Wishes—Tom Brown."

If the envelope contains no money, you still get a picture, but it is a 5x7 saying just: "Sincerely, Tom Brown." However, if you are a member of a Tom Brown Fan Club and do not even send a quarter, you are specially taken care of with a "To Mary, Best Wishes—Tom Brown." signature.

Now and then, a request for a picture accompanied by a dollar rolls in, and the author of this epistle receives an 11x14 portrait with a few extra words thrown in.

"—And for five bucks," kidded Ida Lupino, "maybe you'd get Tom Brown in person."

But all kidding aside, Tom spends more money, more time and effort in taking care of his fan friends than any other young fellow I know on the screen.

I think he is rewarded by the thousands of loyal followers that are his both in this country and throughout Europe.

Incidentally, I forgot to mention—if you just send a postcard, you don't get a picture; so conduct your requests accordingly.

WE ALL agree that Major Bowes really started something with his amateurs and discovering new talent for stage and screen via the radio. He has combed the country, all the little towns and hamlets, for talent—but we give the medal of the month to Ben Alexander, Hollywood's twenty-five-year-old majordomo. Ben Alexander thought up the idea of discovering talent in Hollywood. It seems no one ever thought much about there being talent right here waiting to be discovered—so with the backing of the Kellog Company, Ben Alexander is presented once a week over the air with his talent parade—featuring coming young stars, dancers and dramatic players of great merit. The auditions are held each Friday and the local young people have their chance to try out for a spot on the program. Studio executives are paying particular attention in backing up the embryos unearthed by Major Alexander.

For Prompt Pleasant Relief
There's Nothing Quite Like
Alka-Seltzer
It makes a clear, sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.
30c AND 60c PKGS. ALL DRUG STORES—Slightly higher in Canada
LISTEN TO The National Barn Dance On The Radio Every Saturday Night N.B.C. Network.

ITCHING Skin Symptoms GO!
STOPPED IN MINUTES
ITCHING skin can be maddening! But—it's needless, in Athlete's Foot—poison ivy—rashes—eczema—pimples! Stop itching, burning torture; give skin new kind of help with HYDROSAL. Employs "colloidal" active principle. HYDROSAL is astringent—improves skin's looks. Use for any itching rash! Used by hospitals. Accepted by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At any drug store; liquid or ointment, 30c; 60c.
SKIN OUTBREAKS
RASHES ECZEMA
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Dont envy her..

Sheila

EGG SHAMPOO
COLOR RINSE
WAVE POWDER

makes your hair like this

This new marvelous SHEILA Egg Shampoo makes your hair light, fluffy. SHEILA Color Rinse (not a dye or bleach) gives it a beautiful natural lustre, 12 shades, SHEILA Wave Powder makes those curls stay just right. Try this new wonder combination. On sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores. Mail this coupon and enclose for EACH prepaid 10¢

MAIL THIS COUPON

SHEILA INC. Cleveland, Ohio

I am enclosing___cents. Please send me SHEILA Shampoo____pkgs.—SHEILA Rinse (give shade) ____pkgs.—SHEILA Wave Powder___pkgs.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS__________________

This Is Not Idle Gossip—

There are four women in Robert Taylor's life. If you really want to know how complicated this young man's life is,

Read October SCREEN BOOK

NEW SNAG-RESISTING SILK STOCKING

PAYS UP TO $17 WEEKLY

Show friends newly invented snag resist ringless silk hose with run-proof top. Wears longer. Guaranteed. 58c pair up.

No House to House Canvassing

No investment or experience required. Your Own hose and samples FREE. Give size. Write Now.

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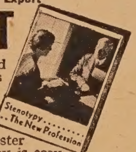

Stenotypists win today's preferred jobs and better pay. Stenotype's machine speed, accuracy and ease make your work faster, better, easier—and you get the credit. Executives welcome this machine way of taking dictation—faster than any man can talk. Stenotypy is easy to learn — easy to write — easy to read. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time — at low cost and on easy terms. Write for interesting, free booklet, "Stenotypy, the New Profession," describing the many opportunities in Stenotypy and telling how you may master it successfully.

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Dept. 89, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name ....
(State whether Miss or Mrs.)
City ....*State* ....*Age* .....

How Do You Like Your Dates?

[*Continued from page* 37]

Dick Powell: You have me here. I like 'em even-tempered *but* unpredictable.

Henry Fonda: Moods in a girl are stimulating—if she isn't the *moody* type. I'd hate to know always what she was going to do next.

Randolph Scott: I'd rather have her even-tempered so long as she wasn't stolid. I'd be a mindreader if I could tell what *any* girl is going to do next!

Francis Lederer: Moods and the unpredictable—make a woman most fascinating.

What Do You Notice First In A Girl?

Bob Taylor: Her voice. If it's low and a bit husky she certainly registers with me.

Gene Raymond: The hair and eyes, I think. If her hair is neat and becoming, you know she's fastidious and has taste. And the eyes speak for themselves.

Dick Powell: *Gosh!* . . . How can I tell?

Henry Fonda: If she looks like a good sport.

Randolph Scott: I don't. Notice anything *first,* I mean. She's one continuous picture to me.

Francis Lederer: Appearances are sometimes deceiving. But her laughter tells much. That's what I notice first.

Do You Prefer a Girl Who Enjoys Small Gatherings and Twosome Company or One Who Likes Gay Night Club Life?

Bob Taylor: I'll take the one who enjoys small gatherings.

Gene Raymond: The girl who likes to dine in some small, unique place and go on to a good show later—*a deux*— is my choice.

Dick Powell: I like night club life myself—*in twosome company!*

Henry Fonda: Jim Stewart and I only own half a dress suit between us. She *has* to like small gatherings!

Randolph Scott: What's the fun of being together if you're going to get lost in a crowd?

Francis Lederer: I hope she'd think that dinner for two would be much more interesting than dinner for twelve.

Which Appeals to You Most—the Woman-of-the-World or the Ingenue?

Bob Taylor: A man doesn't like a girl to know all the answers. And fluttery young things . . . Well, I'm kind of like Bolo—I like them "a little of one and a little of t'other' and a lot of poise in between.

Gene Raymond: What do you mean by "ingenue?" If you mean a girl with fresh ideals, the answer is *Yes*!

Dick Powell: Ingenue preferred. Because no ingenue simpers these days; she's too busy being a Woman-of-the-World!

Henry Fonda: Neither.

Randolph Scott: The ingenue—if she isn't a clinging vine as well.

Francis Lederer: It depends on one's frame of mind.

Have You Any Preferences (a) About Her Complexion, (b) Her Height, (c) Her Personality?

Bob Taylor: I like brunettes (as a rule) and I like them small (not over 5 feet, 6 inches). A little sophisticated and definitely not the gushing type.

Gene Raymond: (a) No. (b) No. (c) If she has charm, what does it matter whether she's cute or stately, outspoken or mysterious?

Dick Powell: If they're brunettes I think they're marvelous; blondes I think are grand; redheads simply wonderful. I think tall ones are spiffy and short ones are swell. But I'd rather have them sweet and peppy, when it comes to personality.

Henry Fonda: (a) Well, so far it's been brunettes. (b) Medium size. (c) It doesn't matter if she's the companionable sort.

Randolph Scott: "No" to the first two. As to personality, I'd like to have her typically modern but a home lover too.

Francis Lederer: (a) Certainly not. (b) Ditto. (c) Yes, I prefer the girl who is not afraid to be very feminine and gentle.

Do You Like the Popular Girl Type—the One Whose Telephone Is Always Ringing and Whom The Stag Line Favors—or The Girl Who Is Choosy?

Bob Taylor: The girl who is choosy—providing *I'm* the choice!

Gene Raymond: I haven't a lot of patience with busy lines. If the girl is attractive to me, the stag line's opinion doesn't count. I'd much rather she'd be particular.

Dick Powell: A little competition stimulates business. Too much competition ruins it . . . I'd say every girl ought to have a business training!

Henry Fonda: Party girls are not in my line. I like the choosy ones.

Randolph Scott: It makes a fellow feel much better if he's her selection instead of one of the mob.

Francis Lederer: Popular girls usually *are* popular because they make each man think he is the chosen one. I'd rather have a woman honest—and particular.

Up the Ladder With Marjorie!

[*Continued from page* 10]

on the set—to see another girl wearing her costume. She was, then, out of the picture. Mentally, she was packing her bags, contemplating a long, sad journey home—a failure!

But Max Arnow, Warner's astute casting director, told her she need only rest a few days and she'd have a chance at something else. *Polo Joe,* a film starring Joe E. Brown, was that chance—and while working in the attractive riding clothes she had worn so often while riding in Kentucky state fairs on her own five-gaited horse, she attracted the attention of Drew Eberson, who asked to have her in the company of *Loud Speaker Lowdown,* which features Glenda Farrell and Ross Alexander. So she found herself spending alternate days on these two pictures, and happy again.

Watch for her in *God's Country and the Woman,* a gorgeous all-color picture which is now filming. You can write to Marjorie at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif. Watch her progress—you may one day have her chance, for SCREEN BOOK is interested in helping talented young men and women to screen fame. A future contest may be your chance!

Tired of Being a Baby Face!

[*Continued from page 39*]

no more think of putting up with the foolishness they do than fly. They're so darned sappy, I lose all patience with them. I must appear awfully stupid to the people who've had to look at me on the screen as an insipid ingenue all these years!

"In the first place, I didn't come into this business on a load of peaches," Joan went on, getting more and more upset at her favorite peeve. "I've been on my own since I was eighteen. No one has ever accused me of lacking spirit or of not fighting my own battles in my private life, but to look at me on the screen, you'd think I'd never had a thought of my own!"

"Just recently, I was up for the part of a young mother with a three-year-old daughter. They told me I didn't look old enough to be a mother. And me with two daughters of my own! It's too silly.

"I'm not trying to change my type," she said seriously. "But I'm determined to make myself look like I feel—a grown-up woman.

"First, I decided to darken my hair and change my hairline to form a widow's peak, thereby lengthening the lines of my face. Then I altered the line of my eyebrows so they would curve upward, which gave me a more sophisticated look. Shadows were effected with makeup in the middle of my cheeks to take away their natural roundness and white make-up placed on my cheekbones made them appear more prominent. My mouth, which is naturally small and pouty, was widened. It really is amazing how you can change your facial personality on the screen with the aid of a good makeup artist. I want to look something like what I really am—a woman—not an ingenue."

Joan's home, itself, reflects the personality of a woman of culture, intelligence and the ability to appreciate good things. Each article of furniture, each old silver bowl, seems to have its own important part in her living room. An air of old-world charm mingles with a definitely modern trend.

In her library are many books on French history—Joan's favorite literature. There is nothing more fascinating to her, she admits, than the study of the lives of the great ladies of France, Marie Antoinette and Pompadour in particular. And surely there was never a more sophisticated era than existed then.

No one loves a gay evening of dancing at the Trocadero more than Joan does.

No one can think of the absurd jokes to play on people, including husband Gene Markey, that she can. And when it comes to giving a party, well, I defy you to think of anyone who could cook up an idea like having all the guests bring passports to be admitted—and real, honest-to-goodness passports, at that, taken especially for the occasion.

And I also doubt whether you could think, just off-hand, of anyone who had planned an elaborate farewell party, such as this was, only to find that the husband for whom it was intended had changed his mind at the last moment and decided not to go. And, what's more, who but Joan would have had the ingenuity to go through with it, farewell place cards and all, and then change the entire note of the party to a "welcome home" affair, indicated by a large horseshoe hung over the door with those words written in the middle! Which is what Joan did, in her usual quick-witted and ready-for-any-emergency manner.

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when Gene greeted Joan one morning in a somewhat frigid manner. He was provoked at something she had done and she knew perfectly well just what it was. Joan ignored his attitude outwardly, and then sent the maid down to the nearest ice-distributing plant to purchase a cake of ice, wrap it in pink tissue and ribbons and present it to that husband when he came home at night! Needless to say, it broke the ice and they both burst out laughing.

That's one of the most important rules in Joan's "how to stay happy though married" scheme—a sense of humor. No marriage, she feels, no matter how otherwise compatible, can survive without it. From the very first time they met, Joan and Gene have been able to laugh together, not only at the most ridiculous things, but often at some situation that might have become serious, thereby avoiding most of the pitfalls that invariably present themselves to even the most ideally mated young married couple.

And beneath all her worldliness and her knowledge of the right thing to do at the right moment, there's another and more important phase of Joan Bennett. That is her love and appreciation of her home and family.

The entire Markey menage looks forward with anticipation to Sunday mornings. It is at that time, when they're all together, that these two busy people really have a chance to enjoy their home and the two youngsters. Breakfast, of a Sunday morning, is an affair of much hilarity. Melinda, aged two, is bound to pop up (with her already-noticeable flair for humor) with some witticism that will send the rest of the family into gales of laughter.

This is Joan's first trip without her family—the only time she will have for many months to take her vacation. And there's been a little pang, during all the excitement of shopping, packing and making the rounds of farewell parties, every time Joan has visualized her loved ones on Sunday mornings while she's away. So she's written little notes to each one which they will receive each Saturday she's gone, to be opened during breakfast on Sunday mornings.

And while she's enjoying her much-deserved rest in England, France and Sweden, where she plans to go, in her usual methodical manner, she's left behind long lists of instructions so that her household will run along smoothly and in its usual well-ordered, well-planned manner.

And she's hoping, too, that when she returns to resume her screen career producers will have waked up to the fact that she's through being an ingenue and will let her show herself to motion picture audiences as she really is—a charming, modern, sophisticated young woman—who's outgrown her title of "the baby of the Bennett family."

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Pip, Pip, Old Thing—Here Comes, Treacher!

[*Continued from page* 41]

when he was given his first butler rôle, three years ago. Because it was sheer disgust, boredom and annoyance that made him what he is today. He told me all about it—

"I'd been a leading man in many plays here and abroad," he said, "and came to Hollywood rather expecting to be the same. I got my chance, and was told to report to the studio in full dress and topper. I did, and the first scene they gave me was to walk down stairs with my topper on my head and Nola Luxford on my arm, conversing with her. I was to be her handsome young English admirer.

"Well, we came down the stairs. We came down the stairs all day long. But every time they got the microphone near enough to register Nola's voice in sound and my face in celluloid, the mike showed in the scene; and every time they kept the mike out of the scene, you couldn't hear what Nola said. Finally they told me I was tall—fawncy that! As though I didn't know it . . .! And told me to come back next day.

"I did, and they told me they had a comedy bit for me instead. I was to be a butler. They gave me the script—two lines. I read it, and was stricken. I waved the script at the director.

"'I say,' I said, 'where's the comedy bit?'

"'That's it in your hand,' he said.

"'Is this supposed to be funny?'

"'Well, if you don't think it is, just give us a comic look; that'll do,' he said.

"Well, I was so utterly disgusted and annoyed, and by the time they shot the scene, I was so bored, too, that I didn't care whether I got the job or not, so I did my buttling in the worst possible fashion. I was rude, and I took no pains to conceal my feelings—and I expected to be kicked out of the studio. Instead, they told me it was screamingly funny, and raised my salary! And I've been that way ever since!

"Just once I tried to better myself. I was called for a butler rôle, and I learned something about butlers, and parted my hair in the middle and came prepared to really buttle properly. The director screamed at me: 'Stop it! STOP it! If you can't buttle the way you buttled in the other picture, you're fired!' I've never tried to really buttle since."

He's buttled through twelve successive movies, now. And Jeeves will be his thirteenth buttling rôle—and his biggest. Treacher shouldn't be superstitious, for this is one 13 that means all the good luck in the world, for the rôle of Jeeves has been bitterly fought for by Hollywood actors, as one of the character plums of the century.

But even so, Treacher is worried about it.

"Have you ever read Jeeves?" he asks, his face screwed up into that utterly ludicrous mask you've seen on the screen.

You assure him you have. He says:

"But I cahn't be that Jeeves at all, you know!" (You have to say this in the very most English fashion, to get the full effect of it as Treacher says it.) "Wodehouse's

The dog, a blue-blooded Dobermann-pinscher, is as German as Der Wacht Am Rhine, and George Brent is as Irish as the Blarney Stone—but they're master and slave, and inseparable pals. By the way, George and Kay Francis are co-starring again famous Jeeves is a pudgy sort of fellow, you know—shortish, and with a bit of—ah—*embonpoint*, eh? Well, now, I positively can't be that sort of thing!"

You consider his 6 feet four, and his hard slimness and you agree and ask him "so what?"

"So," he says simply, "I shahn't be Jeeves at all; Jeeves shall be Treacher, you see!"

Maybe you're wondering why I keep calling Arthur Veary Treacher "Pip." Well, it's like this—

You see, explains Pip himself, "my father's name was Arthur, so they couldn't call me Arthur, too, because it would create—ah—confusion in the family circles and all that. And they couldn't call me by my middle name, Veary. Good heavens! — one can't call *anybody* Veary, can one? So they had to call me something. Well, my father had an excellent friend named Percy, so they decided to call me Pip, you see."

PIP was born in Brighton, Sussex, England, a number of years ago. He won't say how many, but it doesn't really matter. His ancestors were barristers and brewers. His father wanted him to be still another Treacher barrister, and set him to studying law. But Pip periodically ran away from law study to join theatrical troupes. That went on, with Pip becoming neither a good lawyer nor a good actor, until the war. Of course, he joined up, and when the fuss was over, he was an artillery captain. After the war, when he failed to pass bar examinations, he said to hell with the law, he was going to be an actor. His father and mother swooned, and before they recovered, Pip had gone.

No use wading through the story of Treacher's career. First with little companies, then bigger ones, he made good. Believe it or not, behind that face and that nose there dwelt a voice, and he was a singing leading man for a while. *Reckless Reggie* is one of his most famous numbers. Pip knows some verses that he couldn't sing from the stage, but which prove Reggie's recklessness quite quaintly.

Pip came to Hollywood in 1933, fired with the determination that he could be another Valentino or Colman or Gable or something like that.

"And look at me now—a butler."

The man's happy, though. He says so frankly. He's quite glad, thinking it over, that he hasn't become a handsome hero. They don't last as long as character men, he tells himself. "I mean, I can be a silly butler a great deal longer than I could be a pretty leading man, eh? And he answers himself, profoundly, with that amazing "Yur-r-r-r-rzzz" that is his screen affirmative.

He's superstitious, satisfied and single. He lives in a Hollywood apartment with a colored maid. That is—ahem—I mean he has a colored maid in to do the housework and the cooking. He also has a canary, named "Henry," if that matters.

Henry is an important adjunct to Pip's morning ritual of awakening. The ritual begins with the arrival of the colored maid, who at once sets one of those whistling teakettles on the gas stove. When the water boils, the kettle whistles. That awakes Henry, and Henry outwhistles the kettle. That wakes Pip. By that time, the boiling water has been translated into tea, with which Pip starts his day in patriotic British fashion. That, of course, stops the teakettle from whistling, but not Henry. Henry whistles throughout the rest of the day.

ONE of Pip's greatest worries in his mounting fame is the increase in fan-letters he's received. He doesn't know what to do about them. They say such startling things! He got one from a Los Angeles YWCA girl, who charged that the recent death of King George was just a cheap publicity stunt on Treacher's part, although how she reconciled the two ideas was never stated.

Another writer protested, after reading announcements that Treacher was to play the butler-rôle created by Wodehouse, that "I am surprised at you going to be a servant for this gentleman Mr. Wode house, because I think your destiny is to be a public entertainer in some capacity or another and you should not go into domestic service."

Next to fan-mail, his greatest worry is the attitude of Englishmen concerning his screen Englishmen. "Although there are a few Englishmen now who are beginning to admit it's 'not so bad,' he says, relievedly. No real Englishman ever behaved as he does, he insists, and if any butler buttled as he does, he'd be sacked.

"But how can I help it," he laments. "I don't know any butlers; I don't even know any people who *have* a butler. I've never even met a butler socially—unless it were in a pub, and then I wouldn't know whether he were a butler or not.

Even his mother, who wanted him to be a barrister, has forgiven him, and now subscribes to an international press-clipping bureau, which sends her every printed item it can find about her son. She reads them and sends them on to Pip, over here. Pip reads them, feels occasionally violently embarrassed and sometimes ill, and throws all the clippings away save those which say his work is lousy. Those he saves. He has quite a few, and every time he feels a swell-head coming on, he reads them.

PIP is a militant bachelor. Not a woman-hater—don't misunderstand. Between being a militant bachelor and being a woman hater, there is a great, wide gulf. Pip doesn't hate women. On the contrary, he admires them and loves them, whenever he can. But he doesn't intend to marry one, if he can help it.

He has that extreme courtesy of the British gentleman. He is well built. He radiates vitality and the joy of living. He's as easy to talk to as somebody you've known all your life. He knows foods, wines, etchings, dogs—the things that make a man of the world likeable and interesting.

He even has that something called sex appeal, if his fan-mail is any criterion. For among the letters, there are daily letters from girls and women who frankly voice their admiration—and more—for Pip. But they confuse Treacher, frightfully.

"Look at this, I say," he shrilled at me, the day I talked with him. He flipped a scented missive toward me. I read it; it was from a girl in the midwest, who raved over his performances, and then went into this—

". . . and you have something more, Arthur. You have a good, big dose of S. A. I mean sex appeal. Why, Arthur, when you look down into the eyes of the girl beside you, you've got a lot of sex appeal, Arthur; believe me. I'd like to know you better."

"Isn't that," asked Arthur Veary "Pip" Treacher, as I handed the letter back to him, "an emetic, now . . .?!"

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We Take You Through The Tones' Doors

[*Continued from page 35*]

a half-scornful look in his direction, and answers with typical Crawford candor: "New? I cooked my way through school!"

Dinner is never late. The guests are early. That's why they are snooping around in the kitchen. Joan needs no help in preparing the food. "What kind of an executive are you if you have to have the salt and pepper handed you?" she asked one well known movie tycoon. "The things are right on the stove in front of you. Reach for them."

Six-thirty or seven forty-five is the usual Crawford-Tone dinner hour. The hands of the kitchen clock touch six twenty-five. Joan shoves a plate of bread, crackers, rolls, into the nearest hands. "Take it to the table, will you?" she asks. And you amble away with it. Soon the entire party is grouped about the buffet, helping itself to food. Then it sits to table, where conversation commences to fly.

If Franchot is home (Joan didn't expect him, but he hurried) and one of the guests delivers a vital statement, or perhaps Franchot disagrees with him (he's not a Cornell man for nothing), Tone becomes the host oblivious to all the requirements of his guests. He is entirely engrossed in talk. But if the guests prove a little dull, he is the over-attentive host. "Where's the coffee?" he *sotto voces* to Joan. and "Where's the brandy? . . . Where's the wine?" He leaves the table to get the liqueurs. Every man is a worker at the Tone home, on Thursday.

Supper over, do you think that *Hausfrau* Tone leaves the dishes on the table, the cigarette butts smoking, the glasses half-filled, plates untidy? Not on your life. "Mary has enough to do when she comes in the morning," is Joan's dictum. "We'll all help clear up." Sometimes Joan washes the dishes. Yes, really. Sometimes not. When she doesn't, she carefully scrapes the plates, stacks them. Stacks the cups (after she's rinsed them). Salvages the chicken, cold cuts, deviled eggs, puts them into the refrigerator for use on the morrow. She's as thrifty as a Dutch housewife.

Then the party adjourns to the music room. Well . . . it's the music room *and* bar. A very slick room, too. It does credit to the interior decoration of William Haines. He's done the walls in leather, and the ceiling in cork. The result is something beautiful in green and tan. The lounge is leather and green corduroy. The cushions are green corduroy. The piano is green. Bill is always on the lookout for something nice, in Early American, for the Tone home.

The drawing-room is beauty itself, in Crawford blue and white. "Deeper than powder blue—between powder and a Royal blue," defines Joan of the color named for her by Decorator Haines. On the floor of the drawing-room is a white needlepoint rug, bordered with Dubonnet and purple flowers. One large couch in rose-color carries out the warm tones of wine with its two Dubonnet pillows.

Now comes the surprise, and we are back in the music room. If you thought you were going to play charades or "Guggenheim" with the Tones and their friends, you are wrong, and you can run home if you want. (You won't want to). You are going to hear operatic recordings on the Tones' phonograph (you don't bother about changing platters on this marvelous machine). The operas will be old favorites, easily understood; no strained suites from Stravinsky. You will hear "La Traviata" (Joan's favorite), "Il Trovatore," "Aida," "Barber of Seville," probably sung by the famous La Scala group of Milan.

You won't think you are hearing "canned" music, either. The radio-phonograph is out of sight. The music comes to you, as from an unseen source. The machine stands in the gallery. When the Tones want a concert-hall effect with their radio music, they turn on the gallery radio and a smaller one in the dining room, and sit and listen in the music room. Perfectly synchronized, the music comes to them from two directions; the same effect as anyone sitting in an auditorium would get. They use this reception on Saturday morning for the regular Metropolitan opera broadcast.

Joan, in the meantime, has hauled her current hooked rug out of the closet. (She's made fifteen; kept some herself, given others to friends). She sits there punching the yarn-needle through the canvas with her small strong hands. Another rug frame stands at her side. It has two Scotties printed on it, and the border is only begun. Jean Dixon eyes it, and begins to laugh. Joan does too, over the clear tones of an Italian soprano. The Scottie rug has a story. Joan bought it for Jean to work on.

Joan gave Jean her first (and only) lesson. The big needle punched in and pulled out of the canvas as Joan showed her friend the mysteries of hooked rug-making. Jean, the wise-cracking comedienne of Crawford's *Sadie McKee* (that's where they met), grew so interested that her cheek almost touched Joan's hand. "Wham!" went Joan's fist as she pulled the needle out of the canvas. It landed an uppercut on Jean's cheek. In a moment Jean, again engrossed, leaned forward. "Wham!" Another beauty on her cheek.

"Her face was black and blue by the time she left," Joan tells it in slight exaggeration. "And her interest in hooked rugs was entirely gone." Nevertheless, for a laugh, the Scottie rug always makes its appearance when Jean Dixon is a Thursday night supper guest at Joan's.

It takes a good two hours to play off an opera recording. Often a lively discussion starts at the end, and talk goes on at a rapid pace until far into the night. Jean Dixon has an early morning studio call. She leaves when she wants. Joan, too, must be early on the M-G-M set (filming *The Gorgeous Hussy*, wherein Husband Franchot, her second in real life, plays the second husband to her historical character of Peg O'Neil).

Joan says "good-night" to her guests. Mounts the stairs to her Crawford blue and white sitting room. Prepares herself for her bed on the outdoor sleeping porch. Franchot's adjoining suite is done in brown and white.

And, thus, is another informal Thursday night with Joan brought to a close. "Come again," she says as she leaves. Or maybe, you like a little gentleman or lady, leave first, and Joan speeds you on your way with a sincere "please return."

By SIDNEY RILEY.

Headstrong Hepburn

[*Continued from page* 31]

guesser pay the bill and the second worst, the tip."

She could afford to be magnanimous about it, since in either case she was so lucky that it was rarely out of her pocket, and when I say pocket I mean *pocket.*

"Let's get back to Court," ordered the embittered Prime Minister, looking at her pants and ill concealing his irritation, "or your royal birth won't come till after your royal funeral."

The Queen got up and everybody rose as one man. All eyes in the restaurant followed her.

A LITTLE later, on the set, I found the air warm with hospitality—the kind of hospitality that surrounds a hanging.

There was the Queen, every inch a Queen, now dressed in royal robes of wine-colored velvet and doing a defiant love scene with the handsomest Scots heart-breaker this world has ever seen, Fredric March, the Earl of Bothwell, murderer of Mary of Scotland's second husband, Lord Darnley. Lord Bothwell's family name, incidentally, was James Hepburn and the Virginia Hepburns, from which Katharine Hepburn came, originally migrated from Scotland. Isn't it a small world?

The scene finished, there was a moment's relaxation. Ford lay down his pipe. Hepburn picked it up and puffed it. Everybody laughed. Everybody but Ford.

After a bit of this, the fighting Ford led me to one side and before we knew it we had walked out a side door into the sunlight.

"They haven't worked for a week," he explained. "They've been having no end of horseplay and all of them are going to get one Helvetian bawling out from me. That's why I didn't want anybody there. People like you distract them. They play up to you instead of each other. But I've got to get the best performance of her life out of her and I'll get it or break her across my knee."

We were glad to be out of earshot before the furniture began to fly or Hepburn, head high, walked out of the studio, her red hair on fire at being bawled out by a hot-tempered Harp.

Just how Queen Kath came out of having the riot act read to her I never knew and didn't dare ask, but personally I did swell. A fine briar pipe made in the Irish Free State by that other fine old Fenian, Peterson of Dublin (and Stockholm), arrived on my birthday. It was a gift from Jack Ford.

The blowup must have come out all right because not only did the Queen and her Prime Minister finish their task together and on time, but Jack Ford threw a party at his home after the production was completed. The party was for the cast, and the electricians, grips and technicians generally.

Ford was all spruced up and, surprise of surprises, Katharine the Greater arrived all smiles—*and wearing a beautiful evening dress!*

Odd Notes—

A school year book lists Ross Alexander as an alumnus who made good, although Ross never graduated from the school. He was expelled at the age of sixteen . . .

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6 Stars Help You to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 40]

much attention in that movie as the pert little flapper. Remember her flip phrase, "Cigarette me, big boy?" Ginger was registering.

When *Gold Diggers of 1933* was produced Ginger was given a feature rôle and was cute *but* still very chubby. After her success in this, she took stock of herself. She had something, she knew, and her chances for stardom were very good indeed, but she also knew there were obstacles to overcome. And the greatest of these was weight. If she continued to carry around those excess pounds she would never escape from the ingénue class. And Ginger had been bitten by the bug of stardom. Naturally plump, it was a hard battle for the little red head to attain *and maintain* a slim, beautifully-proportioned figure. But a Rogers never says die and before long Ginger's figure was the envy of girls every where, and much mention was made of her tiny 23-inch waist.

Today Ginger, who is five feet four, weighs 112 pounds and has one of the loveliest figures in all Hollywood. The loss of weight took that babyish rotundity from her face and revealed a really beautiful profile. Ginger's hair, which is naturally red, photographed quite dark, and so the ambitious Ginger put herself in the capable hands of experts, and today her red-gold coiffure, which photographs a lovely blonde, is among her most distinguished features.

Her new loveliness gave Ginger confidence and poise and she now finds herself equally at home in the rôle of a comedienne or dramatic star. As for the Rogers dancing—even *that* changed. The plump little Ginger was queen of the Charleston. The new slim Ginger forsook the hotcha dances for the graceful steps and gyrations befitting the partner of Fred Astaire. Incidentally, since Ginger has become Fred's dancing partner, she doesn't have to worry about her figure. She loses pounds, and pounds while they are rehearsing dance steps. So without the new slender figure, she couldn't have become Astaire's partner, and from these dancing rôles stepped to stardom in her own right. Do you think Ginger regrets her arduous efforts to become really beautiful and svelte? She does not. She is reaping a rich reward. And so from Ginger you may learn lesson one.

KEEP YOUR WEIGHT DOWN IF YOU WANT BEAUTY! CONFIDENCE! POISE!

ONE of the most remarkable changes in a filmland Cinderella was that wrought by Bette Davis. Not one of you would have turned around for a second look at Bette when she first came to Hollywood. And guess who assisted Bette in playing fairy godmother to herself? Not Max Factor or one of the famous Westmore brothers but George Arliss.

Poor little Bette was decidedly *not* a beauty, then. Her hair was a drab shade, her mouth was made up incorrectly, she wore undistinguished clothes. Just a very ordinary-looking girl rapidly getting nowhere in pictures. George Arliss was considered slightly mad when he chose her for the rôle of a very beautiful, smartly-dressed young woman in *The Man Who Played God.* But Bette, secure in his confidence in her, set about to justify this faith, and lo, what wonders were performed. One day there walked upon the set a stunning creature. Hair, a goldeny blonde and smartly coiffed, blue eyes carefully made up to show their beauty, sullen mouth audaciously roughed to *accent* its sulleness and the smartest, most sophisticated of clothes, setting off all this loveliness.

It was the *new* Bette Davis—a Bette who has remained golden and sophisticated ever since and has achieved the heights of stardom in a comparatively short time. Bette capitalized on her sullen mouth and insolent eyes and made a distinct place for herself on the screen. Once having achieved beauty and glamour, Bette daringly cast it all aside to play the unattractive little waitress in *Of Human Bondage* where she allowed herself to appear as ugly and repulsive as any woman could. But Bette and the fans know that she, herself, is lovely, and the drab, retiring little girl who first came to pictures, is gone forever.

Take lesson two from Bette, girls.

ACCENT YOUR MOST STRIKING FEATURES WHETHER THEY BE ALONG CONVENTIONAL LINES OR NOT.

WHO had ever heard of an insolent, spitfire heroine before Bette came along? Bette made us gaga over "hussies." Instead of hiding her sullen mouth behind a conventional Cupid's bow, Bette played up every natural curve of her lips. Unheard of? Of course—but Bette, all along the line, has dared to be different.

Joan Crawford was never ugly, but even the most ardent Crawford fan will admit that the Joan of *Sally, Irene and Mary* fame, could never compete in a beauty contest with the Joan Crawford of today. Joan is not the petite type and has never pretended to be. It is a pity that some of those girls who are lucky enough to have Joan's lovely breadth of shoulders and general build, hunch themselves up in an endeavor to look tiny and cuddly.

Joan was too heavy when she entered pictures, and by the most grueling attention to her diet and the correct amount of exercise, la Crawford carved for herself a beautiful, statuesque figure, that is Adrian's delight. It was Joan who started the vogue for exaggerated lapels and shoulder treatment; style features that most wide-shouldered girls would have never dared. It was Joan who made up her generous curve of mouth in a manner to accent its size. And Joan long, long ago gave up the conventional short, waved bob for a very long hairdress, swept off the face, and with but a slight wave to relieve it.

LEARN COURAGE FROM JOAN.

THE single hair eyebrow isn't for Joan, either. She prefers to wear her eyebrows in a fairly full and entirely natural manner. How many of you would have dared *introduce* these styles? Certainly you follow them, because the famous Joan Crawford introduced them. But have *you* the courage to step out of the crowd and make some unconventional change in appearance that will really improve you.

Have the courage to wear what you want to regardless of what is said to be fitting for your type.

I wish every girl who bemoans her red hair and freckles would stop crying long enough to look at some pictures of Myrna Loy. Myrna has red hair and freckles and is there one of you who wouldn't love to look like her? I *thought* so! Of course when Myrna was playing that long succession of Oriental sorceresses and vamps she was not beautiful. In fact, Myrna herself, would be the first to tell you right now that she hasn't classic features. Her nose has a funny little tilt, her eyes slant in a different manner, but the whole effect is utterly devastating. So a fig for the Grecian profile. Make mine Loy.

When they finally unwrapped Myrna from her Oriental trappings, let her take a deep breath and plunge into pictures where she was actually supposed to be white *and* a heroine, too, they discovered a most unusual thing. Myrna was a very attractive and normal young woman. She didn't go in for shaved eyebrows, false eyelashes or peroxided hair. She wore her hair in a short and becomingly-waved bob, her clothes were the sort any well-groomed young woman would wear—in other words, Myrna was a natural and darned determined to stay that way. She has, too, and *that's* what makes her so different today.

She has freckles, yes, and they are plainly visible when you see her in person. So what? Her hair is a lovely red and it's still worn in a simple style. Myrna never did go in for a Garbo bob. Maybe it was her reaction from playing so many exotic rôles, but whatever the cause, Myrna Loy has determinedly refrained from dramatic make-up and always presents a picture of any normal young American girl, whose personality and features are best set off by smart but simple clothes and make-up.

IF YOU HAVE NO PARTICULAR FEATURE TO BE ACCENTED TAKE A TIP FROM MYRNA LOY AND BE NATURAL.

JUST look at the lovely results Myrna has achieved.

One girl who got breath-takingly lovely results from waving the magic wand is the luscious Carole Lombard. Carole is one of the real beauties of the screen and her blond loveliness of face is only equalled by her gorgeous figure. Tall, slim, a vision in bathing suit or formal dress, Carole brings forth sighs of envy wherever she goes. But with the beautious Carole, 'twas not always thus. Not by about twenty pounds!

I well remember one of Carole's first pictures after she had graduated from Mack Sennett comedies. Carole was playing with Bill Boyd in an old Pathé picture. The story took place out in a desert and the couple was stranded in an old shack. A terrible sand storm had arisen and it was impossible for Bill to reach a town where he might get food. Carole was wandering listlessly around the shack and finally sank down on the floor, almost dead from hunger. It would all have been very pitiful and heart-rending except for one thing. The starving Carole was just too, too plump and curvacious in her smart frock, and when she sank to the floor I mentally remarked, "I'll bet that little honey just consumed a chocolate marshmallow sundae before she came on the set!"

Carole's hair wasn't particularly attractive then, either, and there was absolutely no evidence of the spirited, dynamic, breezy Miss Lombard of 1936. Hair tinted to a soft gold that contrasts beautifully with her deep blue eyes and fair skin.

And speaking of hair—Carole, as you probably have noticed, has an exceptionally high forehead. I have known girls who hated this feature in themselves and covered it with curls and bangs. Carole's perfect features allow her to wear her hair in whatever manner she pleases, and she has often appeared with a soft bang covering her brow. But to me, the smartest Lombard hairdress is that characteristic one of hers. Hair brushed cleanly back from her face and forehead and that lovely serene expanse of brow displayed.

Merle Oberon is another girl who stresses her high forehead to achieve distinction.

ARE YOU MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF SOME "DEFECT" MOLE HILL?

IT TOOK a long time for Jean Arthur to wave her magic wand but when she did, she got results that still have Hollywood talking. Of course you all remember the Jean of a few years back. A pretty and very sweet-looking ingénue, showing no exceptional ability, but always a very satisfactory little brown-haired heroine. From a sweet but uninteresting little ingénue, Jean had been transformed into a palsy-walsy, ever-so-slightly hard boiled little person, with a trim, blonde bob replacing the former dark curls and ringlets.

Jean's *greatest* transformation, however, was her voice. Casually glancing at Jean's pert little face, one might still hazard a guess, "ingénue," but one earful of that throaty Arthur voice and the ingénue tag would be quickly discarded.

SO IF YOU'VE WORKED ON EVERY POSSIBLE FEATURE AND YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF —HOW ABOUT IMPROVING YOUR VOICE?

JEAN ARTHUR couldn't (and shouldn't) disguise her naturally sweet expression but she achieved an entirely new and sparklingly different personality when she waved the wand of study, hard work and determination and brought forth an enchanting speaking voice.

Now after hearing all these tales aren't you ashamed of yourself for complaining and being ready to give up the ship? The obstacles these girls have overcome, you can overcome, too.

Don't be afraid to branch out into a new style of make-up or hairdress. If you look terrible in close-fitting necklines and Dame Fashion says necklines must hug the throat, shop until you've found a becoming V-shaped collar. If you are dressed your flattering best, no one is even going to notice whether you are wearing the latest style from Paris or a style that was in vogue in 1934.

Don't sit by the fireside and sigh for a fairy god-mother to change you into a beauty. Use your own wand (brains, good taste and determination) and you, too, can produce fairy tale results.

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Mugs Is Mugs

[*Continued from page 53*]

dressed man." He bites nails. Around the studio Fred wears an ol' sweat shirt and slacks, and knows every guy in the crew by his nickname.

This mug will never take any beauty prizes either, but when he turns on that Astaire smile, croons in Ginger's ear as they go whirling all over the set as if it weren't there, the femmes of all ages swoon with delight. Like Bing Crosby, Fred gets the male vote too, 'cause somehow he looks and acts like a regular mug. He's strictly a two-fisted little guy, who would rather be out there on a baseball diamond than on a dance floor any day.

At the world series last year, he swapped autographs with Dizzy Dean, a photo for a baseball. Each mug thought he got the best of the deal. They're both a couple of genuine-dyed-in-the-wool mugs.

George Raft

HERE is a mug you gotta know to appreciate. We figure that we know him as well as anybody, and we find him a high, wide and handsome mug. George is an Italian lad from the sidewalks of New York. He sort of eased his pan into the picture racket. It didn't take the folks long to realize, however, that here is a personality.

In this mug's lean days he had a pal. They sort of stuck together through thick and thin. Now that George is in the money and the fame, his old pal is right up there sittin' beside him on the plush and velvet. If George Raft is your friend, you got yourself a friend.

Maybe you think George looks like one of those sleek Latin gigolos, but don't ever make the mistake of thinkin' that out loud anywhere within a hundred miles of him.

Dick Arlen wants to be a mug, so we let him in to kibitz on George Raft. If George is your friend, brother you got yourself a friend!

Speaking of mugs, we present the writer of this article, Bill Frawley, as the champeen tough mug with a heart of gold. He can look tough, a-squintin' his eyes and wise-cracking out of the corner of his mouth; he can act tough, and make you shiver to contemplate his very dirty work—in pictures. But in real life he's a lovable mug like the rest of the mugs limned in this story. (Editor's note.)

Wallace Beery

HERE is a mug whose homely old kisser has been packing 'em in ever since movies began to flicker.

This big, rough-and-tumble circus elephant trainer showed he was a mug right off by making the folks yell at his antics as Sweedie, the Scandinavian servant girl in those ol' Essanay comedies twenty years or more ago.

First thing you know Wally quit making funny, and became the meanest man the screen has ever known. In the old silent days mothers used to quiet their bad kids by threatening them with Berry.

When sound pictures came along and Wally heard for himself how really rough a mug he was, he insisted on playing Jackie Cooper's pal occasionally just to prove to the folks that it's all in fun.

Wally is probably the best nimrod in Hollywood, and he even flies his own plane after grizzly bears

Dick Arler

THIS handsome young mug Arlen has been pesticatin' around our club for so long that the rest of us mugs decided that he was on the level about it. When he resigned as Mayor of Toluca Lake, and turned the job over to Bing Crosby, we had to admit that he was regular.

Dick is one of those brawny good lookin' young lads that go over great in those he-man opuses of the great out-doors. He is strictly an out-doors guy on his own range.

He's happily married to that grand little Joby, and they have a husky youngster who looks like the next white hope.

He owns a yacht, which we would hold against him, except that he navigates the skiff himself. He can beat our ears off knocking that little white golf ball around. He's the movie champ and a pal of Walter Hagen's. He can handle his dukes and showed us a snappy throwing arm and batting eye in a benefit baseball game.

'Course he has gotta work at being a mug, but Bing has promised to get him Andy Devine's job at Toluca, which means that he will probably be the next fire chief.

Charles Laughton

"NO, NO, no!" you say, "not Charles Laughton a mug!" Well, you would be surprised, ladies and gents, mightily surprised. Our British cousin regards himself as a very hard mug, indeed. He describes himself as having been a very nasty little fat boy, who grew up to be a homely cuss, hell-bent on going around playing tough, mean guys who scare folks.

If you saw Charlie as ol' Henry the Eighth, or, the terrible gendarme in *Les Miserables,* or, one cruel Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty,* you know he's a mug. He gives us the shivvers.

'Course Charlie has his tender side, as when he plays mugs like Ruggles. The point I'm making is that it takes a great mug to turn in performances like those.

Harold Lloyd

HOLLYWOOD'S family man is one of those swell little guys who is so doggoned modest that he doesn't even suspect that everybody else thinks he is one grand mug.

Harold has made several millions and kept a few, but he remains as plain as an ol' shoe, as he was when he first hit Hollywood—a gawky kid from Nebraska.

Here he is today with the most beautiful estate in California and a large and happy family, but his ol' pals can still park their tootsies under his dining room table.

Once a year he makes a picture to keep his hand in, and to let the millions of folks who like him know he is still a funny man. Harold can do most anything he wants to do, associate with the world's best, but he sorta likes to stick around Hollywood with the boys and girls who grew up in the game with him.

W. C. Fields

NOW you got us laffin', folks. Here is a real double-distilled, triple-chilled, extra special fancy funny feller and a very gay mug with it all. Where you found Bill Fields there was laughter, the kind of laughter that does your heart, stomach and liver good.

For some thirty years or more this grand ol' mug clowned his way around the world, gathering to him more loyal pals than any guy we know. Only a few months ago when Bill took sick over at the Paramount studio where we work, there wasn't a laugh to be heard for days.

Among Bill's likes: stag parties, ranch life, golf, little birds, providing they're not swans, the fights at Jim Jeffries' Barn, tennis with Gregory La Cava, and to call all the girls "my little chickadee." They loved it, too.

He's comical, but what a mug!

DON'T get us wrong, folks. There are several more grand mugs out here in Hollywood, but we sorta picked on the ones whom the picture-goin' fans like even better than they do the handsome leading men. At least, that's what the box-office tickers say.

It wasn't exactly fair to admit Bill Fields, 'cause great comics are always more popular with the mob. Folks like to laugh.

We gotta admit a weakness for comics. They're almost always regular mugs. We're not featurin' these lads, but we gotta tell you about 'em.

Take Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, for example. Two swell-and-funny little gents. They have been teamin' together for many years, for plenty of laughs and popularity. They're known personally from Hollywood to Eithiopia, all ways.

Bert always has a funny story, and Bob always tells it.

Amiable Babe Hardy and Stan Laurel, our ol' curly-haired pal, Leon Errol, easygoin' bald-headed Edgar Kennedy, Edward Horton, Charles Ruggles, Frank McHugh, Charlie Butterworth, Chic Sale, Guy Kibbee, Frank Craven, Jack Holt, and that grand ol' mug who retired from Hollywood several years ago—Bill Hart—all dyed-in-the-wool members in good standing of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Mugs.

In closing, I give you the last and the best,

Will Rogers

HERE words could never express just what our Will, the grandest ol' mug of them all, meant to his profession as well as to the whole world.

Will used to get sorta embarrassed and kinda mad when folks said nice complimentary things about him, so we reckon there's nothing much we can say except to lift some of Will's words about another grand feller.

Seems Will said after his ol' Indian painter pal, Charlie Russell, had passed on that he reckoned God had taken Charlie away to heaven 'cause He needed some good men up there.

No words could better suit Will himself.

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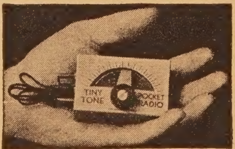

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Don't Be A Wallflower!

[*Continued from page* 58]

adolescent viewpoint," exploded Joan—"considering several facts. Mainly that the marital batting average of Smith grads compared to the Vanities chorus is humorously low; but mostly because no preconceived notion about what a girl wants in a man, or what he shall look like, is important. It doesn't matter whether a man talks with a Harvard or a Bronx accent, wears Back Bay evening tails or Hollywood slacks. What does matter is that each and every girl should make a whole-hearted attempt to make herself attractive to the *entire male sex,* so that when her particular male comes along, he'll be one of the number!"

So Joan, having figured this out early in life, became a "man's woman." Furthermore, she doesn't see why any woman should care much about anvthing else except whether she pleases the men. And if anyone can think up any good reason why Joan may be wrong—well, then, Joan would be interested in having her go ahead and expound!

But how did she go about becoming the sort of girl men admire?

"Well," grinned Joan, "I got me a couple of theories. For one thing, men are supposed to like lots of peace and quiet—but I don't believe it. Not too much of it, anyway. So I try to take care of that. Keep'em riled up. It's good for'em.

"Then I always try to be a little bit different every time they see me. Perhaps the first time I meet a man, I may be a little quiet and demure. So the next time, I'm a tom-boy. A little later, I get just a wee bit coy. And still later, I'm the pal type—just one of the boys!

"Pretty soon the man says to himself, 'What is this anyway? What's going on here?' So he has to keep on seeing you, of course, to make up his mind—and then by the time he's figured you out, you've got him roped!" snickered Joan. "You see, it's fatal to let them think they've got you 'lined up' too early in the game.

"MEN like a girl to be a little religious, too. Yes, they do—they like her especially for not being ashamed to show it. Too many girls today are all flip—afraid to show their finer feelings, and that's a mistake. If a man shies away from a girl for showing a little religion—well, I don't think she'd be very happy with him anyway.

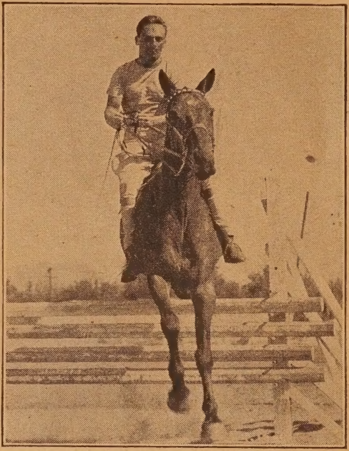
"Then, it's a good idea, if you want to please a man particularly, to find out about what athletics he's interested in. Bring it up in your conversation once in a while—and even try to play his favorite game with him. Of course, you may get all out of breath quick," Joan grinned, "but he'll think it's darn sweet that you tried."

It's "bad medicine" for a man to be agreed with all the time, too, according to Joan Blondell's code.

"Spoils 'em," she said succinctly. "I never 'yes' them any more than I can help it. But on the other hand, it's well to have some intelligent basis for an argument, when you decide to disagree. Be sure you know what you're talking about, then go ahead. Then you won't get the reputation of being just ridiculously, dumb-blonde silly."

Strangely enough, when you consider Joan's popularity, she seldom flatters the men nor pays them compliments. Not obviously, anyhow, for—"I think a man just gets bored with a girl who's continually commenting on his pretty hair or his 'cute' nose," says Joan Blondell. "The smarter way is to go on for a long time without appearing to notice him one way or another. Then suppose you go swimming. You haven't seen him in a bathing suit for a long time. So you say, offhand-like, or, very nonchalantly, 'I never knew you had such nice legs.' He'll live on that for six months!"

"Another subtle method of flattering a man," Joan continued, "is to change your dress once in a while, if he says he doesn't like it. You'll be burning inside, of course—but smile sweetly and insist on putting on another, and boy! will it make him purr! Then you can try bringing out a new hat you've just bought—and send it back if he doesn't like it. Use that trick, and you get far, quick!"



Erik Rhodes, one of Hollywood's best all-around athletes, puts his hunter over the hurdle in approved style. Rhodes is being groomed for stardom by RKO-Radio

THERE'S another little stunt of Joan's her boy friends wouldn't care so much about, though—if they knew it. For, in keeping with her theory that men shouldn't have too much peace and quiet, she deliberately stirs up a "fair-sized battle" now and then!

"If you see that your man's getting too set and happy—then it's time to have a little fight. Make him a little unhappy—just for one night," Joan advises. "But, mind you, all these things I've been telling should only be done once in a while. The other extreme is bad—it never does to let a man think you're too capricious. Then they'll give up trying to figure you out and leave you strictly alone.

"Oh, and they just love to have you tell them the way they dance is simply gay!" continued Joan. "If they dance poorly, you can always say they have 'a different tempo', and that does just as well. I remember one man who danced so badly I simply couldn't keep step with him at all. It was so bad I just felt I *had* to say *something*—so I told him he had an off-beat that was very interesting! It slayed him!"

By this time you gather that Joan is something of a diplomat. But her way of handling men who do things she doesn't like is cleverest of all. She simply compliments them on how superlatively well they do it!

For instance, one of Joan's friends is a speed fiend on the highways. The first time she went driving with him, he practically scared her out of her wits by doing seventy in traffic and passing on the curves. So what did Joan do? Scream? Beg him to slow down? Bawl him out? Not much she didn't!

"I just settled back in the seat, relaxed as much as I could under the circumstances, and murmured 'My, I always feel so safe with you!'" Joan related, making those enormous blue eyes roll upward in a baby stare. "I said that ordinarily I was nervous with other people driving, but with him, I never was afraid because he seemed so sure of himself—drove with such confidence—never darted in and out of line without being sure he had plenty of room to pass. And would you believe it," Joan bounced up and down triumphantly, "he started right in to do all those very things I complimented him about, trying to show off how safe he was—and now he hardly even speeds!"

DESPITE Joan's devastating effect on the male sex, a fair share of her fan mail is from women, and she has great admiration for her own sex as a whole. But there have been few close women friends in Joan's life.

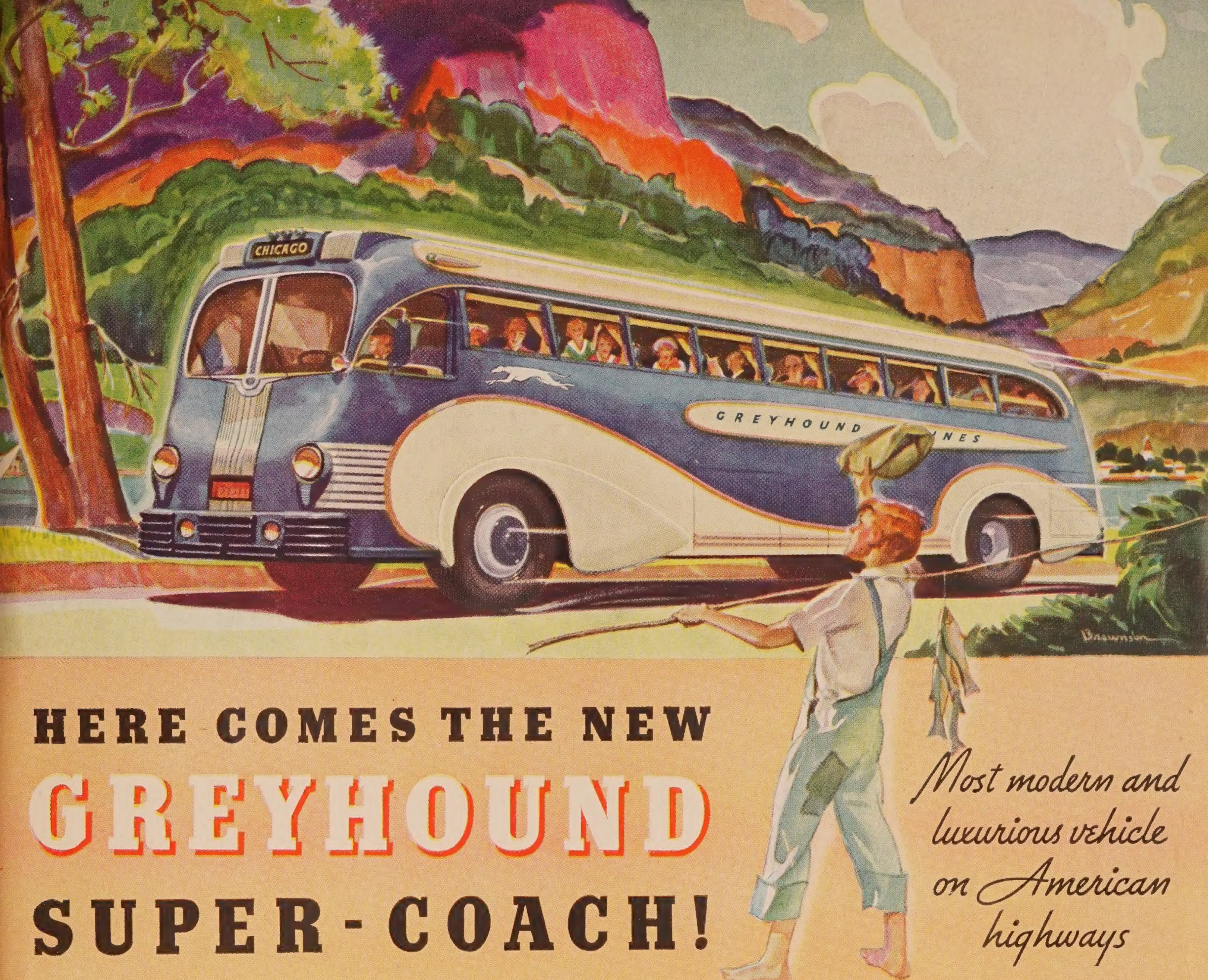
"Whenever I have made a girl my confidant it has been a mistake, I've been let down, and now I prefer to go to a man when I have problems and need advice," she says—and thanks to the devotion of her mother and sister, Gloria, she has never felt much need for other feminine companionship.

In spite of the parts she plays on the screen, Joan Blondell never thinks of herself as a sophisticate.

"Sophistication is a term women like to apply to themselves, and which they understand will be appreciated by other women—and, they hope, by men," she thinks. "But I don't think that sophistication, nor a too-strict adherence to sleek sophisticated fashions, are necessarily appreciated by men."

So while other women may follow the style trends, wearing what is smart rather than what is becoming, Joan Blondell pays no attention whatever to feminine appreciation, and doesn't care whether she appears sophisticated or not. If she realizes that a certain costume will be enhanced by wearing a hair-ribbon, hair-ribbons may not be in style, but Joan proceeds to wear one. Which is one of the reasons Joan may never reach the "ten best-dressed" lists—but she will continue to interest men.

"I'm a dandy one to spout off about men, anyway," she called after me as I got into my car. "What if Dick Powell isn't going to like m'method?"



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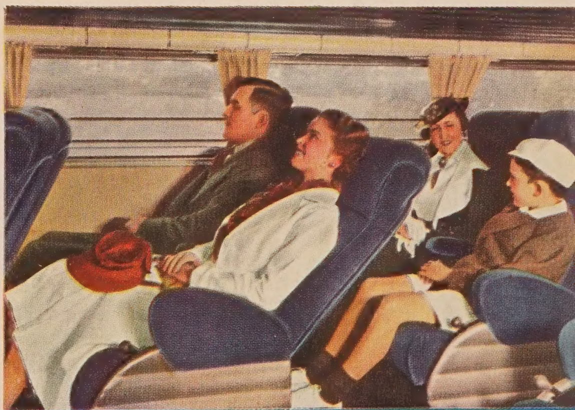

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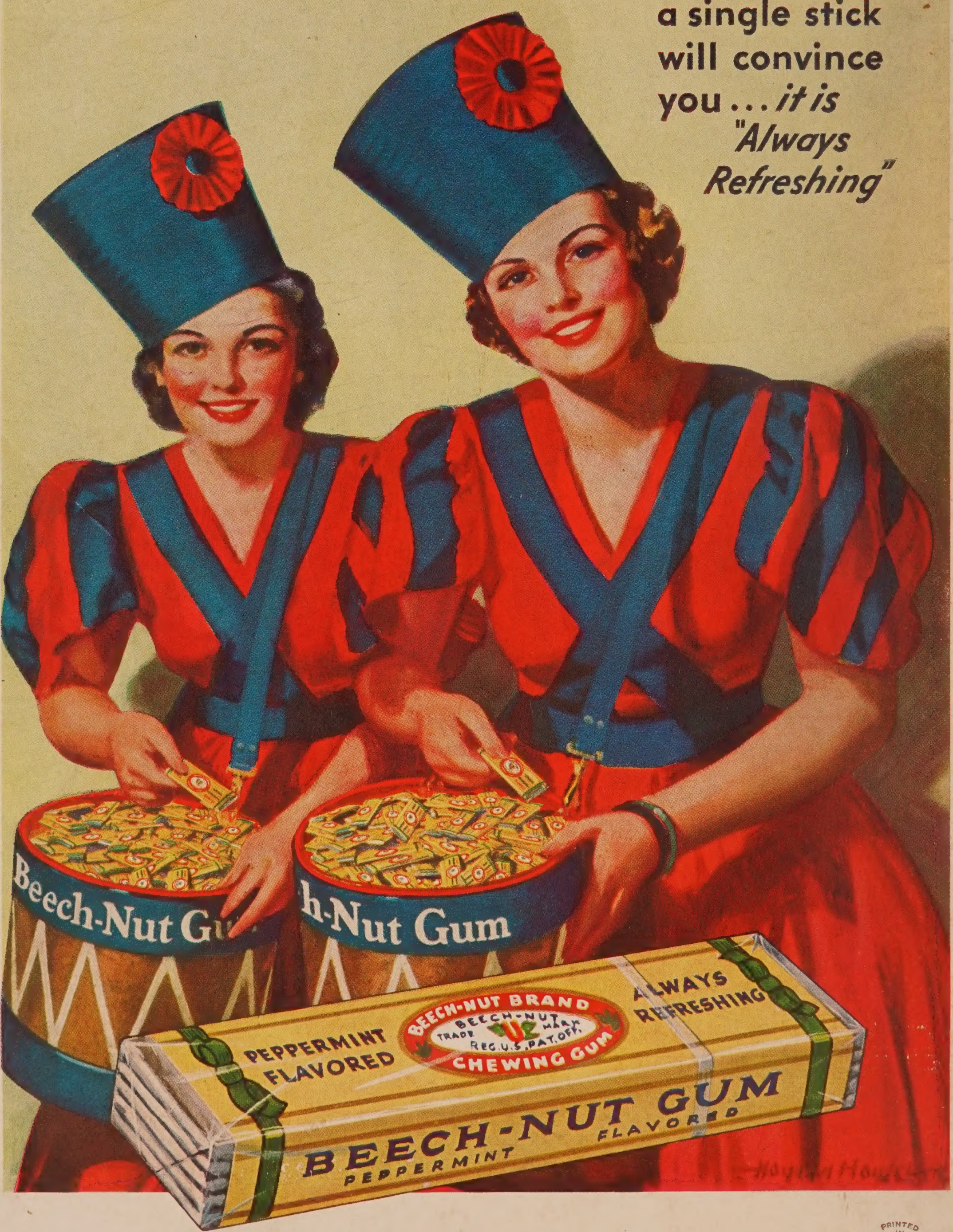
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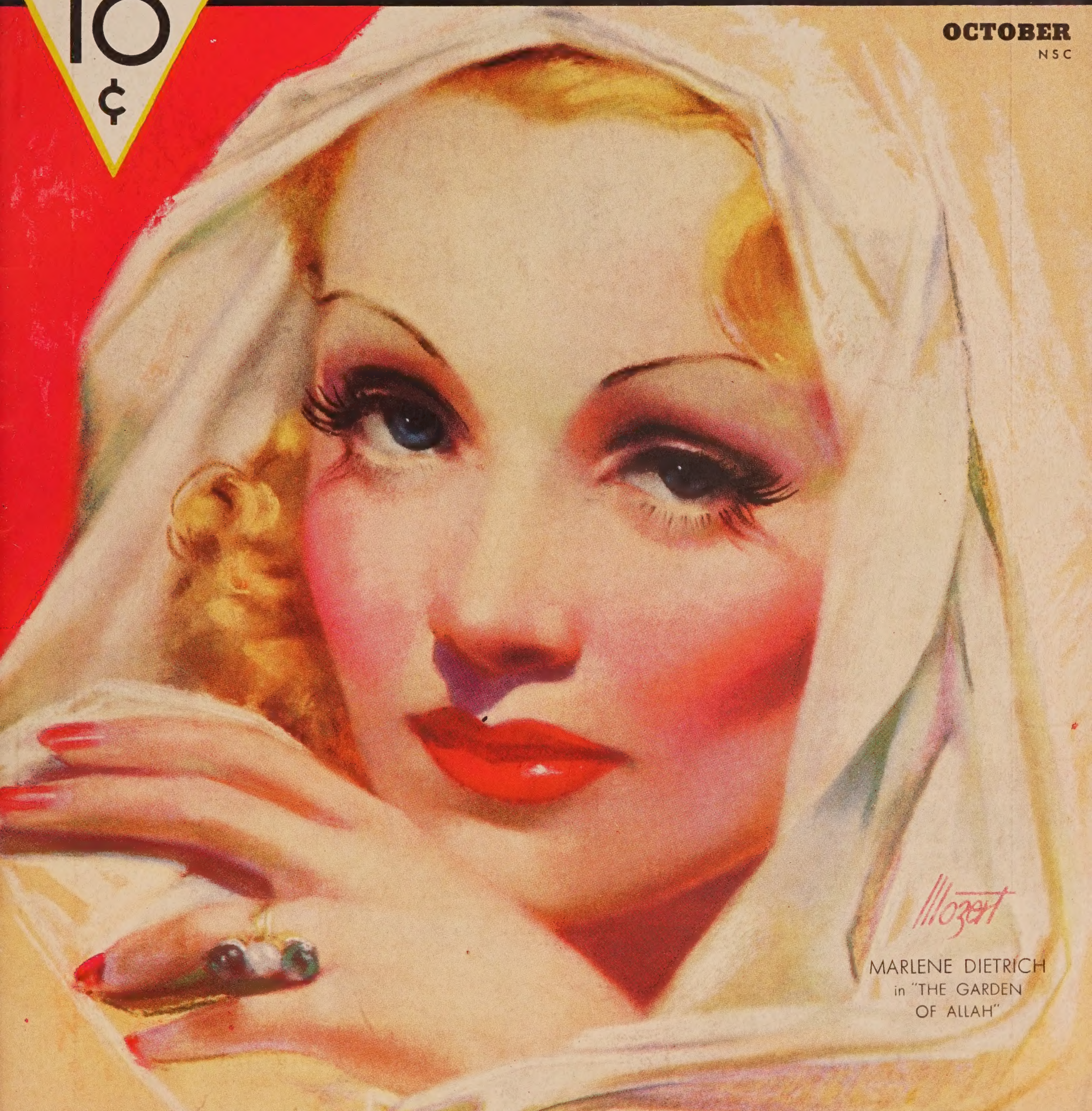

MARLENE DIETRICH
in "THE GARDEN
OF ALLAH"

Four Unseen Women in Bob Taylor's Life

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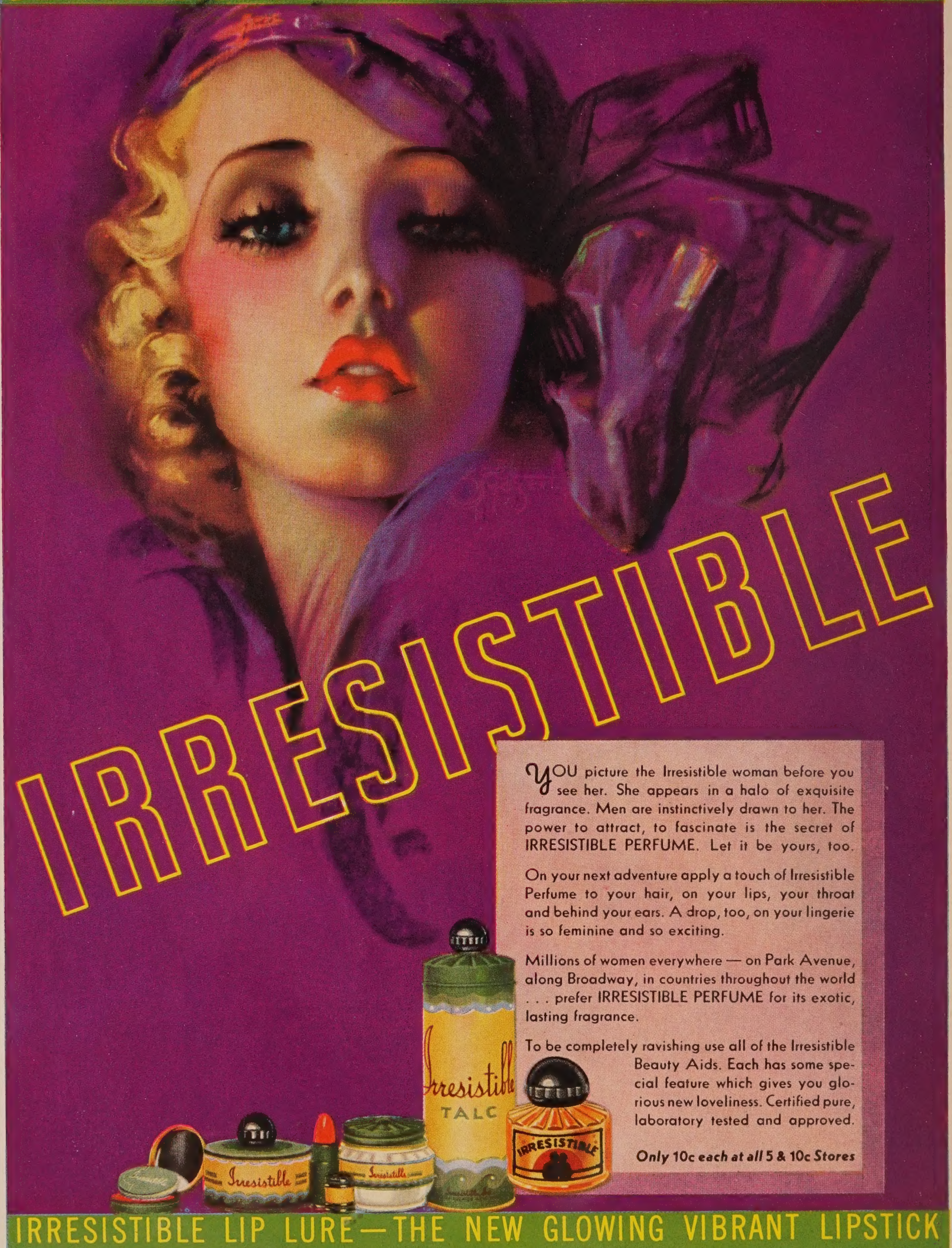

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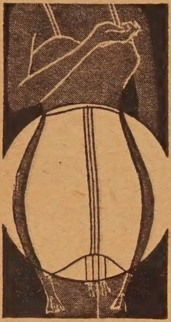

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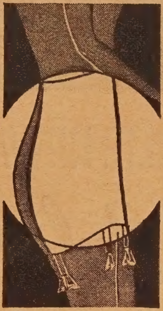

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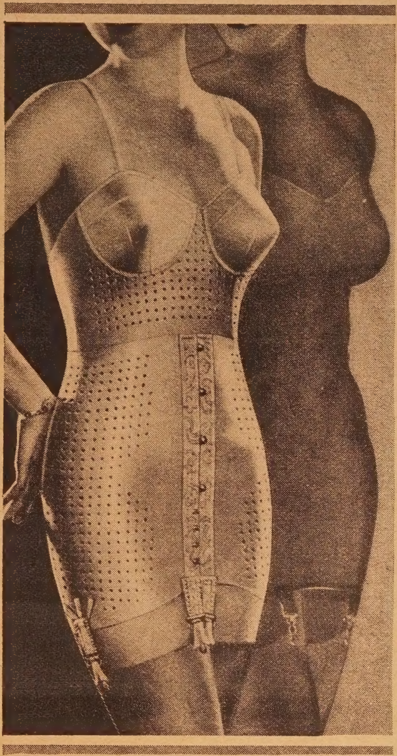

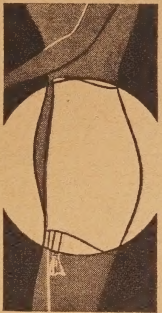

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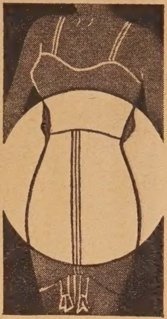

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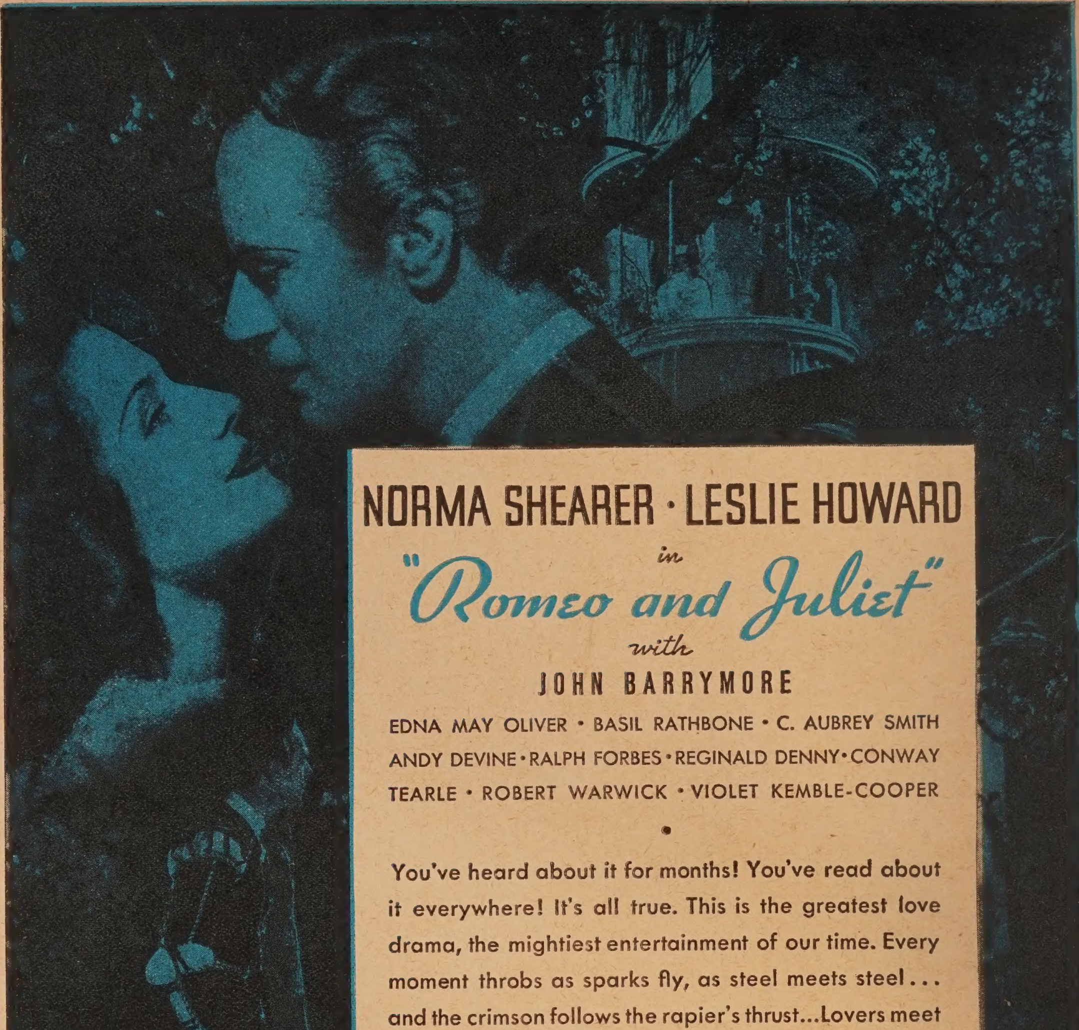

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SCREEN BOOK

Vol. XVIII
No. 3

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Managing Editor

The News Magazine of the Movies
Guest Editor, DOLORES DEL RIO

FLORENCE JOHNSON
Executive Editor

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● I was dull and logy—felt a headache coming on—thought the day would never end! I knew all too well what the trouble was—poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I took a tablet. It worked like magic. Now I can't say enough in favor of FEEN-A-MINT!

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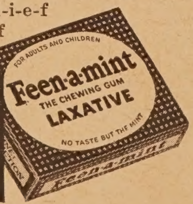

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Slightly higher in Canada

TELLING on the GUEST EDITOR

Keep your eyes on SCREEN BOOK—not on Dolores' emeralds . . . little things that come in pairs, surrounded by diamonds, which she wears as casually as a forgetful husband wears a string 'round his finger

SCREEN BOOK

IF YOU think Dolores' comments in her own writing, which appear on a number of pages herein, are terse—put yourself in the place of her intimate friends who eagerly wrest fat letters from her out of the postman's grasp (after he has rung twice, you understand) only to find that things haven't changed a bit—and that the five pages hold a total of about twenty-five words. Her writing is so large that she never can make more than a half dozen words fit on a page of letter paper. We had to ask the printer to reduce, photographically, her writing to make room for the things she writes about.

•

You can't accuse Dolores of being an over-fond and doting wife (blinded by love even to the extent of misjudging her husband's sartorial perfection) when she names him "best dressed man." Many male fashion authorities have said the same thing about M-G-M's art director. When Dolores wants an unusual scarf or tie she doesn't go to one of the swanky sports shops. No need for that. She just raids Cedric's wardrobe.

•

Garbo is a frequent visitor at the Gibbons menage—but when we asked Dolores if she'd write something for us on Greta, she shook her head. "No. Please do not ask me that. I do not talk about her. I never say anything." And that was that.

Her silent visitor usually comes unannounced, we learned—most frequently to play tennis. If Dolores is entertaining a guest, or transacting business with someone, Garbo is never announced. But her surprised hostess can tell from the expression on the face of the servant who comes into the room that the Great One is skulking in the shrubbery or hiding in her car at the end of the hedge until the coast is clear.

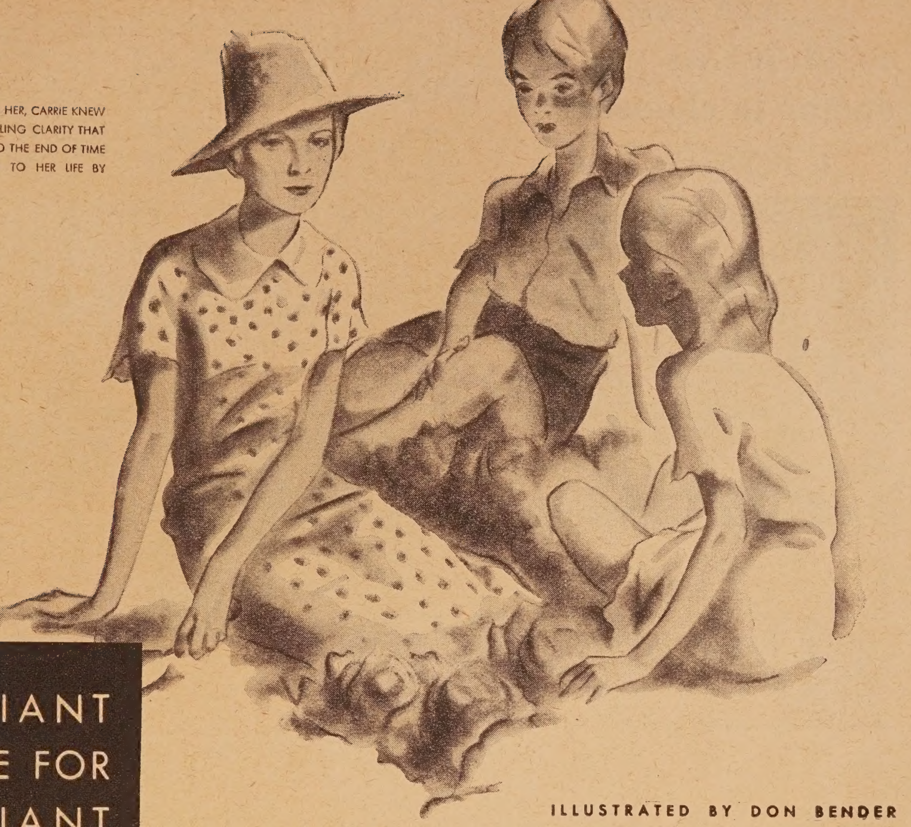
Dolores says earnestly and without hesitation that the Swede is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. "Even without make-up (and her coloring is not particularly fine) and with her hair unkempt, she is exquisite. What contour her face has—*what bone that woman has!* Perfect . . . ! !"

Garbo's dentist, incidentally, is another big Swede (that's all right, we're Swedish, too, and love all of our countrymen) who occupies offices directly above those of SCREEN BOOK. Garbo really opens up to him (??) and they talk merrily in their native tongue. We tried to get him to divulge something about Garbo's back molars but he was true to the tradition of silence and just gave us a look which might very well be sent to the laundry.

•

She names her pal, Marlene Dietrich, as the most glamorous woman in pictures. But Dolores herself merits that title.

Florence Johnson



AS THE TWO CHILDREN FACED HER, CARRIE KNEW WITH A STRANGE AND STARTLING CLARITY THAT FROM THIS MOMENT EVEN TO THE END OF TIME THEIR LIVES WERE FASTENED TO HER LIFE BY BONDS OF STEEL.

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

A VALIANT PICTURE FOR A VALIANT STAR

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

GLADYS GEORGE, *famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by* WESLEY RUGGLES.

IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

(Advertisement)

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?

TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point the doctor looks for. Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes. For over 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader...the largest-selling laxative in the world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dep.F.G.106 P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MARION DAVIES CONTEST WINNERS!

Marion worked with a fractured rib received in doing strenuous dances for *Cain and Mabel*, her newest picture. It's the best film she's made, say our key-holers. Marion plays a waitress—prize-fighter Clark Gable's sweetheart. The hilarious story is from an H. C. Witwer slang classic

"DELUGE" is the best description of the manner in which the entries to the Marion Davies Contest poured in. Marion's fans write in from all parts of the country—many thousands of them—such an amazing number, in fact, that the judges burned the midnight oil, yet couldn't examine all the submissions in time to publish the winners' names in the September issue.

The judges, whose decision is final, have chosen the following entries as most deserving the cash awards, and the checks are now being mailed:

1st Prize—$50.00. Mrs. Geo. Beecher, 309 No. 7th St., Marshalltown, Iowa.

2nd Prize—$25.00. Mr. Edwin J. Kissel, Y. M. C. A., Akron, Ohio.

3rd Prize $15.00. Miss Gladys McGuire, 324 So. Mills St., Madison, Wis.

4th Prize—$10.00. Miss Hazel Nestor, 3045 Leeward Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

5th Prize—$10.00. Mrs. F. G. Hubbard. Redwood Falls, Minn.

6th Prize — $10.00. Mr. D. Lawson Binga, 512 Commercial Merchant's Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill.

7th Through 12th Prizes:

$5.00 Miss Agnes Specht, c/o Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.

$5.00 Miss Fay Collier Burke, 1162 St. Paul Street, Denver, Colo.

$5.00 Miss Jane Pollak, 2929 Belmont Ave., Baltimore, Md.

$5.00 Mr. W. G. Diffenderfer, 304 East Main Street, Mount Joy, Pa.

$5.00 Miss Dorothy E. Greene, 210 East 64th Street, New York City.

$5.00 Ada Jordan, Apt 211, 1292 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

13th Through 37th Prizes:

$2.00 Mr. Rudolph G. Jorgenson, 406 So. Madison Street, Stoughton, Wis.

$2.00 Miss Anna Panase, 362 Chalkstone Ave., Providence, R. I.

$2.00 Mrs. H. F. Jennings, W. 3804 Longfellow Ave., Spokane, Wash.

$2.00 Miss Dorothy Hausman, 1320 Odell Street, New York City.

$2.00 Mrs. H. R. Womack, Route 3, Box 534, Roanoke, Va.

$2.00 Mr. Albert Manski, 69 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.

$2.00 Miss Irene Estes, 33 Vance Crescent, W. Asheville, N. C.

$2.00 Miss Ruth Jellison, 1527 Rucker Ave., Everett, Wash.

$2.00 Mrs. Ruth Barger, 40 Park Street, Brockton, Mass.

$2.00 Miss Lorraine Hay, 917 Northeast 15th, Oklahoma City, Okla.

$2.00 Miss Estelle L. Katz, 23 Ellsworth Ave., Brockton, Mass.

$2.00 Mr. Bertram Knowles, 470 No. Grove Street, East Orange, N. J.

$2.00 Mr. N. W. Byng, 101 Taft Apts., Huntington, W. Va.

$2.00 Miss Mary McDonald, Apt. 60, 3362 Reading Rd., Cincinnati, O.

$2.00 Miss Josephine Halas, 19 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

$2.00 Miss Martha Odnoor, 552 Pennock Ave., Massillon, O.

$2.00 Mrs. Jean Erb, (Lawton) R. D. No. 1, Harrisburg, Pa.

$2.00 Mrs. Adele Robinson, 2130 Cambridge St., Los Angeles, Calif.

$2.00 Miss Beverlee Sherwood, 2405 Center St., Houston, Texas.

$2.00 Miss Marie Hazel, 300 E. Vine at 4th, Reading, O.

$2.00 Mr. W. H. Fletcher, P. O. Box 115, Carrollton, Ga.

$2.00 Miss Doree Kemler, 77 Davis Street, Westville, Conn.

$2.00 Miss Helen Viet, 385 So. 6th St., Columbus, O.

$2.00 Mr. S. H. Connor, 3428 Belvedere Ave., Baltimore, Md.

$2.00 Miss Helen Hurst, 656 Rutherford, Shreveport, La.

THE PICTURE EVERY WOMAN WILL WANT SOME MAN TO SEE

If you know of anything more important than the female of the species in the world's scheme of things, then you can dispute our action in awarding this new Kay Francis picture runaway honors as the outstanding photoplay of the month. See it and you will know why woman critics unite in calling it the greatest picture of its kind since "Stella Dallas"—even greater, perhaps, because of its modern viewpoint and open honesty in considering a love problem women in the day of "Stella Dallas" kept padlocked in their hearts. The role of a mother, caught in the turmoil of a love so desperate that she must break another woman's heart or her own, is valiantly performed by

KAY FRANCIS

IN

"GIVE ME YOUR HEART"

From a Noted Stage Play . . . With

GEORGE BRENT

Roland Young • • Patric Knowles

Henry Stephenson • Frieda Inescort

Directed by Archie L. Mayo • A Cosmopolitan Production

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Only to a world of advancing social ideas would the screen dare present so fearlessly candid a drama. And only for a public whose tastes have been keyed to a higher entertainment level could Warner Bros. have included it in that remarkable succession of new-season pictures which has already given us "The Green Pastures" and "Anthony Adverse." A happy movie season is indeed in store for us with assurance from trustworthy sources that Warner Bros. have issued confidential orders that the same standard of excellence be adhered to in the production of Marion Davies and Clark Gable's "Cain and Mabel"; "Charge of the Light Brigade," with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland; Lloyd C. Douglas' celebrated best-seller, "Green Light," and other forthcoming pictures.

SAVE ½ on RUGS

Send your **OLD RUGS, CLOTHING**

Write for *America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog*; 66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Describes—

Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing: how we shred, sterilize, merge, picker, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, firmly woven, full bodied, seamless,

REVERSIBLE RUGS —that can be used on both sides. *Twice* the wear, *Double* the luxury, at ½ the cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

ANY Size You Want —to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

IT'S SO EASY—Just 'PHONE the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—at our expense.

You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 62nd year. [Beware agents. Order direct.]

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MYSELF As I See Me . . .

. . . Jane Withers

Janie even laughs at herself in that red wig and I-fell-into-the-flour-barrel makeup. She considered herself fat—until she drove Lotus, the hippopotamus!

WELL, ever since *Bright Eyes*, people seem a little bit surprised that I play with dolls instead of machine guns . . . I guess I AM a tomboy, but I even know *boys* who like to play girls' games, so why shouldn't a girl play boys' games? But honest, I take care of my own bedroom and playroom and pets and dolls just like all girls, and Mother says I'm NOT a brat . . . even though sometimes I'm naughty, like the time I pulled some buttons off my dresses, so they'd all end up on *lawyer*, because Jackie Searl said he wanted to be one when he grew up . . .

Friday's my lucky day, even when it's the thirteenth . . . I got my contract on a Friday, and Bosco, my monkey, and Danky, my dog, and my first real Indian doll from Mr. Cobb . . . and I met Jackie on a Friday, too . . .

Some people think it's work, to make pictures, but I think it's heaps of FUN, on account of there are always a lot of people to play with, and I get to do desperate and daring things, and when I'm good, Mother lets me make gingerbread cookies after we get home, and I twist them in hotcha dancing poses, and they taste lots better that way.

The only thing I don't like about making pictures is the last day—just when you get to know everybody real well and they get to know your games and I get to know theirs, why then it's all over, and it makes me sad. And then, the best thing that ever happened to me, when they let me be a real circus clown just for one night with the Al G. Barnes Circus in Santa Barbara, well, they might not have let me, if I wasn't in pictures.

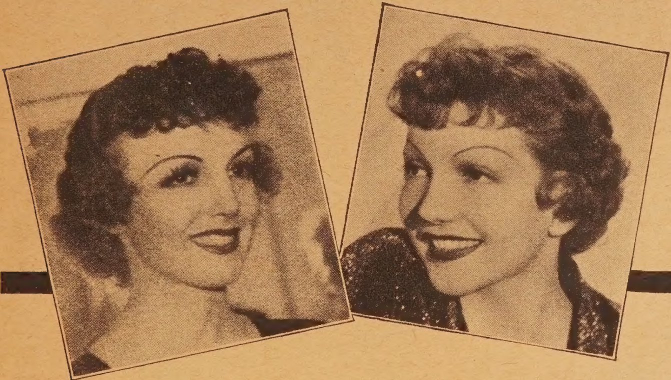
Everybody [*Continued on page 96*]

Are you old? Are you young? Handsome or homely? However you look, you have a chance to win—with your photograph

PERIWINKLE
PERIWINKLE

Laurel and Hardy—the world's most popular comedy team—now disrupting the serious business of the day with their laugh-riot film, *Our Relations*, are seeking their "twins" from among their fans

Wanted! DOUBLES *for* STARS! $500 *REWARD!*



Astonishing, isn't it?—the likeness of Paluma Noisom to Claudette Colbert. Take a tip from her photo and try your hand at stressing—with coiffure and makeup—your similarity to any movie player

$500 in PRIZES for ANY "TWINS"

$50	for photograph most resembling Stan Laurel
$50	for photograph most resembling Oliver Hardy
$50	for photograph most resembling one of the *Our Gang* kiddies
$50	for photograph most resembling a male star
$50	for photograph most resembling a female star
$50	for photograph most resembling a child actor or actress
$50	for photograph most resembling a character actor
$50	for photograph most resembling a character actress
$50	for photograph most resembling a juvenile, male
$50	for photograph most resembling a juvenile, female

NO MATTER what your age, size, type or color you have an opportunity to win a cash award and recognition as the double of a movie player—merely by sending in a picture of yourself!

Whether you're a grandmother, like May Robson—or a shaggy-haired boy with a few missing teeth, like Alfalfa of "Our Gang"—or a middle-aged man, like Lewis Stone—or a pretty blonde, like Mary Carlisle—or a young man, like Frank Albertson, you are eligible.

Perhaps you resemble one of our most famous stars, or maybe you look like one of the lesser-known featured players. It makes no difference—you are equally welcome to join this contest to find doubles for movie actors. Remember, too, that Chinese Anna May Wong and Keye Luke—and Negroes Stepin Fetchit, Paul Robeson and Louise Beavers—as well as Eskimo Mala are popular screen players. Have they doubles in their screen audience?

If you wish to emphasize your likeness to the player you resemble, that's your privilege. If you wish, pose for your snapshot or picture in the way that is characteristic of the star. That's not necessary, however.

Since every conceivable type of person is represented on the screen, it seems almost a foregone conclusion that you can find your own double in the ranks of movie players.

Go to your mirror—study your face. Perhaps you have one feature that marks your similarity to an actor or actress. Does it show in photographs? If it does—send in that photograph today—to the Doubles Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

See photo on page 83.

CONTEST RULES

1. Any man, woman or child is eligible—and welcome!—to enter a photograph in this contest, except employees of *Screen Book* or anyone who has accepted pay for doubling for movie players.

2. The winners are to be judged solely by their likeness to current screen personalities, selected by the editorial staff of *Screen Book*. The judges' decisions are to be final.

3. The contest closes midnight, October 10, 1936, and all eligible entries will bear postmark on or prior to that time.

4. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

5. No photos can be returned, and no correspondence entered into regarding them.

6. Mail your photo with filled-in coupon attached, or facsimile, to Doubles Contest Editor, *Screen Book* Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

Attach this coupon or copy of it to your photo.

Name ....

Street address ....

City ....State ....

Double for ....
(name of player)

YOU can't help feeling sorry for her —the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.

She's pretty — but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *Why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

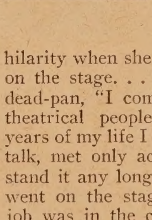
The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

"DEAD PAN" BRODERICK

This isn't a "handy"—nor a new kind of movie clinch. It's just Helen, testing make-up man Lou Hippe's patience—



HELEN BRODERICK . . . . one of Hollywood's most popular wise-cracking funsters . . . beats her own record for hilarity when she explains why she went on the stage. . . . "You see," she says, dead-pan, "I come from a long line of theatrical people. The first fourteen years of my life I heard nothing but stage talk, met only actors. Then I couldn't stand it any longer so I ran away—and went on the stage!" . . . Helen's first job was in the chorus . . . spent eight years dancing and singing . . . in her spare time convulsing the gang back stage until they persuaded her to try comedy for the benefit of the paying customers . . . she did and was soon carried to the top in a long series of Broadway comedies and musicals . . . back in her chorus days she met a young actor named Lester Crawford . . . and married him . . . this was twenty-five years ago and she solemnly announces she thinks their marriage will last . . . they have one son, Broderick Crawford who inherits the parental theatrical ambitions . . . several years ago she starred on the stage in *Fifty Million Frenchmen* and came to Hollywood to make the screen version of this hit . . . but returned to New York . . . starred with the Astaires and Frank Morgan in *The Band Wagon* and topped her own record for smash hits in *As Thousands Cheer* which ran two years! . . . returned to Hollywood to appear with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *Top Hat*, accepted a contract from RKO-Radio and has been there ever since . . . is in the current Astaire-Rogers musical, *Swing Time* . . . Miss Broderick is a brilliant conversationalist . . . her dry comment convulses her fellow workers during the making of a picture . . . as she sits on the sidelines in the inevitable old-fashioned rocking chair, knitting the inevitable bright afghan.

RING OUT THE OLD SEASON SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!

Hear these Jerome Kern
SONG HITS
"The Way You Look Tonight"
"Pick Yourself Up"
"A Fine Romance"
"A Waltz in Swing Time"
"Bojangles in Harlem"
"Never Gonna Dance"
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

JEROME KERN'S

SWING TIME

with their best supporting cast to date

VICTOR MOORE · HELEN BRODERICK
ERIC BLORE · BETTY FURNESS
and **GEORGES METAXA**

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production
He gave you "Roberta," "Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat" and "Follow The Fleet" · Directed by George Stevens

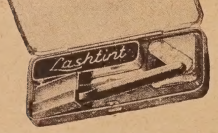
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

by *Jane Heath*

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

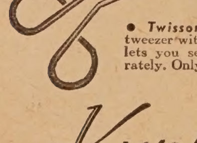
You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.



● ***Lashtint Compact.*** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

KURLENE FOR EYELASHES BY Kurlash

● ***Kurlene.*** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.



● ***Twissors.*** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. FG-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Our Hollywood FRIVOLITIES

"How about a date tonight, baby?" growls Spanky to June Lang. He's been acting since he wore triangular trousers and has graduated into the car-with-chauffeur class for taking June out. They're in love—and actually going together! . . .

AUTUMN—the leaves are falling, and so are the young stars—for each other. In fact, it's quite a hectic thing keeping up with what really is—and what "reely" is. You see, the studio publicity departments get all worked up over a boy and girl team in one of their pictures and immediately have them romancing—usually much to the surprise of the two involved. In spite of everything, Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs are NOT "twoing," nor are James Blakeley and Olivia de Havilland. On the other hand, to balance things a bit Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden, a team on the screen, are definitely a team off-screen as well.

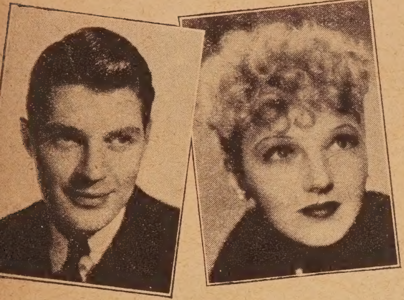
After a few hectic months of indecision, we've finally pinned Robert Kent down and, at present, his romantic inclinations are filed safely away under the A's.

Astrid Allwyn is the gal, and, if you don't think it's the McCoy, sneak up on 'em some time when they're just sighing their way out of a moonlight waltz at a local dancery.

For a long time, after his arrival in pictures, Kent stayed home nights penning pensive epistles to a mysterious young lady who had the eastern option on his affections. In fact, all through his

Dashing around Hollywood and covering the exciting new romantic happenings with

Henry Willson



They reached for the same sandwich—and they've been holding hands ever since: Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn

first picture, Bob made definite plans to return East to visit The Girl as soon as the epic was finished. But a pair of bum bicuspids decreed that he stay right here and spend his vacation in the dentist's chair.

Came Shirley Temple's new picture, *Bowery Princess,* with Bob playing romantic foil to Astrid and Delma Byron. There was something about that Byron lass . . . anyhow, Kent stayed home less and his brand new fountain pen began to show signs of rust, just a little around the edges.

With the picture finished, the cast and crew celebrated with a party on the sound stage. Bob and Astrid reached for the same sandwich at the same time. Well, there was something about that Allwyn girl . . . There still is, and, these days, it's mostly Kent.

Then there's John Howard and petite Margo looking like that at each other over their boiled eggs and potato salad, in the Paramount Cafe; and Fred MacMurray retaining that blissful look as he lunches with his new wife at the same studio restaurant.

But the hottest romance of the new season—well, [*Continued on page* 95]

☆ Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the lovely perfumed soap that keeps you sweet and clean, and also fragrantly dainty!

Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

How different from any other soap . . . this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

For it not only keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather . . . utterly free from any fear of ever offending . . . It also keeps you *fragrantly dainty,* with its lingering perfume!

So rare and costly is the perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet, that it clings about you long after your bath . . . lends you the subtle glamour of a fine imported perfume! What other soap could bring you such *perfect* daintiness?

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics, makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢—THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved ★ 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Read:

Fate—Fame

and

Robert Taylor

by his mother

Mrs. Ruth Brugh

The most revealing article ever written about the screen's sensational new star. In it, you will learn for the first time, the real facts concerning his spectacular rise to stardom and fame. . . .

Read:

Merle Oberon's

20 Dangerous Days

The amazingly dramatic story of a young girl's inspirational battle against hunger, unemployment and despair. You will also find exclusive, newsy stories about Jean Harlow, Nelson Eddy, Una Merkel, Gloria Stuart, John Barrymore, Ginger Rogers, Joan Blondell and many other world famous stars in OCTOBER MOVIE CLASSIC.

Now On Sale

10¢

Movie Classic

TODAY'S GOSSIP

By Anita Kilgore

RONALD COLMAN pulled a Garbo on the *Lost Horizon* set and brought his own lunch. His sandwiches and salads, etc., were such a fascinating variety that the others just stood around and drooled. After three days Colman couldn't take it any longer and began bringing something for everyone. Such eats they must have at that Colman house! Which reminds me: Mr. Colman once said, "I'd rather have a good meal than a date with the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood!"

—Rhodes

Arline Judge and husband Wesley Ruggles don't live together now, but he came to her swimming party and is directing her picture, titled *Valiant is the Word for Carrie*

"This hurts me more than it does you," agonizes Bob Burns. "Yes, you big hill billy," Martha Raye screeches, "but not in the same place." These two scene-stealers rival Bing Crosby for applause in *Rhythm on the Range*. Martha was mobbed by autograph hounds at the preview—and she emerged $210 poorer. Her purse containing $10 and a diamond brooch had been stolen

SCREEN BOOK'S Ear-to-the-Ground department gives you the lowdown

THERE IS ONLY one reason why Fredric March doesn't see his own rushes, and that is: They usually aren't shown until after the day's work at six o'clock. And six o'clock is bed time for the two youngest Marches, Tony and Penelope. The before-going-to-bed fun is Mr. March's most strenuous relaxation.

A DRESS A DANCE the way Ginger "swings" it. If you think the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers dance sequences are a cinch, the fact that she needs two dresses for each sequence should make you think differently—one alone simply can't stand the gaff, which usually goes on for two days. Of course Ginger can—but filmy chiffon is not the stuff this little girl is made of.

THE 16-MM CAMERA has a new use in Hollywood. Joan Crawford has introduced a new career-phase which, like almost everything else she introduces, is sure to become a fad. Before starting to work in *Parnell* she tested herself at home with Franchot acting as her cameraman-director. Clark Gable was also invited to pre-

[*Continued on page* 18]

—*Rhodes*

Hah! Sneaking in the alley door to see the first showing of Franchot's *Suzy*. Joan worked late on *Gorgeous Hussy*—but didn't want to miss Mr. Tone's latest picture, so she hurried away without removing her wig. That and dark glasses would be an effective disguise—if she could disguise her husband

Beauty and Energy

require the RESTFUL SLEEP provided only by the NEW

slumbernest

THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY ADVANCEMENT IN MATTRESS COMFORT, BEAUTY, CONSTRUCTION and LONGEVITY

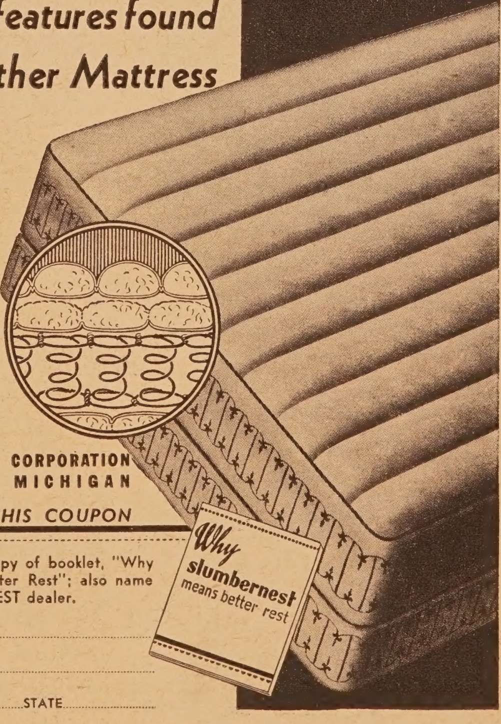
The merciless routine of movie production taxes human endurance almost to the breaking point. Leading stars say that sound, refreshing sleep restores youthful health and radiant beauty as nothing else can. The new SLUMBERNEST Mattress . . . the most important advancement in sleeping comfort in many years . . . enables you to sleep utterly relaxed. So buoyantly comfortable is this mattress that normal sleep movements are reduced at least 36%. All nerve and muscle tension is quickly relieved. You drift quietly and sweetly into deep, dreamless slumber. You awake thoroughly revitalized. SLUMBERNEST . . . the mattress achievement of the century . . . costs no more than an ordinary mattress. See it at your dealer's, or use the coupon for full information.

TAKE A TIP FROM THESE FAMOUS STARS

Jack La Rue, Lois Wilson and Raquel Torres say that there is no substitute for sound, restful sleep as a health, energy and beauty tonic.

8 Superior features found in No Other Mattress

The scientific research and production experience of the great automobile industry, plus 18 years of practical experience in the bedding industry, are responsible for the important superiorities of the SLUMBERNEST mattress. Among the exclusive features of the SLUMBERNEST are the patented MULTI-PLEATER SLUMBERNEST quilt; the FALES underpadding, and the full-floating, double cone, finely tempered, indestructible "all steel" spring unit.



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Send me postpaid, free copy of booklet, "Why SLUMBERNEST Means Better Rest"; also name of my nearest SLUMBERNEST dealer.

NAME...

ADDRESS (ST. or RFD)...

CITY...STATE..........................

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 17]

—*Rhodes*

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert first met in London on *The Barker* stage. They married. They divorced. He wed Sally Blane, she wed Joel Pressman. Now they broadcast *The Barker* with Walter Huston. Strange Hollywood!

Everywhere-present Cameraman Rhodes catches Carole Lombard and Clark Gable going to see *Romeo and Juliet*

—*Rhodes*

Somewhat of a scoop is this photo of Warner Baxter and wife Winifred Bryson, who once was an actress—and a pretty one! Scene: Opening of Otto Kruger's play, *Parnell,* which Crawford and Gable will film

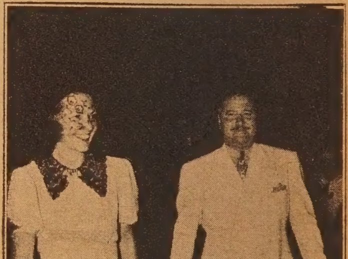
photograph all their important scenes with her. About her work Miss Crawford grows "seriouser and seriouser!"

A SPECIAL PRINT of the picture *San Francisco,* minus the earthquake scenes, and showing only the aftermath fire was made for San Francisco theaters. Because to this day, in the Golden Gate city when you ask them about their big earthquake they say: "Oh, you mean the fire?" They are very, very sensitive, and never like to own up to the jitters.

PETER LORRE, foreign horror expert, has long been a wrestling fan, and some time ago when Man Mountain Dean was in Hollywood Peter wrote a note asking for the mat-man's autograph. He was much surprised (as even you and I) when he received a very dignified answer written by a secretary asking Mr. Lorre to phone for an appointment and Mr. Dean would be very happy to personally give his autograph. More for a gag than anything Peter followed the suggestion and found himself face to face with the burly one. As he was about to leave with the autograph in his pocket Dean said: "Wait a minute! Maybe you're someone whose autograph I should have," "Maybe I am," and Peter proceeded to tell who he was. "No, I don't think so," said Mr. Dean, and his beard waved in the breeze as Mr. Lorre hurriedly shut the door.

WHY WAS IT that there were so few full-length shots of Leslie Howard as *Romeo*? Why, when he was shown from stem to stern, was he pretty well covered with a cape? Forsooth, it must be that his calves aren't all that a Romeo's calves should be. Nor would the dignified Mr. Howard submit to the indignity of cotton batting in the sock. You'd be surprised to know the number of actors who do go in for that when they're in a tight spot!

EVERYONE HAS BEEN extremely interested in the Loretta Young-Eddie Sutherland romance, and though Loretta has stated that there will be no marriage for her now or in the near future, we wonder. Loretta's instinct for a family is strong as the one comment about the break-up of her marriage to Grant Withers indicates: "Isn't it too bad I don't have a baby! I could have it to play with now." On numerous occasions she has tried to adopt a baby but each time has allowed her family to talk her out of it. Her keen maternal



What? Paul Whiteman dating Venita Varden, who promised to love, honor and obey Jack Oakie? Wrong again—it's really Jack but he's acquiring the chins and girth that make Paul unique. Have a grapefruit for dinner, Mr. Oakie?

urge was further evidenced recently on the *Ramona* location in the San Jacinto mountains. At great risk to herself she saved the life of a little girl who was playing the scene with her. When a fine netting stretched above them burst into flames and sank burning around them, everyone dashed for safety. Only Loretta stopped to pick up the child and carry her away from the flames. Loretta's further domesticity is also evidenced in love for sewing and cooking. During her illness she made breakfast jackets for her mother and sisters, and six slips for herself. She likes, especially to sew and shop for Georgiana Belzer, her twelve-year-old half-sister.

THOSE OAKIE FOLKS are here again! Jack Oakie and his Pigeon—Venita Varden to you—have had to move from their small apartment to a big house which they rented from John Halliday. You see, Jack's married sister and her children are now "taking" their Christmas present. Jack's yearly Christmas present to them is a trip out here each summer. Brings them all the way from Brooklyn so they can see Oakie at home! An in-law outing for Venita!

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S strangest friendships is that which exists between loquacious Bob Burns and silent Lew Ayres. Oldster and youngster, for some reason, are great admirers of each other and while Lew has been living at the beach, Bob Burns has moved into the Ayres house. The strange thing is that when Bob and Lew are together it is Lew who does all the talking and Bob who just listens.

FROM THE SIDELINES of *Champagne Waltz* where husband Frank Chapman is overseeing wife Gladys Swarthout: Director Eddie Sutherland calls "cut" and Frank Chapman nods in satisfaction—"That's the best scene we've done so far." Such a sideline husband might get in everybody's hair, except for the fact that he is there because Gladys says: "Without Frank I would never in the world be able to live through Hollywood." He is on hand not only for the daily picture-making routine, but for Swarthout portraits, Swarthout make-up, Swarthout stills, Swarthout publicity, Swarthout costumes—in other words, for Swarthout!

ORCHESTRA-LEADER JOHNNY GREEN'S divorce will be settled soon, and when it is you will be hearing more about a romance which may surprise some of you—Johnny Green and Ginger Rogers. They have been composing a song in collaboration, and you know what happens when two music lovers get together!

FOUR SINGING GERMANS, old beer drinking fellows, who had never been before a camera, were hired by Director Eddie Sutherland to take part in the Vienna scenes of *Champagne Waltz,* with Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray and Frank Forest. They were stolid old fellows, and the scene showed the introduction of American jazz to Vienna. Eddie Sutherland wanted them to re-act with surprise, fright and frenzy. Hoping that it would do the trick he had a prop man stand behind them and shoot one of the loudest guns that they could find in the prop department. The gun boomed and the four singers didn't turn a hair! "After singing all day until they were practically

[*Continued on page* 70]

"Sanitary Protection is not complete without these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender

Authority on Feminine Hygiene

Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—thus chafing and irritation are prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

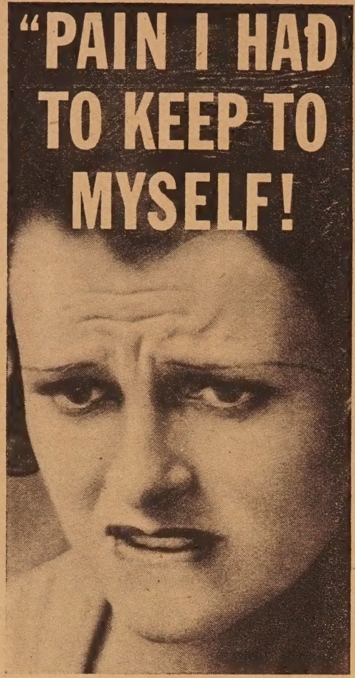
Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

THREE TYPES OF KOTEX

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR — IN THE GREEN BOX — Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **A SANITARY NAPKIN** ***made from Cellucotton (not cotton)***


"PAIN I HAD TO KEEP TO MYSELF!

I Got No Sympathy Because I Couldn't Explain!"

WHAT an affliction Piles are! What a tax, physically and mentally. Piles not only cause you untold torture, but they make you look the suffering you feel.

Piles can take various forms — internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they play havoc with your health, strength and efficiency.

A Scientific Formula

Real relief for the distress due to Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo acts quickly and definitely. Pazo stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Real Results

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory.

Send for Trial Tube

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 75-F, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose **10c** to help cover packing and postage.

NAME________________________

ADDRESS________________________

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This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

THE CREAM OF THE CAKE CROP!

Jane creams the butter and sugar until the mixture is smooth and fluffy

Beat eggs vigorously and add to creamed mixture when light and airy

Sift flour once *before* measuring. Then sift all dry ingredients together

COULD you pack suitcases so that each frock may be lifted out a day later fresh and free from wrinkles—find room for one more tiny hat in the already filled hat box—discard the odds and ends that accumulate in closets and drawers so your personal belongings may be moved into another apartment during your absence—remind your husband not to forget his swimming trunks or toothbrush—add the final touches to a picnic hamper—while baking a cake that literally melts in your mouth?

Well, maybe you can do six things simultaneously if you insist, but here's the catch. Jane Wyatt accomplished all this right under my nose and didn't lose her sunny disposition *for one instant!* She even took time to cut me a piece of cake and give me her recipe before jumping into the car beside her attractive husband to be swept away for a week's motor trip to celebrate the completion of *Lost Horizon.*

Jane's ability to pack quickly in a

IT'S YOURS! A COOK BOOK CONTAINING RECIPES AUTOGRAPHED BY THE STARS!

Order this splendid collection of favorite recipes—autographed by celebrities—NOW. The cost is only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½x11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cookbook cover, this collection of 120 kitchen-tested dishes, is just what you've wished for to make your meals a success.

Scan the list of the stars represented and their choice recipes:

E. G. Robinson's Honey Recipes
Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Joan Davis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

Novel desserts come and go but cake remains supreme through the ages

by Joan Davis

Pour batter in pans after adding buttermilk and dry ingredients alternately to creamed mixture

"Bake a cake as fast as you can" is Jane Wyatt's advice to brides!

minimum of space is traced to months of one night stands while receiving her stage training. Her ability as a cook may be traced indirectly to Edgar Ward, former tennis champion, who led Jane to the altar last November.

"Before I was married, I couldn't boil water," Jane laughed. "I was too wrapped up in my career to entertain domestic thoughts. But one day I found a cook book left by a former tenant in a kitchen drawer. The pictures looked most attractive and the recipes didn't sound half as formidable as I had expected. I decided to bake a cake just for fun, figuring I would have plenty of time to dispose of the results if they were too awful before Ed came home."

To make a long story short, friend husband disposed of said results—in large bites—and wistfully wished for more a few days later!

Jane still [Continued on page 71]

'HOUSECLEAN' YOUR SKIN

LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By Lady Esther

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

Meets the Need!

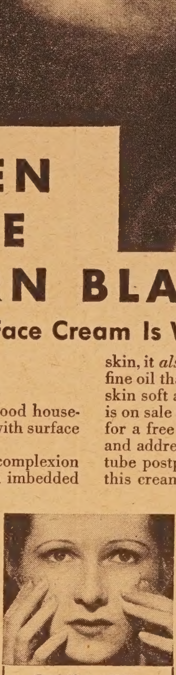
Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a *penetrating* face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, it *shows* it, both in the clearness and radiance of your skin and in the tingling sensation of freshness.

Lubricates Also!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it *also* lubricates it—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-days' tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works. See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

See also how soft and smooth and supple Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. The results will literally amaze you. You will understand then why eight million women say that all their skins need is this one face cream.



Feel Those Little Bumps?

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sign your pores are clogged and your skin needs "housecleaning."

Prove to Yourself!

With the free 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you can see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (26) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

SHOPPING WITH SUE

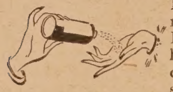
Here is what I learned about personal hygiene accessories. You can have complete confidence in these intimate items.

Susan Lee
Shopping Expert

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c; De Luxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort women dread.

For Personal Daintiness



If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest, and you'll agree 35c is a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may be carried in your purse for emergencies. Box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation". The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write for the ones you want. Room 1402, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

LETTER PAGE

Just one of the entertaining scenes from Gaumont-British's clever *Seven Sinners,* starring Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings. Do you think foreign-made films are more down to earth (no pun intended) than our own pictures? Do you think American producers could take tips from our cousins across the sea?

Two arguments begin in this month's batch of mail. Join the fun—and get in on the money!—Editor.

$15.00 Letter

Too Much Glamour, Says She

IT'S about time the stars "came down to earth" and all this glamour business vanished. What folks want these days is naturalness! Good, common, everyday naturalness.

Wouldn't it be great if we could see Joan Crawford, after a swim with hair stringing down, or be able to wear some of those fantastic clothes in public without looking like a walking fashion plate?

And, hasn't Dietrich ever stumbled on a chair or does she always manage to have that perfect "glide?"

On the screen, why not have the beauties awaken with their hair in curlers and slabs of cold cream covering their faces?

Ah! the wonder of it, the very wonder of it, that never has there been a movie heroine, who wore glasses.

Oh, I could go on forever, but what's the use, glamour and naturalness will always be opponents. Or, maybe I'm wrong, perhaps naturalness will defeat glamour and when it does I can let the boy-friend see others besides Shirley Temple and Wallace Beery! —*Doris de Fabry, 52 Beacon St., Newark, N. J.*

$10.00 Letter

She Approves of It

EACH time I go near a beauty parlor and see the many young women engaged in making Mrs. So-and-So more attractive to her husband, and Miss This or That more appealing to her fiancé, I wonder if these busy young ladies ever stop to think that they owe their jobs to the Joan Crawfords, Jean Harlows and Norma Shearers of the screen. With their well groomed appearance, immaculately kept hands, poise and glamour, these stars have done more toward making the women all over the world beauty conscious than any other single agency. How many women do not come out from a Crawford picture conscious that they need a new permanent or a manicure? How many girls after hearing their Tommy or Johnny admire Norma Shearer's latest coiffure do not hurry next day to their favorite hair dresser to have theirs fixed the same way? Advertisers know that the picture of Jean Harlow with a few words telling why she prefers the particular soap or powder will send Mary or Helen faster to the drugstore to get a cake or box, than anything he can write in three pages of advertisement.

Dozens and dozens of orchids to the beautiful Hollywood ladies who have done so much toward creating employment for millions outside the studios.—*Gladys E. Conrad, Box 117, Playa, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico.*

$5.00 Letter

A Plea for Fewer Films

AFTER fifteen years in the mercantile and business field, where the quality versus quantity problem is discussed so often, it interests me to see it bobbing up now in the world of motion pictures under the heading of double feature or single feature bills.

Successful mercantile men have only one answer: "Quality." Clothiers say: "Women don't remember what they paid for the dress that wears well and retains its fit. They just remember that it was satisfactory." Automobile salesmen tell you: "If a car doesn't stand up, the owner will forget the low price and only recall that your make didn't last."

There's a tip for the movie world in the above bagatelle of experience. One good picture, shown with a news reel and a short, will linger in the minds as a fine show. A four hour program, with two mediocre pictures (even at a lower price) will dull the movie appetite.—*Marie Luther, 400 South F Street, Madera, Calif.*

$1.00 Letter
A Collector Tips You Off

IT IS almost five years since I started collecting autographed pictures of the movie stars and my collection of over two hundred—is my greatest pride and joy. Perhaps SCREEN BOOK readers would be interested in knowing a little about them. The photos that were autographed to me personally were those from Jean Harlow, Eleanor Powell, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Dick Powell, Una Merkel, Alice Faye, Bette Davis and a few more from featured players. The loveliest photos that I have are those of Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Ann Sothern, Ginger Rogers, Frances Dee, and Marlene Dietrich. The shortest of time in which I received a photo occurred—when I sent for Dick Powell's. That took only four days. It was exactly one year to a day before Miriam Hopkins' reached me. (There's a new slant on Dick and Miriam.)—*Nell Ljutic, 127-37th Street, Richmond, Calif.*

$1.00 Letter
A Complaint About Clothes

BEING a stenographer earning an average stenographer's wage, it would be a great blessing to me to know how these picture stars portraying one of our clan in a picture can have so many changes of gorgeous clothes, a lovely apartment, etc. They are never seen in the same dress twice, whereas, I have only six dresses to my name

[*Continued on page 63*]

THE SCREAMING JITTERS

If there's some particular thing about movies or any personality connected with them that gives you the aforementioned S. J., this is your chance to get it off your chest. We'll publish your cry of horror. On the other hand, if you want to jump up and down and

WAVE A HANKY

in praise of some star or phase of picture making, we'd like to see that just as well. Anything goes, so long as it's your expression of honest opinion: comment about the newest heart-throb in your town . . . why you did or didn't enjoy a certain film . . . why you do or don't like a certain star . . . what you think of censorship . . . or short subjects . . . new trends in pictures . . . or the current gossip about your favorite. Now you've got the idea, sit down and deface a little white paper. Every month the first prize letter published receives $15; second, $10; third, $5; all others printed $1. It's your chance to get your message across — and it's all among friends!

Six beauty experts witness proof that Glazo does not thicken!*

"Thrilling!" ...they said, of Glazo's Beauty!
"Amazing!" ...they exclaimed, when they saw...
GLAZO refuses to thicken in the bottle!*

HAS anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved . . . by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes . . . world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its *extra* days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality. Expensive internationally known polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing . . . Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

GLAZO
Liquid Polish

*PROOF: In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever . . . evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use . . . evaporated an average of 45%.

GLAZO . . . now only 20¢

Hollywood's best dressed man, Cedric Gibbons, my husband

Hollywood's best dressed woman my friend, Constance Bennett

HOLLYWOOD TIPS For HOME MAKERS

Dripolator coffee done to a "T"! A good way to start a good day, agree Cary Grant and Randy Scott . . . Is there any better appetizer than the smell of good coffee in the making and bacon on the pan? Why not improve your breakfasts with a modern coffee maker?

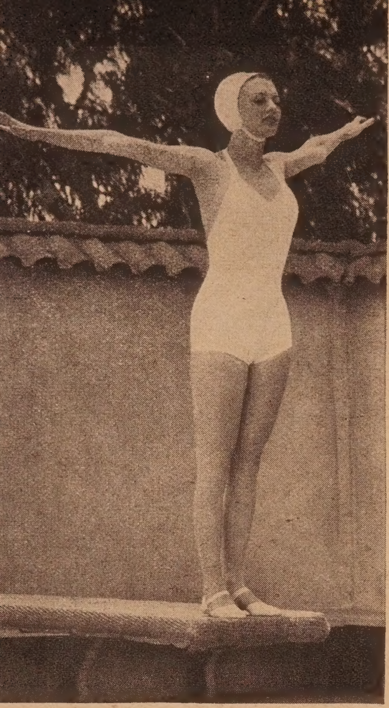
HERE'S a tip that will end forever a woman's most unpleasant task . . . that of keeping the commode clean and sanitary. Sani-Flush will go a long way toward making this most unpleasant task an easy one. Another important feature about Sani-Flush is its all around use.

[*Continued on page* 69]

Marjorie Gateson is mighty proud of her new aluminum cocktail shaker from the West Bend Aluminum Company . . . And such gay colors, too! The West Bend people have gone into the manufacture of all sorts of tableware made both from copper and aluminum . . . The model Miss Gateson has is called "Silver Glo" aptly named because of its soft silver-like finish

GO TO YOUR BEAUTY SHOP WEEKLY
ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY
[TWO GREAT BEAUTY SECRETS]
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Q-367

Photo News



Andrea Leads was kissed exactly 467 times in one day—while Francis X. Shields, tennis star, Bob Lowrey and John Payne were testing for the rôle opposite her in *Come and Get It.* All of this osculation wasn't real—you know what stage kisses sometimes are

One of the most daring stunts ever filmed! . . . it sent both men to the hospital, critically injured. From a height of more than twenty feet one stunt man crashed on top of another for a thrilling scene in *Charge of the Light Brigade*

Fred Astaire has gone slightly cameramad—goes about snapping friends, landscapes and total strangers on the *Swing Time* set. Ginger looks on helplessly

Now at Grace Moore's home studio to film *Pennies from Heaven,* Bing Crosby emulates her famous milking scene. Bing, however, sings while milking, while Grace milked and went through the motions of singing—but her voice was recorded later. Then, after the furore, the scene was cut from the picture

Claudette COLBERT's BROTHER SAYS . . . !

You'll enjoy his telling tales out of school on Claudette

By Grace Mack

A CHUBBY little girl with big brown eyes, a doll tucked under her arm, trudging up to Central Park to "play Indian" with the boys—

The sort of little girl who said, "*I'm not scared*" when she was put on the end of a crack-the-whip line that glided with breath-taking speed across the ice of a park lagoon—

A thirteen-year-old girl who took over the job of camp cook so that she could stay in the Catskills with her brother and two of his boy friends—

A starry-eyed girl of sixteen, thrilling over her first "prom"—

The world now knows her as Claudette Colbert, glamorous screen star. But to her brother Charlie, she is still the kid sister. And it was this kid sister of whom he talked to me one day recently—talked proudly, as any brother might talk of a sister who has accomplished what Claudette has accomplished. He used no high-powered adjectives to describe her. Instead, he told me amusing anecdotes of her childhood and young womanhood—anecdotes which reveal a side of Claudette that you have never heard about before, and go a long way toward explaining why she is such a wholesome, well-balanced, natural person.

"Claudette always insists that she was brought up the rough way," says Charles Wendling. (He uses the name Wendling because so many people found the

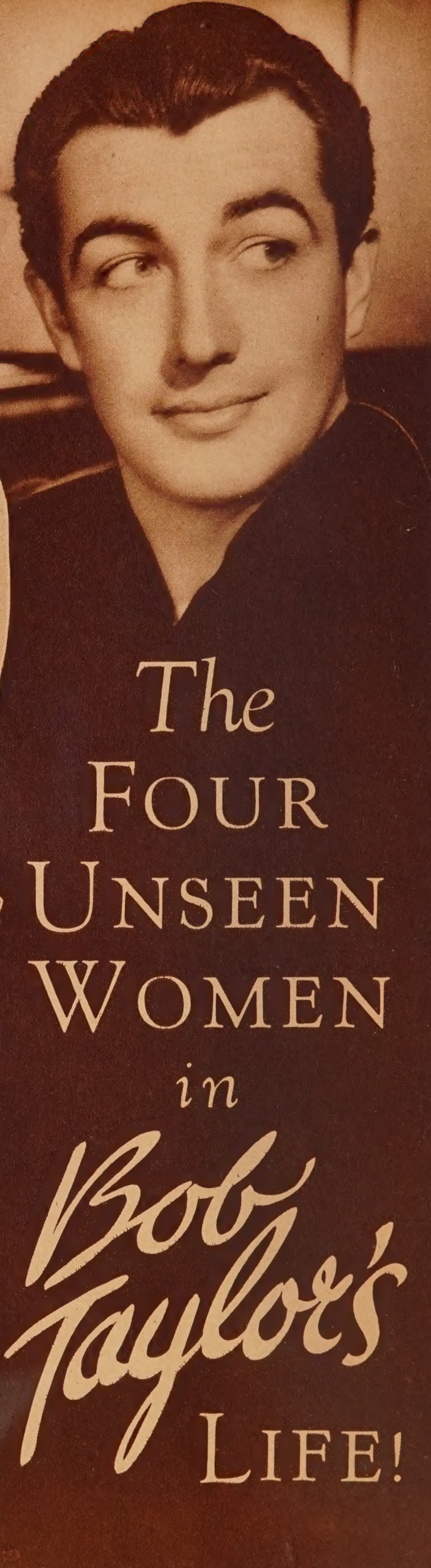
[*Continued on page* 84]

He tomahawked her dolls, made fun of her legs, chaperoned her dates: He's Charles Wendling, big brother

The FOUR UNSEEN WOMEN in Bob Taylor's LIFE!

Find out about these four women who are so important to Bob, yet are unknown to his admirers

Barbara Stanwyck helps Bob greet his mother upon her return from a summer visit to their native Nebraska. Barbara, incidentally, is *NOT* one of the unseen women in this story



By
Katharine Hartley

This pretty girl lives at Bob's house—who is she?

And this is Ida—whom Bob also adores

Do you want to know who the fourth is? Read on . . .

ROBERT TAYLOR may be one big frivolous romantic heart-beat to the rest of the world, but to Eva, Ruth, Virginia and Ida he is nothing of the kind. To them he is just Papa . . . Man of the House . . . a beardless Santa Claus!

But let me hasten to explain. Eva, Ruth, Virginia and Ida are not children. They are, in the order mentioned: Bob's grandmother, 84; Bob's mother, 49; Bob's secretary, 24; and the last, age unknown, the maid. These four women all live together in one very big and very lovely house in Beverly Hills. Bob lives in another Beverly Hills house, just six blocks away. They don't see him often—and never for more than a few minutes at a time—but nevertheless it is Bob who runs their house, their purchases, their leisure, their work and their lives. And what's more he does so by their own very special request!

This is what might be called a Turnabout in Hollywood. Since time immemorial it is the families who have been running young stars—not vice versa. Yet, here is one boy who has never once been put on the parental carpet, and who has hardly ever had to account for anything, romantic or careerish, to his peers; who has never even been bothered by a family finger prodding into his celluloid pie. His mother is one of those unusual women who says: "If Robert had gone into the banking business as he planned, I would never have meddled. Why should I be meddlesome now?" Strictly feminine, strictly adoring, she goes even one step further, and seeks his guidance rather than depending on her own judgment. Which should give you a pretty good idea of the kind of fellow he is . . . sympathetic, dependable, with broad shoulders that not only fill a suit well but offer, also, something comfortable to lean upon.

But I can best tell you about this unique and pleasant relationship by recounting some of the goings-on—between Bob's house and his Annex—which Bob has just now recounted to me.

"My greatest problem is in trying to impress them with the fact that they don't have to 'scrimp'. I don't know . . . it's a funny thing . . . you know we always had money at home . . . but in spite of that you should see the way they treat a dollar bill now! I do believe they mentally wrap it in cotton! Bob grinned, and there was a lightly accusing look in his eyes. "I guess they have been reading too many stories about how actors always end up as paupers. They're afraid it might happen to me.

"Anyway, and believe it or not, the other night I was talking to Mother on the phone and I suggested that she go to the movies. And do you know what she said? 'But Buddy, do you think I ought to? I went just a couple of days ago . . . Tuesday.' Wait! That isn't the end of it. I finally persuaded her that was nonsense and of course she should go. I told her to go to the Chinese Theatre . . . there was a good picture there. She said, 'Well, I'll go somewhere. But not to the Chinese . . . it's 55 cents there!'" Bob shook his head. "Now you figure it out for yourself."

"Even Grandmother's got it. Not long ago on Mother's birthday, Barbara Stanwyck sent her a beautiful plant, about this high"—Bob measured up to his waist—"with great big red blossoms on it. After the blossoms had fallen off, about a week later, the gardener told Grandmother that the plant could be transplanted to the garden for the next season. The garden, incidentally is Grandmother's pride and joy.

"WELL, the plant was taken out of the pot and put to bed outside, and then a few days after that the gardener came in with the sad news that it would have to have some special attention, pruning and what not, at a nursery. This was about six in the evening, as I found out later, and though I usually stop by at that time, that night I was held late at the studio, so went right home. Got home about nine. I was just taking off my make-up when the butler went to answer the doorbell and there was Grandmother—and in such a dither. She must see me at once. So I went down, and she was all out of breath—she had run, not walked over—and she eventually told me the predicament. 'The thing is, Buddy,' she said—they all call me 'Buddy'—'that it's going to cost quite a bit of money to have it fixed. That's why I wanted to ask you about it first. It's really going to be expensive.'

"'How expensive?' I asked, thinking that maybe it was an orchid plant after all.

"'A dollar and a half. Now if you don't think it's worth it, you just . . .'

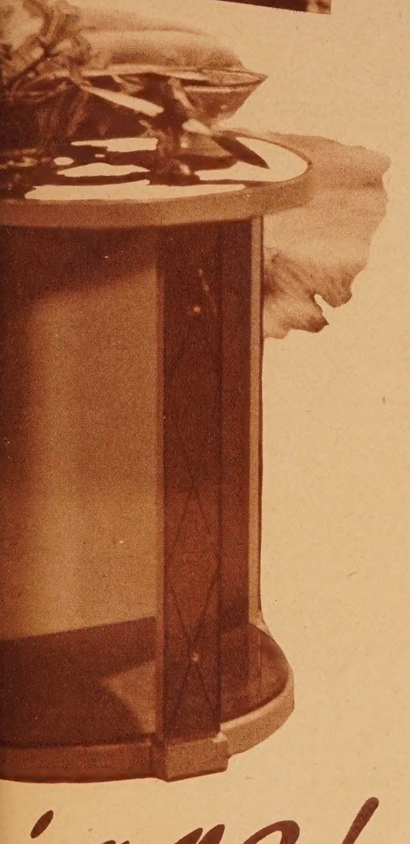
"I picked her up—she's only as big as a sneeze, and carried her out to the dining room where I

[*Continued on page 76*]

By
Dick Mook

About that BLONDELL POWELL Marr

This exclusive story tells you what Joan and Dick have to say



iage!

SEPTEMBER 4, Joan Blondell's decree of divorce is final. The last traces of "Maggie's First False Step" removed. The last, that is, except for her two-year-old son, Norman Scott Barnes, and a beautiful friendship with her ex-husband, George Barnes.

The question now before the house—and fans the world over—is, "Will she and Dick Powell marry?"

She and Dick, as we used to say in Sapp's Corners, have been keeping steady company for a year now. In Sapp's Corners when a girl and feller go steady that long usually the little church is just around the corner and they prefer listening to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March to those of the Rhumba. But that's in Sapp's Corners. *This* is Hollywood.

Of course, six months later the wife may be triumphantly—and the husband lugubriously — singing "Mama Goes Where Papa Goes or Papa Don't Go Out Tonight" instead of the more haunting notes of "Moonburn." That, however, is another story.

I've known Joan and Dick intimately ever since they first hit Hollywood. And they didn't hit the Hollywood line together, either. I've enjoyed the intimate friendship and confidence of both and I like to think, although I'm probably laboring under a delusion, that they're as fond of me as I am of them.

At any rate, when I ask them—not for publication—if they're going to be wed, they chorus "We Don't Know"—and I think they're telling the truth. Joan doesn't know, Dick doesn't know, I don't know and even Daisy (Who Tells All) doesn't know.

Of course, Joan is a creature of impulses and there's no telling when she may (although I hasten to add, she never has) throw a dead cat in his face one minute and then say "YES!" the next. But that, too, is another story. In fact, you might even say it's only a possibility.

Since *they* don't know all *anyone* can do is speculate. Knowing them as I do, I'll proceed to speculate.

Despite her impulsiveness and capriciousness, Joan has a very level head on her shoulders. So has Dick. Both of them have been married once and it didn't take. They'll be darned sure before they take the step (*not* the veil, dearies) a second time that it *will* take. And there are a lot of things to be considered.

On account of her impulsiveness, Joan is pretty likely to plunge into whatever intrigues her fancy without stopping to consider the facts. I think when she married George she fondly believed love and marriage were synonymous, and that the definition of either was "one long sweet dream." She never makes the same mistake twice, though. I can't say the same for Dick. I have seen him get stung over and over and over when buying furniture by not following my advice. Instead of profiting by his mistakes, he goes right on buying what pleases him instead of what I tell him to buy.

They have their careers to consider.

"It's one thing for each of us to have a career when we're single," Joan explained. "Both of us have our own homes. If I've had a particularly trying day at the studio, when I get home I can call Dick and say, 'Hello, dear. How are you? I'm all fagged out. I've told the servants to hold dinner for another hour until I bathe and change clothes. Then I'm going to bed. Do you mind not coming over tonight?' "

"It isn't only her," Dick put in. "Iron man though I am, sometimes even I am worn out at night. The way things are now I can call her and say, 'Honey, I'm dead. Do you mind if I don't see you tonight?' "

"IF WE'RE married," Joan took up the theme again, "We'd have one home. Perhaps if I were tired and told the servants to delay dinner an hour while I bathed and changed, Dick might raise the roof."

"I would not!" Dick stated indignantly, at the same time taking possession of her hand.

"I don't think he would," Joan went on to me, ignoring the interruption, "but he's only human like the rest of us. Perhaps he hadn't been working that day. He might have been swimming or playing badminton and be hungry as the devil. If I came home tired he *probably* would try to comfort and soothe me but, on the other hand, he *might* say, 'For heaven's sake, stop being a prima donna. I work just as hard as you do and *I* don't carry on like that!' "

And that, leave an outsider inform you, is when the fun would start.

"It could be the other way around, too," Joan continued. "Perhaps *both* of us had worked hard—on different pictures—and each of us had had not only a hard day but a trying one. We'd come home with nerves on edge, dispositions ragged, and be at each other's throats before we realized it."

"Aw, honey—" Dick began.

"It isn't only us," Joan explained. "It's every couple where both are working."

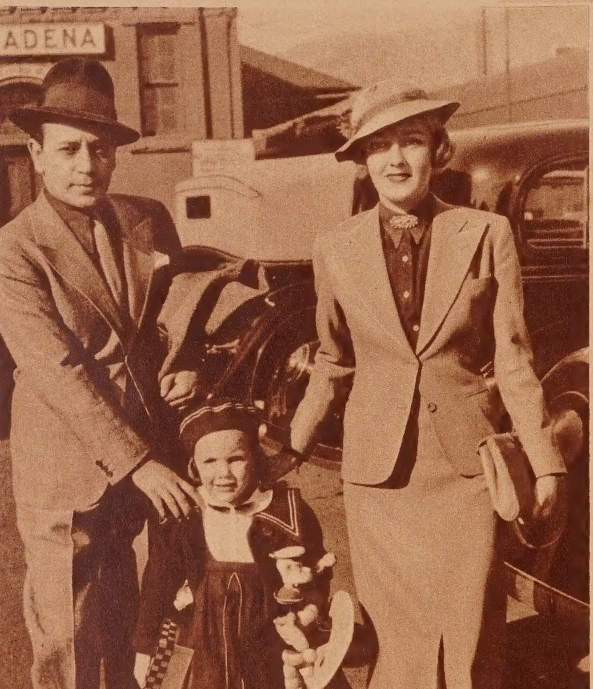
Dick has always said he would love nothing better than to have Joan retire from the screen and be simply Mrs. Powell. He could, in the words of Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model, "Support her in the manner to which she is accustomed"—and he would be glad to.

But the theatre is in Joan's bones. She'd never be satisfied doing anything but acting. She'll be doddering around a stage when she's ninety.

THEIR temperaments are so different. Dick is as steady and easy-going as the trade winds. Joan is as volatile—as moody—as a Seidlitz powder in a glass of warm water. [*Continued on page* 97]

GEORGE RAFT *Finds A New Young* LOVE

He doesn't take her out dancing or to night clubs—there have been no romance rumors, but they admit they're mad about one another



George welcomes Virginia Pine and her daughter Joan back from a long vacation. He seems to be a lone wolf—so far as the ladies are concerned—when they're away

YOU think you know your Hollywood, don't you? Take George Raft, for instance, dark, dangerous-looking George—dashing, devil-may-care. George, whose suits fit him as though he had been melted and poured into them. After his day's work at the studio, playing convicts or gangsters or making torrid love, you have a picture of George stepping into his electric-blue limousine, gardenia in his buttonhole, hat at jaunty angle, setting forth to keep some romantic rendezvous or engage in some of the sophisticated pleasures of Hollywood's night life.

But you perhaps know as little of his habits as you do of his past . . . his boyhood in the tenement district of New York, his early marriage and the death of his young wife who left him with a three-weeks'-old son. He never had an opportunity to know the child because he was poor, struggling for recognition as a dancer, which necessitated a good deal of traveling. Since he could make no home for his son, George's mother raised the boy. And George never really became acquainted with him until recently. He is in his teens and attends military school.

George knew he was missing something, but life has a way of making up losses.

Let's follow George as he leaves the studio! Without asking directions his chauffeur drives straight to the most glittering candy shop on the Boulevard. Aha! What did you tell us? He is going to call on a lady, carrying a ten-pound box of marrons glacés or French bonbons. . . .

George leans over the showcase, frowning anxiously. It must be real romance that can upset the nonchalance and poise ten million fans admire, but at last he makes his decision. The lady has curious tastes in candy! He buys a huge chocolate kewpie with a red and gold tinsel bow about her tummy and carries it away triumphantly under his arm.

Still without direction the car draws up before a handsome apartment building. The doorman recognizes George as a constant visitor and salutes him. Lights are beginning to blossom in the California dusk. It is the hour when gorgeous screen stars don gold velvet lounging pajamas and satin tea gowns and romantic screen heroes drop into their modernistic apartments for cocktails. . . .

It is also the hour when little girls with feathery yellow hair and sleepy blue eyes sit in their high chairs regarding their supper bowls of cereal rebelliously. The bell rings, a door opens, footsteps and a cry of rapture, "Uncle Georgie Boy!"

This is the romance you were looking for! The rendezvous George Raft hurries away from his

[*Continued on page* 92]

Rosalind Russell tells HOW to GET RID of a RIVAL!

YOU have rivals. I have rivals. All God's chillun have rivals. The trouble is, most of us don't appreciate them. We don't use them; we abuse them. All that we want is to get rid of them. We don't see how *they* can help *us*.

Rosalind Russell is a bit smarter.

She has a positive liking for rivals—past, present and (she hopes) future. Clear-eyed, she sees what they can do for her. Clear-eyed, she sees the only lastingly effective way of combating them.

Intensely, she says, "Any girl who worries about a rival is a fool."

In cold type, that may sound like unwary egotism, something said just for effect. It isn't. Rosalind has a habit of meaning what she says. And she has reasons for meaning *this*.

Probe into those reasons, and you discover a Rosalind Russell you never knew before, a Rosalind Russell you like immensely as a person. You discover a girl who, when faced with rivals, does what most of us would like to do—but lack the foresight and courage to do.

She does not stoop to conquer. She rises.

"Rivalry is a strange thing"—to Rosalind. "If I ever let it get me down, it could do all kinds of damage. If I let it help me, it can be a constant inspiration—a source of ambition, achievement."

Not so long ago, she was an unknown in various small stock companies in the East. She had countless rivals—other stock-company actresses. Some were more popular than she was; some were more attractive; some knew more about stage technique. She stood a very small chance of surpassing them all, making audiences forget *them*. But [*Continued on page* 88]

New clothes and beauty treatments won't do it. —There are other ways!

By James Reid

Why MARY Has Mar

WHY has Mary Brian never married?

Wouldn't you suppose that the girl courted by Buddy Rogers, Gene Raymond, Russell Gleason, Rudy Vallée, Richard Dix, Dick Powell, Randolph Scott, Jack Oakie, Cary Grant (in course of time and in these gentlemen's, some of them, pre-matrimonial days) by every eligible bachelor in town would, in the normal course of emotional events, have married one of them?

Why is "The Prettiest Girl in Town," "The Most Popular Girl In Town" still unwed?

"Seems funny," folks say. *"There must be some reason back of it."*

For rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, London men, New York men, Mid-Western men, business men, Babbits, poets, Romeos of all persuasion have laid siege to Mary's heart.

Mary has been "rumored engaged" to every Hollywood eligible mentioned from Buddy-to-begin-with to Cary Grant right *now.*

Flowers, puppy dogs, Persian kittens, candies, books, keepsakes of all kinds and values—her house overflows with tons and tons of cards inscribed in various handwritings, *"To Mary, with love."*

Mary has been seen everywhere for some ten years past—at the Grove, at the Troc, at the theatres, at Santa Anita, at the beaches, with Dick Powell, with Russell Gleason, with Jack Oakie, with Cary Grant, first this one and then that one. Columnists have carried hints, rumors, reports—and still carry them. It is notable, however, that no hint of scandal ever has touched her. And Mary, far more of a mystery than Garbo; Mary, her flower-decked heart incalculable; her dancing feet forming brief patterns, then dancing ever away—Mary has remained perennially gay and sweet and bright and popular and dated—and impervious.

Hollywood has thrashed the Mary-

By
Gladys Hall

BRIAN Never ried!

In which she tells why she has rejected scores of exciting proposals and been often a bridesmaid but never a bride

matter out both ways going and coming. It has been said that Mary is hard-hearted. It has been said that Mary is broken-hearted. They have said that she has too many beaux. They have said that she was, once, deeply in love and deeply disappointed in love and that she has, ever since, taken light love lightly.

They say that her head has been turned. They say that her head is set firmly on her shoulders. They say that she has no heart. They say that she has frittered her heart away, in little pieces. They have about run the gamut of gossip, speculation, head-shaking, lip-pursing—and still Mary's romances have run on apace, a Gene Raymond giving right of way to a Dick Powell, a Dick Powell to a Cary Grant, rumor-and-romance without end.

The only one who hasn't stood up in meeting to explain her state of single blessedness, though bachelor-besieged for some ten years—the only one who has remained silent on the subject is the only one who really knows the explanation—*Mary herself.*

WE DETERMINED to ask Mary to unveil the mystery of her own unassailable heart. We decided to make so bold as to say, "Why haven't you married, Mary? Why? *Why? WHY?*"

For which fell purpose I had tea with Mary the other day. We sat on the stone terrace of her charming Monterey house overlooking Toluca Lake. The house Mary designed and built herself. The house she shares with her mother and brother. The house wherein she is still "a girl at home" as she has been since childhood, as she has been ever since she played her first screen part of Wendy in *Peter Pan.*

Mary's honesty is one of her greatest charms. There is nothing affected, nothing coyly evasive, nothing self-consciously "glamorous" and set-apart about Mary. I thought, "This is why so many men

[*Continued on page 73*]

"I Love My HUSBAND

PRODUCERS may quail before her very decided ideas on what is best for Bette Davis, the actress (and she's usually right!) Interviewers may gasp over the vivid ideas of this bright young modern with the big blue eyes and the provocative red lips. But there's one man in Hollywood who isn't at all impressed by the fame and importance of Bette Davis, Academy prize-winner.

That's Harmon O. Nelson, her husband!

Bette told me, "Both Ham and I have always believed that it's possible for a couple to live in Hollywood without going in for the artificiality and show so often associated with stardom. With the help of Ham's sanity and good commonsense, I've proved this to myself—*actresses can live like people!*

"I couldn't be temperamental and movie-starrish at home even if I wanted to. Ham wouldn't stand for it. He'd walk out on me. If I ever feel like throwing dishes—and I guess every woman does, once in a while—I have to throw them at synthetic husbands in my pictures.

"Maybe that in itself," she observed impishly, "is good for my art. I *have* to save my acting for the screen!

"Someone once asked me," she added, "if stars should try to create glamour and excitement by living up to the exotic ideas some fans have of Hollywood. I wouldn't know the answer. I've never had a chance to find out!"

And the story of how Ham and Bette have kept Bette Davis, the Star, out of their marriage, making it one of Hollywood's gayest and most delightful unions, is a fascinating story that has never been published before.

Once she puts foot inside the rambling, New England-type home that is furnished with lovely antiques, bowls of flowers, and small "throw" rugs, Bette completely forgets the girl whose sharp personality captured a world audience in a series of startling rôles.

She receives friends, these late summer afternoons, out on a shaded front porch with only a green stretch of lawn and a white picket fence protecting her privacy from a busy boulevard in one of Hollywood's not-too-elegant districts.

No movie-star seclusion here! Small boys ride by on bicycles and call out, "Hi, Bette Davis!" as they pass. Conversation is sometimes made difficult by a roar of traffic. Being human, Bette threatens to move. It's significant that she pleads with Ham—"Aren't you getting just a *little* tired of all this racket?"

"We can't move," he shouts back across the porch. "Not yet." And that settles it, for Mr. Nelson is very much the master of his own house. As Bette wants it.

They still live under the unique arrangement they worked out back in the days when Ham was just a struggling young orchestra leader instead of one of the town's most popular bandmasters, as he is today. He pays half the expenses, she pays half. And even Hollywood, skeptical at first, admits now that the plan is a smashing success.

Their friends are not influential people, but writers, young business-folk—intelligent rather than professionally intellectual.

When Bette goes shopping, she will actually bring home bundles under her

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

Ham and Bette were married in 1932 (when she was twenty-four)—and they're still happy. This is a peep into their living room. Bette has time to wander about in her toeless sandals now that she's on a one-woman strike against her studio for a contract adjustment

No butler, no swimming pool. Many less talented lady stars wouldn't *consider* living in this modest house. It hasn't even a private tennis court . . . imagine that!!

By
Mark Dowling

"Because He DOESN'T Treat Me Like a STAR!"

How *does* he treat spirited and independent Bette Davis? You'll be surprised!

own arms. If you call her on the telephone, she's likely to answer herself, not barricading behind a battalion of butlers and secretaries. She isn't surrounded, as stars sometimes are, by an army of "stooges"—toadies who know how to laugh at her quips and to applaud her enthusiasms.

All this—the simplicity of her home and marriage—is part of Bette's own definite plan. "After all, we're called on to play simple human beings on the screen. How can we hope to do it successfully if we isolate ourselves in a Hollywood atmosphere, meeting only other actors and actresses in a make-believe world where good parts, top billing, and the latest bits of scandal are all that count?

"People made fun of me when I lived in a roadside auto camp one vacation and cooked, swept, cleaned, and kept house for my husband just as women do all over the world. I needed that experience, and because of the demands of my work, I had never been able to have it in Hollywood. I wanted it," she added definitely, "not only for my own good but also to prove to Ham that I could be a real wife in every sense of the word, not just a part-time wife whose job is pretty important to her, too.

"I travel by car, instead of by train or airplane, because it's fun to meet people all over the country—small-town hotel keepers, filling station men, and others. To be a good actress you *have* to know people. To be a happy person, I'd have to anyway!

"I go to little outlying theaters instead of the big ones, because I want to know what the average audiences like, what they clap for, what stupid artificialities they laugh at!

"I've learned too—I've argued for days with make-up men and technicians over little points in my pictures. There was a scene where I was supposed to be waked up in the middle of the night. They wanted me to wear a lovely make-up and look fresh as the dawn. I insisted upon towsled hair and a—" she demonstrated this, "—a sleepy look, and when they weren't looking, I rubbed off the make-up.

"Actresses should *look* like people, too!"

JUST then Ham came up the front walk with a school friend of his and Bette's at Cushing Academy, which they both attended back East. Only it turned out that he hadn't gone there *with* them. He had arrived as a freshman just as Bette graduated. "I can't bear it," she shrieked. "You're making me feel like an old woman!"

Immediately, reminiscences of Cushing Academy began. The teacher who had always been so severe but who was, they realized now, a fine influence, and a gentleman. Bette had just sent a telegram to the winner of the "Bette Davis Cup," presented each year for excellence in sports. She confided in an aside: "Some girls hate their school days. I adored mine. Perhaps I'd have disliked the usual, correct and formal girls' school, but Cushing is co-educational and sometimes I think I was happy just because Ham was there.

"I was 'his girl,' then, and I can still remember one day when he had a terrific battle with a fellow who'd been his enemy all through school. They fought in the gym, which was right under the room where I was attempting to have my dancing lesson. I'd wave my arms and kick my legs and smile prettily, and all the time I kept hearing these awful *sloshing* noises and tremendous thumps and bangs."

"He just about killed me," Ham admitted.

Bette looked at him fondly. "I bet you could beat him now."

"And don't think I won't try," Ham said, "if I ever see him again!" And we all laughed at his earnestness.

Bette refuses to dramatize the fact of their having been school sweethearts—or that they waited for each other while she struggled toward success in Hollywood and he tried to get a start in New York.

"I'd have married somebody else," she insists, "if I'd met anyone nice enough."

SHE won't dramatize the success of her marriage, either. Ham wouldn't let her even if she tried it. When she had a vacation re- [*Continued on page 72*]

I am sure you will love
Young Doug in "Accused"
the picture we made together
in England

DOLORES DEL RIO,
Guest Editor

Gary and "Rocky" (as everyone calls her) will celebrate their third year of married life in December. She is rather retiring—shy about sharing his publicity

If I Hadn't Been an Actor-

By Gary Cooper

As told to Gladys Hall

"IF I HADN'T been an actor, I might have been a cartoonist, a doctor, a commercial artist, an explorer, a rancher, any one of a number of things. Only one thing is certain—*I would never have sat behind a desk.*

"I wasn't one of those fortunate ones who are born knowing what they want to be, what they can be. 'Born musicians,' 'born actors,' 'born writers'—they are the ones who are, literally, born under a lucky star. I've often thought that if the schools and universities would stress Latin and Greek a little less and vocational training a little more there would be fewer young men groping vaguely for the place where they belong.

"It's difficult for me to say what I might have done. The only thing I know is what I would *not* have done—I would not allow a desk to claim or chain me.

"I could never be a desk-slave. I'd rather be a hobo than a clock puncher. I simply haven't enough patience for routine, too much restlessness, maybe, because I rode too often over the plains of Montana where there are no horizons to hem a man in.

"I've always had an idea that life is more than a matter of breathing, eating and sleeping. *We pass this way but once—it should be a great adventure.*"

I had heard that he is anti-social, save for a few hand-picked friends, non-professionals.

I had been informed that he looks down his nose at the profession of which he is so integral a part, that he longs to "Get Away From It All," that he is tinged with the contempt of personal superiority for publicity, interviews, fan mail, public recognition, all of the concomitants of being a "moom-pitcher" actor.

None of these legends is true.

He is charming. He is courteous. He is affability itself.

I don't know whence these legends spring, nor from what spurious source they are tapped.

[*Continued on page* 86]

Who says my nephew
never talks!

GUEST EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because my husband, Cedric Gibbons, is Sandra Shaw's uncle (she, incidentally, was christened Veronica Balfe) and she is Gary's wife, I call myself their aunt.* D. D. R.

YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR!... fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH • WARNER BAXTER
LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

with
JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF

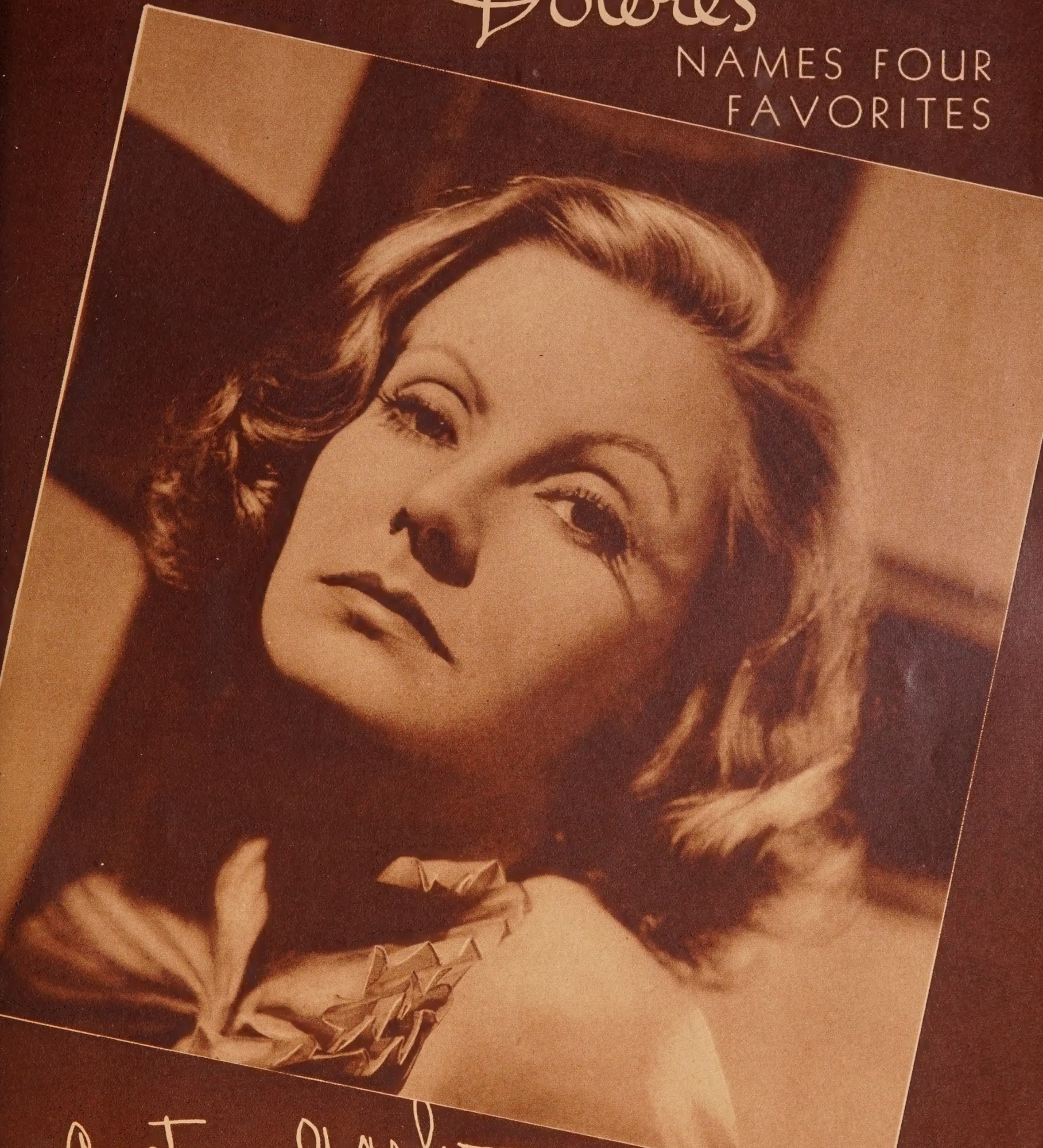
Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!

Dolores NAMES FOUR FAVORITES



Greta Garbo
The screen's most beautiful woman

Ronald Colman
Handsomest man

Norma Shearer
Finest actress

Clark Gable
Most dynamic personality

Errol Flynn—Wild Irishman!

With the luck of the Irish, too!

By
Virginia Wood

Lili Damita said, "No, but I'll be a sister to you," to scores of men—from royalty down—before she said, "I'll be a wife to you," to Errol

HE'S a swashbuckling buccaneer. He's an Irish gentleman. He's a dreamer of dreams. He's a hard-headed business man.

Errol Flynn has lived a lifetime in his twenty-seven years. Right now, he's just a bit overcome by his amazing success in Hollywood because he never really intended to be an actor.

In the short time he's been in the movie colony he's done more than make three first-rate films (*Captain Blood, Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Green Light*)—he has finished a novel describing his own almost incredibly fantastic escapades. It is titled "Beam Ends" and will appear soon. He has collaborated in scenarizing the adventures of that famous Englishman, Sir James Brooke—which Warner Bros. snapped up as a story find. It's a "natural" for a Flynn film because their lives have not been unlike—fabulous and exciting.

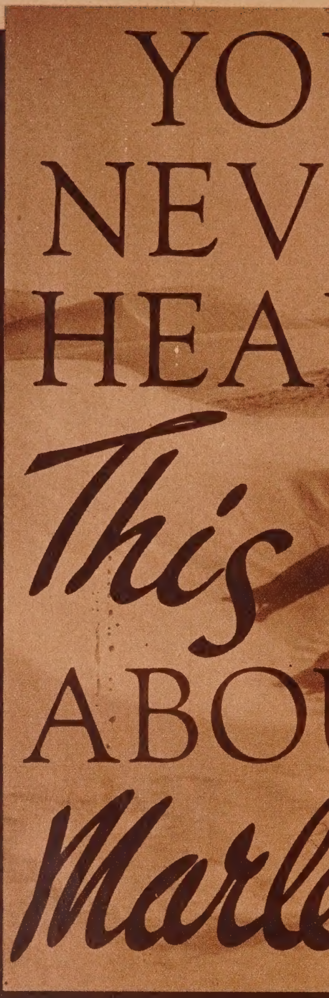
Frankly, I don't think Errol ever did have any definite objective as far as a career was concerned. He's worked at a man's job all his life for whatever he's had, but he's not one to grumble about it, nor does the thought of hard work bother him. He's the restless son of Ireland who could never be really satisfied doing nothing. He frets and fumes when he's not busy at the studio and expends his pent-up energies playing a hard game of tennis or taking long walks in the hills with his dog.

And speaking of his dog, he had two until quite recently when he gave one of them away.

" 'Stranger' never really liked me," he told me one day when we were discussing the two dogs, both Schnauzers. "But you take Arno, here," he patted him roughly and affectionately on the head, "the minute he saw me, I knew he was my dog—that he'd never care for anyone else."

So Stranger was presented to Rosy, the cook, who adores him and he's quite happy with her.

He's generous to a fault, this Flynn. His home is open at all times to his friends. These [*Continued on page* 80]



YOU NEVER HEARD *This* ABOUT *Marlene*

IF YOU want to know a star well, the real person hiding under the greasepaint, then spend some time with that star on a desert location! As the fierce heat of the sun melts the actual make-up revealing the true skin underneath, so does it melt the figurative make-up to show us the star as that star really is. Miss Dietrich on the desert, making *The Garden of Allah,* was not the Miss Dietrich of Hollywood drawing rooms . . . the fragile, *flaneur* you have been led to expect. Dietrich on the desert proved herself hardy as the hardiest desert flower, robust and vivacious, as bright as its most brilliant hue. Dietrich on the desert proved herself the most beloved, warm, rich, thoughtful person that those working on the picture had ever known, and before many weeks had passed, they had elected her First Lady of Allah City, Her Honor the Mayor!

But to understand the full purport of this compliment, you must first understand Allah City.

Just over the California border, seventeen miles west of Yuma, Arizona, there is the yellow desert known as America's Sahara. Vast expanses of rolling dunes, without sign of life or vegetation. Heat, in waves, that hits you in the eyes,

This is the Marlene I know gay intense, courageous, human.

burning, blinding. No telephone poles, no roads—nothing to connect it with civilization.

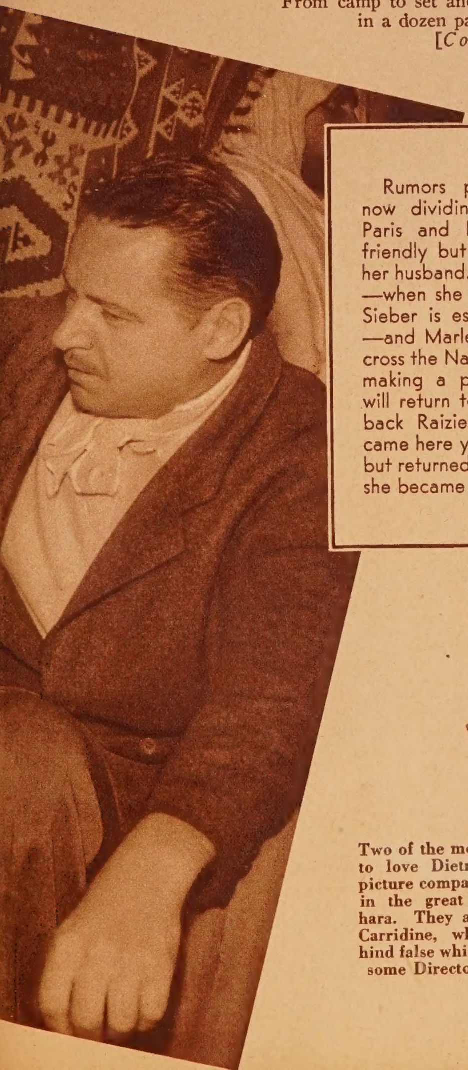
Here, in the center of this desert, Selznick International Studio built its *Garden of Allah* location camp and called it Allah City. Forty-five tent-cabins lined the sandy streets, and in thirty of those were housed Allah's two hundred citizens, stars and crew alike. The others were "public buildings"—restaurant, recreation hall and administration centers. True they brought water in by pipe lines from the Colorado River five miles away, and electricity from Yuma, and every tent was equipped with water, showers, electricity and radios, but still there were many hardships to be faced. Heat: 120 degrees in the shade, 147-148 degrees in the sun. It robbed you of energy, appetite, and disposition and it made your feet and body swell so that clothes were a constant torture. Then there were frequent storms grinding grit into your hair and teeth and eyes. The early calls: the reveille siren—screaming, screeching madness at four-thirty each morning to wake you from a sleepless daze. Shooting began at six o'clock.

THEN there were the scorpions to be watched for; the desert rats and the snakes. And then there was the daily danger in just driving to and from the set . . . only a mile away, but along a temporary board road built just wide enough for one car. This road incidentally was an engineering feat worth noting. Over dune, down dune, and around dune, across the slippery, sinking, ever-shifting sand. From camp to set and back again, in a dozen passenger cars,

[*Continued on page* 90]

When her speeding car overturned on a lonely desert road Marlene was found by the rescuers doing this—photographing the wreck!!

Rumors persist that Marlene, now dividing her time between Paris and London, is making a friendly but final separation from her husband. They married in 1924—when she was twenty. Rudolph Sieber is established in Germany—and Marlene says she never will cross the Nazi borders again. After making a picture in London she will return to Hollywood, bringing back Raizie, her pet maid, who came here years ago with Dietrich, but returned to her homeland when she became homesick.—F. J.



Two of the men who learned to love Dietrich while the picture company was isolated in the great American Sahara. They are Actor John Carridine, who skulks behind false whiskers and handsome Director Boleslawski

By
Kay Osborn

The most famous love scene in the theater—the balcony where the young lovers swear eternal devotion

"She's dead!" cry Juliet's mother and father. But Juliet's sleep is a ruse so she will not have to marry Paris—and may be reunited with Romeo

Romeo attempts to stop the duel between Tybalt (Basil Rathbone) and Mercutio (John Barrymore)—and so causes his friend's death

WE GO *to*

Romeo and Juliet—symbol of love to all the world for hundreds of years—played by Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer

Clark Gable reviews for you the finest film of the month

NOBODY ever accused me of knowing anything about Shakespeare. Sure, I've read some of his plays. So have a lot of other people. I once carried a spear in *Romeo and Juliet* on the stage in Los Angeles, Jane Cowl was the star. I didn't do it because I wanted to. They needed tall men. And I needed the money to eat on.

Romeo and Juliet

★★★★

But Irving Thalberg's *Romeo and Juliet* is Shakespeare—and I'm sold on Shakespeare.

I make no pretense at being a reviewer.

I have no use for fancy words and little knowledge of how to put them on paper.

But I do know that I have seen the greatest performance I have ever watched on screen or stage. And I am not alone, but with others who make it their business to be critics, in saying that Norma Shearer's Juliet is the finest thing yet done by an actor or actress.

You are going to agree with me.

When I was asked to write a review of *Romeo and Juliet* for SCREEN BOOK, I accepted because I thought it would be a lot of fun. Something different. Besides, I was curious to see the picture. Everybody in Hollywood has been hearing about it for months. As a reviewer, I was one of the few who got in, outside of the 900 magazine writers, newspapermen and foreign correspondents.

Critics, executives, stars, directors left that theater without a word, as though they'd been smacked hard. They had.

There couldn't have been a tougher audience. I might even say, "hardboiled." Everyone came to see Shakespeare on the screen, and to be shown.

The first big scene, the fight in the square between the Montagues and Capulets, gangsters in fifteenth century costumes, straightened them right up in their seats.

John Barrymore as Mercutio flashed on the screen. He gave zest to a couple of good scenes with Shakespearean "gags." Got a good laugh with his clowning.

Then the balcony scene, played with a delicate quality that showed Director George Cukor's hand. From the quiet of Friar Laurence's cell and the secret marriage of Romeo and Juliet, the action rushed toward its goal, with a swift change of pace and scene. Drama, thrills, pathos, comedy, suspense mixed by a master hand.

Basil Rathbone, a sneering, arrogant Tybalt. Mercutio's death. A Romeo crazed by the death of his friend, pursuing Tybalt in a frenzy, overwhelming him in his fury.

The parting of the lovers. And then the potion scene. I have seen Norma Shearer do that scene as it never could have been done before, reaching the height of artistic achievement. It is the high spot of the picture.

You know, I'd like to have been Romeo.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

the MOVIES

By Florence Johnson

POOR Mary of Scotland. She became a queen before she was a week old—the bride of the sickly Dauphin of France when she was sixteen—the queen of France when she was seventeen—and a widow when she was eighteen. Then she returned to Scotland, fought to rule her homeland—made a second loveless marriage to maintain peace, but wound up getting the cold chop at the command of her own cousin, Queen Elizabeth of England. That is the girl Katharine Hepburn portrays.

Mary of Scotland
★★½

She takes up the life of luckless Mary with her arrival in Scotland from France. It is not among her best performances, but she has many moments of impressive dignity—particularly in the scene where she defies the earls of Scotland, and later where she protests bitterly against the unfairness of her trial. She has overcome to a great extent two vocal faults: an off-pitch singsong way of speaking, and her measured monotone.

Fredric March is vigorous and more attractive than ever as Bothwell, who loves Mary, becomes her third husband. He talks with a rich Scotch burr and swaggers about in kilts. His wife, Florence Eldredge, is good as the embittered Elizabeth, but less forceful than we imagine the Virgin Queen to have been.

Douglas Walton as Darnley, Mary's weakling second husband who is killed, deserves mention for his skilful acting. Ian Keith as Mary's treacherous half-brother, Donald Crisp as faithful Huntley and Moroni Olsen playing religious-fanatic John Knox are perfectly cast.

The story is complex—and the interest of the picture-goer is focussed alternately on the political, then the personal aspect of the period. We're glad we saw it—and you will be, too. Hepburn had no double for the riding scenes, as you will notice—unless they are left in the cutting room before the picture reaches you. No opportunity has been overlooked to get everything possible out of Dudley Nichols' writing, which is worthy of praise.

Photography and the musical score are excellent. The costumes are beautiful—we doubtless will see the influence of this film in some of the new fall creations for women.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

Fredric March, a romantic Scotch warrior, says good-bye to his love, Mary Queen of Scots—Katharine Hepburn

Girls' Domitory
★★★

ALTERNATE endings have been made for this picture: lady instructor Chatterton gets her man in one version; the student wins Herr Direktor Marshall in the other. Remember the two conclusions when you see the film. Discussion about which is logical should make interesting table talk.

You'll have a new movie love when you've seen Simone Simon in this, her first American picture. She has an attractive French accent—a delicately mobile face. It's Simone's picture—but beautiful performances are given by Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall.

The story is simple. Nineteen-year-old-student Simone falls in love with Marshall, the Direktor of the Teutonic girls school; he is also loved by fellow-professor Chatterton. When a love letter the girl has written but tossed into the wastebasket is unearthed by a snoopy instructor she is threatened with expulsion, and runs away. The Direktor rescues her at the edge of a cliff—she confesses her love, and he returns it. She learns that the older woman has loved him for many years, so she pretends that she was only fooling about love, anyway. But the story ends with the girl in the professor's arms. Perhaps you will see the other ending to the film.

Most beautiful scene: a fencing class receiving instruction. The film has a fine feeling—it seems less American and foreign-produced. Edward Bromberg was dropped too soon—a story fault; his characterization is outstanding. Dixie Dunbar, June Storey, and Shirley Deane give outstanding performances in the supporting cast. Subtlety is the keynote of the entire production.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Three in a love triangle—in a girl's school: Herbert Marshall, Simone Simon and Ruth Chatterton

To Mary, With Love
★★★★

HERE are three-superbly-cast people giving flawless performances in an engrossing portrait of married life. It's not a new story, but this telling of the story *is* new, and it would be sheer folly on your part to miss seeing it. A brief synopsis can't begin to tell you what charm you'll find in this piece. Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter marry. She wants to enjoy life, but he is submerged in work, blinded by ambitious professional plans. He has the world by the tail until the stock market crash in 1929. He goes down, down—financially, morally, spiritually. He makes things harder for his wife by turning to another woman, Claire Trevor. The wife remains loyal for many years and helps him out of his degradation—then she leaves him. The final scene between Ian Hunter, who has stood by, loving the wife for many years—and the wife and husband, is one of the most touching sequences the theatre has brought in a long time. But don't think that this is a sombre film. It's far from that. It takes you gaily from the day of the Charleston and short shirts and scoop-shaped hats, to today. It tosses sly barbs at the thoughts of past days. Myrna is called upon for more of her own delicious humor—but she shows other gifts of theatrical skill that seem far more important. Claire Trevor distinguishes herself in the part of the cynical, alluring other woman. This portrayal of the pathetic efforts of man and wife to stave off the crashing of marriage under the blows of adversity has a remarkably fine balance of satire, humor, drama and romance. The picture will undoubtedly be a box-office hit.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 64]

True love runs smooth—until marriage . . . so learn Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter

Follow SCREEN BOOK's Girl to Stardom!

Marjorie Weaver, our contest winner, is cast in another important new picture!

You may not recognize it, but it's *Scandal*. And *Scandal* has won a flock of small-boat races on Mr. Balboa's ocean

No acting today. Instead of a make-up kit, Margie carries a bundle of sail

—Photos by Rhodes

Doing a one-woman impersonation of the Volga boatman, she hoists her own sail . . . even pumps out the bilge-water alone. Just a landlubber gone astray

Back into the harbor . . . down come the sheets at the end of a perfect sail

IF YOU met her at a sorority tea, you would say she was a typical American girl. A bit more favored by the particular god who hands out complexions and hair and figures, perhaps; but representative, nevertheless, in her charm and intelligence and penchant for sport clothes, of the type we have come to think of as "American college girl."

In Hollywood, it is those very "typical" attributes that make Marjorie Weaver outstanding. In a city pervaded by the atmosphere of make-believe, Marjorie's fresh candidness shines out like the good deed spoken of by Mr. Shakespeare. She isn't the type of girl who usually comes Hollywood-ward seeking fame. In fact, she wouldn't be in Hollywood at all if her roommate at a sorority house on the Indiana U. campus hadn't had stage ambitions. Beat you to it that time, didn't we, Mr. Ripley?

It happened this way. Rubynelle Parks, Marjorie's sorority sister and roommate, wanted to go to dramatic school in New York. And she didn't want to go without Marjorie. Marjorie had recently scored a hit in a campus show, and while that hadn't given her any ideas, it had given Rubynelle plenty of them. Marjorie could win SCREEN BOOK's contest, and go to New York with Rubynelle! Simple as that.

Marjorie couldn't see it at first. She was studying to teach. She didn't think she was screen material. But what could a girl do when her roommate made a whole sorority house gang up on her? Only one thing. And Marjorie did it. She acceded, and entered the contest. And here she is, with her feet on the first rung of the ladder of fame. She says it's all on account of Rubynelle and SCREEN BOOK. But she isn't quite right. Most of her success is on account of Marjorie Weaver.

SCREEN BOOK gave Marjorie her dancing lessons and her introduction to the studios, but [*Continued on page* 93]

This might be called "paying the piper," a procedure observed by all good seamen—fresh water to swab off salt water

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Mother's helper—being one of the youngest of seven children (all of whom have worked in films) she has learned all about housekeeping—even though she is a movie star at nine. She had the top rôle in *Girl of the Ozarks*. She began her career when she was two but it almost ended soon after because, being actually as modest as her quaint, pig-tailed appearance would lead you to think her, she refused to disrobe although the script for John Barrymore's film, *Moby Dick*, demanded it. Her mother vowed never to take the child to a studio again—but didn't adhere to her resolution, for which the growing list of Weidler fans are thankful. At the moment Virginia is playing in *Three Married Men*—and studying co-worker Mary Brian closely so she may be like her when she grows up

Exposing NEW FALL

Charles Rhodes Photos

**Posed by
Ann Rutherford
and
Earl Blackwell**

Hosiery by
Admiration

Dresses by
Daniels-Gallagher, Inc.

NO TRESPASSING

Far less reliable than the S.O.S. at sea is the weary thumb of the stalled motorist on the highway. Passing drivers with eyes on the road are more apt to come to a crunching stop if the distress signal is embellished by a pair of appealing ankles, incased in sheer mesh

Are you prepared with the very last word in hosiery when you are caught in the act of trespassing and trying to make a quick getaway? Life has a way of exposing your shortcomings, milady! The new 2-thread beige would be just the thing for an emergency like this

HOSIERY!

If Eve must climb a ladder to pick apples then remember that the young man who holds the ladder is only human. Young men are all so critical and such close range inspection invites detailed consideration. For such an adventure wear ringless chiffon

"Watch your step", advises Earl Blackwell as he assists Ann Rutherford into the car. Ann is wearing Nonchalant, a clear light brown hose exceedingly smart with Fall clothes. So diverting is this charming hosiery that we suggest you watch your step, Earl!

By Sally Martin

LIFE being what it is, stockings have a way of exposing themselves at the most crucial moments in a maiden's career. Are you prepared for emergencies?

To make sure that your hosiery is correct for every occasion (even to crawling through barbed fences) consult the handy chart which I have appended here. It contains suggestions on what to wear with what—always a problem calling for deep thought—as well as a list of the new fall shades and designs.

LEATHER TAN: A rich golden tan, the new version of a leather tone in hosiery. Especially created to blend with shades of similar character in textiles, as well as with browns and russet tones. Also smart with green, navy and black.

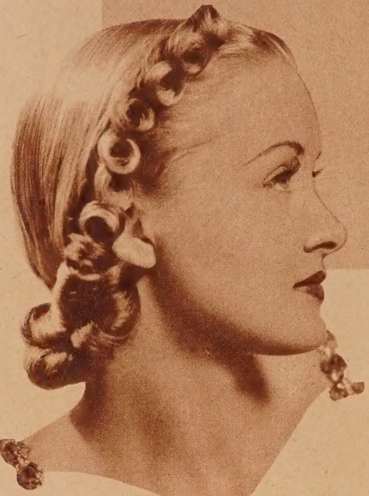
CINNAMON BROWN: A lively, spicy brown. Another swank leather tone smartly applied to hosiery. Harmonizes with the fashionable spicy browns of similar tones in costumes. Also correctly worn with greens,

[*Continued on page 94*]

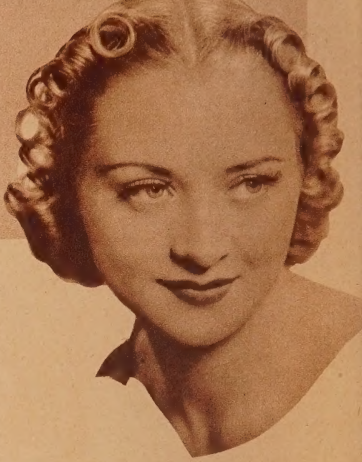
Shine boys, by virtue of experience, are unsung connoisseurs of good hosiery. Their advice to the woman who would look smart would probably be a dissertation on the evils of stockings that snag. This calls for the original 7470 crêpe twist, a pair capable of standing much wear

NEW HEADLINES for Marian Marsh

By Janet Lynn



A side view of Marian's new evening coiffure appropriately named *Twilight*



Upswept curls encircling the head emphasize Marian's graceful hairline

WHEN you see Marian Marsh in *The Man Who Lived Twice* you are sure to admire the stunning new coiffure which she introduces—a coiffure as original as the *Trilby* bob which first brought her to fame. That hairdress, you remember, was one befitting the Marian Marsh of seventeen—thick bangs and a long fluffy bob hanging to her shoulders. This new hairdress is the keynote of the beautiful, exquisitely groomed young woman who is the Marian Marsh of today.

Appropriately, Marian calls her new coiffure *Twilight*, as the smart upswept lines are particularly chic with the cocktail dress or dance frock. The hair is first brushed back from the face, then parted in the middle and curled in tiny ringlets that encircle the head. Across the back of the neck is a double row of soft finger curls. The crown of the head is sleek, smooth and unwaved.

"It is with the hair that a girl can best change her personality, correct her bad features, bring out her good ones," Marian said. "One should maintain a balance between features, figure and costume with the proper hairdress.

"Present modes make it essential that one's hair be romantic and alluring. No longer can a girl run a comb through a careless bob and consider her hair groomed for the evening. Evening gowns of period design call for evening coiffures. But in order to achieve a good coiffure, the hair must be in perfect condition."

Marian had come into the Columbia Studio hairdressing department to have her hair shampooed and dressed before going onto the set. And for the benefit of all of us who are struggling with summer-devastated locks, I had come to see firsthand the routine which keeps Marian's hair so lovely and lustrous despite the long hours which she spends in the California sun.

She settled herself comfortably in a low-backed armchair as Helen Hunt, head of the Columbia hairdressing department, whisked a rubberized silk apron around her shoulders.

"A scalp [*Continued on page* 78]

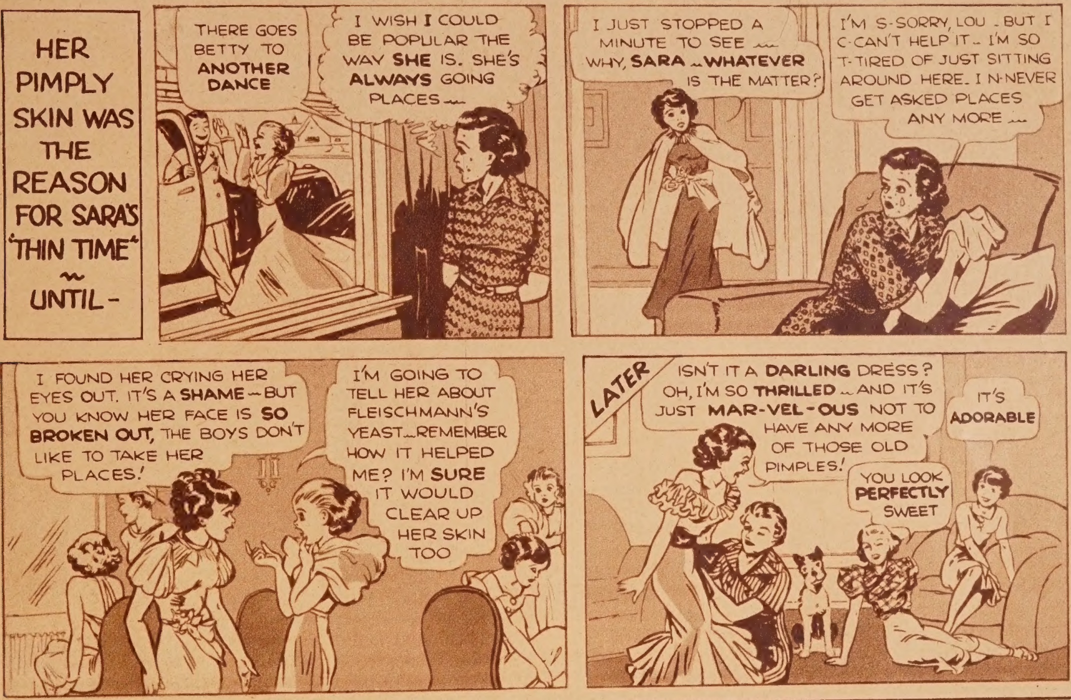
Helen Hunt, hairdresser, gives Marian a brisk scalp massage before shampooing

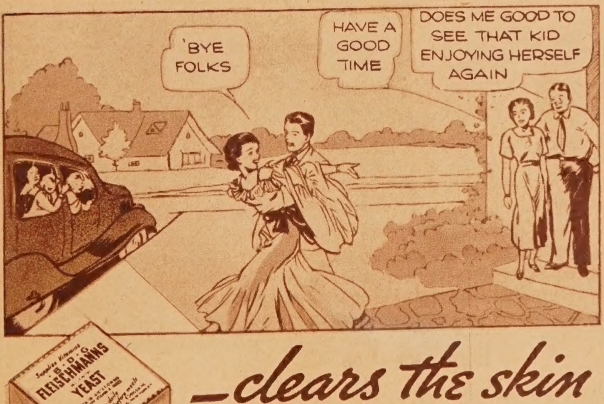
Daily brushing keeps the hair soft and lustrous and free from dust

Marian stresses the need for hot oil treatments at regular intervals

A dash of brilliantine keeps the hair from becoming dry and brittle

NOBODY ASKS ME OUT ANYMORE!


HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL -
THERE GOES BETTY TO ANOTHER DANCE
I WISH I COULD BE POPULAR THE WAY SHE IS. SHE'S ALWAYS GOING PLACES ....
I JUST STOPPED A MINUTE TO SEE .... WHY, SARA .. WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?
I'M S-SORRY, LOU .. BUT I C-CAN'T HELP IT .. I'M SO T-TIRED OF JUST SITTING AROUND HERE .. I N-NEVER GET ASKED PLACES ANY MORE ....
I FOUND HER CRYING HER EYES OUT. IT'S A SHAME -- BUT YOU KNOW HER FACE IS SO BROKEN OUT, THE BOYS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE HER PLACES!
I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST .. REMEMBER HOW IT HELPED ME? I'M SURE IT WOULD CLEAR UP HER SKIN TOO
LATER
ISN'T IT A DARLING DRESS? OH, I'M SO THRILLED .. AND IT'S JUST MAR-VEL-OUS NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE OF THOSE OLD PIMPLES!
IT'S ADORABLE
YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SWEET


'BYE FOLKS
HAVE A GOOD TIME
DOES ME GOOD TO SEE THAT KID ENJOYING HERSELF AGAIN

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* —a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Supplies Vitamins B·D·G
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily —before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

ADRIENNE AMES, beautiful screen star

My beauty creme is made from Milk!

NEW TYPE FACE CREME wins hundreds of Hollywood Stars and thousands of women everywhere

You know that no other creme in the world is like Duart's Creme of Milk the very moment it touches your skin. Because this delightful new kind of face creme is actually made from the rich natural oils found only in pure dairy Milk . . . it PENETRATES more deeply . . . CLEANSES more thoroughly . . . NOURISHES more completely and BANISHES DRY SKIN almost at once. If your complexion is not as fresh, clear and youthful as it should be, do as the beauty-wise Hollywood Stars and thousands of other women have already done, start using the newest beauty discovery . . . Creme of Milk. Results you can SEE and FEEL will come amazingly quick. Use coupon to send for Special Trial Size Jar (not a tube).

ONLY ALL-PURPOSE BEAUTY CREME IN THE WORLD MADE FROM PURE DAIRY *Milk!*

SEND 10¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

50c, $1 and $2 sizes at Drug and Department Stores; 20-cent size at F. W. Woolworth stores.

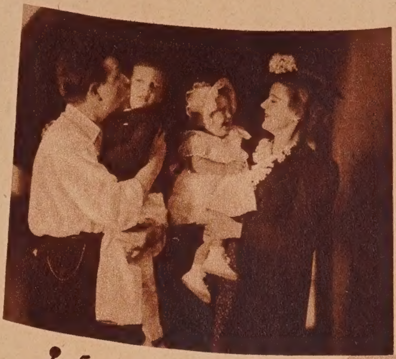
Duart, Creme of Milk Division,
984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California
Please rush my Trial Jar of your new face creme made from milk . . I enclose 10 cents.

Name...10
Address...
City....................State....................

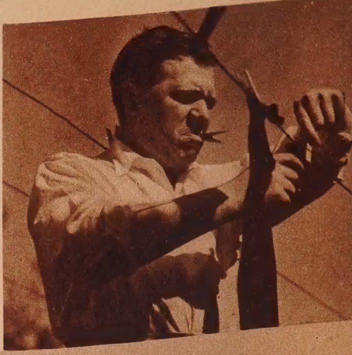
Look For CREME OF MILK At Your Beauty Shop Too

Screen Book Presents the

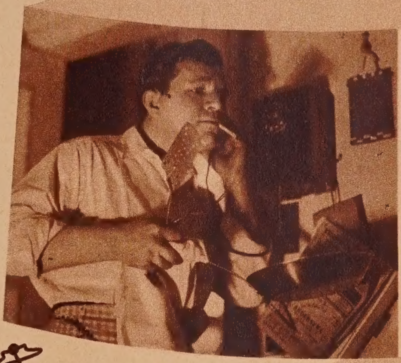
MAID'S DAY



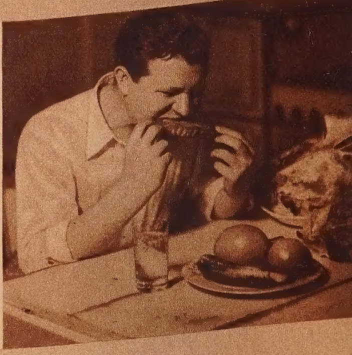
"Goodbye, folks. Now don't worry about Daddy being home all alone . . ."



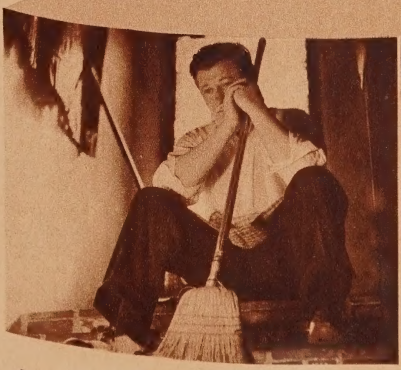
"Well, I'll be hanged! Now I know what they mean by 'clothes horse'"



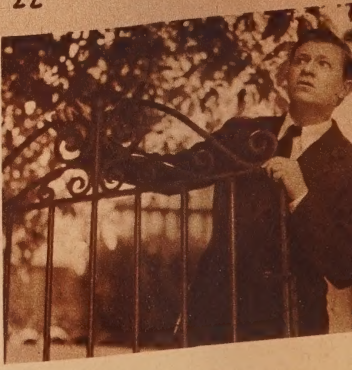
"I tell you I've *got* a sewing machine!"



"I guess Erwin can whip up a tasty meal just as well as anybody, all right, all right!"



"Ohhhhhhhhh my—"



"That sounds like—I hope—"

Stuart Erwins in

OFF!

"I'll try this gadget just once more . . . then I'll run over this can of tomatoes with my car. *That* might open it"

"To hell with the Van Alstyne's butler—"

"It's the wife!"

HELEN WOOD

FEATURED IN "CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK." A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

Beautiful Hair

IS EASY TO HAVE . . . IF YOU KNOW HOLLYWOOD'S SECRET

When a Hollywood star gets a permanent wave she doesn't take any chances with the beauty of her hair by trying out trick waving methods. She knows that the world's most highly paid beauty experts, the Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild have tested every known waving method and she trusts their judgment and advice. Duart is the one and only permanent wave that has ever received the 100% endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild and that is why nearly all the feminine stars you see on the screen are wearing soft, beautiful, *natural* Duart waves. And because no other waving method has the exclusive Duart feature of HEAT CONTROL for EACH SEPARATE CURL, Duart has become America's leading permanent wave. Ask for a Duart wave, it costs no more.

DUART

PERMANENT WAVES

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a star's coiffure exactly. Choose from Hollywood's newest hairstyles by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE HAIRSTYLE BOOK

DUART, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Black
☐ Medium Brown

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________ 10

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Madam
Now...
You get the Best
AT THE PRICE
OF THE NEXT BEST
Plus a Money Back
Triple Guarantee

'Marvelite'
HICKORY
BOILABLE LATEX

"Marvelite"
LATEX DRESS SHIELDS
by HICKORY
"So thin – you won't know they're in"

Money Back
Triple Guarantee
1 Withstand almost endless boiling and ironing
2 Lighter–cooler–yet wear longer, than any shield
3 Perfect satisfaction and comfort–or money back

BE DOUBLY SURE to get the genuine "Marvelite" by Hickory because: First—Substitutes cost more in the long run. Second—If you can get *the best*—at the price of the next best—we'll leave it to you—what's best?

ECONOMY NOTE
Protect all your dresses with "MARVELITE"—cost so little—save so much. At all good Notions Departments. 35c—3 pair for $1

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES

By
Helen
Harrison

"Bet a nickel it won't stay in while I count ten," jibes Ann Sothern. "Madame, I'm learning to sleep with this monocle in my eye, and I'll take your bet." This is off-stage on the *Count Pete* set

Just Between RAYMOND *and*

OUR male population would probably agree that the world would be a better, if not a safer, place were Gene Raymond to retire to a southern plantation—in which he has expressed an interest—and take up farming, horse breeding and hara kiri. Preferably hara kiri.

Gene, for pretty obvious reasons, is not to be a favorite with the stag line. Good-looking, talented, likable, he comes under the heading of "Unfair Competition." His popularity with such sought-after bachelor girls of Hollywood as Janet Gaynor and Jeanette MacDonald does nothing to help.

On the other hand, the general feeling among women is that perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea if *more* men were like him!

Gene isn't particularly easy to know. He doesn't back-slap, hand-shake and personality-smile you all over the place. He came to Hollywood, he told me once, as an individual—determined to remain one. And he has. Because of his quiet self-confidence there are those, of course, whose word for it is "high hat." No unkinder interpretation of his individuality could be imagined.

Let's see what kind of person he really is—just between Gene Raymond and *you!*

His tastes are simple, his desires few, his friends, who are carefully chosen, loyal.

One day when I called on Gene a good-looking, personable young man came in and was introduced as Bob Marlowe—his professional name. He was Gene's brother. Gene was telling me how he plays the saxophone and is going to organize his own orchestra. He was more enthusiastic over Bob's career

GENE You!

than I had ever seen him over his own.

"Really, Gene," I said, "I'm sure you'd much rather I interviewed your brother than yourself!"

He laughed—and I knew it to be a fact. The Guion family—which is their real name—is a closely knit organization.

Yet he's terribly serious about that career of his own. For years he freelanced because he couldn't get a contract that gave him latitude in roles and an opportunity to be versatile.

"There's always somewhere in a career when you've reached the top. Then," he said tersely, "it's time to move on to the next." He believes it.

His friend, Nelson Eddy, who is no mean singer himself, has encouraged Gene concerning his voice.

"I'm not going to break into opera. I'm not even [Continued on page 68]

SO AFRAID!...BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!

NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

Eye Make-up in Good Taste

Maybelline Cream Mascara — Black, Brown and Blue—with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.

Eye Shadow Blue, Blue-Gray Brown, Green Violet

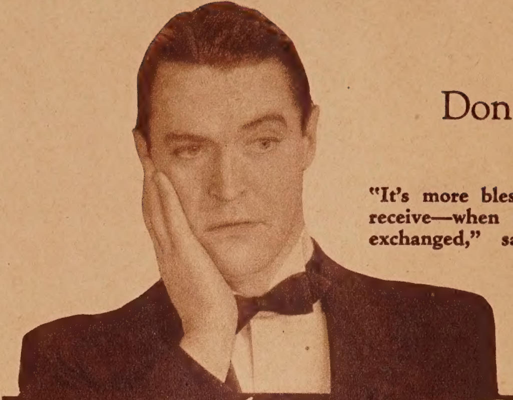
Eyebrow Pencil—Black Brown, Blue

Solid Form Mascara—Black Brown, Blue

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids



By
Don Marvin

"It's more blessed to give than to receive—when dirty digs are being exchanged," says Chester Morris

Was I MORTIFIED !!

Bing Crosby casts aspersions at Bob Burns' table manners

"WHEN your best girl goes dancing with your rival," the manufacturers of a popular cigarette advise, "be nonchalant and smoke a Darum," which is all very well but a cigarette doesn't stop the rush of blood to your face when someone turns the tables on you and tops your wisecracks.

One night, at a party Regis and Kitty Toomey gave, I bumped into Chester Morris. Chet and I have a little game we play that is called "ribbing" or, in other words, throwing the hooks into each other. "Hi, Chet," I greeted him, "you're sure looking well tonight."

"Thanks, Don," he said, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Yes," I continued, "unless I was right on top of you I could never see how bloated you are."

"Why, you fat, bald-headed, old fool," he exploded, "what the devil are you talking about?"

My fast-thinning locks are a source of constant grief and worry to me, so I ask you, what good would a Darum be when someone calls the attention of a room full of people to your misfortune? I know better than to rib Chet in public now.

THERE was the time I first met Joan Blondell, when I was interviewing her. "What's your avocation, Miss Blondell?" I queried in my best reportorial manner.

"I'm an Episcopalian," Joan answered solemnly.

I didn't know her well and I was just a little taken aback. In fact, I recall thinking, "Just another dizzy blond"—but I didn't say so. I was quite polite about it. "That's your *belief,*" I explained patiently. "Now, *I*, for example, am a writer both by vocation and avocation."

"That's *your* belief," she flipped.

Fortunately there was no one present to witness my discomfiture but Joan is

What happens when Hollywood's champion insulters make the fur fly

not a lady who lets you forget. Every once in a while when we're in a crowd somewhere she'll gravely ask, "What's your avocation?"

I DON'T like to brag, but I lay claim to being one of the few people in Hollywood who ever topped Jack Oakie—and it wasn't in fun, either. I did one of the first stories on Jack when he made a hit and we got to be pretty good friends. I was over at the studio one afternoon gathering material for a yarn when the chap in the publicity office said, "Why not put your friend Oakie in this story? Here he comes now."

I glanced down the hall and, sure enough, there came Mr. Oakie, resplendent in patent leather evening pumps, white trousers and a clean shirt.

"All right," I agreed. After exchanging greetings with *m'sieu* I said, "Say, how about rushing over to your dressing room, Jack, and doing a little quickie interview?"

"Why not?" Jack answered and promptly sat down in the publicity office to look through the latest fan magazines in hopes of finding a picture of himself (which he did). He fiddled around there for half an hour when suddenly his companion said, "Hey, come on, we're late. We should have been down in Los Angeles at four o'clock and it's half past now."

Jack sprang to his feet. "Oke. Come on."

"Wait a minute," I expostulated. "What about this interview?"

"You heard him say we're late now, didn't you?" Jack shouted. "I haven't got time to fool with you. See you some other time. Make a regular appointment through the publicity office. That's a hell of a way to do, come barging up to a guy and spring something like that on him all of a sudden without giving him a minute's notice."

Recalling the time when Jack had *asked* me to do a story on him, totally ignoring the publicity office, and recalling numerous little things I'd done for him since then, my blood began boiling. "You're singing a different tune now than you sang a few months ago, aren't you?" I mocked. "Well, I'm damned if I'll ask for an appointment with you. I wouldn't put you in a story if you were the last actor on earth to write about. To hell with you."

"To hell with *you*," he retorted, "I've been told that by better writers than you!"

"I don't doubt it," I answered, "but you've never been told it with more sincerity or more depth of feeling than I'm telling you."

"I suppose," he sneered, "now that you're sore at me you'll pan the devil out of me?"

"Oh, no," I [*Continued on page 67*]

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?

Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?

If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
Beech-Nut
PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
CANDY COATED PEPSIN GUM
5¢
Beech-Nut
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
12 BEECHIES
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH
FOR MOUTH EXERCISE
Beech-Nut
SPEARMINT
Gum
BEECH-NUT

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor . . . and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES...another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

Here's How To Treat
FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT

PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED
Send Coupon

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

H F
FOOT REMEDY
PRICE $1.00
Sold by
Gore Products, Inc.
New Orleans, La.

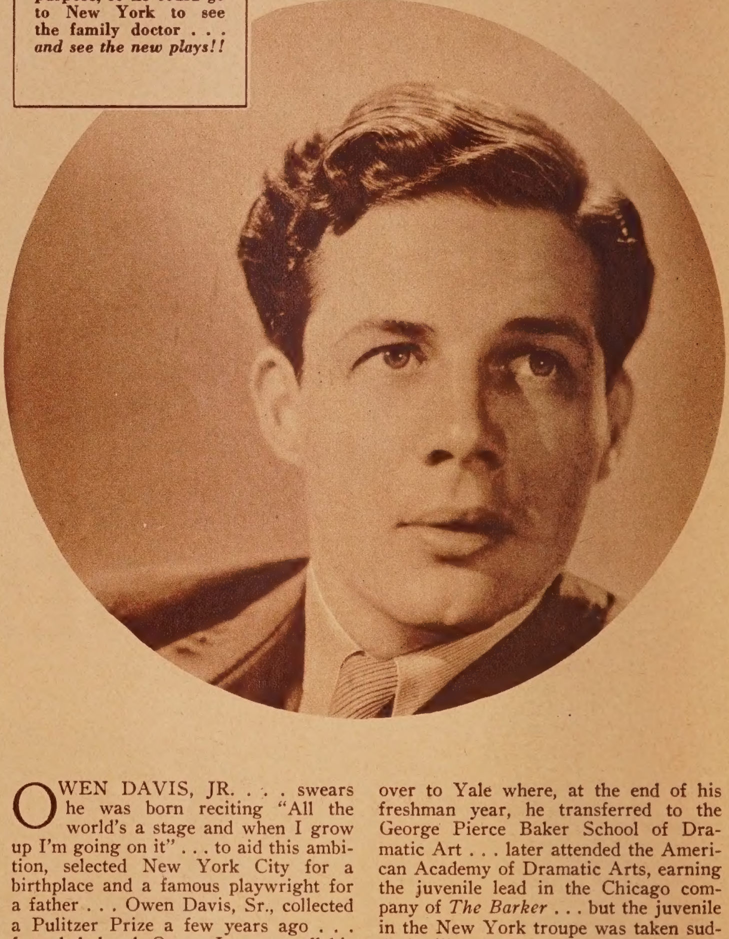
GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
829 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. F.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....STATE ....

MEET "DIMPLES" DAVIS!

When he was at school he broke his nose on purpose, so he could go to New York to see the family doctor . . . *and see the new plays!!*



OWEN DAVIS, JR. . . . swears he was born reciting "All the world's a stage and when I grow up I'm going on it" . . . to aid this ambition, selected New York City for a birthplace and a famous playwright for a father . . . Owen Davis, Sr., collected a Pulitzer Prize a few years ago . . . from babyhood, Owen, Jr., spent all his spare time—and some his teachers thought he couldn't spare—backstage at the theater . . . wrote, produced and starred in his first dramatic (very dramatic!) masterpiece at the age of seven . . . at eleven entered Choate School in Connecticut . . . the distracted faculty eventually discovered that Owen's plausible excuses for a trip to New York invariably coincided with the opening of a play . . . they finally turned him over to Yale where, at the end of his freshman year, he transferred to the George Pierce Baker School of Dramatic Art . . . later attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, earning the juvenile lead in the Chicago company of *The Barker* . . . but the juvenile in the New York troupe was taken suddenly ill and Owen was rushed—with the aid of a police escort complete with sirens—into the part . . . says he made his debut so abruptly he had no time to be scared . . . other engagements followed . . . tried Hollywood in 1930 but the lure of Broadway was too great . . . played continually in New York or summer stock until RKO Radio decided they needed this particular five-feet-ten of personality and ability. . . . He is now starring in *Satisfaction Guaranteed.*

Letter Page

[Continued from page 23]

and must wear them for as long as they last. And I'll add—my dresses certainly do not look like Schiaparelli creations although, goodness knows, I do my best.

Couldn't they let us in on the secret?—*Lillian Houtwed, 88 Warren St., New York City.*

$1.00 Letter

An Argument Begins

NOT long ago I read a complaint against Jean Harlow for wearing such fine clothes in *Wife vs Secretary.* Everyone knows that few secretaries could dress like that but after all a movie is really a short trip to another world and what would be the use if it was like what we are used to. Also a picture show is about the only opportunity a large per cent of the people have to see really nice clothes. If that were changed a lot of the interest would be taken from the pictures. It gives one higher ideals and shows many ways to improve oneself. Give us more of them.—*Virginia Slaughter, Glenwood, Iowa.*

$1.00 Letter

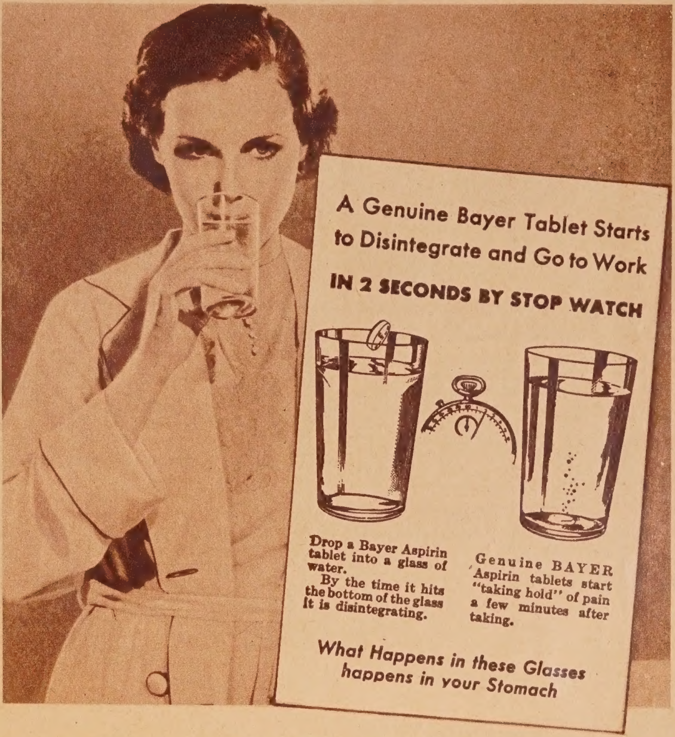
Servants' Entrance

I ALWAYS read the Letter Page and get real enjoyment out of the comments. The fans usually write about the lovely leading ladies and handsome leading men but I don't remember seeing anything about butlers. Why butlers? Well, the two I have in mind always turn in such splendid performances that regardless of other players I'd go because either Eric Blore or Arthur Treacher are the butlers in the picture. I hope to see them many times again for they take care of the comedy in our best pictures. —*Rosalind Yowles, 785 Princess Ave., London, Ont.*

Eric Blore became just a bit bored with butlers and plays a dancing school professor in *Swing Time,* the sparkling new Rogers-Astaire opus. Pip Treacher is still a butler, but in a less disdainful mood in *Thank You, Jeeves.*—Ed.

When Irene Hervey wed Alan Jones, her daughter was flower girl. Alan, too, has a child by a former marriage

Do This When You Wake Up With a Headache



A Genuine Bayer Tablet Starts to Disintegrate and Go to Work
IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.
By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.
Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.
What Happens in these Glasses happens in your Stomach

Enjoy Relief before You've Finished Dressing

If you wake up with a headache, just do this: Try two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water. Take them the moment you get up — before you start dressing.

By the time you've finished dressing, nine chances in ten, you'll feel relief coming. You'll meet the day with a clear head instead of suffering for hours.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered. And — because real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets are ready to start working almost the instant you take them. (Note illustration.)

So, next early morning headache you have, try this way. Get real Bayer Aspirin now for only 15¢ — two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States. Ask for it by its full name BAYER ASPIRIN: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN . . 25c
Virtually 1c a tablet

12 Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
5 grs. each
Genuine
BAYER

BAYER

LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

STOP USING *half-way* TOOTHPASTES —USE FORHAN'S

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

So often we learn too late that beauty may be ruined by half-way care of the teeth. We ignore the dangers of failing gums! There is no excuse for taking this chance. Forhan's gives you *double protection.* It cleans and brightens teeth and at the same time *safeguards your gums.*

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other toothpastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon. When you clean teeth and massage gums with Forhan's you are doing exactly what so many dentists advise. Phone for a tube now. Costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, and ends ordinary half-way care.
Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

Brush Away GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

We Go to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 49]

George Brent doesn't know his wife, Kay Francis, is hiding an illegitimate child

Give Me Your Heart
★★★

YOU must see this! Kay Francis looks lovely, is appealing in drama based on a delicate, intimate theme, which will be appreciated most by those who like an occasional bit of seriousness in their entertainment. Without benefit of clergy a child is born to Kay. The father is married to a semi-invalid. She is persuaded to relinquish her boy to his father's family. She goes to America, falls in love and marries George Brent. Then she suffers heartache and heartbreak: fear that her husband will learn of her sin; longing for her child, a conviction that she's been cheated out of the first love that was hers; hatred for her lover's wife. Roland Young, attempting to purge her mind of its growing illness, brings together the two husbands and wives in an ultra-dramatic climax.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor—lovers off-screen and on

His Brother's Wife
★★

LEO the Lion apparently decided to cash in on the wide-spread interest in the Barbara Stanwyck-Bob Taylor amour and cast them as hero and heroine. While it must be admitted that the idea had great possibilities, the net result is unfortunately lacking in entertainment value—and the blame falls squarely on the plot. Both of the co-stars do their best to overcome the handicaps of their rôles, but the task is too much. Jean Hersholt and John Eldridge contribute outstanding performances in the supporting cast.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea find $1,000, a race horse, gangsters—and romance

Two in a Crowd
★★

A MILDLY interesting tale of a race horse whose owner is struggling to raise the necessary entry fee for the big race. Two halves of a $1,000 bill bring Joel McCrea, the owner, and Joan Bennett, another down-and-outer, together. With it they get the horse ready for the handicap. Matters are complicated by the meddling of cops and robbers woven into the plot to increase suspense. Of course the horse wins the race and Joel wins Joan. Elisha Cook, Jr., is good as the jockey, while Reginald Denny, Donald Meek and Andy Clyde contribute to the comedy.—*Produced by Universal.*

Fay Wray asks taxi-driver Chester Morris if she can go home with him

They Met In a Taxi
★★

THIS small, gay comedy will brighten a dull evening. Chester Morris and Fay Wray, who have too frequently been relegated to sad little parts, have a chance to shine just a bit. He's a taxi driver, picks up the wedding-gowned Fay who says she's trying not to marry a duke. But oh! how the lady lies! He hides her in his apartment and by the time he learns she's not a fleeing heiress, but a model suspected of stealing a fabulously expensive necklace, proximity has done its deadly work and he's mad about the girl. Lionel Stander, an ex-convict driving Jehu, and Raymond Walburn, a fussy society editor, find the real crook. Lionel's wisecracks are neatly fitted in.—*Produced by Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 66]

You Are Invited To A Hollywood Preview

How would you like to sit in your own home (as many of the Hollywood great do) and have a private, advance showing of 20th Century-Fox's biggest romance picture of the year, *Ladies in Love*, the picture starring Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon?

HERE'S THE ANSWER:—You can have that privilege!

One magazine, and one magazine only, is printing the complete fiction story of this simply swell picture, a novel and thrilling situation of three girls and their love affairs. The fiction story is elaborately illustrated with pictures from the production. Read this story in your own home and know all the thrills of a private preview.

Other coming movies fictionized in this issue include *Adventure in Manhattan*, starring Jean Arthur (of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* fame) and Joel McCrea; *Lost Horizon* with Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell and Jane Wyatt. Those are but a few of the many complete fiction stories in the October issue, now on sale. Amaze your friends and add to your own enjoyment of the movie by knowing the complete fiction story before the picture comes to any theatre. Get your copy of ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES at your favorite newsstand today!

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Tamara Geva

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Town ------------------------------------State------

We Go to the Movies

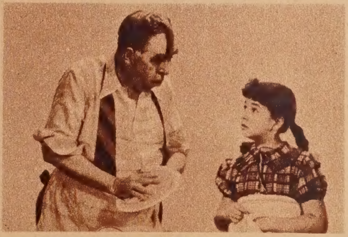
[*Continued from page 65*]

Ida Lupino is a crook who tries to fleece an honest gambler, George Raft

Yours For the Asking

★★½

EVERY character in this farce is a gambler or racketeer—and 'sall fun. George Raft is an honest crook who joins forces with Dolores Costello Barrymore, a once-wealthy girl. They make a gambling establishment out of her Miami mansion. His three comical buddies (James Gleason, Edgar Kennedy and Lynne Overman) think they must protect their George from making a colossal mistake in catering to society. They hire Ida Lupino and Reginald Owen, a pair of crooks, to show George the error of his ways, but they try to fleece the big gambler. Then the fun begins.—*Produced by Paramount.*



Chronic grouch Irvin Cobb first wants to maim, then learns to love Jane Withers

Pepper

★★

IF YOU'RE a Jane Withers addict this is your meat. It's a natural for children—a harum scarum show with scarcely a serious moment. When a situation arises that even hints of seriousness it's taken care of in comedy fashion. Pepper is a trial and tribulation to her uncle, Slim Summerville. She's leader of a street gang who get into endless mischief. To aid a widow threatened with eviction the kids invade the guarded home of grouch-millionaire Irvin Cobb. He'd like to commit homicide, but Pepper convinces him he's more in need of an outing than medicine. They set out for Coney Island and take all the rides, slides and concessions—winding up washing dishes after their pockets have been picked. The irascible old gent takes Pepper to his heart when she exposes a bogus nobleman's plan to wed his daughter.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Adolphe Menjou and Alice Faye are a daffy pair of romantics, thinks Michael Whalen

Sing Baby Sing

★★★

THIS picture is superb. Adolphe Menjou gives a hilarious characterization of a Shakespearian-conscious actor who gets out of his keeper's hands, and into trouble—when he sees himself as Romeo. Alice Faye turns in an excellent job as a jobless singer who gets tangled up with the actor—as Juliet. Tributes go to Gregory Ratoff, Ted Healy and Patsy Kelly for their clowning. Highest accolades to the Ritz Brothers. This film has the best performances and snappiest music heard in a blue moon . . . and, what is rare in a musical, it has a *plot*—and what a plot!—*Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.*

Bing berates one love for misleading his other love—on the end of the rope

Rhythm on the Range

★★½

BING CROSBY gets competition for honors from Bob Burns and Martha Raye. His songs are an improvement over those he's b-b-b-booed through before. At times the film is uproariously funny slapstick—attached to a plot full of absurdities. The film begins with thrilling rodeo scenes. Burns does the funniest scene of the film when he harangues a crowd on the street. He is remindful of the late Will Rogers at this moment. Frances Farmer is a box-car stowaway who accompanies Bing and bull West. They are pursued by kidnapers. Everything ends happily with a swell swing-music jamboree. Lucille Gleason has the prize laugh line: "Those fellows in the mountains make passes like other male critters, and when a gal gets through those mountain passes she knows her way around."—*Produced by Paramount.*

Was I Mortified!!

[*Continued from page* 61]

assured him quietly, "we only pan *important* people."

The conference broke up before blood was shed but relations were just a little strained for a few weeks. It's all been forgiven and forgotten now, however, and Jack still gives me some of the best copy I get.

BING CROSBY is adept at the wisecrack. In *Rhythm on the Range* Bob Burns was required, in one scene, to drink out of a saucer. Turning anxiously to the director, he asked, "Do you think I ought to make a noise when I drink?"

"It won't be necessary," Bing cut in. "Just eat naturally and there'll be plenty of noise."

I went out to see Lyle Talbot at the studio. "Hullo, Lyle," I said, "I came out to see you act."

"Then you might as well go home again," Kay Francis grinned.

Ouch!

AND Wynne Gibson is another who can take care of herself in the clinches.

When her parents first arrived in Hollywood she rented a house for them. Returning to the set after luncheon, she told everyone about the place. A couple of hours later a messenger brought her a telegram. It read, "Sorry can't let you have the house. Your references unsatisfactory"—and was signed with the name of the rental agency.

She didn't know what to make of it. For references, she had given two banks with whom she does business. She had a healthy balance in each of them and that's all banks care about. She cupped her chin in her hand and gazed around in a perplexed manner. Her gaze happened to take in Esther Howard and the assistant director. They were watching her intently.

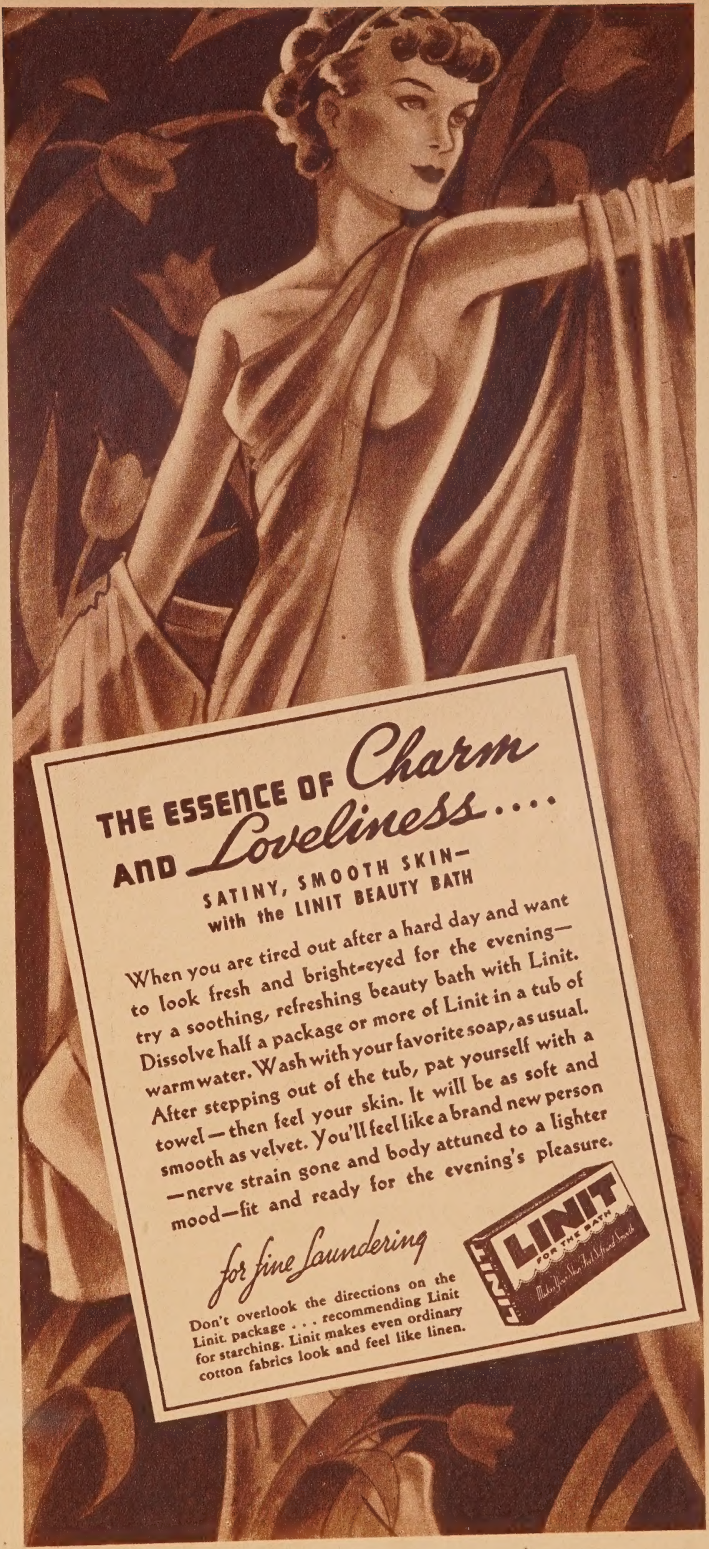
Wynne's a lady what's been framed often enough in pictures to know when there's dirty work at the cross-roads. She said nothing about the telegram but a few minutes later she left the set and 'phoned her florist.

It wasn't long until the florist's boy arrived with a box addressed to Miss Minnie Glutz—which he handed to Miss Howard. It looked as though it might contain American Beauty roses. The card on the outside assured Esther it was "In appreciation of your superb artistry." She could hardly wait to get it opened. But, ah, me—instead of posies it contained an assortment of carrots, cabbage leaves, onions, radishes and a few odd what-nots.

"But," Wynne wailed, "do you know what the louse did? She took me home with her to dinner that night and made a stew out of those vegetables I had intended only for a gag. Esther dished it out but I was the one who ate it."

Yea, bo! Everyone out here gets the hook occasionally but, for the most part, they're good sports about it. They'll tell jokes on themselves, ending the recital with, "Was I mortified!" — and then naively adding, "But, boy, can I take it!!"

Mary Boland will have none of synthetic, glycerin-produced tears, so her company waits until she has worked herself up to the pitch of producing real tears.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Just Between Gene Raymond and You!

[*Continued from page* 59]

going to take voice lessons, because Eddy thinks I should stick to what is called 'conversational singing.'"

If you have an idea that Gene bows from the waist, kisses madam's hand and, on the slightest provocation throws himself into a rhumba you don't know Gene.

"What do you really like doing best?" I asked him.

Without a moment's hesitation he said, "Playing polo."

Of course I shouldn't give an impression that he isn't one of Hollywood's ace escorts. He is. Beautiful stars have private feuds concerning his attentions—but I don't think Gene has ever been serious over the possibilities. He's too busy having a good time!

HE'S recently finished supervising and decorating what he calls "the first home I have ever owned!" He selected the furnishings himself because he couldn't, he says, depend upon an interior decorator doing it the way he wants. He supervised the exterior construction work on tennis courts, swimming pool, barbecue pit and putting green. He spent a full month searching through the residential districts of exclusive Brentwood, Bel-Air and Beverly Hills until he found it. His mother arrived from New York at the time and he asked her to look at it.

"All she said when she had looked over the place," Gene related, "was, 'It feels like home,' so I bought and gave it to her."

"GENE," I said, summoning all the courage which I reserve for just such times, "how do you stand on the marriage question—not for public consumption—but for your *real* friends?" I made a mental note that with three leaps I could make the door.

He looked very serious for a moment and then he said, "I hope to marry some day just like every man hopes to have a wife and some children when he feels he can afford them—afford to give them every luxury he wants them to have." (I began to thaw and to relax the grip on my hat.) "By that time I hope to be either producing or directing and I'll have time to travel and study—and being married will really mean companionship. To be absolutely frank about it, a man must devote as much time and attention to making marriage a success as a woman, and he can't do it with a script in one hand and a make-up box in the other."

. . . And that's between Gene and *you!*

There's no answer to that when you're talking to someone whose professional life—ever since he made his debut at the ripe old age of five—has robbed him of any delusions. He knows the things a successful career can give—but he has very definite ideas as to its limitations.

"Success," he told me once, "means reaching a goal—a goal that is apt to recede into a higher one as each new level is reached. Money, alone, doesn't mean success, though one must accept the fact that, as the expression of accomplishment, it does."

AN ACTRESS who enjoyed a brilliant but short-lived success had been caught in a series of misfortunes—illness and the like. Gene had met her only very casually once or, at most, twice. But in her he recognized real ability. Learning of her pitiable financial predicament he made it his own personal business to go about getting her an assignment. Not just anything, if you please, but a rôle thoroughly worthy of her pride and her fine talent. Of course she knows nothing of his activities in her behalf, and she never will.

You think Gene's a mighty good actor, don't you?

He never "acted" any better in front of the cameras than he did the other night at a small party. Gene introduced a currently popular parlor game. Two writers (male) who had given the impression in print that they weren't what might be called "admirers" of Gene, were present. They realized this was too good a chance to miss—and they framed a "ribbing!"

Before an audience of twenty people they called him into direct questioning on subjects which, during their interviews, he had always refused to answer. What a swell spot they "had him in"—so they thought. Gene, unlike you or me, couldn't get up and walk out—or suddenly discover he had a previous appointment. He had to stick and show himself to be as good a sport as they were trying to prove he wasn't.

That's a big order, even for one who's used to getting out of tight spots. Good-naturedly he parried every question that was shot at him, rapid-fire, but just as cleverly conceived to be answered as a boomerang. And it brought him through—proved the kind of regular guy he is, besides earning him the writers' apologies!

Gene, perhaps, is not brother Bill's or your own best beau's particular delight. But, should they take you to the newest Raymond picture it *may* be worth their while, because learning Gene's stuff is an opportunity no potential heart-breaker can afford to miss. As a script girl on his set once said, "It's *really* something!"

Mrs. Clark Gable, now separated from Clark, attends the première of *Anthony Adverse* with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow. Doesn't Myrna look lusciously happy?

Hollywood Tips for Home Makers

[*Continued from page 25*]

Sani-Flush is excellent as an automobile radiator cleaner.

•

A timely tip that everyone who is planning any sort of redecoration should know about! Whenever you have a "crowd" over for an evening, did you ever notice how they seem to gather in the kitchen to see what is going on? Maybe they want to give you a hand at serving dinner or help you mix a cocktail or so . . . If you have ever had that experience, then you know that the looks of your kitchen is as important as the looks of your living room . . . Why not then, investigate the Armstrong Cork Company's linoleum and see what you can do about making your kitchen more attractive . . . You will be surprised at what the right design and color of a floor covering can do for your kitchen!

•

Why not, while you are in the kitchen, figure on having the Roylace Paper Company furnish you with shelving paper to match the rest of your kitchen . . . There is nothing more pleasing or attractive than clean, decorative cupboards . . . Makes those dishes look much better!

•

For that "white line" wash! Everybody knows how hard it is to remove that tell tale grey from white woollens and linens. . . . For that purpose, the Fels-Naptha Company have made their soap chips available to you. . . . They dissolve twice as fast, are economical and have a multitude of uses. . . . Improve your wash by making it a "white line" wash with Fels-Naptha soap chips. . . .

•

If you have a baby in your home, this is an important tip for you. . . . The Kendall Mills are manufacturing a diaper that is porous, having a surgical weave fabric that makes them faster drying indoors or out. . . . They are also much easier to wash, lighter, and 30% more absorbent. . . . Their secret is that they have no hems to retain stains. . . . They are called Curity Layettecloth Diapers!

•

A tip that will save you lots of trouble! Onslow Stevens finds the best way to keep a car looking nice, is to go over it once in a while with a polish cloth. . . . But that is only part of it. . . . You must have a good polish base first, advises Onslow, or the polishing won't do any good. . . . Many a fine paint job has been ruined by polishes that do not remove traffic film and old, dull, oxidized finish. . . . The J. A. Tumbler people of Baltimore have answered that question with their Tumbler Twins. . . . That is, one cleaner removes the traffic haze and the other polishes. . . . Try them!

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MADELEINE CARROLL and GEORGE BRENT as they appear in "The Case Against Mrs. Ames", A Walter Wanger Production.

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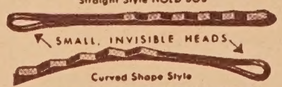

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Try Bradley Metcalfe's favorite

TUNA CELERY SOUFFLE

Cook 1 cup chopped celery in 1 cup boiling water. Drain. Blend 5 tbsp. flour into 4 tbsp. butter, stir in celery water adding milk to make 1½ cups liquid. Season with salt and pepper. Cool. Add beaten yolks 4 eggs and 1 tin shredded BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA FISH. Fold in beaten whites 4 eggs. Bake in buttered casserole, in pan of hot water, about 45 minutes, moderate oven.

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Today's Gossip

[Continued from page 19]

hoarse, what do you think they would do?" asked Eddie. "Go to a beer joint and sit around drinking and singing until four in the morning!"

THIS FROM A sick man really takes the Guava jelly! A visiting fireman's wife recently meeting W. C. Fields at the studio doubted the authenticity of his nose, and asked if she might touch it. "Madam, this ample proboscis is as real as Gibraltar," said that gentleman. "I acquired it only after many years of applying the proper ingredients."

A NEW CALLING in Hollywood—"singing-in" instead of standing in. Grace Moore had such a sing-in while working on *The King Steps Out* . . . lovely Irene Crane, currently featured on a west coast radio program. It was Irene's duty to rehearse with the orchestra and save wear and tear on the busy Moore throat. Miss Crane's voice is so much like Miss Moore's that sometimes it is difficult to tell them apart.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS Eleanore Whitney, fastest tap dancer in the world, has been hoping to meet Eleanor Powell, greatest female tap dancer in the world. Recently Miss Powell sent her an invitation to join her at lunch at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eleanore Whitney was sick at the time and in bed at her doctor's orders, but refused to let it keep her down and went eagerly to the appointment. It was Eleanor Powell who did most of the talking because the little Eleanore had such a sore throat she could scarcely speak above a whisper. As soon as lunch was over she was rushed home with a fever of 102. That sore throat might not have developed into an infected tonsil if she had stayed in bed, but she wouldn't have missed meeting the other Eleanor for anything!

BING CROSBY has turned producer with his own money in his new Columbia picture, *Pennies From Heaven*, and are the tables turned! Tardy Bing now arrives on the dot in the morning and woe to those who are late—no long lunch hours either! Are his co-workers laughing? They hadn't better, for Mr. Crosby is a terror!

ELEANOR POWELL sends critics engraved thank you cards for nice notices! Don't know whether we approve that or not, but will let it pass, *unless* we find that she orders them by the thousand.

"BECAUSE WE HAVE decided the most important thing in our lives is to be together," John Beal and his wife, Helen Craig, have a re-union in Hollywood even at the expense of her rôle in the New York hit, *New Faces of 1936*.

I want to share with you my own picture of my lovely friend Fay Wray

The Cream of the Cake Crop!

[*Continued from page* 21]

doesn't know a great deal about prosaic roasts and vegetables but she's a wizard when it comes to delicious frosted cakes and her husband could eat them for breakfast—he's that crazy about Jane and her achievements—so what more could one ask?

I'll give you her recipe for the Buttermilk Cake I enjoyed so thoroughly. Jane's cousin, Floyd Crosby, who filmed the famous picture, *Tabu,* had just returned from another jaunt to Tahiti, loaded down with presents for the little actress, including a couple of cocoanuts for good measure. She used the fresh cocoanut for her icing, and it's surely worth the extra trouble.

BUTTERMILK CAKE

¾	cup butter
1¾	cups sugar
3	eggs well beaten
1	tsp. soda
1½	cups buttermilk
3	cups flour
3	tsp. baking powder
1	tsp. salt
1	tsp. vanilla
½	tsp. orange flavoring
½	tsp. lemon flavoring

After creaming sugar and butter, add well beaten eggs. Dissolve soda in buttermilk. Sift flour once before measuring and then combine all dry ingredients and sift. Add buttermilk and sifted ingredients alternately to creamed mixture. Then add the flavorings. Bake at 350 degrees in two nine inch deep layer pans which have been greased and lightly floured.

SEVEN MINUTE FROSTING

1½	cups sugar
2	egg whites, unbeaten
5	tbls. cold water
¼	tsp. cream tartar
1	tsp. flavoring

Combine all ingredients in double boiler and place over hot water. Beat continually until beater can be lifted up leaving a deep hole in spot from which it was removed. Turn mixture into bowl and allow to slightly cool. Beat again until light and fluffy. After spreading the frosting between layers, sprinkle with cocoanut. Frost the top and sides and sprinkle with cocoanut.

Jane warned me it is most important to be sure the beater leaves a hole in the icing when removed before taking mixture from range. If you wish to use fresh cocoanut, place in hot oven until the shell cracks (about half an hour.) Remove meat from shell and pare off the outer brown skin. Then shred on grater.

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

There's a reason that old saying is quoted the world over. Watch SCREEN BOOK every month and you will have recipes for dishes that are a wee bit different, marvelously good—will tempt "his" appetite and suggest insidiously to him that you're the tops.

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15¢ CLOPAY America's Fastest Selling WINDOW SHADES

"I Love My Husband Because He Doesn't Treat Me Like A Star!"

[*Continued from page 37*]

Her husband chidingly calls her "Bess" when she shows signs of temperament. Bette wanted desperately to play the rôle of Good Queen Bess in *Mary of Scotland*, which stars Katharine Hepburn at a rival studio. These photos show Bette as she is in life—and as she appears in makeup as Elizabeth

cently, she may have expected considerable breaking-of-his-usual routine on the part of her husband, so he could be with her. Other stars' husbands have done this, and found themselves, before long, playing glorified attendants.

Ham kept right on with his daily golf games, with his orchestra practice, with his orchestra work each night in a popular Hollywood cafe. The golf games bothered Bette most, because she had always hated the game. "That's one sport I'll *never* be interested in!" she has said with her usual emphasis. "It's a ridiculous game for a woman, anyway."

Now she's taking golf lessons—and loving them!—so she can go around the course with Ham some day.

Even in her public career of Bette Davis, this amazing girl doesn't live up to the standards the feminine stars have set for themselves. Just the other day she sought to play the rôle of Queen Elizabeth in Katharine Hepburn's new picture, *Mary of Scotland.*

It was so unprecedented that no one knew what to say—an Academy award winner begging for a supporting rôle in another star's picture! Bette even got herself a costume as Elizabeth and had portraits specially taken, but another assignment kept her from playing the part.

She's one star who can say, "I'd rather play a good part no matter how small, than a big meaningless one!" and really prove she means it.

But if she should ever attempt to bring it home with her, if she ever confuses the two rôles, Mrs. Harmon Nelson and Bette Davis, Ham will bring forth a pet, ego-deflecting nickname he reserves for these occasions, when he says, "Now, Bess—!"

CHARLOTTE HENRY
Appearing in Republic Productions

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Why Mary Brian Has Never Married!

[*Continued from page* 35]

have loved you . . . because you are natural, fragrant, fine."

And she said, "I don't mind at all explaining why I've never married. It's simple enough really—it's because *I've never been really desperately in love. I have never been swept completely off my feet.* I have never met the man who, in marriage, offered me as much, or more, than I would have to give up if I did marry.

"I HAVE been very close to marriage—twice. I have been very nearly in love, *really* in love—twice. Very nearly . . ." said Mary, her blue eyes bluer as she spoke, "but always there has been a slight mental reservation. Always my head has said to my heart, '*No—not yet.*'" (They say, that those two occasions were Buddy Rogers and Dick Powell.)

"I may be rather quaint and old-fashioned but to me marriage is terrifically important. So important that unless it is important enough to submerge every other interest and consideration in life it isn't important enough, do you see what I mean? I want my marriage to last. I want it to be founded on a rock, not on a passing fancy, a light romance, a crush.

"I don't mean that my head exactly rules my heart, I hope it doesn't. That presupposes a definite hardness, something cold and calculating. I'm not cold, I know. I'm not calculating. Certainly not where money in concerned. I would want the man I marry to be able to make more than I am able to make *only for his own self-esteem,* not because I would care. But I am very earnest about marriage. I do mean that my head would have to confirm what my heart says—*it never has.*

"I have just never met the man who completely stormed both my head and heart. One or the other, yes. Never both—never *quite.* I have never met the man for whom I could truthfully feel that the world, my world, would be well lost for love. I have never been so submerged that I lost sight and sound and consciousness of all else but that one man, that one love. I have never gone down for the third time. For the first and second times, yes," laughed Mary, "but I have always managed to grab the life-line on the third count.

"I have nothing against marriage, certainly. I have no 'theory' about marriage and a career not being possible. There are no family objections of any kind. I have always been as free as the air. My mother has never imposed any restraints on me. Perhaps," smiled Mary, "that's one reason I've never married. If there had ever been opposition I might have done what people usually do—fought it.

"I believe that marriage and a career can be compatible. For if a man and a woman are truly compatible everything is. *Or* I would be perfectly willing to give up my career for marriage and all that goes with it if the marriage were vital enough.

"I don't think I am what you might call 'marriage-minded' either. Some girls are. I'm not. I've never looked for love or for romance or for marriage. *I'm not*

[*Continued on page* 74]

EVERY NIGHT SHE CRIED HERSELF TO SLEEP

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Why Mary Brian Has Never Married!

[*Continued from page 73*]

looking now. I have never been influenced by cycles. I mean, it often happens that when the girls in a set begin to marry off other girls feel that they must do likewise. I never have. I've seen a good many of my friends marry—Esther Ralston, Joby Ralston, Dixie Lee, others. I've watched them buying trousseaux, filling hope chests, having showers—and I've never once felt a qualm, never felt envious, never thought 'Oh, dear, I'll be the only one left!' It's the same way," laughed Mary, "with babies. There are baby cycles, too. One girl will marry and have a baby and then all the other girls have babies, too. I'm just not subject to cycle influence, I guess.

"I'm not exaggeratedly maternal, either. I like babies and small children but I'm not given to rushing up to babies in the streets and gurgling over them. I like individual children as I like individual adults. If and when I marry I certainly hope to have children. But I wouldn't feel impelled to marry just to have children. I would have them because I would love the man I marry. I wouldn't love the man I marry for the sake of children.

"THEN, too, I think it's largely a matter of *what a girl is doing*—whether she marries early or not. If a girl is just holding down a job because she has to or because she doesn't know anything better to do then, naturally, marriage is the most important thing that can happen to her, almost the only important thing.

"But it isn't like that with me, you see. I am intensely interested in my work. I love it. It would take a completely engrossing marriage to top what I have and do now. I've got so many exciting things to think about that I'm not and never have been preoccupied with the idea of marriage.

"If I married I would miss the swift tempo of the life I live. I'd miss the freedom—the something-happening-every-hour. I'd miss not being able to pick up and leave for London on a twenty-four hour notice as I recently did. I'd miss the studio calls, the sets, the conferences, the scripts, the fittings, the phone calls, the cables, the feeling of being important in my own way, in my own right.

"I simply must meet the man who seems to me to be more important, more enthralling than anything my life now has to offer. *I never have.*

"I know how girls in small towns must feel when they read, as they have, that I've dated Gene Raymond or Buddy or Cary or Dick Powell. They must think, 'What is the matter with her? If only *I* had the chance!'

"But glamour," smiled Mary, "is largely a matter of distance. These boys do not seem to me as they seem to the girls who only see them on the screen. Not that I mean this as any disparagement to the boys—far from it. On the contrary, I think they are nicer than the girls who see them in pictures think they are.

"But after all, *I'm used to attractive men.* I can't be expected to fall on my face, to be bowled over, to go into a swoon every time I see a new attractive man.

"And not only that—I don't, you see, only go out on dates with these boys. *I work with them, too.* And when you work with a man in the studio, see him in all of his moods, eat with him in the commissaries, go off on location trips and trials with him, you can't feel that he is some remote god, something set apart. You're not nearly so apt to fall in love easily or casually when you spend your life doing love scenes with one attractive man after another as *part of the day's work.*

"I'm sure that if the average girl could 'listen in' to some of the talks we've had, the boys I've gone out with and I, they would be more than mildly surprised. We talk our problems over together. The boys like to discuss their problems and worries with a girl who understands them, having the same herself. They like to feel that they are with someone for whom they do not have to 'do their stuff.' So they don't do it, with me.

"I think," said Mary, "that the fact that every boy I have ever gone out with is *still my friend* should prove that there were no hectic romances, no broken hearts, certainly no broken faiths between us. For they are still my friends, even those who have married or those who are now going with other girls. Whenever I have been away and come home again they always drop in to see me, call me up.

Now and again there is some initial resentment to overcome. Not long ago I started to make a picture and was

If you sang "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" to Ann Rutherford, she'd say, "Uhuh—Judith Arlen." There's a story about them on Page 95

told that the boy playing opposite me was scared to death of me. He'd been warned that he would be 'another scalp' or something equally silly. He made up his mind to show me that he wanted no part of me. Comically enough the very first scene we had to do together was the big love scene—the last scene of the picture. And never did I get such a freeze-out, such a cold shoulder, such a refrigerated kiss in my whole life. Later we went on location and we were, necessarily, thrown a lot together. Well," laughed Mary, "he finally perceived that I had no dread design on him and we became very good friends and he took me out quite a bit. He says now," Mary laughed again, "that he should have taken heed after all!

"But the point is that very often a girl who has the name of being popular *scares men off*. The majority of very nice men don't want to become interested in girls who are in the limelight. They don't want that much competition. They don't want to be taggers-on after wives who are more spectacular than they. It affronts the male pride, the need for superiority.

"I don't believe in very early marriage. I never have. I'm glad I've gone about as much as I have, with as many different boys and men. I've dated with men in New York and with men I met while I was in the play in London. Now, when I do marry I can never say, 'I'm missing so much.' I won't have missed anything. I'll know what it's all about. I'll be content—having had my fun and plenty of it. Undoubtedly going about so much does delay marriage.

"Undoubtedly going out with so many different boys and men makes a girl more choosy. But that's all to the good, I think. For when that girl chooses it's usually for keeps. She knows what she's doing. She knows what she wants. *I* know. I don't care a rap for good looks now. I don't care for money. There is one quality and only one, really, which I would demand in the man I marry and that quality is—*tolerance*. For real tolerance embraces everything—and is very hard to find.

"I WILL say this," said Mary. "I really should like to marry *within the next two years*. I'm ready for marriage now. I'm getting a bit tired of 'going out.' I don't need to go to any of the night spots to know what is going on. I can sit right at home, look at the clock and know what they are doing at the Troc or at the Grove any minute of any given hour. I even know just about what they're *saying*.

"I find that when I am at home now, which hasn't been very often of late, what with being in London and making personal appearance tours and so on—but when I am at home now *I stay at home*. When Cary or any of the boys come in I don't want to go out. We stay home and play Monopoly or cards or read or just sit and talk.

"But even now I'm not looking for marriage. If it happens—fine. I'm ready for it.

"I hope that I do marry within the next two years. I think, now, that I should. I don't believe in postponing marriage too long. If you do you're likely to get too set in your own ways.

"But *I'm not in love now*. I have no matrimonial intentions at the moment. When I do have I'll be glad, I'll be proud to tell the whole world."

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The Four Unseen Women in Bob Taylor's Life

[*Continued from page* 29]

was going to have a cup of coffee, and told her . . . 'Now you listen to me. . . .'

"Speaking of dining rooms . . . they have a beautiful one in their house. Massive furniture, velvet draperies, one of those cozy carpets a couple of inches thick . . . really it's a beautiful dining room. But do you think they ever use it as such? Do you think they ever eat in it? Not on your life!

"Every time I go over there at meal time I find them huddled in the little breakfast room, bumping each other's elbows. They say the dining room space is too valuable to use for eating . . . it's much more desirable as an office. And that's exactly what they've turned it into. You see Virginia handles all my fan mail there from the house, but Mother and Grandmother refuse to be left idle, so they help with it too. They handle the postcards which mostly ask for pictures. They're easiest—no letters to be written. All they have to do is just put the pictures in the envelopes, and then Virginia addresses them. But the seriousness with which they tackle that job! And the rivalry between Grandmother and Mother. I'll come in and Mother will say, 'See, I stuffed 400 today!' And Grandmother will draw herself up and say, 'That's nothing! I stuffed 460!' They always refer to it as stuffing. Not very complimentary to my mug, but anyway I don't complain.

"OH, ABOUT Ida . . . this will amuse you. You know back in Nebraska a hired maid is a hired maid. She's probably some girl straight from the farm . . . who knows cooking and washing and 'settin' things' on the table. But there her knowledge stops and she never thinks of coming out of the kitchen. Well, that's the kind of maid that Mother and Grandmother were used to at home. But Ida isn't like that.

"Ida is first and second maid and lady's maid combined, and she just can't do enough for those two. She's always handing them things they drop, running errands for things they want, and they just can't get used to it! But the funniest thing is that she insists on serving them breakfast in bed, (never having had breakfast in bed before in their lives, they're always tipping the trays,) and she won't let them have more than the quota of coffee the doctor prescribed. Keeping them out of the kitchen as she does, they can't sneak any extra cup or two either!

"Mother went back to Nebraska last month for a little visit. And here's another example of the way she has kept

Leo Carrillo, masquerading as a bandit chief for Pickford-Lasky's brilliant new opus, *The World is Mine*, succeeds in bringing Nino Martini and Ida Lupino—the romantic leads—closer together. Glowering balefully in the background is Harold Huber, who was a comedian on the stage before the movies turned him into a villain, who looks here just like all Bad Men should look but, alas, too seldom do her feet on the ground. When she finally made up her mind to go, I said I would get her a compartment, but she insisted that she didn't need one. I'll never forget it! She said: 'You just get me the ticket, Buddy, and I'll sit up. It's not very far. I won't mind it a bit.'

"What did I do? I laughed, of course, and made her see how silly it was, too. As a matter of fact when I called the station there weren't any compartments left so I got her a drawing-room. She wrote me that she rattled around like a bean in a bucket!

"I don't want to give the impression that Mother is overly economical. Far from it. She knows I'm making more money now than I ever dreamed of making, and she wants me to have fun and nice things out of it. She's always encouraging me to spend more money for my clothes, my car, everything. But that's for me. For herself and the others she insists that they're just happy to be here, and that the being here is all they need.

"Once not long ago I had planned to do something which would have involved a big expenditure. I can't tell you what it was, but it was something purely social. Anyway I finally decided against it. And I didn't know until then that Mother had been hoping for that decision. When I told her about it she said: 'Good. Now that you've saved yourself that expense, why don't you buy yourself a Cadillac roadster?' I did, and no one was more pleased than she was.

"Yet, when I gave her a rather expensive birthday present a little later, I know she was a little upset about that. I gave her a party that night. Incidentally, it's the first party I've ever given, here or at home, or for anybody. I took Mother and a friend of hers, and Virginia and her beau, and Barbara to dinner at the Beverly Wilshire, and when Mother unfolded her napkin, there was her present on the plate—a diamond and sapphire bracelet. The tears jumped to her eyes and all she could say was, 'Oh, Buddy!'

"We had a great time that night dancing together . . . and that was *her* surprise to me. She had never danced before. But you should see her now. She's been taking dancing lesson, and she was so afraid I wouldn't approve. Approve! I thought it was wonderful! You see I was worried that they'd have a dull time of it when they came out here . . . leaving all their old friends at home, and all their old hangouts. That's why I do everything I can to encourage Grandmother with her garden, and Virginia with her work and Mother—yes, with her dancing, along with the many other things that absorb her interest.

"You should see me approving their clothes as they buy them, admiring the meat from that new butcher they deal with, and all the dozen and one other little things that help to make them feel settled and wanted in their new Hollywood home.

"THERE'S only one thing I haven't been able to swing . . . not yet, but maybe soon. And that's a chauffeur for them. Neither Mother nor Grandmother drives. Fortunately, Virginia does—so she pilots them around, but I'd much rather . . . well, maybe soon."

Handsome he may be, and an only child. But neither spoiled nor pampered. As his father was before him, a skilled doctor, a respected citizen, an adored and adoring "family man" so is Bob Taylor now. A man, "head man" among his women-folk!

She was Beautiful
TILL HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS...AND THEN..

HE THOUGHT
MY GOSH! SHE'S AWFULLY SKINNY AND FRAIL-I BET SHE'S ALWAYS SICK WEAK AND TIRED-OUT!
WHAT HAPPENED! I THOUGHT WE HAD A BUDDING ROMANCE WITH YOU AND KAY
WELL, BILL, SHE'S SO FRAIL, SICKLY AND TIRED-OUT ALL THE TIME
A MONTH LATER
MEET A NEW WOMAN, BILL- KAY'S BEEN TAKING KELPAMALT!
KAY, DARLING! HAVE YOU TOLD BILL OF OUR ENGAGEMENT

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When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you . . . it just isn't turned into flesh, strength and energy. The result is you stay skinny, pale, tired out, run-down and nervous . . . and nobody loves a person who is always sick and complaining.

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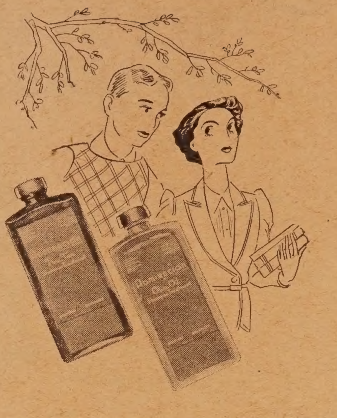
New Headlines For Marian Marsh

[*Continued from page* 54]

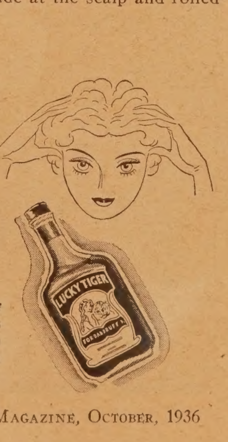


Admiracion Shampoos—Olive Oil or Pine Tar—will make your hair a social asset

massage is the first step in preparing my hair for a shampoo," Marian explained. "It stimulates circulation and gives the hair new life and sheen. But a massage should be soothing as well as stimulating." She smiled engagingly at Helen Hunt as if to assure her that her massage *did* have those two precious qualities.

Obligingly, Miss Hunt demonstrated the correct position of the hands by placing her thumbs toward the back center of Marian's head with the fingers extending toward the front. With a slight pressure on the fingers the scalp was then rotated in a circular movement about one inch in diameter, and the fingers gradually worked back toward the ears until the entire scalp had been massaged. It is important to avoid scratching or irritating the scalp with the fingernails. The cushions of the fingers are used both in massaging and shampooing. Remember, too, that it is the scalp itself and not the fingertips which should be rotated.

A thorough brushing to remove cuticle and dead hair loosened by the massage was the next step in Marian's routine. The hair was divided into small units and each treated individually, with the brush placed on its side at the scalp and rolled with a sweeping movement through the full length of the hair.

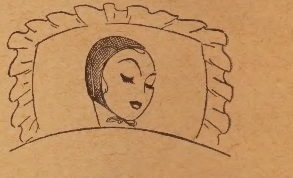


Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic plus a brisk massage daily equal a healthy scalp

"I keep my hair cut at shoulder length," Marian said, "as this gives me a day-into-night arrangement. It is short enough for curls and comfort during the day, yet long enough to style with individuality for evening. A permanent in the ends of my hair helps to hold the curls and makes it easier to dress.

"As my hair is fine textured, I have it washed at least once every four days, even more frequently when I am working. Frequent washing means that I must be particularly cautious in the selection of hair preparations."

Marian stressed the need for hot oil shampoos at regular intervals, particularly if the hair has been subjected to the drying rays of the sun. This was the day, she said, for such a treatment. Parting the hair in half-inch strips, Miss Hunt applied the heated oil to the entire scalp with a pad of cotton. Steaming hot towels were then wrapped around Marian's head to open the pores of the scalp and hasten the penetration of the oil.



A Don-A-Cap will keep your waves and curls tidy while you sleep

When the towels had cooled they were removed and the hair washed with a liquid shampoo. A lemon rinse to cut away any last vestige of foreign particles and to bring out the highlights of the hair concluded the washing process.

Brushing the hair dry after a shampoo is a little luxury which Marian enjoys when time permits. This final brushing burnishes the hair and distributes the natural oils evenly over its entire length, although Marian takes an added precaution against dry and brittle ends by spraying her hair with a final dash of liquid brilliantine.

RECONDITIONING THE HAIR

This is the time of year when girls start to lament the results on their hair of over exposure to wind, wave and sun. Dashing about hatless was fun while it lasted—but now look! Tresses once lustrous are streaked, dried and lifeless, with only a dejected little kink of a permanent down in the very ends.

Party days and prom nights ahead, so get busy now to restore life and beauty to your hair. Marian Marsh has furnished the routine; all you need furnish is a little energy and of course the most beneficial shampoos and tonics you can find.

Since frequent shampooing is the very basis for correct hair care, you will want a shampoo that combines a whole array of virtues. *Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo* does just that, as it has a base of pure olive oil and also contains an exclusive tonic ingredient. A shampoo with *Admiracion* therefore gives you an oil treatment, a cleanser and tonic all in a single application. Best of all, for those of us who are always rushed for time, only one thorough rinsing is necessary. As there is no soap in this shampoo, don't expect it to lather.

If your hair is excessively oily, then I would recommend *Admiracion Pine Tar Shampoo* which is especially prepared for this condition.

Brushing the hair is like eating spinach—we hear so much about the merits of both that the story grows a little monotonous. Nevertheless, brushing is a rite of good grooming that no girl can afford to overlook. It not only invigorates the scalp but brings a natural luster to the hair. If you have found brushing your hair an arduous task, ten chances to one your brush is at fault, because I can assure you that with a *Stranzit* hair brush it becomes a delightful performance. You will like the narrow, light-weight back and tufted bristles of this brush which is priced from $1.50 to $3.50. The irregular bristle trim with the spaces between tufts is especially designed for preserving your wave while enhancing the loveliness of your hair.

Curls still hold their own in coiffures, formal and informal, and a new device for manufacturing curls is always a happy discovery. The Hump Hairpin Company is offering a tricky gadget which provides an amazingly simple and quick method. The ends of the hair are slipped through a slot in the metal curler (which looks like a pencil with a rubber eraser) and the hair rolled up tight to the head and secured with a bob pin, after which the curler is withdrawn. The curls, pinned to the head, dry with a maximum of comfort and a minimum of time. The curler and a dozen bob pins, called the *Hold-Bob Curling Kit,* come complete on a card for ten cents.

The battle against dandruff and an itching scalp is one that is waged by men and women alike. But it is a battle that must be won if perfect grooming and comfort are to be achieved. If you are troubled with those twin maladies, by all means use a good hair tonic religiously. *Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remover* is a splendid invigorator and will put a stop to those miserable scalp irritations. It can be used without fear of discoloration and leaves the hair soft and pliable.

A wave protector for night wear is a necessity for the girl who must preserve her fingerwave several days and cut precious minutes from her morning toilet. *Don-A-Caps,* which are made of net, are ideal for this purpose as they fit with a glove-like smoothness and can be obtained in a variety of styles—chin bands with snaps, chin ties and turban models. They are priced at twenty-five cents and fifty cents and for the small cost of a wave protector, many dollars can be saved in fingerwaves and marcels. The turban type is convenient for motoring and it's flattering too.

The manufacturers of Winx do think of everything for eye beauty! If you have difficulty in applying mascara so that it looks natural, then the new *Winx Eyelash Comb and Mascara Applicator* will solve your problem. *Winx Creamy Mascara* is applied with the tiny curved comb itself and by gently stroking through the lashes, each lash is separated and given that silky natural appearance which is so flattering. Daily combing of the lashes also acts as a stimulant and helps keep them in good condition.

There are ever so many new cosmetic aids on the market every day about which I would like to tell you that I do hope you will write me a letter presenting your personal beauty problems. Address Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO. WHAT EYES!!
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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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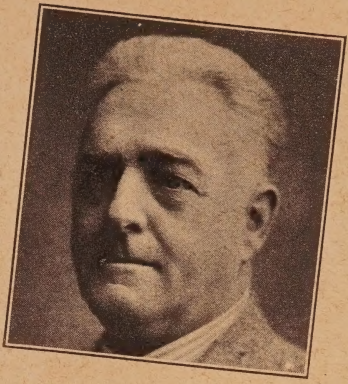
Errol Flynn, Wild Irishman

[*Continued from page* 45]



Flynn: "Simmo should be put in a glass case . . ." Simmo: "Errol and I spent years on an island tobacco plantation . . ."

range from producers to the most insignificant of writers and bit players. One of his best friends is a chap named Captain Simpson, with whom Errol spent two years in the Islands. "Simmo," as the natives called him, has just recently arrived in Hollywood. Errol has turned the town upside down for his benefit. He's an Irish gentleman of the old school—fifty, white-haired and loveable.

"I think Simmo should be put in a glass case and preserved for posterity," Errol fondly said one day. "Isn't he the most priceless person you've ever met?"

And of Errol, Simmo says, huskily:

"He's a fine lad, that Flynn. No one knows him better than I do. Didn't we spend two years living, eating and working together on an island tobacco plantation? That's when you get to know a man!"

THERE'S a small den off Errol's bedroom which is the popular gathering place along about cocktail time. We were sitting there waiting for him to change from his studio costume into his favorite clothes—tweed sports coat, flannels and scarf.

A man's voice, a bit off-key, was humming to the splashing of water. Apparently a shower was being had. Suddenly Errol appeared, smiling his usual welcome. The splashing in the bathroom continued. I was a bit puzzled until an English writer friend of Errol's came through the door.

"Frightfully decent of you, old chap," he said to Errol. Then, turning to the rest of us, "No hot water in my apartment. I called Flynn, here, to ask if I might take a shower!"

And that's the way it is at the Flynn home.

There was another time when another friend expressed the wish for a dog. Several days later, Errol called him on the phone asking him to stop by. After a brief conversation, the man started to leave. Errol escorted him to the door. There, in the man's car, was a cocker spaniel pup.

"Don't tell me you've another dog, Errol," his friend exclaimed, petting the pup and starting to take it out of the car.

"No," Errol smiled, embarrassedly, "but it looks as if you have!"

And with that he ducked back into the house, returning presently with the dog's pedigree papers, his moment of confusion having passed off.

ERROL loves to eat. Not the usual man's meal of steak and potatoes, but strange, new and unusual foods. He recently employed a Hindoo chef to prepare a real East Indian dinner for a party of ten. He likes to try everything from soft-shell crabs, brought in from the East coast, to Chinese food from the local Chinatown kitchens.

He had a birthday not long ago. Simmo and another friend, wishing to surprise him, thought up the original idea of having an Hawaiian luau cooked specially for the occasion. Nothing could have pleased Errol more. He tried everything set before him, including the poi. He admitted later he would be content to go along for sometime without any more poi. It's the only thing I know of that's had him completely stopped.

Errol will never be satisfied until he's had the best out of life. He loves to live nicely and somehow or other has always managed to do just that—no matter how broke he's been. Amusing is the story of his arrival in England from some faraway jaunt, traveling in fine style, but just succumbing to malaria. Discovering his illness, friends traced him to the most expensive hospital in London.

"Would you mind picking up my luggage, old son," he asked them. "I'm a bit short of cash at the moment."

The "luggage" consisted of half a dozen decrepit-looking boxes, nailed together every which way. Errol never did explain, but it was assumed he'd sold his own luggage in order to travel in the best possible way on the boat.

And the funny part of it is, or maybe it's just the luck of the Irish, something invariably pops up to tide him over the rough spots. In this particular instance, he was offered a rôle in a picture before he'd even left the hospital, enabling him to pay his bill—and more!

HE'S extremely loyal to his friends. He'll battle for them through thick and thin.

Speaking of his intimates, Errol has that strange faculty of making friends instantly with anyone from a bug-eyed street gamin to a blue-eyed country girl—or from an ice-hearted banker to a nice-hearted Papuan native. Of all of them, none can flatter himself by thinking they are intimates. Errol values those rare friendships far too much to dissipate them by profligacy.

I doubt that he has more than three real intimate friends—all men—and those three have a great bond between them because they share his confidence.

He complains bitterly because he can't remember to be thoughtful about little things. Yet he's one of the most considerate people I know and delights in surprising people.

Recently, he purchased a beautiful plot of land on which to build a home for himself and his wife, Lili Damita. He was simply bubbling over with excitement and finally broke down and confided in one of his friends, taking him up to look over the property and tell him at great length of his plans.

"Not a word to Lili, mind you," he admonished the friend. "I don't want her to see it or know a thing about it until the trees and lily ponds are in. I want her to be able to visualize just what it's to be like and to appreciate how beautiful it will be when it's finished. It doesn't look like anything as it is now."

So, bright and early one Sunday morning about a week ago he drove Lili up to their new estate. Errol was as pleased as a boy at her delighted exclamations.

ERROL loathes going to parties or any place where he'll have to dress. When the weather permits, he spends most of his time at home, when not working or playing a hard game of tennis, clad in a pair of shorts, writing or reading on his balcony.

He drives a hard bargain when dealing in business affairs. He should have been an agent instead of an actor. But he'd never sacrifice a friend to obtain his own ends. That's strictly out! He came to Hollywood—and pictures—to make money. And he's willing to work hard to get it. He has no patience with people in the industry who grumble.

He has a keen sense of the ridiculous and the most infectious chuckle. It starts way down inside and finally bubbles out and you find yourself laughing along with him whether you want to or not.

He wears himself out physically every day of the year. If he had his way, he'd retire every night at eleven. And usually does, incidentally. When he goes to New York, or some place new and exciting, he can go without any sleep at all—just because he doesn't want to miss anything.

He's extremely interested in people. He'll sit for minutes at a time, just studying facial expressions. He loathes insincerity and can usually detect it in others.

He's afraid of no man. He's impetuous. He's daring. And he looks you straight in the eye, which is the thing I like most about Errol Flynn.

Ken Dolan is Frances Langford's manager. He seems to manage her evenings off, too. Is her heart with him or with a footballish young man back in Florida?

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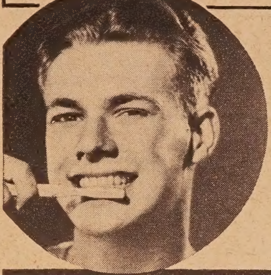

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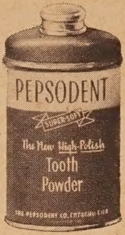

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The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

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★ Ho Hum!

New Films

★★½

SUZY—With a World War background, this play is adroitly calculated to give top names, Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Cary Grant, their full appeal in generous balance of romantic hokum, melodrama and tender intimacies.—*Metro.*

THE DEVIL DOLL—Weird and bizarre story of sheer fantasy and realistic melodrama, based on the scientific hocus-pocus of converging human beings into miniature creatures responsive to the will of their creator. Camera miracles make this.—*Metro.*

★★

MISTER CINDERELLA—Out-and-out slapstick built for audience laughter. Jack Haley clowns through the part of society-worshipping barber, with Arthur Treacher adding to the fun and Betty Furness furnishing love interest.—*Roach-M-G-M.*

THEY MET IN A TAXI—Gay comedy-drama with a Broadway background. Fay Wray, Chester Morris, and Lionel Stander assist in furnishing fine entertainment.—*Columbia.*

GRAND JURY—Fast moving, logical story of politics and gangsters with newspaper background. Clever dialogue and lotsa laughs. Louise Lattimer and Owen Davis, Jr., in leads.—*Radio.*

36 HOURS TO KILL—Fast-stepping G-man-crook melodrama. Brian Donlevy—G-man; Douglas Fowley—public enemy No. 1, and Gloria Stuart, sob-sister de luxe.—*20th Century-Fox.*

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Dramatic entertainment of distinction and moving vitality. Original story—"The Noose." Stars Tom Brown, Frances Drake and Sir Guy Standing. All are excellent.—*Paramount.*

Previously Reviewed

★★★★

SAN FRANCISCO—Tears, laughter, and thrills abound in this story of San Francisco's earthquake era. Clark Gable, as a rowdy nightclub owner; Jeanette MacDonald, as a superb singer; and Spencer Tracy, as a priest give inspired performances. The earthquake scenes shake your very soul. Here's a film you can't afford to miss.—*Metro.*

★★★½

MY MAN GODFREY—The gayest, fluffiest film of the year. Bill Powell buttles for Park Avenue's maddest family of which Carole Lombard is the youngest and maddest, with Alice Brady, and Gail Patrick vieing for top honors.—*Universal.*

★★★

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—A tense, grim picturization of the tragic life of Lady Jane Grey, who was executed after ruling England for nine days in the sixteenth century. One of the best British-made films of the year.—*Gaumont-British.*

THE BRIDE WALKS OUT—Playboy, Robert Young, steps in and husband, Gene Raymond, pouts until this delightful farce arrives at its hilarious ending. The beauteous bride is Barbara Stanwyck.—*RKO-Radio.*

M'LISS—Anne Shirley, as a wild mountain girl, gives a restrained performance in a story of sympathetic appeal. John Beal, Guy Kibbee, and Douglas Dumbrille portray the typical village characters expertly. You'll enjoy it.—*RKO-Radio.*

EARTHWORM TRACTORS—Joe E. Brown's best, yet. The story deals with a clumsy tractor salesman, pursued by two charming beauties. It is replete with thrills and will leave you limp from laughter.—*Warners.*

★★½

THREE WISE GUYS—They complicate things then straighten them out. Betty Furness and Robert Young furnish the love interest in this comedy.—*Metro.*

WE WENT TO COLLEGE—Comedy on college reunions, with Una Merkel, Walter Abel, Hugh Herbert and Charlie Butterworth. Need we say more?—*Metro.*

★★

THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE—Eleanore Whitney dances lightly through this collegiate musical with the rah! rah! boys, Louis DaPron and Robert Cummings.—*Paramount.*

PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE—Margaret Lindsay and Cesar Romero in an exciting, G-man thriller with excellent comedy relief.—

WOMEN ARE TROUBLE—Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Florence Rice in a fast-moving reporter-versus-gangster drama. Well-acted, well-written and above average entertainment.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

HIGH TENSION—The amusing adventures and romance of a deep-sea diver and a gal writer of lurid pulp fiction. Brian Donlevy and Glenda Farrell have the leads and it's swell entertainment.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

HEARTS DIVIDED—Marion Davies and Dick Powell in a musical romance based on the historic marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson of New York. The song numbers are excellent and both stars make the most of rôles not equal to their abilities.—*Warner Brothers.*

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG—Gertrude Michael scores in this dramatic tale of a reformed jewel thief who foils a master criminal. Not pretentious but satisfying.—*Paramount.*

PAROLE—Henry Hunter and Ann Preston make an impressive début in this dramatic screen exposé of the much-assailed prison parole system. Interesting without being entertaining.—*Universal.*

EARLY TO BED—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland wed after 20 years' engagement, but the groom sleepwalks into crime.—*Paramount.*

HOT MONEY—Ross Alexander is smart as a smart-alec promoter in a fast-moving farce melodrama of the get-rich-quick school.—*Warners.*

JAIL BREAK—Murder mystery within prison walls. Smart young reporter solves the behind-bars killings to please June Travis. Full of tough eggs.—*Warners.*

THE BORDER PATROLMAN—The best western George O'Brien has made to date. A drama of the new west, hinging on the activities of smugglers along the Mexican border. Polly Ann Young is the gal.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TICKET TO PARADISE—Roger Pryor and Wendy Barrie in an amusing comedy-drama, based on the adventures of a chap who simultaneously loses his memory and his heart. You'll like it.—*Republic.*

THE CRIME OF DR. FORBES—Grim, yet always interesting, is this newest screen contribution to the argument anent "mercy killings." Gloria Stuart gives her best performance to date and Robert Kent scores.—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

★

AND SUDDEN DEATH—A grand opportunity missed! Based on the avalanche of traffic deaths, this picture emerges as frank propaganda for safe driving. Randolph Scott and Frances Drake play leads.—*Paramount.*

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Heiress Helen Wood falls into clutches of racketeer Paul Cavanagh who falls into her clutches and they fall into clinches.—*20th Century-Fox.*

(See page 48 for reviews of this month's best pictures)

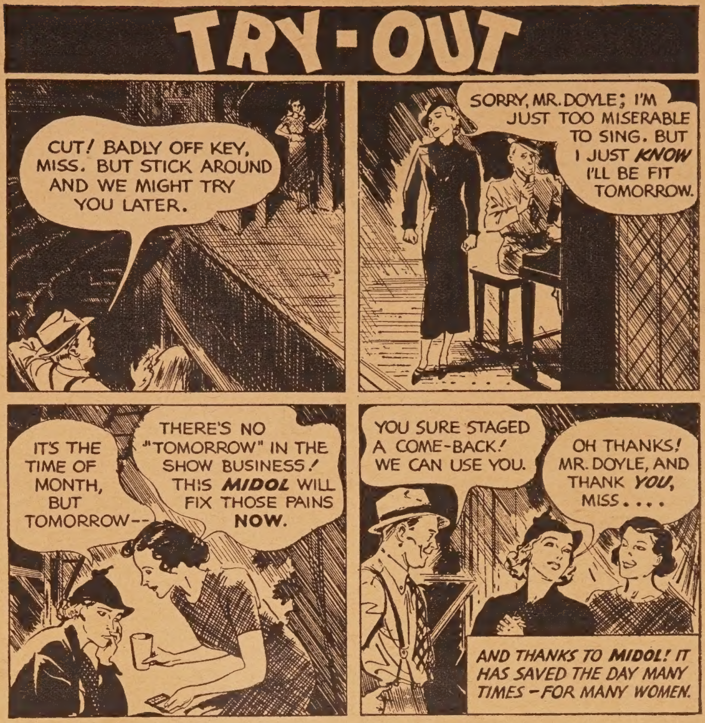
DO YOU KNOW A CHILD WHO LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THESE KIDDIES?

Here is *Our Gang*. Send in a photo of the youngster you know who looks like one of them—that child may win one of the big cash prizes in the contest to find twins of movie players. See page 11 for details. These famous pets of the screen are Darla Hood, "Buckwheat" Thomas, who doesn't mind masquerading as a girl, "Alfalfa" Switzer—the world's greatest off-key singer, Baby Patsy and (below) "Spanky" MacFarland

TO ANY CHILD WHO HAS A BIRTHDAY IN OCTOBER !

A FREE Autographed Photo of Spanky!

Join Spanky's Birthday Club. He will reach the doddering old age of eight years on October second and would like to send his autographed picture to any other children who celebrate their birthdays in that month. Write to him—just a postcard will do—in care of SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif.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CUT! BADLY OFF KEY, MISS. BUT STICK AROUND AND WE MIGHT TRY YOU LATER.
SORRY, MR. DOYLE; I'M JUST TOO MISERABLE TO SING. BUT I JUST *KNOW* I'LL BE FIT TOMORROW.
IT'S THE TIME OF MONTH, BUT TOMORROW--
THERE'S NO "TOMORROW" IN THE SHOW BUSINESS! THIS *MIDOL* WILL FIX THOSE PAINS **NOW.**
YOU SURE STAGED A COME-BACK! WE CAN USE YOU.
OH THANKS! MR. DOYLE, AND THANK *YOU*, MISS....
AND THANKS TO MIDOL! IT HAS SAVED THE DAY MANY TIMES—FOR MANY WOMEN.

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Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

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Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not.* And its relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day.

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Room MS-9813 Washington, D. C.

Claudette Colbert's Brother Says . . . !

[*Continued from page 27*]

family name "Chauchoin" difficult to pronounce.) "I presume that every girl who grew up with older brothers will know what she means by that."

"As youngsters, we lived on Fifty-third Street in New York City, only a few blocks from Central Park. Since we had no yard, the park was our playground. Like most boys, I wasn't very keen about having my kid sister tagging along with me but mother always made me take her whenever I went to the park.

" 'If you're going to play with us boys,' I told Claudette, 'You'll have to play our way. We can't bother with sissies.'

"SO, RATHER than be dubbed a sissy (which we had given her to understand was in the same category with smallpox), she played our way. Sometimes that meant allowing her favorite doll to be tomahawked by the Indians. The dolls that weren't tomahawked frequently emerged from the battle minus arms and legs. Claudette mourned their fate and vowed that she would never again allow one of her dolls to be sacrificed. But the next time we'd have a different game and we would sell her on the idea that the doll would be rescued by the cowboys to get her to give her consent. But the cowboys seldom succeeded in rescuing the 'child' in time and the doll had to go to the hospital when the game was over.

"Claudette learned to swim the way a boy learns—by being dumped into the water and paddling dog fashion. She learned to skate by being put on the end of a crack-the-whip line and many's the tumble she took. But she would pick herself up and go on and if she got hurt she never went home and tattled to mother.

"I even taught her to box. She wasn't very enthusiastic about taking up boxing but I assured her that even though she was a girl she ought to know how to defend herself. My real reason of course was that I wanted somebody to practise on and I thought she would make a good sparring partner. In the beginning, she took a lot of punishment and had plenty of black and blue marks as souvenirs of our bouts. Then, to my surprise, she really got on to the boxing technique and was really trading punches with me. You might not think it to look at her but Claudette really packs a powerful wallop. *I know*—because she's given me some socks on the jaw that I still remember.

"THE thing that has always impressed me about Claudette is her sense of responsibility. Even as a youngster she had that in a marked degree. I remember an incident that happened when she was about thirteen. A friend of our family, Madame Burani, was taking her two sons to a camp in the Catskills and she invited Claudette and myself to go along. Madame Burani was an actress and when we had been in camp a few days she had a call to return to New York. That left us without a cook.

" 'Do you think you could do the cooking?' we asked Claudette.

" 'I'll try,' she agreed.

" 'If you can do the cooking you can stay,' we told her. 'But remember—we don't want any bird food. We want regular he-man chow, and plenty of it. If you can furnish it you can stay on in camp with us. If you can't, we'll put you on the next train and ship you back to New York.'

"She had never done any cooking in her life but having accepted the responsibility she really went in for it in a big way. I remember that for our first dinner she undertook to roast a leg of lamb. We only had a three burner coal oil stove with an oven on top of it and how she managed a roast I have no idea but it turned out swell. Of course we kidded her unmercifully about her cooking. We told her that her biscuits would sink a ship and that her pie crust was the nearest thing to leather we had ever seen and at least once a day we threatened to send her home.

"But she never got sore about our kidding. She stuck with the job and struggled over the stove which was one of the temperamental variety, preparing things she thought we would like.

"She is the same today. Whenever Claudette accepts a responsibility you can be sure that she will go through with it. When our father died I naturally felt that I was head of the household and that I should be responsible for my mother and sister. But Claudette wouldn't have it.

" 'No, Charlie, you're married now,' she told me. 'You have your own responsibilities. I am young and strong and I am going to make my way in the world. Looking after mother is my job.'

"CLAUDETTE was always a pretty girl but, brother-like, I never gave her the satisfaction of letting her know that I thought she was attractive. I always kidded her about her looks—particularly her legs. 'Don't ever let anybody see you in a bathing suit,' I told her repeatedly, 'if you want to make an impression. No man will ever fall for you if he gets a look at your legs.' I really had her believing that she had comedy legs.

"But the joke was on me. For later, in one of her first Broadway shows—I think it was *The Barker*—she had to wear a very tight, knee-length skirt. And the morning following the opening one of the critics, in commenting on her performance, added: *'Miss Colbert has the best looking*

A new two-some: Nino Martini and Elissa Landi dine at the *Victor Hugo.* They have the jump on the gossips for they talk only Italian to one another

pair of legs that have walked across a Broadway stage in many a moon.'

" 'So you thought my legs were funny, did you, Charlie,' she said gleefully. 'Well that just shows how much you know about legs. Suppose you read what the critics have to say about my legs!'

" 'They must have been wearing blinders,' I assured her.

"Both Claudette and myself were brought up in a very strict manner. We were never pampered and if we broke rules we were punished. Part of the punishment was going without dessert for a week or longer, depending upon the seriousness of the offense. Of course I was the one who was most often punished. But it also turned out to be a punishment for Claudette for mother was afraid that if Claudette was permitted to have dessert when I couldn't have any that it might make me feel resentful toward my little sister. So poor Claudette had to pay the price for my sins.

"UP UNTIL she was sixteen she was never allowed to go to a party, or even a movie, with a boy unless I went along to chaperon her. According to Claudette, however, I was an ideal chaperon because I always got interested in some girl and forgot all about looking out for my sister.

"I never will forget Claudette's first big date. It was with the captain of the New York University football team. He was a friend of mine and had often been at our home. He was a big, good-looking chap and when he invited her to the school prom she was thrilled to death.

"She didn't dare give him her answer until she had consulted mother. 'Do you think mother will let me go with him?'

" 'I'll use my influence,' I promised.

"Mother thought that Claudette was a little too young to have a date with a boy. But I assured her that Walter was okay.

"The day following the party I asked Claudette whether she had had a good time.

" 'It was wonderful,' she said. 'There was only one thing wrong.'

" 'What was that?' I asked.

" 'Well,' she said with a little wistful sigh, 'I had sort of hoped that Walter would kiss me—*and he didn't!'*

" 'He probably knew that I'd sock him in the jaw if he did,' I told her.

" 'You don't think it was because he didn't think me attractive, do you?' she asked.

" 'Of course not.'

"My assurance on that point seemed to make her feel much better.

"WHILE Claudette kids me about bringing her up the rough way," says Charlie, "I am inclined to think that the fact that she played with boys and learned, at a very early age, to stand on her own two feet has much to do with her being the sort of girl she is today. For while she is essentially a very feminine person, she has never resorted to feminine tricks or wiles to advance her career. She has a man's directness of manner and speech. And when she gives her word about anything it is as good as a contract. She isn't the least bit vain or conceited—and never has been. Of course if she had ever shown any signs of that when she was a kid the boys she played with would soon have taken it out of her.

"She appreciates the success she has achieved. And she has earned it. But success has never gone to her head and, knowing Claudette as I do, I am sure that it never will."

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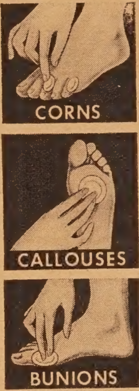

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If I Hadn't Been An Actor

[*Continued from page 39*]

Certainly Gary has been very frankly and unassumingly "of the movies" ever since the day when he first loped onto a set, an extra, a few months after he had left his native Montana. He dated, in the days before his marriage with Sandra Shaw, many of the prettiest girls in town. The movie girls. As any young man, free, white and normal has a right to do. He goes to Hollywood parties. He entertains. He doesn't wear dark glasses when he is out in public. He never tries to conceal the fact that he began as an extra and began because he was broke.

The men on the set, electricians, props and so on call him by his first name, hail him as a fellow well met. He is always on time on the set. He never makes starrish demands. He works carefully, as any business-man would.

He doesn't discuss his wife, his home life because—well, men *don't*, you know. Do you, Mister Jones, expansively inform the man on the street what you said to your wife and what your wife said to you in the privacy of the boudoir? Do you make your wife's tastes, habits, intimate thoughts common property? I don't think so. And Gary doesn't, either.

A FEW days before, I was on the lot to see Jack Oakie. I beheld a long, lean figure riding a bike up and down the studio streets, dismounting to talk awhile with the studio boot-black. The bike came nearer and I perceived that it was Gary, an absorbed smile on his face, taking himself a ride. It might perfectly well have been *Mr. Deeds* going to town.

And I said to him, "Does the character of *Mr. Deeds* really fit you? I mean, are you Mr.-Deedish?"

Gary smiled—his eyes smile often when his mouth is grave—and he said, "Well, we both came from a small town, you know. Both of us believe that actions are more potent than words. And both of us had, so to speak, unexpected fortune dumped in our laps. Deeds got his by bequest. The movies give me mine, by degrees. There's a kinship between us, yes—although one of the few drawbacks of screen work is this business of being identified with the character you play. That can be bad."

I said, "Is *Mr. Deeds* your favorite picture?"

"Yes, I liked it. We had fun making it. I think the spirit shows on the screen. Frank Capra—what a director!—was allowed a free hand. It was a happy combination of director, cast and story. I liked *Lives Of A Bengal Lancer,* too, and *A Farewell To Arms,* and the one we are doing now interests me."

"BUT you don't really like being an actor at all, do you?" I asked—rather uneasily, feeling it a stupid question because the first premonition that I was about to undergo a complete reversal of all previous concepts about this quiet but warmly enthusiastic man sounded in my brain.

"Of course I do," said Gary, then, his blue eyes, friendly blue eyes, genuinely surprised. "I like being an actor very much or I wouldn't be one. And I should think my reason for liking to be one would be fairly obvious—" and this time there was laughter in the deep-set Cooper eyes.

He said, "I went into pictures originally because I was broke, wanted to make some money and, naturally, wanted to make it as rapidly as possible."

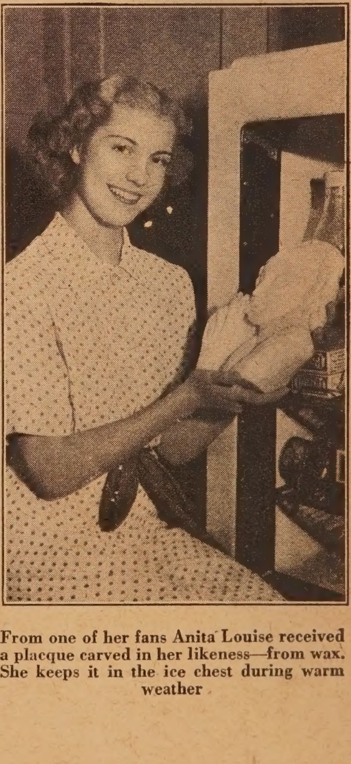
I couldn't resist the impulse, however dangerous, to ask Gary what about all this disliking association with movie people.

"That's nonsense," he quickly replied. "Because people who know me know that if I wanted to get away from anything, I would just get away, that's all. Not even for money, especially in these uncertain days, would I give more than, say a year, to doing anything I didn't feel was all right. Patience is not among my virtues. Sticking to something is only worth while when you are contented.

"I suppose you know when I first came to Los Angeles, I arrived with the idea of going in for art, commercial art, in any form. I had to have a job. In 1919 I set out to be a cartoonist on my home-town paper. I decided I needed a wider field for my activities, therefore, the trip to Los Angeles where I joined up with a theatrical agency as advertising solicitor, with a view to doing posters later on. The agency went bankrupt and so did my future and commercial art with it.

"I ate stray hamburgers. I was broke. Flat broke. I became an extra.

"But—I figured on giving no more than one year to it. Just one year. If, at the end of that time I hadn't made noticeable progress, I swore to myself I would give it up, go to some place like New York, and try something else. I had



From one of her fans Anita Louise received a placque carved in her likeness—from wax. She keeps it in the ice chest during warm weather

even gotten so far as to give one year to trying New York, if that had happened.

"There was also a secret idea of trying to hook up with the Martin Johnsons, and that was gratified in 1931 when I did go to Africa in a hunting party with the Jerome Prestons.

"The point is that no matter what I would wind up doing, I would give it a year to find out if it was clicking or not. And so when I entered pictures I made that a mental reservation. My first year was almost up when, luckily, I was handed a bit in *The Winning Of Barbara Worth* following which, I was signed to a contract by Paramount. It just came in time. My duds were half packed and the maps were out. If it had happened a few weeks later—"

(And I thought, that slim, fatally, potent word "if"—for if Gary had not got his break when he did *Mr. Deeds* would never have gone to town.)

"If at first you don't succeed, etc., etc., etc., whatever that is," Gary was saying, "is something I don't believe much in. The average person has only a few vitally productive years. There isn't much use in wasting those years in futile endeavors, batting our brains out against blind alleys. It shouldn't take any man more than twelve months to find out whether he is adapted to the thing he is doing, or not. If one thing doesn't pan out, something else will. Try hard. If definite progress isn't made, and if you haven't worked up a genuine love for the job, chuck it—drop the ax and pick up the shovel.

"I LIKE pictures. I found that out in the first year.

"I like being an actor because I can gratify my nostalgia for far places, foreign peoples, variety, diversity, experience of every kind under the sun.

"Sure, I can have my experiences. I can go to far places without ever leaving the studio lot. And it isn't all make-believe, grease-paint, acting. Right now, for instance, on the set *The General Died at Dawn* (no, I am not 'the General') there are several hundred Chinese. Talking with them is highly interesting, hearing about old China and new China. When I leave you we are sitting down to a banquet on a Chinese 'delicacy'—eggs more than 300 years old. That should be an experience for the digestive tract" smiled Gary.

"When I was in Algiers a few years ago, I walked down the crowded streets of the town and thought, I have been here before. I felt at home, no sense of strangeness . . . I had been there before—when we made *Morocco*.

"When I was a boy in Montana, I used to wish that I had been born in the days when Custer rode his last ride, when Wild Bill Hickok made the Wild West 'wilder.' I imagined I could see those adventurous plainsmen, could hear the thunder of their horses' hooves. And now, the next picture slated for me will be *The Plainsman*.

Ginger Rogers cheek-to-cheeks it with Jack ("Nero") Benny at the Trocadero. Mary Livingstone knows all about it—and wonders vaguely if it'll improve his dancing

"THERE'S no monotony in motion pictures—at least not for me. Pictures take me to almost every port in the world, every people in the world give me every emotion, every experience; contact and collaboration with the greatest brains, the most colorful personalities of the world today and yesterday. What more can a rebel of routine ask for? *And be paid for it?*

"But don't you," I managed to say, "don't you dislike the publicity attached to being a star? I've heard. . . ."

And then Gary did genuinely amaze me. Then did the last shred of the popular Cooper legend do a lallapaloosa and a leave-taking. For he flashed that rare and breath-taking smile and said with emphasis, "Dislike it? *Certainly not. I like it.* It satisfies my *ego.* But believe me I can understand how easily a person can be affected by all the attention, flattery, applause and recognition that is showered upon the 'famous.' It's only human. Especially with men. It's part of the masculine nature to like attention. In the spotlight, and that's where we all like to be if the truth were to be told.

"Some of the public attention movie actors fall heir to is rather unpleasant. But for the level-headed, even spectacular singling-out is better than no attention at all. Actors must love it, else they wouldn't be actors. *I am an exhibitionist.* We are all exhibitionists or become so. The only time an actor really worries, as I see it, is when no one recognizes him at all. One of the soundest pieces of advice I ever got was from an old timer who said 'don't be annoyed with people requesting your autograph. The time to be annoyed is when they don't ask for it!'"

AND this from Gary! Gary of whom it is said, my dears, that he scorns publicity with a stupendous sultry scorn.

And thus were the Cooper legends dispelled forever from my mind.

I read, recently, an apt and wise description of the truly sophisticated man... "—a man who is kind, balanced, austere and fastidious is the very salt of the earth."

This description fits the real Gary Cooper.

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Rosalind Russell Tells How to Get Rid of a Rival!

[*Continued from page 33*]

she stood a very great chance of surpassing herself, making herself more memorable. At least, she could try.

Before long, Broadway was paging her; then Hollywood was courting her. She left her stock-company rivals behind. But she acquired a new, more dangerous set of rivals. Now, every time she plays a rôle, or another actress plays a similar rôle, the public holds them up as rivals, whether they think of themselves as such or not. And Rosalind is not irritated, worried, jealous. She considers it a good thing if there are other actresses capable of playing such varied rôles as she has had in *Rendezvous, Under Two Flags, Craig's Wife* (her latest—in which she co-stars with John Boles). She has all the more incentive to improve.

In her career, rivals have made her discover resources that she did not know she had. They have made her study herself, develop herself. They have helped her to find success, by making her find herself.

And in private life—if she had no rivals, how would she ever know when she had found love?

If there is any acid test of love—your love and *his*—a rival is it. If the man between you is the only man on earth who can make you happy, you will soon decide that he is worth fighting for. And if you are the girl who can make him happy, you will be able to stand comparison with any possible rival, just as he will. If either one of you cannot take the test, it is better that you both find it out before you go shopping for furniture. Furniture wouldn't be much company on lonely evenings.

BUT don't get a mental picture of Rosalind scouting around for rivals. She just has her eyes open when they appear.

"The person who goes looking for trouble can usually find it," she points out. "And rivalry can mean plenty of trouble if you go looking for it with jealous suspicion. People who are jealous invariably do the wrong things."

Rule No. 1 in the Russell credo is: Don't be jealous.

"'I have the quaint notion that if you want to be loved, you have to be big enough, emotionally, to be worthy of love. And jealousy is a petty emotion, which drives people to do petty things. It clouds anyone's vision. *It never yet has made anyone a greater person, more charming, more lovable.'*

It's a painful moment, that first moment of discovery that you have a rival. You have been walking on air, singing, when suddenly the ground comes up and hits you. You aren't as lovable as you thought you were. You haven't convinced *him*, as you have convinced yourself, that you are the girl for him. And you were so happy, the last time you were with him, and thought that he was equally as happy!

That is the moment that tests you.

If your reaction is a blind hatred for The Other Girl, a blind jealousy of her ability to attract him, and a blind resolution to win him back by all the feminine wiles in the book—then you are your own worst enemy. You aren't finding the cure for your heart-break. You are even risking more.

"It takes headwork to heal heartache. Hatred and jealousy and trickery won't do it. That's why I say that a girl is foolish to worry about a rival. She *should* be worrying about herself.

"If I had known a boy a fairly long time, long enough to learn to care for him, and he suddenly became interested in another girl, I most certainly would want to know why. But I would not look for the answer in The Other Girl. I would ask myself, 'Has *he* failed—or have *I?*'

"After all, there would be no Other Girl if he had not lost interest in me. I would face that fact. I would forget silly, pointless pride. I would take time out for a little honest soul-searching. Either he had shortcomings, or I did. And it would pay to find out which one.

"PERHAPS I would suddenly discover defects in him that I had *carefully* ignored before—defects that eventually would have brought a break between us, anyway. That would be a strange discovery; because, to care for him, I would have seen him often enough and over a long enough period of time to know him pretty thoroughly. But if I did make that discovery, if I suddenly saw that happiness with him would be short-lived, I would be thankful to the rival—who had made me see.

"I would ask myself why he had been interested in me in the first place. Then I would ask what I had done to hold that interest. Perhaps I would discover that I had done little; that I had failed to be as charming as I could have been; and that I had never let him become acquainted with the real *me*. And if I were sincerely convinced that we *were* temperamentally suited to each other, and *could* be breathlessly happy together, I would set about re-awakening his interest.

"I would not try to tear him away from my rival. I would not pursue him; I would not try to coerce him back. If he would be happier with the other girl, who am I, to wreck that happiness willfully? . . . I would make his return to me a matter of his own free choice. Then, if he did come back, his return would be all the sweeter. I would know that *he* had convinced *himself* that I was the girl for him. I would know then that I was rid of my rival permanently. I would have fewer fears of future rivals.

"I would not resort to feminine trickery to try to get him back. If I did get him back by trickery, I would have no assurance that I could hold him. Sometime, somewhere, some other girl might out-trick *me* . . . No, that would not be the way. The only way would be to have more charm, for him, than any other girl could have."

"THAT brings up the all-important question: What is charm?

"Charm is probably the most-abused word in the dictionary today. It is applied to anything, and everything, attractive about a person. Picture hats are called charming; sheer hosiery is called charming; I even read the other day that to be charming in the summertime, a girl should wear organdy. As if charm is something that you put on or take off—or change with the seasons!

"Charm is constantly confused with

physical perfection. But everyone knows people, homelier than gas masks, who are utterly charming. No, charm is not mere beauty. Some think of charm as exquisite manners. But everyone knows people, rough and unpolished, who are completely charming. Money cannot buy charm; you can find it in hovels, in slums.

It is not something peculiar to youth or to maturity.

"It is not something shallow, on the surface. It is an inner quality—sensed, not seen. Something innate. You can see demonstrations of charm, but not charm itself. Charm is character. Charm is *self*.

"Every girl wants to be loved for herself and herself alone. She will be sure then that the love she wins will be hers forever, for there is no one exactly like her anywhere on earth. But so many girls are never themselves! They are forever trying to be other people. Every few weeks, they change their appearance; they experiment with various affectations; they pretend emotions and interests that they do not feel. They are hollow, shallow, superficial, un-charming. For charm is something honest and enduring and changeless.

"The only safe, sane, sure way to get rid of a rival is to be more charming than she is. I hope I would never lose sight of that fact. I would not try to change my appearance or my personality or resort to other subterfuges. It would be too hard living with myself afterward, if I had to live lies . . . No—what I would do would be to study myself, try to be myself more than ever. More interesting than before.

"After all, I have one terrific 'in'. I had once charmed him a little. He had once liked me for what I was. Why should I change now? My one hope lies in *not* changing, but in being *more* charming in the same way, being *more* myself. If he is the man I think he is, he has respect for honesty. He has always been honest with me. The least that he can expect in return is for me to be honest with him.

"And what if this doesn't win him back? If he becomes convinced that The Other Girl is more his type—well, it would be better that I found it out now, rather than some time later. And it certainly would be much easier for me to be philosophical—to say, 'Well, I guess we aren't intended for each other, after all'—if I had been myself, than if I had tried to trick him into returning. At least, my conscience would be healthy. That would be something. It would help to mend the heart-break.

"But if he does come back to me, I have the inner assurance that it is because I am I. He loves me as I love him—faults and all. I can be fairly sure that I am rid of all rivals for all time. For I shall take special pains not to lose him a second time."

RULE No. 2 in the Russell credo is: Know yourself—and be yourself.

"You can't be charming unless you do know yourself, and are yourself. But you can't be charming if you are self-centered. List the people that you, yourself, think of as charming, and you'll discover that they aren't just people who are attractively natural and unaffected and honest, who expect to be liked as they are or not at all. They are also people who are charming to *you*, who seem to be interested in *you* just as you are, and who seem to understand you. You can't help thinking of them as unselfish, warm-hearted.

"Then think of yourself. Are you interested in people, all kinds and varieties of people? And are you capable of registering that interest, making them feel that you understand them or would like to understand them? Then you do have charm.

"For to win 'him' back, you will have to do more than revive his interest in you. You will have to convince him more than ever before of your interest in him, your ability to understand him."

Rosalind suspects that James Branch Cabell made a shrewd observation when he wrote (in *Jurgen*), "Few women ever bother to understand the men they love."

"Love, lasting love, is a game of give-and-take—and one rule of the game is that you must give as *much* as you take. You can't expect attention without giving it. You can't expect understanding without giving it. You can't take a suitor for granted without being taken for granted in return. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why you have suddenly acquired a rival. *She* hasn't taken him for granted; and she has shown an unwavering interest in him; she seems to understand him.

"Maybe he will become convinced that she does understand him; and, again, maybe he won't. You still have a fighting chance. After all, you have known him much longer than she has. You should know, by this time, his likes and dislikes, interests, ambitions. You *should* be capable of understanding him. And when you meet again, you should be able to find something to talk about besides the weather. You should be able to talk about something that you know will interest him. You should be able to do that much to show a sharing of interests.

"And, if you are smart, the ending should be a romantic reunion."

RULE No. 3 in the Russell credo is: Give as you would receive.

Of course, there are other methods.

You can talk about your rival, ridicule her, run her down.

You can go tragic and tell your friends how "hurt" you are.

You can try tears or temperament or threats—but they will never win you any *permanent* victory.

You can pretend indifference to the boy's change of heart, just to make him wonder if you can get along without him—and run the danger of convincing him that you can.

You can try to make him jealous by pretending interest in someone else—but that may only make him show *more* interest in the rival.

IF YOUR rival is a completely different type from you, and you set out to outdo her at her technique—you may wake up to discover that the reason why he liked you was because of what you were in the first place.

You can try to flatter him by pursuing him—but you can also make him wonder if you aren't husband-hunting.

You can take a course of beauty treatments, buy new clothes, try to be sensationally attractive—but your rival can too.

Rosalind Russell—who has very, very clear eyes—has seen the other methods tried, and she has seen them fail. They have failed because they have not counteracted the reasons for the appearance of the rivals.

That is why Rosalind believes that the way to get rid of a rival is to

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Know yourself—and be yourself.
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You Never Heard This About Marlene

[*Continued from page* 47]

three busses and numerous trucks, drivers had the lives of the company in their hands!

One eventful morning the dreaded and inevitable happened. A slight shifting of the sand the night before had badly undermined the road in one place. But since the first group of cars had passed over it successfully, the damage was still undiscovered when Marlene Dietrich's car came along. The wireless operator at the beginning of the road communicated with his co-worker at the other end. "Keep the road open. Miss Dietrich's car is coming over. I'll wait for your report."

Minutes passed. Too many of them. The operator again signalled his confrère, "Did Miss Dietrich get through all right?" The answer clicked back, "Haven't seen her. Report at once!" They gave her a few more minutes. Still no word, and then the wireman sent a boy off on foot. A few minutes later he came back over the dunes, running, waving, gesticulating wildly. "They're off the road . . . they turned over in the sand!"

A rescue party set out at once. Heaven knows what they expected to find, but what they did find was furthest from their imaginings. There was the car, as the boy had said—off the road and on its side in the sand. But there was Miss Dietrich standing without assistance on the road, with her camera to her eye and gleefully gloating: "This will be the best picture I have taken so far! Without it, back in Hollywood, they would never believe there is such danger down here." Far from being nervous, shaken and mentally upset as many a star would have been, Miss Dietrich was accepting it as part of the game—and the fun.

AGAIN Miss Dietrich proved her mettle when she fainted one day on the set—and failed to make a fuss about it afterward. Those who stood by and watched her come to, and heard her say, "Well, where do we all go from here?"—smiling sheepishly like a little girl who is apologizing for her little-girlishness—looked at each other and gasped! What! no hysterics, no reverberations, no aftermath drama? Not an ounce, it seemed, in the whole Dietrich make-up!

But if Marlene Dietrich needed no smelling salts herself, she was, in a way, a kind of smelling salts to the rest of the company. Her good humor was boundless from one end of the long white-heat day to the other.

One day she and Richard Boleslawski, the director, went to no end of trouble to plant a laugh on Jamiel Hasson, the company's technical adviser, with whom she had worked on her first desert picture, *Morocco*, five years ago. They had finished rehearsing one small scene and were ready for the take. Miss Dietrich, as Domini, while walking through the town stops and asks one of the Arab children his name. (The boy had been chosen from 150 Mexican children and was proud as punch to be allowed to say two words.) Though he had told her in rehearsal that his name was Tommie Munnoz, he was entirely willing to change it to Jamiel Hasson as long as Miss Dietrich asked him to. And he also promised not to laugh—and to say it good and loud so that Mr. Hasson would be sure to hear him. The cameras turned over and it was a take! And much to Jamiel's bewilderment the boy said that his name was Jamiel Hasson. Mr. Boleslawski called "cut" and the whole cast whooped at the chagrin and the very feeble smile on Mr. Hasson's face. And he wasn't terribly surprised to find that his old friend Marlene had been the instigator of the "gag."

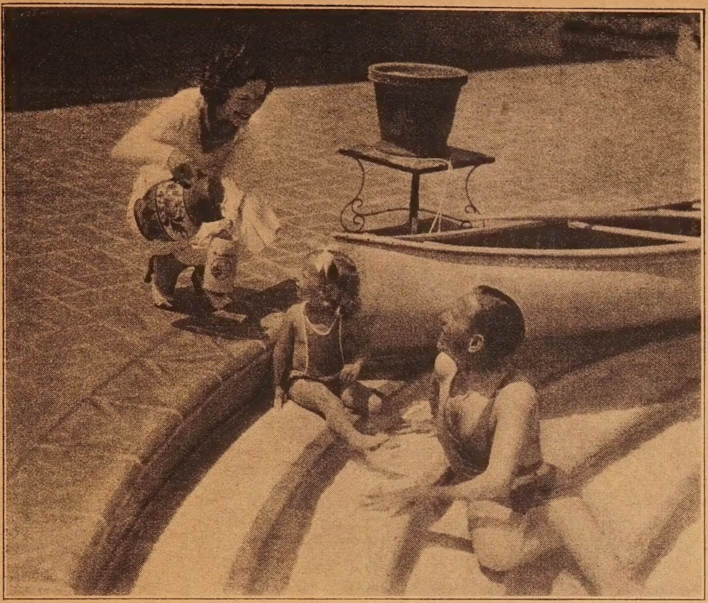
HER picture-taking and picture-posing were other examples of her antics. She would stand there with her legs set firmly apart, clad in her Arabian riding costume, her color movie camera to her eyes, shooting everything and everybody in sight, in the most outlandish poses. And always she whistled quietly to herself. Gay, lilting tunes, her mouth pursed, her eyes a-glitter. She took pictures of the Arab children, the morose donkeys, the mangy camels, the chewing goats. She took pictures of Charles Boyer and of Basil Rathbone, and of Henry Kleinbach and Joseph Schildkraut in their colorful guide costumes. And no matter whose picture she took, man or menagerie, always afterward she would say, "Thank you so much."

She posed willingly too, for the others who had cameras. Once when Rathbone wanted to film one of the large snakes they kept on the set in a box, Dietrich agreed to pose sitting behind the box, and looking over it. But when Rathbone "panned up" to add Miss Dietrich's lovely head to the scene, he found her, not as Dietrich, but as a snake. As the snake a moment before had been darting its head, and hissing and squirming so Dietrich was now doing, much to the delight of everyone. Probably no more "informal" picture of Dietrich has ever been taken.

Editor's note: That photograph of Marlene would have been printed here for your amusement but it did not, alas, lend itself to reproduction—having been captured on the tiniest size of motion picture color film.

HER devilment further evidenced itself in the merry-go-round chase she gave still-cameraman Kenny Alexander. Perched astride a high stool near the camera, where she was wont to sit when not working, she furtively watched Kenny setting up his tripod hoping to get a crack at those famous Dietrich legs bare to the knees and draped around the stool as they were. But then just as he was about to flash the bulb the mischievous Dietrich would move, and down would come the legs and the skirt—and Kenny's hopes. He didn't know that she was purposely teasing him. He followed her around like one of her trailing scarfs, and from the rear he couldn't see that she was grinning.

It is only natural that photographs and photography should interest Dietrich as much as they do. One day I asked her when she had become interested in this camera hobby and where she had learned the art. She answered simply, "For six years I worked with the greatest photographer of them all—the greatest camera man in the world. It is only natural that I should have learned much from him.



Gracie Allen carries coals to New Castle. Pardon us, she carries water to the swimming pool where adopted daughter, Sandra, and husband, George Burns, spend many hours. That canoe in the background was bought by Gracie when she heard she must learn to paddle for scenes in her new picture. She practiced in the pool—singing madly as she went 'round and 'round

He was the only man who knew how to really photograph me. No one will ever know how much I miss him. Now when I go into the portrait gallery for portrait stills I have to pose and photograph myself. Because of my close work with him, I am the only one who can take pictures as he would have them done!"

It requires little conjecture to know she was speaking of Von Sternberg.

Though Miss Dietrich may still feel the need of Von Sternberg's artistry, everyone felt, watching her through the *Garden of Allah* trial, that without him she was more herself, more personable, human and real than she had ever been before. Would he have let her whistle around the set, like any street urchin, had he been there? Would he have listened, amused, to her abundance of American slang, which, like most foreigners, she adores and uses on every opportune and in-opportune occasion.

Would he, if he could have had his say, have permitted her to have her eleven-year-old daughter visit her at the camp. . . . the daughter taller by an inch than her mother? Incidentally, even Miss Dietrich's cooking, about which you have heard so much, was an A. S. (After Sternberg) innovation . . . at least so far as publicizing of it was concerned. And Von Sternberg's point is to be respected—there is certainly nothing glamorous about a stove.

Be that as it may, Dietrich did whistle and slang and pose like a snake, and Maria did come to visit her, and if the tantalizing nose-quivering odors coming from her tent meant anything, Dietrich was also doing no little cooking herself! And regardless of what Von Sternberg might have thought everyone else was admiring her for it.

UNLIKE most stars on location neither did she seek the seclusion of her own tent on every slightest provocation. When on location do as the others do . . . a succinct rule, and here is one star who observed it. Bridge, backgammon, monopoly and dice were the order of the evenings, and Miss Dietrich could always be found "in" on at least one of these games—now serious, now hilarious, keeping constant pace with the mood of the others.

Her abandon of the privileges of stardom was glimpsed further when Richard Boleslawski asked her for her permission to show each day's rushes to the company at large . . . extras, prop men, waiters included. Now it's a known fact that stars do not like to have others see their rushes . . . their mistakes, their "blow-ups," their sometimes—bad shots. But: "Why not, Boley?" said Dietrich. "Perhaps they will have some suggestions." Whereupon Boleslawski explained that that was his idea too, only he had hardly dared to hope she would share it.

This story is not about Marlene Dietrich's marriage, or her possible divorce, or about bringing up her daughter—or about any of the other hard-to-get angles which might be termed sensational by a writer and his editor. It is merely the story of a glamorous woman stripped of her glamor by a blazing sun and the constant threat of the desert . . . the story, in small detail, of a woman who stood up under the test.

It's little wonder that they looked up to her, as few picture crews had ever looked up to her before . . . admiring her spunk, her sportsmanship, her democracy and her gaiety . . . and it's little wonder that they affectionately elected her Mayor.

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George Raft Finds a New Young Love

[*Continued from page 32*]

work to keep. The lady of his heart is small Joan Pine, daughter of Virginia, beautiful and blonde and aged—briefly—four.

"I gotta be there to watch her eat her supper every night," George says proudly. "With every mouthful she says, 'Uncle Georgie Boy, look at me—you're not *looking!* Feed Joanie!'"

You think you know your Hollywood, but can you picture George Raft, in his high waisted trousers and coats that have the very latest thing in lapels, spooning oatmeal into a small girl's mouth, and coaxing, "Eat it all up, Joanie! Come, come, you don't catch Carole Lombard leaving *her* cereal!"

You have read in stories of George, about his boyhood in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City, his career at night clubs, and his gangster acquaintances.

You have watched him dancing the rhumba or handling a gat on the screen. But you never pictured him taking off a little girl's shoes and buttoning her up in a pair of Mickey Mouse pajamas.

"She won't let anybody else undress her," Uncle Georgie explains. "That's why I try to get away from the set early. Sometimes if I'm late I come in my make-up and then she points her finger at me and shouts, 'Ham!' And I guess she's about right at that. And afterwards she's tucked into bed, then I gotta read Mother Goose to her, and that," says George feelingly, "is *fierce!* Listen, I know all those nursery rhymes by heart, 'Tom, the Piper's Son,' and the one about the blackbirds in the pie, and Mother Hubbard—and did you ever notice they're hard reading, too! The other night I said to her, Joanie, I don't know as Uncle Georgie can *take* much more of this!' I got her some more books for her birthday, older ones to keep me from going nutty."

IT WAS a case of love at sight between George and Joan. To be sure, he met her first when he was calling on her mother, pretty Virginia Pine, but now he comes to call whether Virginia is there or not. There is some strange bond of understanding between this hard-boiled New York ex-prize fighter, and this exquisite child, some basic simplicity and sweetness in George Raft's make-up which probably his best friends, his studio associates, and even the women who admire him never have suspected.

No one of his most ardent fans who watch him on the screen would recognize him as the man who hops obediently about the room with four-year-old Joanie, while she "dances" to the radio. And certainly no movie audience has ever watched a better performance of eccentric dancing than the one George Raft gave to an audience of one on that dark day in Joan Pine's short life when she had her tonsils out.

"I made Virginia have the doctor come early so I could be there to help before I had to get to the studio," George will tell you. "Gee, it was—well, it was tough to watch them give a baby like that ether . . . see her lying there so limp and *little.* After it was over and I was at the studio, I bet I called up twenty times to see how she was getting along—there wasn't much work done on the picture that day. I was all shot to pieces. And soon as I could get away a friend of mine from Chicago, and I went shopping for toys a kid could play with in bed, then we went up and put on a vaudeville show for her."

He looks as though he knew the address of all the night clubs and speakeasies. But he can tell you glibly where the best toys can be found, and the cutest little girl berets and sweaters. He is shy of being recognized on Hollywood streets —except when he has Joan with him.

"You should have seen us the other day coming out of the Broadway store," grins George. "Listen, that kid had made me buy the place out. We had a doll baby carriage, and a kiddie car and a set of China dishes and a top, and would she let any of it be sent home? No. We had to carry it. You should have seen Uncle Georgie, hanging on to the kid's hand and trying to keep all those toys under control, and everybody staring and grinning!"

"I suppose," he goes on, shaking his head, "I spoil Joan. Now whenever I ask her, 'Where shall Uncle Georgie take Joanie for a walk?' she says, 'To see the toys!' She insisted on taking the tricycle I gave her to New York *on the pullman with her.* But how can you help it? And I don't know—maybe a little spoiling is good for kids. That's something I missed myself, so now I'm always stopping youngsters on the street and slipping 'em quarters to sort of make up for the sodas I didn't have and the movies I didn't go to. I love children—always have."

"There's a little girl who hangs around the studio gate. The other day she sneaked in somehow and demanded to see George Raft. She was only four years old, but she knew which star she wanted to see! He had given her a dollar to buy an autograph book, and she wanted his name first!

Two years ago on his personal appearance tour, women in the audiences mobbed George Raft, tore his buttons off as souvenirs, tossed their engagement rings onto the stage at his feet, and here he sits grinning sheepishly with pride because a four-year-old had chosen him as her favorite star. *And you think you know Hollywood!*

"Her mother and I took Joan shopping the other day," George goes on, "Virginia bought her shoes and picked out a swell little coat for her, dark blue and plain, and a beret with a gold star on it, and some blue and white sweaters. Then we took her to the studio to lunch. All the directors stared at her and wanted her in a picture, but I wouldn't have that. I think when a kid goes onto the screen you kind of lose her. She doesn't belong to you any longer—see what I mean? She's everybody's baby."

You've read interviews with George Raft on almost every subject which the minds of writers could conceive, but you've never read an interview with George Raft on Bringing Up Children.

Now that George's second wife, Grace Mulrooney, a pretty, dark-haired stenographer whom he married in New York City on June 15, 1923—and from whom he was separated five years later—is said to be taking the first divorce steps, Hollywood wonders if George will not one day be more than just a buddy to Joan Pine.

Follow Screen Book's Girl To Stardom!

[*Continued from page* 50]

Marjorie managed to get a few things **out of her** New York stay that came to **her only** on the strength of her appearance **and** her candid, southern charm. **Marjorie** is a Kentuckian . . . and a Kentucky Colonel, too. However, she goes **in** for Coca-Colas instead of mint juleps.

The first week she was in New York, **Marjorie** went out and lined herself up **enough** engagements as a photographer's **model** to average a weekly income of **seventy-five** dollars for the duration of **her stay.** Not so bad for a girl just out **of college.** In between times, she managed **to meet** a few of the literati, and see all **the plays**; to meet a few college boys, and **see all** the football games . . . with Rubynelle, **of** course; and to work so hard at **her career** that the studio scouts who had **come** to scoff were remaining to pray . . . **pray** that Marjorie take a screen test.

Rubynelle was delighted, of course. **Even her** vivid hopes for Marjorie hadn't **gone quite** that far. Marjorie herself had **only one** thing to say . . .

"**I'll** take a test . . . if you think I'm **good** enough."

Marjorie wasn't good enough. She realized **it,** and so did the Warner Brothers' **New** York office. And they proceeded to **make** her over. They didn't pardon her **southern** accent. Marjorie had to learn **to use** a bit less of the drawl and a bit **more** of the good old Yankee "r." Marjorie **had** to learn how to enter a room, **too.** She'd entered a number of them in **the past,** sometimes emerging with fraternity **pins** and dates for June Week at **Annapolis,** but that didn't mean anything **to Warners'.** Perhaps it was because Marjorie **was** a bit bewildered by all that was **happening** to her and showed it, that they **said,**

"**You** walk in like a little girl. Try to **have** *presence!*"

The next time Marjorie entered a room **in which** she might expect to find a talent **scout,** she had her shoulders back, her **head** high, and an expression of supreme confidence on her face . . . a confidence much more supreme than she felt.

"Nix," was the decree. "*Now* you look snooty."

"Well, what do you want me to *do?*" Marjorie demanded.

"Be yourself," they told her. Which was the best advice anyone could have given her. Marjorie's self is a frank, gracious self, and it scored her a hundred per cent rating and a contract. Could any girl ask more?

Marjorie's first friend in Hollywood was Pat O'Brien. She was cast as his secretary in *China Clipper.* It was her first assignment, and, being a little nervous, she couldn't keep her voice from going way up to the higher registers. A girl's voice in the higher registers records like nothing so much as a flute gone mad. Mr. O'Brien, knowing this, managed to muff his lines in every scene in which Marjorie didn't sound just right. And then he'd say, "There I go . . . blowing up again. All my fault."

Greater friendship hath no man, says Marjorie, than he who bloweth up in a scene for a friend. However, Marjorie won't be putting anyone's friendship to a test like that again.

Following that, she play-acted in *Polo Joe* and *Loud Speaker Lowdown.* She's working now in *God's Country and the Woman* . . . and doing a swell job.

When Marjorie was in New York, she met a boy who had a boat. Marjorie learned to love sailing, and the boy . . . a young ensign . . . told her that if she ever lived on the coast, he'd see that she had something to sail in. When Marjorie's contract brought her to Hollywood, the boy remembered his promise, and presented Marjorie with a tiny sailboat. And now, Marjorie is spending most of her time bouncing around on the Pacific waves, and being glad that Rubynelle Parks made her join the SCREEN BOOK contest.

—By MARCELLA MARCH.

It's love in bloom—or is it? William Frawley, Roscoe Karns and Lynne Overman, the benedicts in *Three Married Men,* scream for a place on the quartette that will "sing" in *The Big Broadcast of 1937.* Can't something be done about things like this?

NO MORE INK SPOTS

on Hands, Clothes, Woodwork, or Rugs

WHEN THEY START HOMEWORK—

due to Parker's new ink that washes out without trace!

Parker WASHABLE Qu*ink* is the only ink that can be spilled SAFELY. And ink is sure to be spilled sometime. So throw out your present ink and take the precaution of getting WASHABLE Qu*ink* before another day of school.

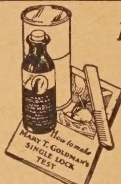
One housewife writes us that 15c spent for Parker WASHABLE Qu*ink* saved her $500 rug from ruin.

The Parker Pen Company spent $68,000 to develop Qu*ink* to guard the celebrated Parker Pens from sediment left by pen-clogging inks. A harmless ingredient in Qu*ink* dissolves sediment—cleanses your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. This ends clogging. Qu*ink* starts instantly—works like a charm. And Qu*ink* dries so fast on paper that people say, "I've thrown away my blotters and old ink."

Don't get our PERMANENT Qu*ink* unless it's for everlasting records. It's as permanent as the paper. And don't risk other so-called washable inks that may leave a stain. Be sure to ask for WASHABLE QU*INK* by its full name. Not a watery ink, but rich, full-bodied, and brilliant in color. 15c or 25c.

Parker Qu*ink*

Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.



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Street..
City.......................State...............
Color of your hair?..............................

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TIRED EYES

Tired eyes make you feel tired all over. Refresh them with Murine. Cools and soothes reddened, sensitive eyes. Relieves burning, irritated eyes instantly. Use at least twice daily.

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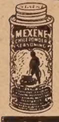

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Now, an amazing new self-heating Iron with all the conveniences of gas or electricity without the annoyances—and at ½ the cost. No cords, no hose, no attachments to bother with. Ends hot stove drudgery. forever. Quick, regulated uniform heat. Always ready. Burns 96% AIR—only 4% common kerosene (coal oil). Costs only 1c to do the average family ironing. Gleaming CHROMIUM finish assures handsome appearance and life-time service. **HOME TRIAL**—Write today for full particulars and 30-day TRIAL OFFER.

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Any Initial. Many other special values.

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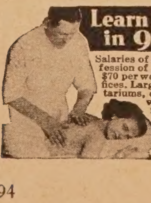

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National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 761, Chicago, Ill.

Exposing New Fall Hosiery

[Continued from page 53]

rusts, tweeds for town and country wear and is a dashing contrast to black.

CAFE CLAIR: A vivacious light brown, a smart development of a rich mocha tone with a soft glow. Keys with costumes in warm browns, wine, rust and all renditions of darker green and is a high style contrast to black. It is extremely smart in sheer versions with bronze shoes for informal dinner wear.

TAILLEUR BROWN: A subtle brown of metallic cast significant with costumes in darker brown, greens, vintage tones of brownish cast, such as "dregs of wine" type and black. Because of the tendency towards lighter hosiery this is the only dark shade for Fall and therefore only smart in sheer versions.

DEBONAIR: A smart, animated beige to wear with vintage reds, eggplant purple, the entire range of blues, greys, black and the soft mellowed pottery tones.

JAUNTY: A versatile neutral beige. Has strong acceptance for general wear with navy and other blues, greys, black and the subdued pottery tones.

SAUNTER: A subdued beige of brownish cast. A very popular town shade for wear with brown, green including yellowish and bluish green, vintage tones of brownish cast, greys and tweed in smart Autumnal colorings.

SMOKETONE: A medium grey of taupe cast. Stressed with all tones of grey, amethyst, mulberry, navy, cold blues of the stone type and black. Especially suitable in sheer hose.

BURNT OCHRE: A radiant sun tone carried over from the summer with increased prestige for Fall. Particularly smart for formal afternoon and evening wear. A glowing complement to costumes in the new "Pain brule" or burnt bread tones, gold, copper and rust shades, warm browns, greens and blues. Wear this with any of the bronze or leather tone shoes and with gold or silver evening slippers.

BURNT COPPER: A glowing copper. The success attained by this burnished copper hue during the past season again endorses it for Fall wear with the new renditions of copper, rust and leather types of tan, warm bronze, green, navy, black and the lively paddock colors.

BOKARI: Dark neutral beige, especially smart for early Fall wear. Stressed as a complement to neutral browns and beiges, bluish greens, navy and medium blues, deep cloudy pastels and black.

GLOAMING: Dark grey of bluish undertone. A smart Fall shade to wear with wine and oxblood shades, purples, dark greys, taupes, navy and black.

NONCHALANT: Clear light brown. Keys well with warm browns, greens, rusts, rich Autumn tones and certain bright Fall and winter colors.

AUTUMN LEAF: Light Autumn brown, stressed as a smart transition shade from late summer to Fall. Complements a wide range of browns and beige tones, English mixtures, rust and green.

SAMOA: Subdued medium brown. A preferred neutral tone for general wear with medium and dark neutral browns and dark greens.

SWAGGER BROWN: Sophisticated wine brown to be worn with brown.

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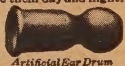
Your body cleans out Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.



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says Jeanette MacDonald

Women no longer are judged by their years—but by their charms and enthusiasms. Jeanette tells how *any* woman, no matter what her status in life, can preserve those two priceless qualities. Read the inspiring story in

NOVEMBER
SCREEN BOOK

Our Hollywood Frivolities

[*Continued from page* 15]

anyway, the cutest—is between June Lang, twenty-year old Fox contractee, and Spanky McFarland, seven-year old protege of Hal Roach's OUR GANG. No kidding, Spanky has such a crush on June since meeting her the other day on his lot (where she was visiting her real love, Joe Rivkin, Casting Director), that he 'phoned her and invited her to the beach the very next day. And don't think he's any small fry when it comes to taking out the gals! At two p. m. sharp, Spanky pulled up in front of the Lang household with car and chauffeur. They drove in grand style to the amusement park where the fun really began. Spanky out-did himself in throwing baseballs and ringing canes to win Kewpie dolls for his lady love.

WITH Alice Faye out of town, Rochelle Hudson is certainly catching up on her lost sleep, the point being that Alice moved into the house next to the Hudson menage, set up a badminton court—electric lights and everything—and proceeded to keep the good old welkin ringing, of a night, until way past Rochelle's bed-time.

Least that's her story!

THOSE Warren Hulls have gone screwy on the subject of beach parties. And, with summer drawing to a close, you'll find the Hull gang littering the Santa Monica beach five nights out of the week.

On a grill, over a roaring bonfire, they burn wienies, slap them into sandy buns and everybody sits around on the sand munching happily and declaring it's more darn fun.

The other night, one solitary, cocky wave stepped out of line and came clear up to join the party, with the result that there was plenty of squealing, and everybody stood up for a while after that. With their backs to the fire, too. And Jean Rogers delighted no end because she had been sitting high up on a sandy knoll, looking out across the water and thinking of Jimmy Wallington at the time the dam busted.

Frank Albertson supplied the wise cracks . . . and I still claim he's Hollywood's funniest comedian, off stage at least!

THE Café de Paris, at Fox, is a swanky jernt where the stars assemble at lunch time to nibble daintily on a lettuce leaf and cold turkey wing, while down in the cafeteria, the extras, props, grips, juicers, *et al*, set themselves down to a hearty repast of roast, potatoes, vegetables, coffee and the good old American pie a la mode.

Ushered into the café with her famous contemporaries, Simone Simon listened in bewilderment to the scanty orders going out all around her. Then, she excused herself, and twenty minutes later, a hungry publicity man found her in the cafeteria, smiling over a heaped up plate of substantial fodder that would have stymied a truck driver!

"In my country," she said, "we eat because it is good to eat. In these little bites, where is the enjoyment? Green leaves you eat. Only for cows in my France. Non! I eat food!" And the way that steak and those potatoes disappeared . . . *vive la France!*

DRIVING out on location, Eric Lindon and Cecelia Parker found themselves stalled in a traffic jam for no apparent reason. True, there was a traffic warning at the small intersection ahead that said: STOP when pedestrians are in cross-walk! But, so far as the kids could see, there wasn't a pedestrian within miles.

Climbing out on the running board, Eric peered over the cars ahead of him to see what might be holding up the parade. And there, stalking sedately across the intersection, tail in air, was a gray and white kitten, obviously going places and taking her own sweet time about it!

"It must have been Be Kind To Animal Week," Eric said, "because every motorist in the line was enjoying the situation thoroughly without one scowl of impatience for the delay."

COME up to Jean Parker's for a fish dinner and Jean will bring the fish (if you like shark meat). On a sort of honeymoon vacation to Catalina Island Jean snagged herself a shark that weighed more than two hundred pounds. Her good looking new husband will lick the guy who says she didn't! Always a pacifist, Jean had her picture taken with the big fish to prove it! And a couple of deep sea fishers we know are going to be mad enough to go back to Ping Pong!

WHEN Ann Rutherford was only nine months old, some strange malady came upon her and, after several weeks, the family doctor announced that the child was dying of malnutrition!

Frantically, Ann's harrassed mother declared that she had followed instructions to the "t," concocting the food formula to the letter. But Ann continued to lose weight, cried constantly and was, altogether, a trial without tribulation.

Giving baby Ann her usual bottle one morning, Mrs. Rutherford left the room, returning a moment later quite unexpectedly, And, right there, she discovered the cause of Ann's mysterious malady.

Utterly oblivious to her impending doom, there stood Ann's three-year-old sister (Judith Arlen, to you), nonchalantly doing away with the baby's breakfast. And it took a couple of sound spankings to convince Judith that a thing like infanticide is more than an extra lunch in this country!

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COMPARE THESE PRICES TUBE FOR TUBE, FEATURE FOR FEATURE, WITH ANY RADIO ON THE MARKET

✲ AUTO-EXPRESSIONATOR
Brings back the expression necessarily taken out in the studio in transmitting the program.

★ MYSTIC HAND
(A. F. C.) Automatically tunes set sharply without use of meter tuning or other gadget.

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THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

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Flesh colored gum rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins quickly; they fit perfectly and improve shape immediately.
14 inch LEGGINGS $3.00 pair
14 " STOCKINGS 6.75 "
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ABDOMINAL REDUCERS for men and women..$3.50
Send circular measures of part of body to be fitted when ordering. Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.
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DR. JEANNE F. G. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Janet Gaynor
Loretta Young
Constance Bennett
Simone Simon

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Ladies in LOVE

Next month you will see this thrilling picture, *Ladies in Love*, featuring four top-notch stars, on the screen. But today, *before anyone has seen the picture*, you can read the complete fiction story of the movie in ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES.

What a thrilling treat it is to read the fiction stories of coming movies before they are shown on any screen, each story illustrated with actual pictures from the production.

Other movies fictionized in the big October issue (on sale September 4) include JEAN ARTHUR'S coming picture, *Adventure in Manhattan*, in which she is starred with JOEL McCREA; *Lost Horizon*, with RONALD COLMAN, ISABEL JEWELL; *Second Wife*, with GERTRUDE MICHAEL, WALTER ABEL; *Seven Sinners, Devil Is a Sissy*, and many others. Get your copy of ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES today!

On Sale All Newsstands Sept. 4

Romantic Movie Stories
10¢
10 CENTS

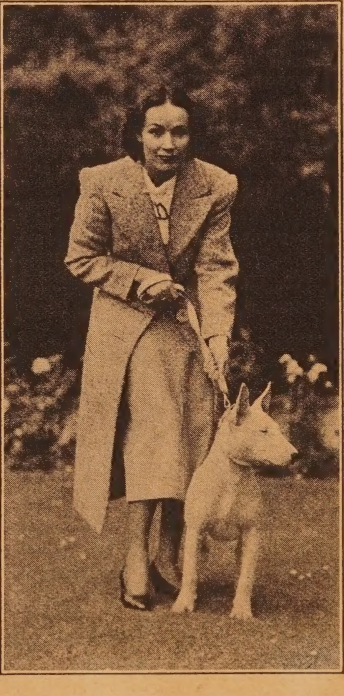
Myself As I See Me

[*Continued from page* 10]

talks about traveling and how it broadens one, well I guess I'm big enough already, but anyway, after my next picture, Mummy and Daddy and I are going to get a trailer and go back to Atlanta where I was born, and will that be fun! . . . I like camping out on account of it's something like playing house.

I'll tell you a secret . . . I'm writing a story . . . a real scenario, where Jackie Searl and I play all through the picture and then he saves me in the end . . . I hope Mr. Wurtzel likes it, but Mummy thinks the end isn't so good, though I don't see why Jackie can't save me from something. . . .

There's three things I want to be when I grow up, I haven't decided which one, yet, but they're a comic cartoonist, a clown, and an actress, on account of they all make people laugh . . . sometimes I think it would be fun to be a carpenter, too, only girls don't do that, I guess . . . but I love to build my own doll houses, and aeroplanes, and things . . . Jackie taught me how . . . and I would love to be a fisherman, too . . . or a polo player . . . Jackie is teaching me to ride and to play bicycle polo, and maybe we can have our own team when we grow up, but Mummy says it's too dangerous for a girl . . . it's kind of a nuisance being a girl, that's why when I grow up I think I'll have a special home for girls, and girl cats and dogs, so they can do the things they want.



Dolores displays her new bull terrier, *Silver Sea Brighton*, who came from a famous kennels in England. Notable, too, is her beautifully tailored coat

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Men—Women—Children!
Improve
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Morris Limb Straighteners have been worn by thousands with marvelous results. Guaranteed construction to individual measurements. Low cost. Send 10c for actual photographs sent in plain cover.
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AND SHOW YOU HOW TO EARN UP TO $22 IN A WEEK!
Thrilling news! Show FREE ACTUAL SAMPLES wonderful Snag-Proofed Hosiery to friends. Earn up to $22.00 in a week—easy! Patented process RESISTS snags and runs. *Wear twice as long—cut hosiery bills in half*. Individual lengths. Low prices. No experience needed—no house-to-house selling. SEND NO MONEY. Write for two actual samples silk hose FREE. AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. G-61, Indianapolis, Ind.

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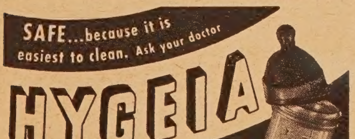
HELLO—there's a message for you on page 11


SAFE...because it is easiest to clean. Ask your doctor
HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE

About That Blondell-Powell Marriage

[*Continued from page* 31]

And she knows it. Their views are so divergent. To her, money is simply something to spend. To Dick it is something that means peace and security and comfort in one's old age. He sees the necessity for saving.

They have all those things to consider—and solve.

At present, because they're single and still in love, they love going out together—to night clubs—the theatre—picture shows—bowling—anywhere. If they married, one of them might tire of that and the other continue to like it. Could they compromise successfully?

I have never seen a more devoted couple. They're together every possible minute of the day. When they can't be together they're on the 'phone.

Much has been made of the fact that Joan supervised the furnishing and remodeling of Dick's house. He has implicit faith in her taste and she loves doing that sort of thing. But with all that, the house is not designed for a married couple. There is only one large bedroom and, although it has enormous closets, as Joan expressed it, "Dick got there first and has them chocked so full of his own clothes there wouldn't even be room in them for me to hang a slip."

Perhaps it is significant that Dick has placed the house on the market. To date, with the furnishings, it must have cost him between $85,000 and $90,000. He's willing to take $55,000 for it furnished—$40,000 unfurnished. Does he want to build another suitable for two?

When a man takes a beating like that just to get rid of one house—particularly one as attractive as this one—only to build another—baby, it's love! Perhaps that's one straw that shows which way the wind blows.

Perhaps another is the fact Joan has just bought out practically every woman's wear shop in Hollywood. Her new clothes have a trousseau-ish look!

ALL this is merely speculation and any kind of reasoning—real or attempted—drives me nuts. So I go out to face the guilty pair. "For cripe's sake, tell me something about your plans that I can tell an editor," I shout.

"We don't know!" they chorus.

"But you must have talked about it," I scream. "What did you talk about when you talked about it?"

They survey me apprehensively and then glance at the cop on the set. "There, there," they say soothingly. "Don't get yourself all excited. It's the heat."

"Are you going to get married?" I demand of Dick.

Dick looks at Joan. "Any statement," he announces gallantly, "*must* come from the lady."

I turn in Joan's direction. "*Are* you going to get married?" I mutter through clenched teeth, gripping the arms of my chair until the knuckles show white through the skin.

Joan widens her blue eyes innocently and focusses them on me. "I don't know," she says blandly. As my hair begins to rise on end, she adds mischievously, "but I think it would be kind of cute if we did!"

***She Lost 17 lbs. of REDUCIBLE FAT in 4 Weeks**
by SAFE Food Method
NO DRUGS

● At last! Hundreds of FAT people now find that they can lose reducible fat **SAFELY** by the new Food Method . . . no dangerous drugs! Eat moderately, exercise regularly and eat delicious SLENDRETS which look and taste like candy! Try the SLENDRETS Food Method, proven successful in those conditions of overweight responsive to reducing by these wafers and this regime. We believe that many people have been waiting for a reducing method which is not drastic or dangerous. You should welcome SLENDRETS because they contain **NO** dangerous drugs. Positively **no** dinitrophenol—not a laxative. **No** thyroid.

READ HOW OTHERS LOST CONTROLLABLE FAT: Here is what Mrs. L. R. O'Connell, Springfield, Mass., writes: "I sent for the trial package and **lost 4 lbs. the very first week!** Have lost 18 lbs. to date, now weigh 120. I feel and look years younger. Never felt a hungry moment . . . it certainly is a pleasant way to reduce. I can never praise them highly enough." From Connecticut Miss Anna Goodrow writes: "I reduced **17 lbs. in four weeks!** No discomfort, and they left my flesh firm and solid."

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Please send me on your Money-Back Offer
☐ The $1 package containing 84 SLENDRETS
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Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.
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10c size at 10c stores

HUSH CREAM DEODORANT
INSTANT HUSH LIQUID DEODORANT
HUSH The Personal Deodorant Powder
HUSH Stick Deodorant
CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK

With the Editor IN HOLLYWOOD

Dolores Del Rio, your Guest Editor, gives you some notes from her own pen

Ye Ed and Ye Guest Ed confer over the dummy. The dummy, we would have you know, is the manuscript-filled book lying on the desk. Here Dolores is penning "Most beautiful . . ." on Garbo's photo

DID I ever envy editors? Well, that envy has been cast into the wastebasket since I accepted the invitation of SCREEN BOOK to be its guest editor for this month. I have a new appreciation of the problems which confront an editor in presenting to his readers the reflection of each month's activities and personalities. I hope that my brief editorial effort will in some way approach the very satisfactory precedent of a magazine that for years has received Filmdom's applause for its honesty and sincere revelations of Hollywood and its people.

● Since the preview reaction to that great artistic production *Romeo and Juliet,* the entire motion picture industry is as happy as the proverbial lad with his first long pants. And I think the fans may take a bow! Their enthusiastic reception of artistic films such as *Mutiny on the Bounty, The Informer,* and now *Romeo and Juliet* has made filmdom's artistic endeavors artistic achievement. Without the box-office support these pictures would have been only costly experiments. With the eager reception of the public, fine progress in production is permanently assured. The industry's confidence is warranted now. We are grateful to the fans for this support. The outlook for Hollywood has a definite majesty. To the sincere artist, the road of the future is brighter than ever before.

● While I was in Paris I naturally saw the fashion shows. Not just because I am a woman and thus possessed of a woman's curiosity about the latest in chic and feminine adornment. But because I believe it is part of an actress' equipment for her career. I cannot believe that the criticism made against actresses because of expenditures for wardrobe which might be excessive is a serious one. Surely it is but in line with one's career to sustain the enthusiasm of one's fans by dressing in a manner representative of the latest word in fashion. I deem it necessary (since it is a fact that the wardrobes of the stars are extensively copied throughout the world) for every actress to dress with taste and distinction no matter what the occasion.

It is satisfying to oneself and an example to those who copy the garb of the stars. We've a responsibility to our fans we cannot minimize and must not shirk. That is why the careful purchase of a wardrobe is an investment—not an extravagance. It would be an extravagance for a non-professional girl to copy an actress' wardrobe in all its extensiveness—but it is a professional necessity for the actress. Don't you agree?

● It wasn't until I was actually back in Hollywood from my recent picture work in England that I realized I had broken some sort of a record in the time it took me to get home. I rushed from the *Queen Mary* to the fastest plane to California. It took me five and a half days! Which they told me was somewhat of a record, but nonetheless a record which was broken by Director Eddie Sutherland who made the plane trip to New York, caught the *Von Hindenburg* and arrived in Berlin something like three days afterwards! It is a delightful dream that some day we may be skipping to England for four o'clock tea.

● With the increased progress of motion pictures in other lands, the continual development of talent in all nations and the inevitable exchange of artists, plus the constant improvements for speed and safety in air travel, we wonder—will the settled, stay-at-home motion picture actor again become a gypsy?

● The panorama of the screen is infinite. It really is, when you think of the parade of life which marches across the silvered surface. History! Ancient and in the making. The news reels supply the latter while such films as *Henry the Eighth, Mary of Scotland, The Last of the Mohicans, The Plainsman, The Charge of the Light Brigade* certainly present history in a most inspiring manner.

Romance—every picture has that.

Travel—straight travel pictures from all the far corners of the globe are being released constantly—and then there is the vicarious thrill of seeing foreign lands as the background of many pictures. There is *The Good Earth* with its Chinese background; *The Garden of Allah,* a story which unfolds on the Sahara desert; *The Barrier,* now being filmed in the Canadian backwoods. As a matter of fact almost any picture acquaints someone with new visions of a distant part of the world.

Add to this the screen's example, which can be followed for manners, speech and wardrobe, and it is easy to appreciate its limitless scope and the responsibility this scope imposes upon the personnel of the industry. Those making up that personnel are big enough to appreciate and shoulder that responsibility. Again I say that the support of the fans is the real inspiration for greater effort.

● I enjoyed making *Accused* with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in London. It was wonderful to study the difference in production technique in the London and Hollywood studios. And there was further enjoyment in the comparison of England's and America's regard of the motion picture theater. The very smart thing in London is the "films." One's hostess invites one to a formal dinner and after dinner the party attends the theater.

● Another exciting revelation lies in the strides foreign countries are making in motion picture production. France is making better pictures, Spain is contributing some fine productions, Italy, Germany, Australia and Russia have joined the picture league, and of course, England is making the greatest progress of all. Hollywood's industry is now an international industry but America will, I am confident, always lead the field!

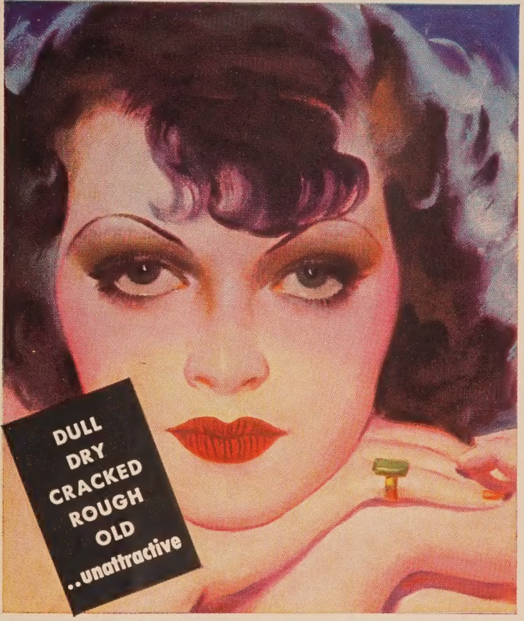
Dolores Del Rio

News from the romantic South Sea Isles

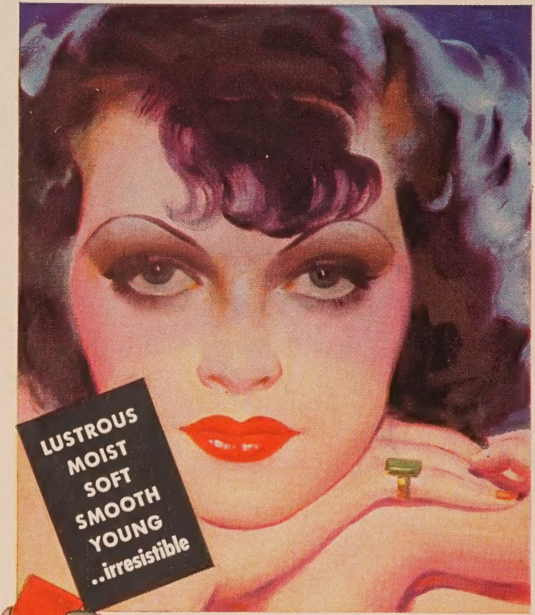
an ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK

To the world's most permanent transparent lipstick two magical new ingredients have been added . . . to keep your lips luscious, soft, smooth and youthful.

Ordinary Indelible Lipstick



The New TATTOO



Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent . . . your lips soft and smooth . . . their caress a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* Tattoo you have all the permanence you could wish for. And one of its magical new ingredients gives *this* lipstick a creamy texture that keeps lips fresh and *moist* . . . stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color . . . without letting them get dry . . . without permitting them to become rough . . . and there is *no desire to lick the lips!*

Your lips thus become softer and smoother than they have ever been before . . . thrillingly, irresistibly youthful . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! But more! The *other* magical ingredient in the *New* Tattoo gives your lips the kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

Send Coupon For Proof

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the *New* Tattoo in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades . . . the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you Tattoo your lips . . . with the *New* Tattoo!

The New TATTOO

Tattoo, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 17, Chicago

Send me trial size *New* Tattoo, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

☐ Coral (Orangish)
☐ Natural (Blood Red)
☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

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*City*____________ *State*____________

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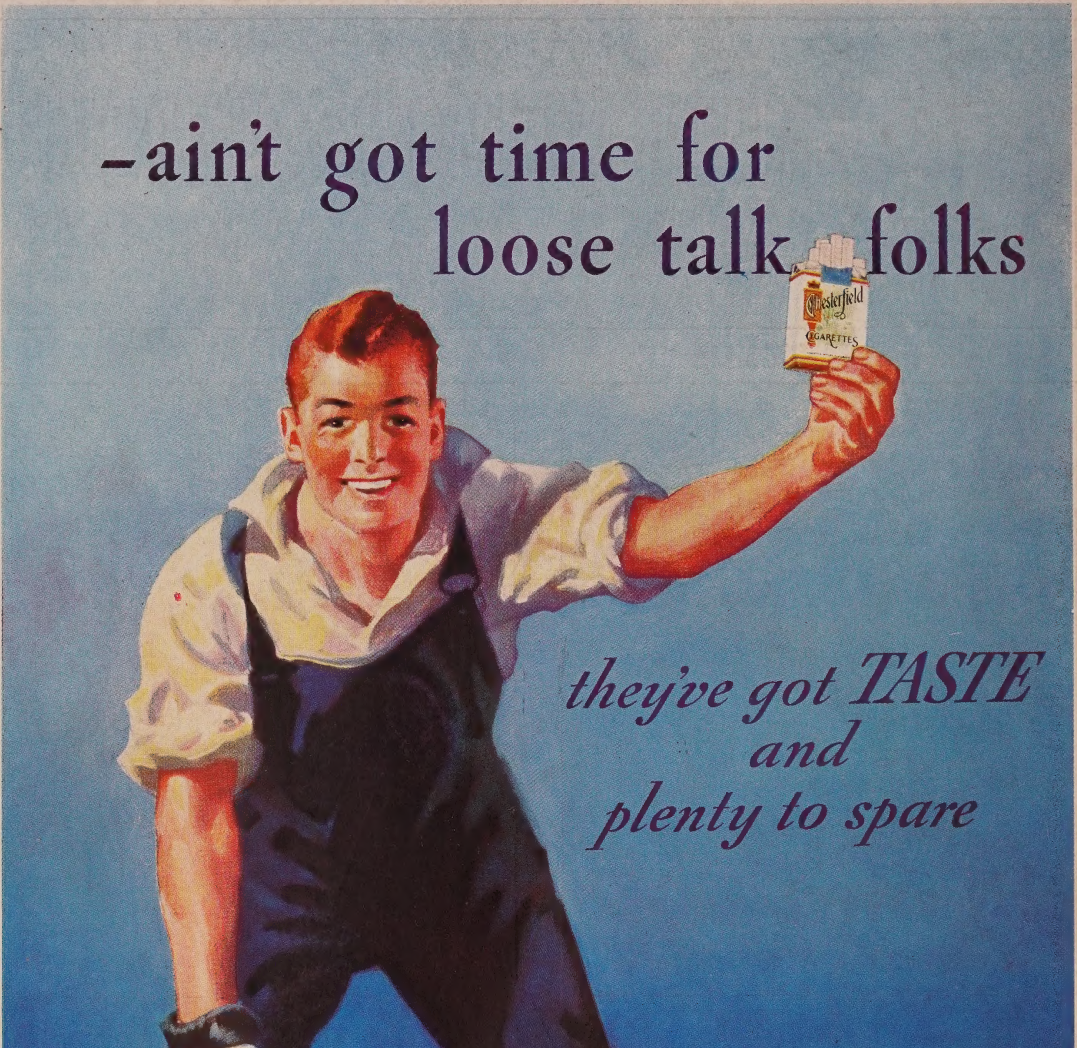
-ain't got time for
loose talk folks
Chesterfield
Cigarettes
they've got TASTE
and
plenty to spare
Chesterfield
GARDNER

Made by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*

THE GREAT GINGER ROGERS HOAX

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

NSC

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NOVEMBER

MYRNA LOY

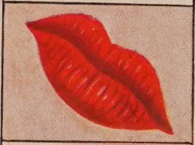
HOW THE MOVIE STARS PROPOSE

How Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond Fell in Love!

THRILLING *New* LIPSTICK DISCOVERY!

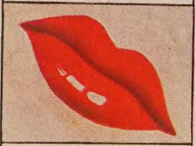
To the world's most permanent transparent lipstick has been added an amazing new ingredient that gives lips a more exciting glamour than they have ever had before!

ORDINARY INDELIBLE LIPSTICK

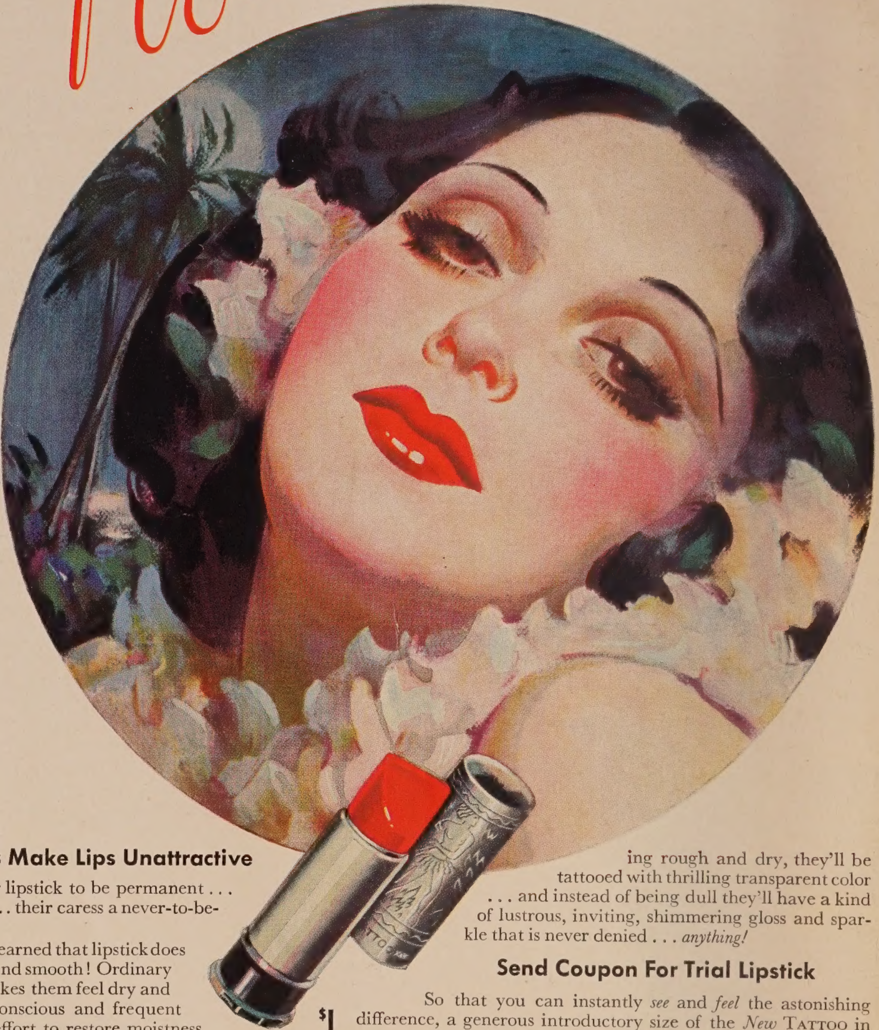


Often the cause of lips becoming dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, old-looking and decidedly *unattractive!*

THE NEW TATTOO



Contains a moistening agent that makes lips lustrous, moist, smooth, soft, youthful . . . *irresistible!*



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How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* TATTOO you have all the permanence you could wish for . . . and the marvelous moistening agent it contains ends all desire to lick the lips . . . thus keeping them moist . . . softer and smoother than ever before . . . thrillingly, youthfully irresistible . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! Instead of being rough and dry, they'll be tattooed with thrilling transparent color . . . and instead of being dull they'll have a kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

Send Coupon For Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the *New* TATTOO in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades . . . the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO!

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☐ Coral (Orangish) ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Natural (Blood Color) ☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

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*Street*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

"Ridiculous"

SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"

SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"RIDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about *tender, rundown gums*—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Jean **HARLOW** *William* **POWELL** *Myrna* **LOY** *Spencer* **TRACY**

IN

LIBELED LADY

with **WALTER CONNOLLY**

Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Production*

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.

NOVEMBER
1936

SCREEN BOOK

Vol. XVIII
No. 4

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

The News Magazine of the Movies

FLORENCE JOHNSON
Executive Editor

EXCLUSIVE NEWS STORIES

How Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond Fell in Love! 30
You'd never expect to find this kind of romance in Hollywood! . . .

The Great Ginger Rogers Hoax! 28
You're going to be amazed at Ginger's audacity! . . .

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LORD OF THE ORIENT . . . Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .

EAST MEETS WEST

with **LUCIE MANNHEIM**
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT
Directed by HERBERT MASON
Story by E. GREENWOOD

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB Production

MYSELF—As I See Me!

—ANNE SHIRLEY

IT'S a bit difficult to describe one's self . . . perhaps the best way would be to cite some of the things I like . . . for instance, swing music and red nail polish . . . toast cut in strips . . . good books . . . seafood salads . . . parties, large and small . . . dates, some more than others . . . seeing my name in print . . . and, most of all, people . . .

My two mothers are one of my claims to distinction . . . yes, two, because my real mother's best friend, Mrs. Lena Sage, is a sort of co-mother of mine . . . I was engaged at the age of four to Byron Sage . . . he was eight . . . he gave me a gold ring to seal our troth . . . but the way things turned out, it was a love of youth rather than judgment, and now we're just good friends . . .

I freely admit that one of the biggest thrills in my life was making the front pages with my picture and a two column spread the time I decided to fly east to meet Owen Davis, Jr. . . . it isn't quite modest to say that, is it? . . . but then, it wouldn't be quite honest not to, either, would it? . . . People say I'll get over that when I'm older . . . but I doubt that I'll ever get over liking to know that other people are interested in what I do . . .

When people ask me when I'm going to be married, I always say *maybe* within a year, *maybe* within five . . . because I think it's rather foolish to say you are or are not going to be married by the time you're a certain age . . . so frequently, girls change their minds, and then they have to take their words back . . .

To me, the best thing about Hollywood is the contact with people who are doing things . . . I get a big bang just thinking about some of the marvelous people I've met . . . for instance, Benny Goodman, who has my favorite orchestra . . . I'm always selling my friends and the people I meet on the idea of going to hear him . . . and speaking of selling people on ideas, I'm *always* being persuaded to do something I don't want to do . . . it happens every time! . . . I like eating at the RKO commissary, and having people come past my table and "hello" me and dashing up between bites to run across the room and talk to my friends . . . a habit of mine is carrying on two separate conversations with two people simultaneously . . .

While I'm very fond of dates, I like going out with just girls occasionally . . . Phyllis Fraser, Ginger Rogers' cousin, lives with us, and we have great fun together . . . Ida Lupino is one of my favorite friends, too, because she's so generous and tolerant . . . I like people who are understanding of other people . . . and I like carrying on conversations with strangers . . . their viewpoints are always different and interesting . . .

I don't walk around the studio, I always run . . . when I'm not working, I wear slacks . . . I like getting up in the morning, which most people think is strange . . . and I can definitely say that I'm a girl who's going places in Hollywood—to get a cold drink! . . . because if I'm not going somewhere to get a cold drink, I'm usually on my way back from just having had one . . .

Perhaps I'll go down in history as the girl who could drink her own weight in iced tea!

This is the Champagne Waltz

This is the Dance of Love,

Under the Soft Light's Gleam,

Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!

I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru

If I Could Dance With You.

FRED MacMURRAY
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
with JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA
HERMAN BING
A Paramount Picture. Directed by
A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA

When Doctors swab SORE THROAT..

surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened

When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...

you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you ⅔ of your money.

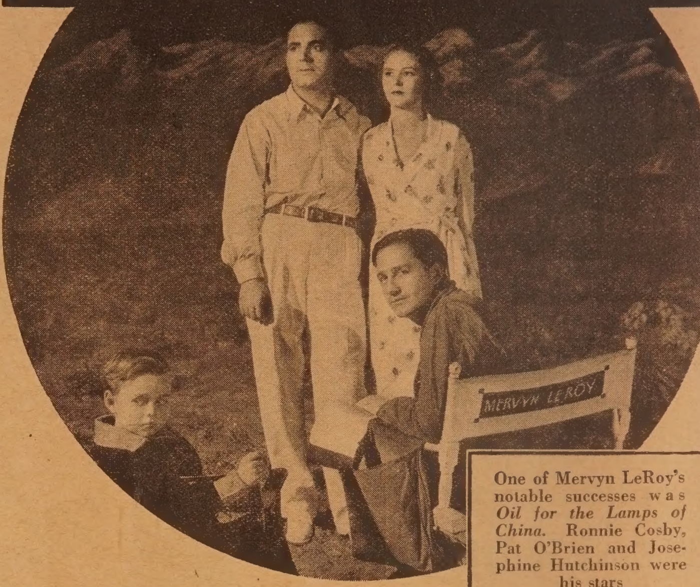
So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR ..Goes 3 times as far!

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

A NEW $500.00 TRADEMARK CONTEST



One of Mervyn LeRoy's notable successes was *Oil for the Lamps of China.* Ronnie Cosby, Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson were his stars

SCREEN BOOK unites with Mervyn LeRoy, famous director now turned producer, in this simple cash contest offer!

HERE'S a contest so amazingly simple, so easy to participate in that you can't afford to pass it by! Especially when we tell you that you have as good a chance to win two cash prizes—one for $50 and another for $250. All you have to do is to submit a trademark idea symbolical of *A Mervyn LeRoy Production.*

Mervyn LeRoy is always included in the list of truly great directors. He has to his credit such notable successes as *Anthony Adverse, Tugboat Annie, Golddiggers of 1933, Five Star Final, Oil for the Lamps of China, I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang, Little Caesar* and is now busily engaged in directing that sensational stage success *Three Men on a Horse* for Warner Bros., who plan to release it as one of their big special features this fall.

But now Mr. LeRoy is forming his own company to be known as A Mervyn LeRoy Productions, with pictures to be released through Warner Bros. Right now he wants a trademark—one that will be in keeping with the sterling type of motion pictures he plans on producing. To get the kind he wants, he is offering cash prizes totaling $500.

Remember this. You don't have to be an artist or an advertising expert. All you need to do is to write down clearly and briefly your idea for a trademark. You may send in as many as you like.

Here is one of the ace directors of Hollywood—with an amazing record of outstanding motion picture successes to his credit. Recall the list of pictures he has made, bear in mind the fact that he intends to produce only the finest type of screen entertainment—and then put on your thinking cap. Try hard to visualize what type of trademark would convey the lofty ideals to which Mr. LeRoy aspires. A trademark that would make people instantly sense that here is an outstanding picture the moment they saw his trademark.

For his first picture as a producer Mr. LeRoy has purchased at great cost *The Grand Passion,* by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx. This exceptional story will be used as the vehicle to present Fernand Gravet, sensational French actor whom Mr. LeRoy discovered abroad and signed to a personal contract. LeRoy is positive that Gravet, handsome, virile and a great natural actor, will be the rage of all Hollywood with his first picture.

Remember this. As Mr. LeRoy says, you don't have

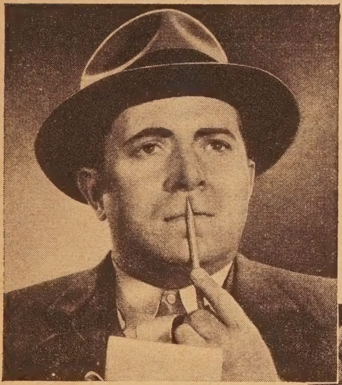
[*Continued on page 71*]

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was *'Oiwin'*— the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D. T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."

Racing Form

Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.

"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

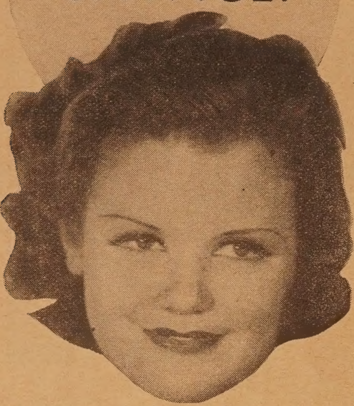
"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE · CAROL
HUGHES · ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE · TEDDY HART

Behold..
The TENDER
SAVAGE!

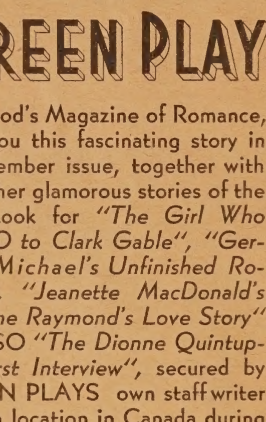


SIMONE SIMON
Presented to you by the famous author, BASIL WOON
who wrote *"Cocktails in Cuba", "Frantic Atlantic"* and other best sellers.

SCREEN PLAY

Hollywood's Magazine of Romance, brings you this fascinating story in its November issue, together with many other glamorous stories of the stars. Look for *"The Girl Who Said NO to Clark Gable", "Gertrude Michael's Unfinished Romance", "Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Raymond's Love Story"* and ALSO *"The Dionne Quintuplets' First Interview"*, secured by SCREEN PLAYS own staff writer while on location in Canada during the filming of the babies' new motion picture.

10c
ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWS-
STANDS



's WING TIME for RUTH!

—*Victor Haveman*

Chatterton is usually up in the air and the by-word of this lady angel is "Won't you step into my cockpit?"

RUTH CHATTERTON is a gallant lady—as an actress, as a person, and as an aviatrix.

In *Dodsworth* she is portraying a woman who if she met her in life, she would despise. Fran Dodsworth is the spoiled, selfish, social-climbing, sensation seeking wife of an automobile manufacturer. It took all of Samuel Goldwyn's famed persuasive powers nearly a year to break down Ruth's decision to have nothing to do with the part.

Yet, when she finished the picture, the crew of studio workers gave her a party on the set, and presented her with a massive bouquet of flowers. A genuine tribute from a gang of hard-boiled guys to an artist who is also a swell person.

Ruth gallantly braved the spotlight of notoriety to lend her moral support to a girl who sorely needed a friend in her time of trouble—Mary Astor. Despite the fact that Ruth was called back to the studio often for retakes and additional scenes during the progress of the trial, and she was tired and busy she never left Mary in the lurch.

Ruth Chatterton had never known Mary Astor until they worked together in the picturization of *Dodsworth*.

There were several other screen stars who might better have lent their friendly aid to Mary Astor, but when none were forthcoming, it was Ruth Chatterton who defied Hollywood custom to come out in the open to aid and defend a fellow

[*Continued on page* 94]

The Year's Greatest Romantic Adventure!

None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene DIETRICH Charles BOYER

The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR

with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

From the book by
ROBERT HICHENS

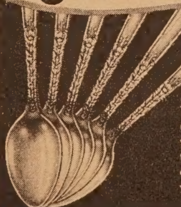
Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN
THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF
Mary Brian
APPEARING IN
"THREE MARRIED MEN"
A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

1881
ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

Such charming silverware is perfectly at home on the gracious tables of Hollywood Stars. And you need not deny yourself the same luxury — for with Quantity Savings of $2.50, a Service for Six Persons, with stainless-blade Hollow-Handle Knives, in a beautiful tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for as little as $13.50

FOR A LIMITED TIME.
Sampler Set
6 TEASPOONS only $1.



THIS Sampler offer is made because we want you to admire one of the three sparkling designs on your own table. See your dealer at once.

LETTER PAGE

Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur, co-stars in *Adventure in Manhattan*, can't agree on a choice of restaurants at lunchtime. They belong on this page, where friendly dissenters raise their voices

A few hearty snubs—and a few orchids from SCREEN BOOK readers. Join this lively group of letter-writers and get in on the money!

$15.00 Letter

Too Much Glitter

SOMETIMES I get tired of seeing so many movies with what is supposed to be an ultra modern setting. I mean this high society life overflowing with formal cocktail parties with smiling men in tails and gushing ladies beaming and bubbling all over the place. Some of the parties are interesting and very "pretty," but we who never get a chance to live that life know that this is too artificial to be an accurate portrayal. I'd rather see pictures in a simpler setting of life in the average American home—stories which adequately describe the joys and sorrows of my neighbors and myself.

Artificial, imaginative, dream world plots are very appealing, I'll admit, but too much is too much!—*Jimbur Dornay, 2002 W. Juneau Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.*

$10.00 Letter

Drop the Dishes

DINNER ware days, glassware days and Bank Nights are just about wrecking the theatres and managers haven't the common sense to know it.

For awhile movie theatre patrons took to them as one would a new toy. Poor pictures are the rule for those days, and patrons began to crack under them as the dishware does under hot water.

Still the theatres are jeopardizing their futures with these schemes. And if managers only knew it they could jam their theatres by the simple means of showing good films. When will they wake up?—*John Thayer, 18 Creighton St., Cambridge, Mass.*

[*Continued on page 92*]

Revolution!! "PLOUGH and the STARS"

"Don't go!" begs Barbara Stanwyck to Preston Foster. In RKO-Radio's *Plough and the Stars* she plays a girl whose love makes her a coward and robs her of patriotism when her husband's life is endangered in the Irish Rebellion of 1916

→
Granville
Sheila
. Bo-
con-
ho,
n
above

Dressed in chic (?) hats, Una O'Connor, Barry Fitzgerald and J. M. Kerrigan are caught off-stage. Kerrigan's top piece is a 1910 Irish derby, the only one in America. Director Ford placed it in a safe each evening, as a comic gesture

SEAN O'CASEY, author of *Plough and the Stars* (which takes its name from designs on the rebel flag), fought in the thrilling Irish uprising, was captured and sentenced. As the squad was about to shoot him, a shell burst overhead and the soldiers raced for cover. O'Casey escaped. The picture's romance is fictional, but the film records these actual occurrences: English officer walking into the Dublin post office to purchase stamps only a few minutes after it was taken by the Irish Army—finding himself prisoner in a rebellion so sudden that no one expected it; shooting of the woman looter as she dropped stolen goods out of a second story window—an incident etched on Dublin memories; snipers treading roofs over citizens' heads, bullets crashing through their windows; burning of the huge post office. In this scene, Barbara, Preston and the rest of the cast took their chances in falling plaster, timbers and crashing glass. Director John Ford barred makeup of any kind for players. The renowned Irish Abbey Players contributed five cast members—players who have lived their rôles.

Have a Clear
LOVELY SKIN
"All Over!"

To be Truly Lovely,
Make Your Skin Lovely
. . . All of It!

GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious *natural* food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make *all* your skin enchantingly lovely.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

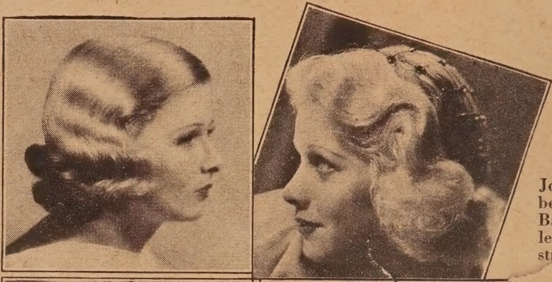
FREE! **Mail Coupon for Trial Sample**

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) *FG 11-36*

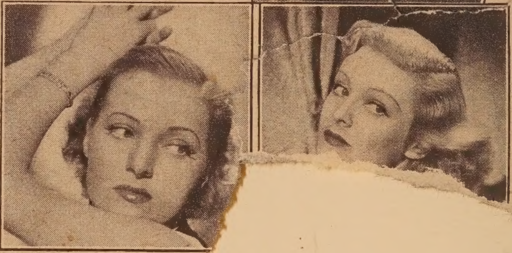
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*______________ *State*__________

SEEING DOUBLES!

Pointing out some astonishing "look alikes" among our movie favorites



Joan Bennett, left, has a beauty rival in Lucille Ball, young RKO starlet. Their voices are strangely similar, too



Show these photographs to your friends who think they are movie wise! . . . not many will be able to tell that these gals are not the same person—but Pat Paterson, left, and Madeleine Carroll

e is the oft-
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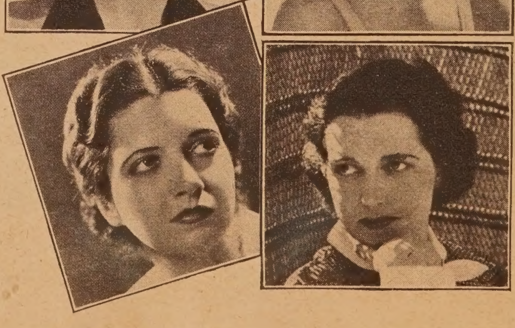
Ann Dvorak
is more marked in photographs than in life



No. You're not seeing Kay Francis twice. That's Mona Barrie (left) looking just a bit pensive—and very much like Kay

and now WINX *brings you*
BALANCED COLORS

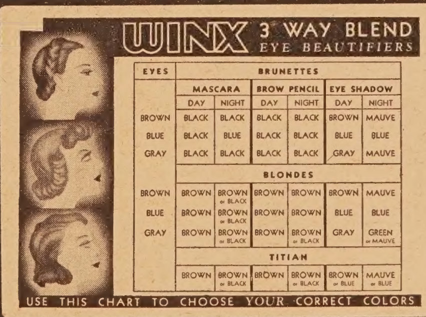
... in the NEW ...
3-WAY BLEND

THAT HARMONIZES

1 *with Your Eyes!*
2 *with Your Complexion!*
3 *with Each Other!*

Yes, it's *real* news! And it's perfect news for the millions of women who've been waiting for the secret of "natural" eye makeup. For with this startling scientific development of true-tone blended colors, WINX has made it possible for every woman to individualize her eye make-up according to her own particular type. Whether you are blonde, brunette, or titian . . . whether your eyes are blue, gray, or brown . . . you will find ***your true*** color scheme in WINX Eye Beautifiers. For all WINX colors have equalized tone values. They not only blend with your eyes and complexion—they actually blend with other WINX colors. Thus a Brown WINX mascara blends not only with the Brown WINX Eye Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil, but also with any other WINX color—be it even the Blue, Green, or Mauve Eye Shadow. In this, you have the secret of "natural" make-up. The face, the eyes, the brows, the lashes, colors—are blended into one harmonious, alluring picture. So try these new Blended WINX products today. Only with colors which blend with each other can you obtain "natural" eye make-up. On sale at your local department, drug, or 5 and 10 cent store.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers



WINX 3 WAY BLEND
EYE BEAUTIFIERS

EYES	BRUNETTES					
	MASCARA		BROW PENCIL		EYE SHADOW	
	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT
BROWN	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BLACK	BLUE	BLACK	BLACK	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	GRAY	MAUVE
	BLONDES					
BROWN	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	GRAY	GREEN or MAUVE
	TITIAN					
	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN or BLUE	MAUVE or BLUE

USE THIS CHART TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT COLORS

Look for this WINX color harmony chart at your 5 and 10 cent store counter. It tells you what colors to use for your type and eliminates guess work in eye make-up.

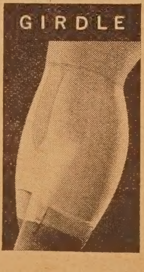
Rhapsody
LASTEX CREATIONS
Styled by
HICKORY

YOU'LL WANT BOTH
Foundation and Girdle

"Rhapsody" offers newfound comfort with adequate support for the figure which needs more than mere "holding in". Styled of extra firmly-knitted two-way stretch Lastex—actually controls and moulds. Boning at front shapes comfortably and smoothly.

Enjoy the Girdle for About Town and every day wear—and the Foundation for Dress and Formal occasions. It's an economy to have the set of two at only $9 and up. May be had separately, of course.

"Rhapsody" Girdle $4 and up—Sizes: 28 to 34. "Rhapsody" Foundation $5 and up—Sizes: 34 to 40. You should find "Rhapsody" and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE brochure. Address: 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago.



A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

A *Surprise* a Minute!

By
Elmer
Staude

Josephine Hutchinson is as colorful as—well, her red hair, for instance

YOU'VE gone shopping, and come home with everything but the one thing you vowed you wouldn't forget, haven't you? Well, Josephine Hutchinson made me forget what I went for the other afternoon when I went to interview her.

My mind was made up when her maid answered my ring. Waiting there in her attractive living room, beginning to feel the personality reflected by the handsome, tasteful, simple furnishings, I knew exactly what I wanted Josephine Hutchinson to tell me about herself. Everything was okay so far.

Czerny on the piano. Hmmm—she's interested in music. Must have been practicing—the music is open. Sure a lot of books about—bookcases in the wall almost everywhere you look—filled with the kind of books the intellectual goes for—Chekov, Ibsen, Philosophy, Romaine Rolland's *Jean Christophe*. *Stage* Magazine and a *New York Times* drama section on the table. She's still interested in the stage and what's happening on Broadway. Can't get away from the theatre. Another one of these actresses who would rather do one play behind the footlights than twenty pictures in front of Klieg lights.

No wonder they don't put Hutchinson in some frivolous story, light comedy or farce. She's intrinsically serious and intellectual.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long," the object of my speculations spoke as she walked in with extended hand and the warmest kind of a smile.

"I think we will be more comfortable out in the patio, if you can bear the obtrusive attention of a couple of flies who seem to like it out here.

"You will find little Puck a darling," she said, as a Cairn Terrier rushed up to greet us. "But the little Howitzer—you see isn't polite enough to come over and speak to you like a gentleman. I haven't named him

[*Continued on page 68*]

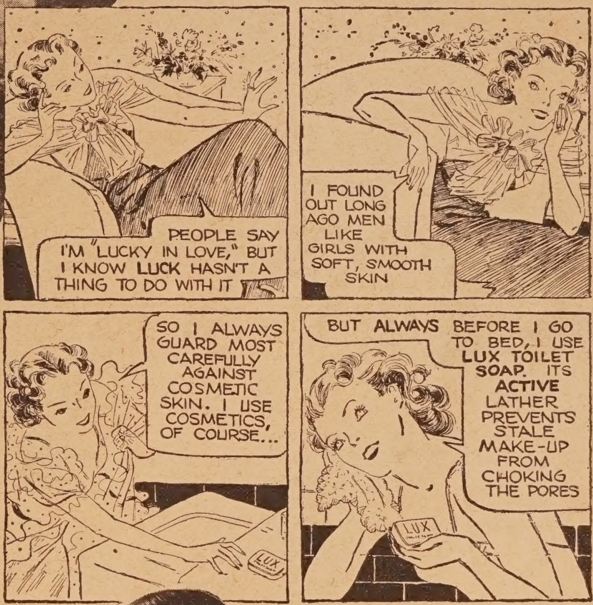
"When skin is really lovely men always notice"

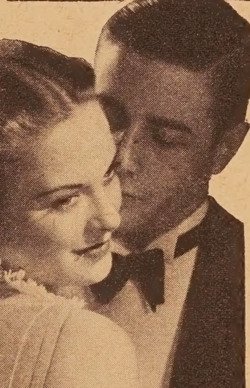
LORETTA YOUNG

20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

STAR OF "LADIES IN LOVE"

Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret


PEOPLE SAY I'M "LUCKY IN LOVE," BUT I KNOW LUCK HASN'T A THING TO DO WITH IT
I FOUND OUT LONG AGO MEN LIKE GIRLS WITH SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
SO I ALWAYS GUARD MOST CAREFULLY AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN. I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE...
BUT ALWAYS BEFORE I GO TO BED, I USE LUX TOILET SOAP. ITS ACTIVE LATHER PREVENTS STALE MAKE-UP FROM CHOKING THE PORES
LUX
LUX



LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

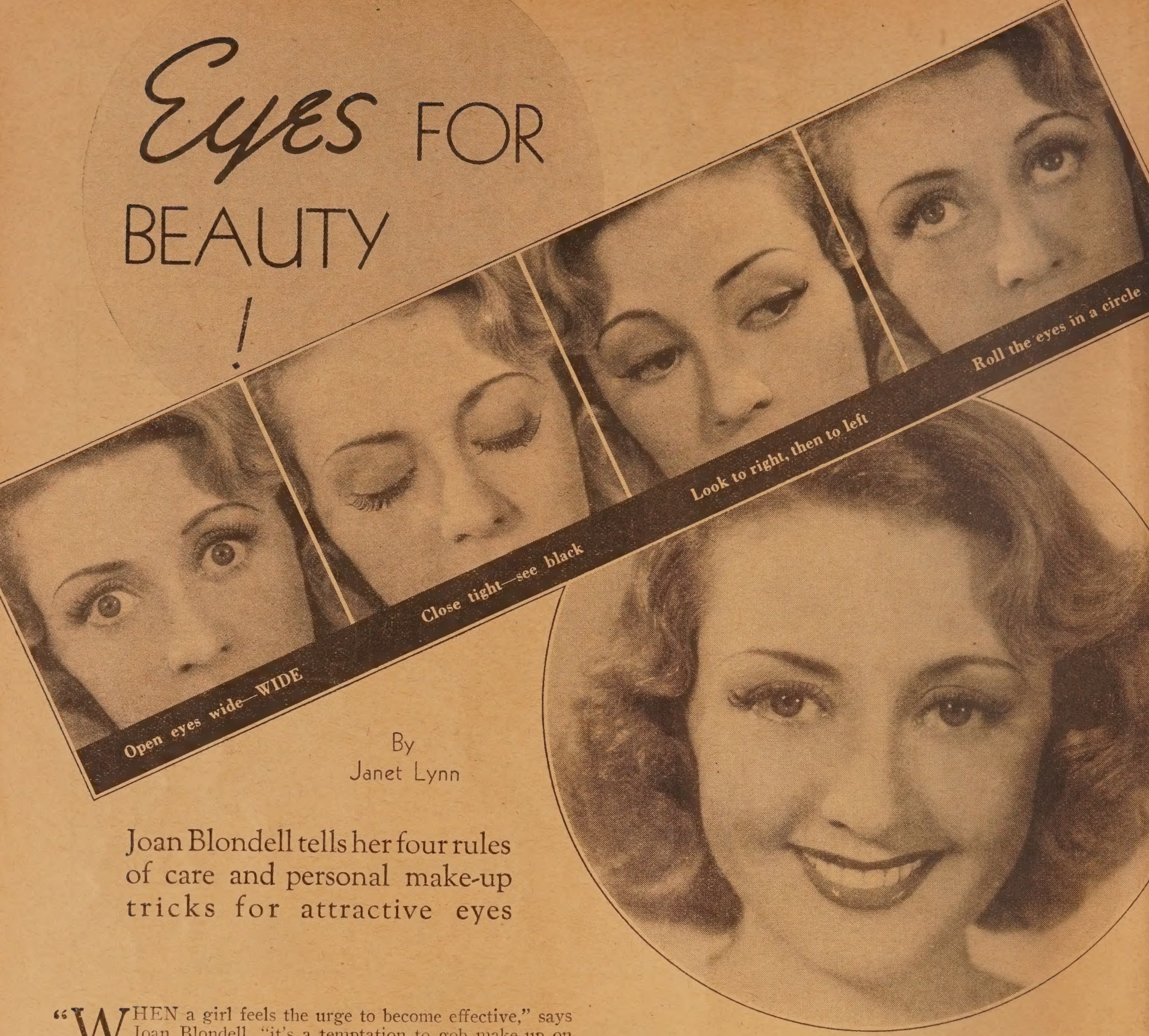
"IT'S wonderful," says Loretta Young, "how you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for *you*. Why don't you try it?

YOU want to have the charm of smooth, clear skin. So follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap.

Eyes FOR BEAUTY!



Open eyes wide—WIDE

Close tight—see black

Look to right, then to left

Roll the eyes in a circle

By
Janet Lynn

Joan Blondell tells her four rules of care and personal make-up tricks for attractive eyes

Exercise and constant care give that sparkle to Joan's lovely blue eyes. You'll see Joan next in *Golddiggers of 1937*

"WHEN a girl feels the urge to become effective," says Joan Blondell, "it's a temptation to gob make-up on the eyes, but it's the daily care of the optics that makes them lovely. Shaping brows and mascara-ing lashes around reddened or tired eyes is like trying to call attention away from a bad painting with a fancy frame. I have four rules for eye beauty which I follow religiously before I even think of dipping into a cosmetic.

(And Joan's eyes had an added sparkle because she had just come from the set of *Golddiggers of 1937* where she plays opposite Dick Powell, her real life heart throb.)

"1. Avoid strong sunlight or glaring electric lights. Since we must have sun baths, never forget your dark glasses. They'll help to keep away crow's-feet and lessen eyestrain.

"2. Bathe your eyes daily with a good eye lotion, particularly on dusty days, as particles of dirt will make them dull and inflamed.

3. Rest your eyes during the day as often as possible. Use a regulation black beauty mask or a band over your eyes if the light disturbs them. If you are working concentratedly at something at close range, raise your eyes frequently and look into the distance as far as you can.

"4. Exercise your eyes. Just as exercise strengthens every other muscle in the body, it will do wonders for the eye muscles.

"These exercises can be done at any time of the day when you have a spare five minutes. Open your eyes wide—WIDE—until you feel a decided pull on the muscles. Then close the eyes tight—until you see black. Another set of muscles will speak up. Hold your head erect and look as far right as possible without moving your head, then as far left. Do this five times. Now describe a circle with your eyes, again without moving the head. Count ten and describe a reverse circle with the eyes.

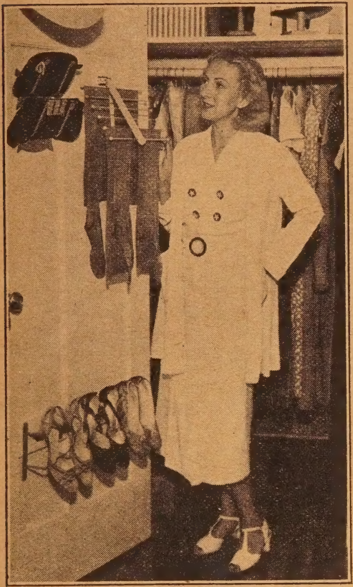
"Apply cosmetics judiciously. Eye shadow should be used only on the upper lid to add depth and luminosity to the eyes. It is my opinion that brown shadow is the most generally flattering to blue eyes and I, myself, use this shade, being careful to apply it sparingly so that it will appear merely as a darker tint of the natural skin.

"The purpose of mascara is to accentuate the lashes which will in turn emphasize the size and beauty of the eye. Apply mascara to the upper lashes from below, stroking upward. Because my eyes are large and round I do not apply mascara to my lower lashes, although many girls can do so with an attractive effect.

"However, it is a good rule never to use shadow or pencil below the eyes as only one girl in a thousand can do so with anything but disastrous results. A line below the eyes gives a haggard, tired look to the face and dispels the charm of otherwise lovely eyes.

[*Continued on page 70*]

HOLLYWOOD TIPS for HOME MAKERS



Karen Morley is more than pleased with the new closet "gadgets" furnished to her by the Elco people . . . And indeed it is a closet to be proud of! No more untidy closets in Karen's house . . . there is a place for everything . . . A rack to keep her hose from snagging or being pulled out of shape . . . a handy place to put her bags . . . another rack for her shoes and a hanger to keep her hats in shape . . . The remarkable part of it is, it utilizes space now going to waste . . . They make tie racks for your husband, too!

If your husband is anything of a golfer, he will take a tip from Bing Crosby . . . Bing says that one little speck of rust on a club will spoil its designed balance, especially when the rust is removed by an abrasive . . . Now the difficult task of cleaning golf clubs has been amazingly simplified . . . Only a few moments need be spent on the set to keep it in top shape . . . The answer is good old Brillo . . . It is a soft wooly metal-fibre pad that is even used on fine aluminum ware . . . You probably have a package of it in your home now!

•

And while we are on floor coverings . . . Take a look at some of those new designs offered by the Armstrong Cork Company in the way of linoleums before you plan any changes in your kitchen . . . Your local decorator ought to be able to show you a full line of their products! And the kitchen isn't the only room in your house they can do wonders with . . . They have a unique design for every room in your house, from the play room to the bath room and they are *so* easy to keep up.

[*Continued on page* 91]

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet LOTION COLGATE

SPECIAL OFFER!

60¢ VALUE FOR ONLY 39¢

Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 10¢
Both for 39¢

TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW

Cashmere Bouquet

LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satin-smooth, alluring!

YOU will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more *soothing!* Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic . . . even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely . . . never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last . . . but certainly not least . . . you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume . . . the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too . . . at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?

Cashmere Bouquet
Introductory Package
60¢ Value for 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap 10¢
Total Value 60¢
Cashmere Bouquet Introductory Package 60¢ Value for 39¢

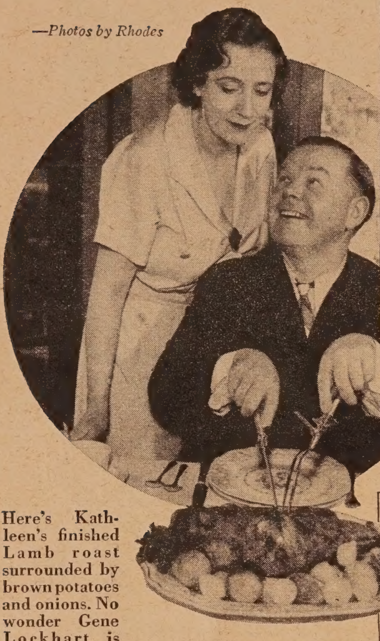
GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!

Remember, for limited time only!

"LAMBING IT" with the Lockharts

Gene and Kathleen Lockhart know how to cook a full meal in an electric roaster!

—*Photos by Rhodes*



Here's Kathleen's finished Lamb roast surrounded by brown potatoes and onions. No wonder Gene Lockhart is smiling!

by Joan Davis

"OUR kitchen wall paper will make your mouth water," Kathleen Lockhart prophesied as we made our way to the kitchen of her new home after exploring every nook and cranny and I had exhausted my supply of adjectives of praise. "You'll see carrots, beets, cabbages—all kinds of tempting vegetables lending color to the white tile."

Mrs. Lockhart was "chief cook and bottle washer" that evening as the cook was enjoying a well-earned vacation, after moving the Lockharts into their new residence, and it was now time to think of dinner for Gene who was coaxing melodious chords from the piano for his latest song. Kathleen had described her new stove and electrical kitchen equipment to me and I was anxious to see the new labor saving devices I knew she would have.

"You *must* be a wizard in the kitchen," I exclaimed, looking in vain for the stove. "Just how do you expect to cook dinner?"

"Oh, the stove hasn't been delivered yet," she informed me nonchalantly, removing a leg of lamb from the refrigerator and handing me a sack of peas to shell.

Kathleen sets the temperature dial at 500 degrees and pours Heinz Olive Oil into center compartment of roaster

Lightly rub roast with seasonings and dredge with flour while roaster is preheating

Gene watches as Kathleen pours peas into compartment to be placed beside the roasting meat

"I see—it's a case of mind over matter," I observed flippantly. "Gene eats canned sardines on crackers while looking at the table decorated with an uncooked lamb roast and vegetables, and murmurs 'Ah, that faint suggestion of garlic in the roast is perfect!' I knew he was versatile to say the least—a song writer, a playwright, a stage director, an author and an actor—but those attributes fade into nothing compared with his powers of imagination."

"Now—now, just be calm and shell the peas," admonished Kathleen, plugging an electric cord into a convenient outlet. "I have all the equipment necessary for Gene's favorite dinner and a great many other meals—now that the electricity is turned on."

Then I saw her Nesco De Luxe Roaster! These electric roasters are surely the last word in efficiency. Kathleen set the temperature dial for preheating and before long, she was cooking roast lamb, browned potatoes and onions, minted peas and a dessert simultaneously in the three compartments of the roaster. Add a salad and the result is a perfect meal!

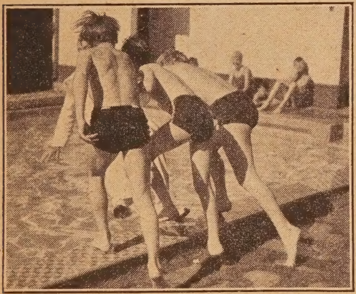
While she bustled about, Gene wandered from room to room—playing snatches of popular songs—typing a few lines of a new radio skit—teasing their pure white canary—and becoming a general nuisance in the kitchen (except that his genial personality and eternal good humor always assures him of a welcome).

It's truly a joy to be around this unaffected couple. Their mode of living is so unostentatious, it proves seasoned troupers of the stage and screen can be "just folks"—and if you don't believe Kathleen is as [*Continued on page* 54]

"U-m-m, Apple Betty!" says Gene when he sees the cracker crumbs and sliced apples

DUNKING Your Host!

Mickey Rooney is presented a cup for winning a swimming race in Woody Van Dyke's pool. Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper protest the decision



So they push the famous director into his own pool—at the party he gave for them. That's gratitude for you . . .

But all's well that ends well. Freddie, above, looks the worse for his wetting—and as if he were going to catch the never-get-overs

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (27) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Together Again!

GARY COOPER
and
JEAN ARTHUR

Remember them in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town?* Of course you do, and now Gary and Jean are together again in a rip-roaring romance drama, *The Plainsman.*

You will want to see this new picture on the screen—but how would you like to read the complete fiction story of the new film before the movie is shown anywhere, and that story illustrated with scenes from the production?

You can do just that. Only one magazine, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, is printing the complete fiction story.

Other fictionized movies in the big November issue (on sale October 1) include *Libeled Lady,* with Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, William Powell, Spencer Tracy; *The Bowery Princess,* with Shirley Temple; and eight other big stories. Get your copy today.

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Romantic
Movie Stories
10c
Nov.

For sweet charity's sake Anita Louise turns waitress. Lloyd Nolan apologizes for not having ordered what she brings!!

—*Rhodes*

By
Henry
Willson

Our Hollywood FRIVOLITIES!

Your news sleuth tells you how Hollywood really is going to the dogs!

NEVER a dull moment with that Robert Taylor fellow! Instead of doing the usual thing and adopting a dog, Bob set out with the idea of letting a dog adopt him! Barbara Stanwyck was with him, and together they raided a Hollywood pet shop and asked the startled manager to turn loose every dachshund in the place.

"We'll sit on the floor," said Bob, "and see which of them likes us best."

For three hours they sat on the floor while some two dozen delighted dachshunds licked their hands, mussed their clothes and, generally, romped all over them.

It was a tough job, but Bob finally settled on a sleek black puppy that got in his hair (as well as his heart) with more persistence than the others.

Folks, meet Pretzel!

WHICH brings us up to ten-year-old Benny Bartlett's sad and retrospective slant on life.

Noticing the growing affection between Benny and "Queenie," a dog they were using in the picture *Three Married Men,* Director Eddie Buzzell asked the youngster if he had a dog of his own.

"Not now I haven't," Benny sighed. "But I had a swell one when I was a kid."

Cheer up, Benny. Old age has its compensations, too, and remember that fun begins at forty.

Add romantic news: Ida Lupino beams because Louis Hayward doesn't have to go to London

IT SADDENS us to report that discord has already found its savage way into the honeymoon cottage of the newly-wed Fred MacMurrays. Tch, tch. Likewise, lack-a-day.

The cause of it all is a best friend of Fred's bachelor days and a devoted pal of Lillian's single blessedness!

The "best friend" and "devoted pal" are, respectively, a mongrel dog and a Maltese cat, and the way those two crossed up an otherwise happy homecoming was a caution!

They just didn't seem to get into the spirit of the thing. And Fred and the missus, who are naturally very much in love, wisely decided to let them figure it out in their own way, the winner to abide in peace in the MacMurray menage, forever after.

For a while, it looked like a tie. But, the day the kids tip-toed in and watched the pup gallantly offering to "shake hands" with his arch enemy, and getting a belligerent [*Continued on page* 82]

"I had a swell dog when I was a kid . . ." mourns Benny Bartlett

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"Really remarkable!" says **BINNIE BARNES**

★ Featured in "The Last of the Mohicans," a Reliance picture released through United Artists.

RICHARD HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
55¢ each

INDEED it *is* remarkable . . . this new Eye-Matched Makeup, the face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara that are *scientifically* color-harmonized, and keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

Stage and screen stars, artists and fashion authorities, beauties and beauty editors agree that it's better. Nine out of ten of the million women who have bought Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup say it makes them look younger, lovelier, immediately more attractive.

Write your favorite beauty editor. Ask your own drug or department store . . . they'll recommend Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup, tell you to buy the *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, mascara if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type, if they're gray; *Parisian* type, brown; *Continental* type, hazel. Full size packages, 55¢ each. (Canada, 65¢.)

Buy this new makeup by the color of your eyes . . . and be lovelier, for *his* eyes . . . tonight!

MARVELOUS REG U S PAT OFF
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP
by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

COPYRIGHT 1936, BY RICHARD HUDNUT

TODAY'S GOSSIP

Here's where you get the real low-down on the cinema high-ups!

Music hath charms . . . 'tis said. Apparently musicians have charms for one another, too, for here are engaged Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz. Two tiny but mighty people

WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS after the Mary Astor court trial was over, Miss Astor was present at a night club, squired by Michael Bartlett.

And the following night Mike stepped out with Anita Louise—which is a study in contrasts, if you ask us!

TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT that the Jean Harlow-William Powell romance is coming to a sad, sad end. As Bill has always said, his next wife will not be mixed up with a movie career. He wants a woman who wants to be a wife and a wife alone. The sad expression on Jean's face these days tells the story better than words.

There is a scene in the new Harlow-Powell-Loy-Tracy picture, *Libeled Lady*, in which Jean had to say of Powell: "Why, I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world!" They had to take it five times—there was a peculiar sob in Jean's throat.

AT THE MOMENT Clark Gable and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, ex-husband of Mary Astor, are on a hunting trip. They are after deers. Be sure and keep those two E's in there, Mr. Linotyper, and don't change one of them into an A.

CLARK GABLE has paraphrased the old saying—"If you see it in ——— it's so." Clark made an appearance on the radio, and a certain columnist said, or rather wrote, that Clark's stipend was $5,000 for the broadcast.

As a matter of fact, he actually was paid $3,500.

On his next broadcast Clark was offered $3,500. He pulled out the clipping and remarked that he could not afford to make a liar out of the columnist.

His price was $5,000. He got it.

WITH GRETA GARBO back in Hollywood and working on her picture *Camille*, the usual rumors are about that Garbo was seen at this premiére and that premiére and in the Hollywood Boulevard shops, etc.

What causes all the rumors is a gal named Chris Marie Meeker, an amazing double of Garbo, who has a yen to step out and do her stuff every time Garbo is in Hollywood.

Garbo is as much of a recluse as ever.

WHEN JAMES STEWART answers the phone he always says, in a most dignified fashion, "Stewart speaking." Recently he said that and a female voice came back at him, "And this is Joan Crawford speaking."

"Yes, and I suppose you want me

Merle Oberon and Walter Huston take their food where they find it . . . in Merle's dressing-room suite where she partied for the Acting British Consul, who visited the *Dodsworth* set to launch the R. M. S. Queen Mary—a full-size replica of the boat deck on the real ocean-going ship

Three beautiful blondes: Glenda Farrell, Mary Carlisle and Jean Harlow. Jean, shopping for a new car, had excited salesmen quite agog when she appeared personally in the showrooms to come to a party? Stop kidding now, who is this?"

"This *is* Joan Crawford, and I do want you to come to a party. You must be psychic. Will you? On the 20th. Franchot and I are both very anxious to meet you."

"Well, now, isn't that nice," continued Jimmie, still not believing. "I've always wanted to meet him too. Come on now, who is this?"

Finally she persuaded him. It *was* Joan Crawford. It was before they worked together in *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Just goes to prove his modesty; plainly he was figuring, "Why should Joan Crawford want to call me?"

JACK OAKIE now wears a gold identification bracelet. As though you could ever miss that mugg! But since it was a present from his wife, we assume she wants you to know where to send him if you find him out some night.

Oakie's most recent quip, incidentally, came about like this: "Why, Jack," said Gladys Swarthout, "you've got the loveliest big dimples—just like Shirley Temple." Whereupon the rotund Oakie looked sour and grunted, "What, Shirley Temple! That old hag!"

QUITE PROBABLY by the time this is printed you already will have heard of the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita separation. If not, you may look for it soon. Knowing the restless Flynn as we do we can't wonder. No city, no country, no job, no man will ever hold him for long. Right now he is definitely planning to end his picture career, and once again take up traveling and writing.

AN INSIDE STORY of Filmland concerns the smart manner in which a studio publicity department outwitted four feminine stars cast to appear in one picture.

The four were Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon.

A couple of the gals are noted for their display of temperament when things do not go to suit them, and casting four lady stars in one picture was rated as a daring thing.

However the picture, and mighty good too, went on its way rather peacefully.

The reason—before the picture started the publicity department is said to have suggested to each in turn, without the others knowing it, that it would be a good stunt to frame feuds and the like.

The idea worked like a charm. Not one of them would go for the stunt. Result—harmony prevailed.

What we call smart work.

TIP TO BOYS and girls who want to get into pictures.

Get a job on one of the planes making the transcontinental trips, planes on which so many picture executives ride.

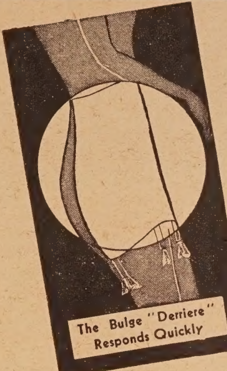
Within one week three different people, working on planes were grounded by studio officials.

B. P. Schulberg, Paramount producer, discovered a handsome young co-pilot on a plane. He is now in Hollywood with a fine contract. Frank Tuttle, director, placed under personal contract a pretty air hostess and marched her from the plane right into Hollywood and another director grabbed an air hostess from a plane

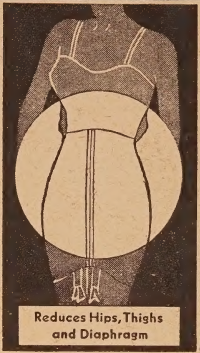
[*Continued on page 76*]

"*Quickly* CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS

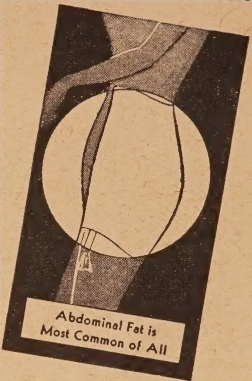
PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES... IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!



The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly



Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm



Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the Perfolastic Girdle

. . . it will cost you nothing!

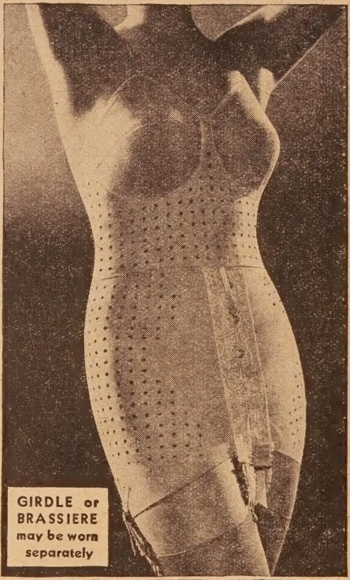
THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES," Writes Miss Richardson! "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.



TEST . . . The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!

■ With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing... we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

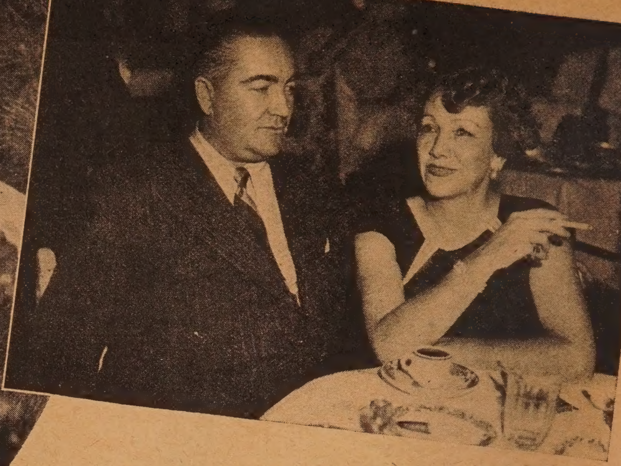
PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 711, 41 East 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

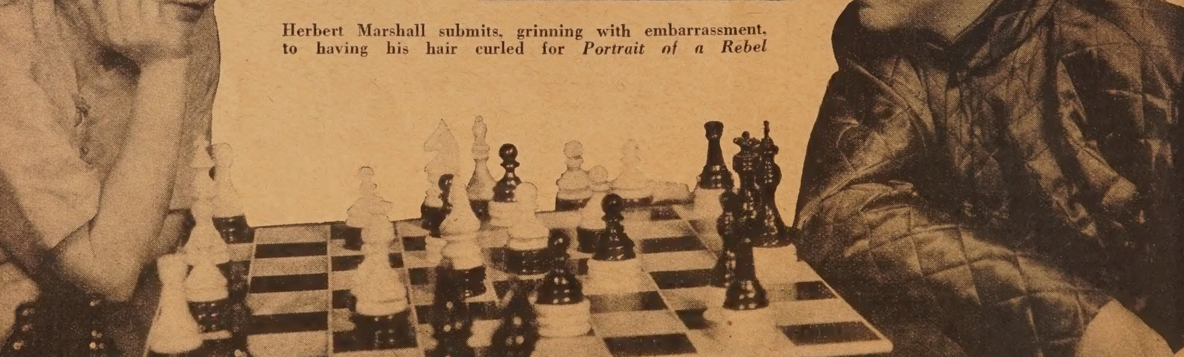
Intent on her career, Warner's starlet, Ann Sheridan, refused all dates for nearly a year. Then she surprised everybody by eloping with Ed Norris, young actor



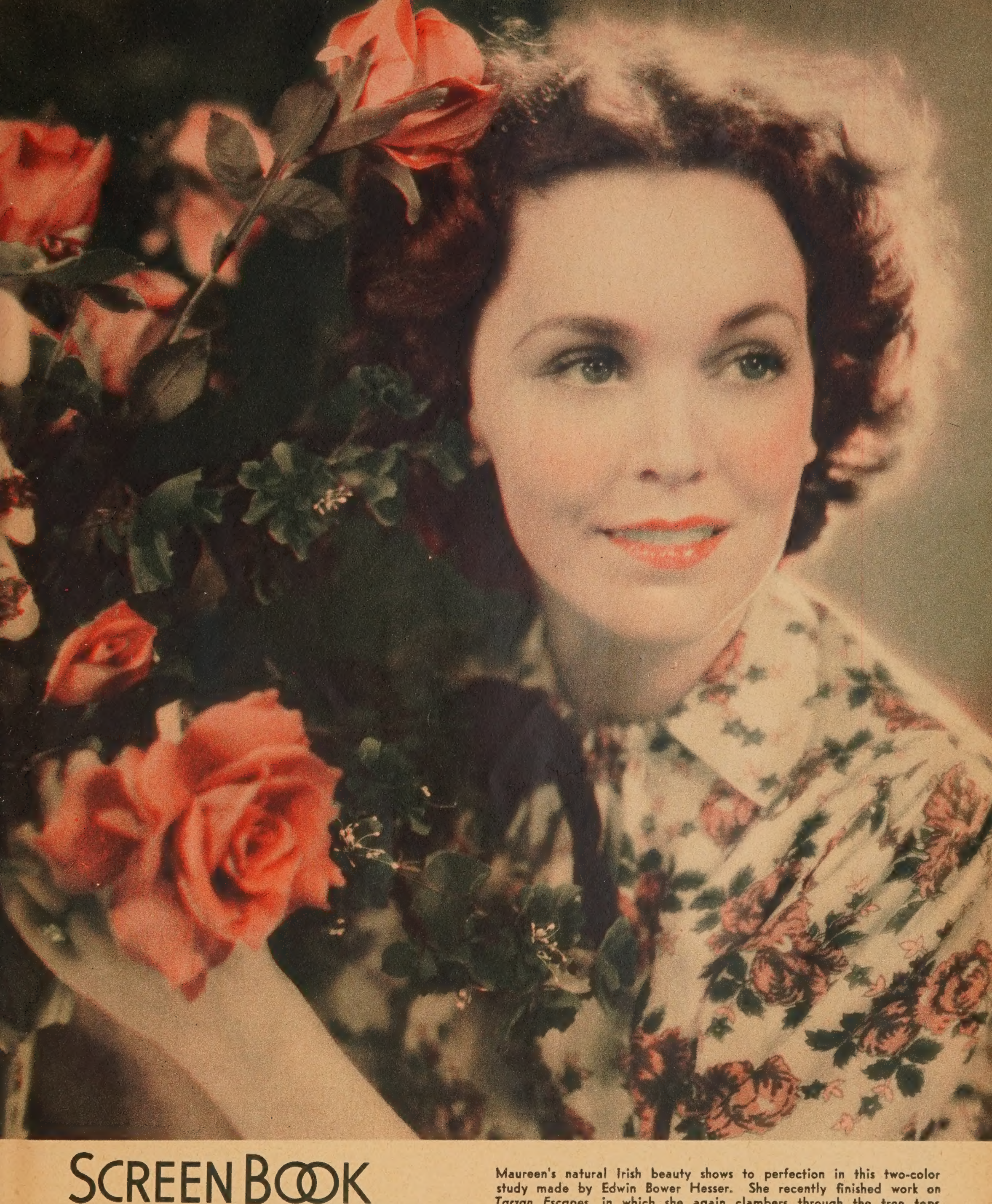
A new romance! Marjorie Gateson is engaged to marry Kerry Conway, a business man. Here they are caught dining with the Fawcett Movieland tour group

Photo News

Herbert Marshall submits, grinning with embarrassment, to having his hair curled for *Portrait of a Rebel*



Isabel Jewell and Ronald Colman played a hard-fought series of chess games during filming of *Lost Horizon.* So engrossed did they become in their marathon that Director Capra sometimes had to send a messenger to rouse them and summon them back to the set



SCREEN BOOK
presents
Maureen O'Sullivan

Maureen's natural Irish beauty shows to perfection in this two-color study made by Edwin Bower Hesser. She recently finished work on *Tarzan Escapes*, in which she again clambers through the tree tops with Johnny Weissmuller. Twenty-five-year-old Maureen has reached another milestone in her life: marriage with John Farrow, the blond screen writer to whom she was engaged for many years

Ginger has been pulling the wool over our eyes long enough, so we've decided to tell on her. Read this amusing story if you want to be in the know about

The GREAT GINGER ROGERS HOAX!

BILL SEITER, the eminent director, had a noted sense of humor, but it deserted him, for once, in an hour of grievous need.

He stared with dazed, unbelieving eyes at the young lady from Paris.

He read, for the third time, the note of introduction which she had brought from J. R. McDonough, former chairman of the board.

The young lady was obviously determined. The note was more than an introduction; in grim reality it was an unmistakable, curt order to give the bearer an important rôle in the forthcoming Ginger Rogers picture, *In Person.*

"McDonough's gone nuts," he told himself. "He's gone stark, raving mad. He's crazy as a loon—or is this just a nightmare . . . ?"

He pinched himself, glanced again at his visitor—and shuddered. That coarse, dank black hair . . . those shell-rimmed glasses . . . those incongruous green eyes . . . THOSE . . . OH, LORD . . . THOSE. . . .

With perfect timing, the young lady smiled and once more those two rows of protruding, distorted *teeth* mangled the Seiter sensibilities. Bill thought, not irrelevantly, of a certain camel whose acquaintance he had made in the Selig Zoo . . . he thought of a sheepshead he once caught on a Florida fishing trip. And the shudder became a seismic disturbance.

"I—I—but *really,*" he struggled, ". . . . the picture's practically . . . I mean there really isn't a part left . . . weeks ago . . . the cast, you see . . . it's practically completed . . . completed . . . and. . . ."

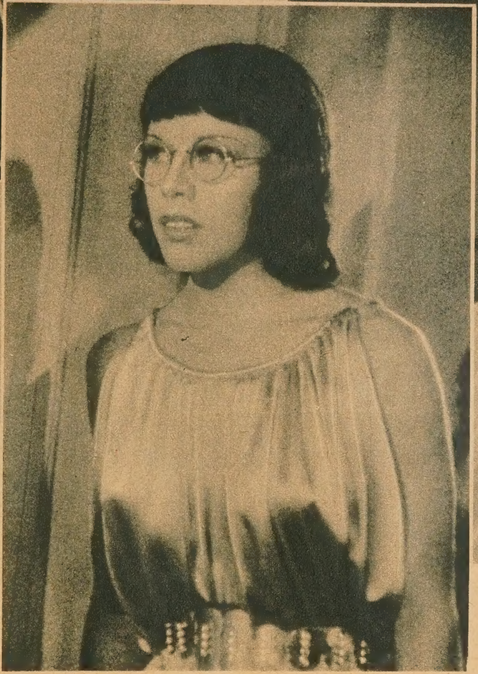
"Oui, oui," assented mademoiselle eagerly. "I am on'erstan'. I am simpatique. Eet ees mos' on . . . how you say onfotunate . . . but M'sieu McDonough, ee 'ave assure me . . . ee was mos' positeeve. . . ."

Bill Seiter thought desperately—and the name of McDonough, which in those days should have been sacred to anyone working for RKO, acquired explosive prefixes and suffixes as he thought.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe we could write in a maid's part.

By Eric L. Ergenbright

Above, your favorite actress as Queen Elizabeth. This photograph is taken from a clip of movie film



You may have seen this face on the screen —but you don't know the whole hilarious story of how it came to be filmed

Is this Ginger in *Swing Time*—or isn't it? Knowing her as we do, we wonder

Maybe . . . listen, you wait here. . . ." And he fled from his office precipitously, as that awful jack-o-lantern smile again lighted the incredible face of mademoiselle from gay Paree.

In the anteroom, he telephoned Pandro S. Berman, the producer.

And with the phone call, his last hope died, for Berman, equally distressed, could only answer. . . .

"I've seen her—and I know how you feel. But it's McDonough's orders and you'll have to write in a part. . . ."

Poor Bill! He staggered back into his office, suffering from an emotional condition which a psycho-analyst would have pronounced a combination of homicidal-mania, acidosis, psychotic melancholia and suicidal urge.

"You win," he announced with excusable venom. "We'll write in a maid's role. . . ."

"Tres magnifique!" said mademoiselle. "I am veree 'appee!"

Bill could stand no more. He turned away and stared moodily through the window, watching the bustle of activity along the studio streets, and his thoughts dwelt somberly on the remarks that would be made by "the boys."

Suddenly his gloomy reverie was disturbed by a well-known voice.

"Bill Seiter, I've always wanted to play a dual rôle!"

Bill whirled . . . stared . . . choked. . . .

For there sat Ginger Rogers, demurely holding in her lap a black wig, a pair of tortoise-shell specs and a set of God-awful dental monstrosities.

And the Rogers laughter, which begins as a spasmodic chortling well below the diaphragm and gradually builds until it reaches a cyclonic shriek, filled the air.

Ginger later wore that same makeup as a disguise in *In Person.*

If you saw the picture, you know how poor Bill Seiter must have felt. Ginger had worked out the details with Mel Burns, Radio's makeup man. Knowing that Seiter hadn't seen it, she resolved upon a practical joke.

SHE'S been known to miss a meal occasionally, but never, never, never has she missed an opportunity to play a practical joke. That's generally supposed to be the way she keeps thin. Instead of dieting as other stars do, she lies awake of nights trying to think up new gags to play upon her co-workers and pals. The loss of sleep in itself tends to ward off excess weight and the laughing that follows does the rest.

For instance, there was the one that she and a New York editor conceived and executed when first she came to Hollywood. Ginger was introduced to a certain producer as Miss Elizabeth Dupont—of *the* Duponts, you know. And the society-mad producer spent three days trying to persuade her to go into pictures. P. S. Ginger

[*Continued on page* 84]

Their first meetings were unconventional—and amusing! Their romance is extraordinarily un-Hollywood! This scoop story tells you all about it

How Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond Fell In Love!

By
Harry Lang

THE most amazing story that's come out of Hollywood in years:

Two of the very biggest stars of the screen marrying—*and neither of them has ever been married before . . . ! ! !*

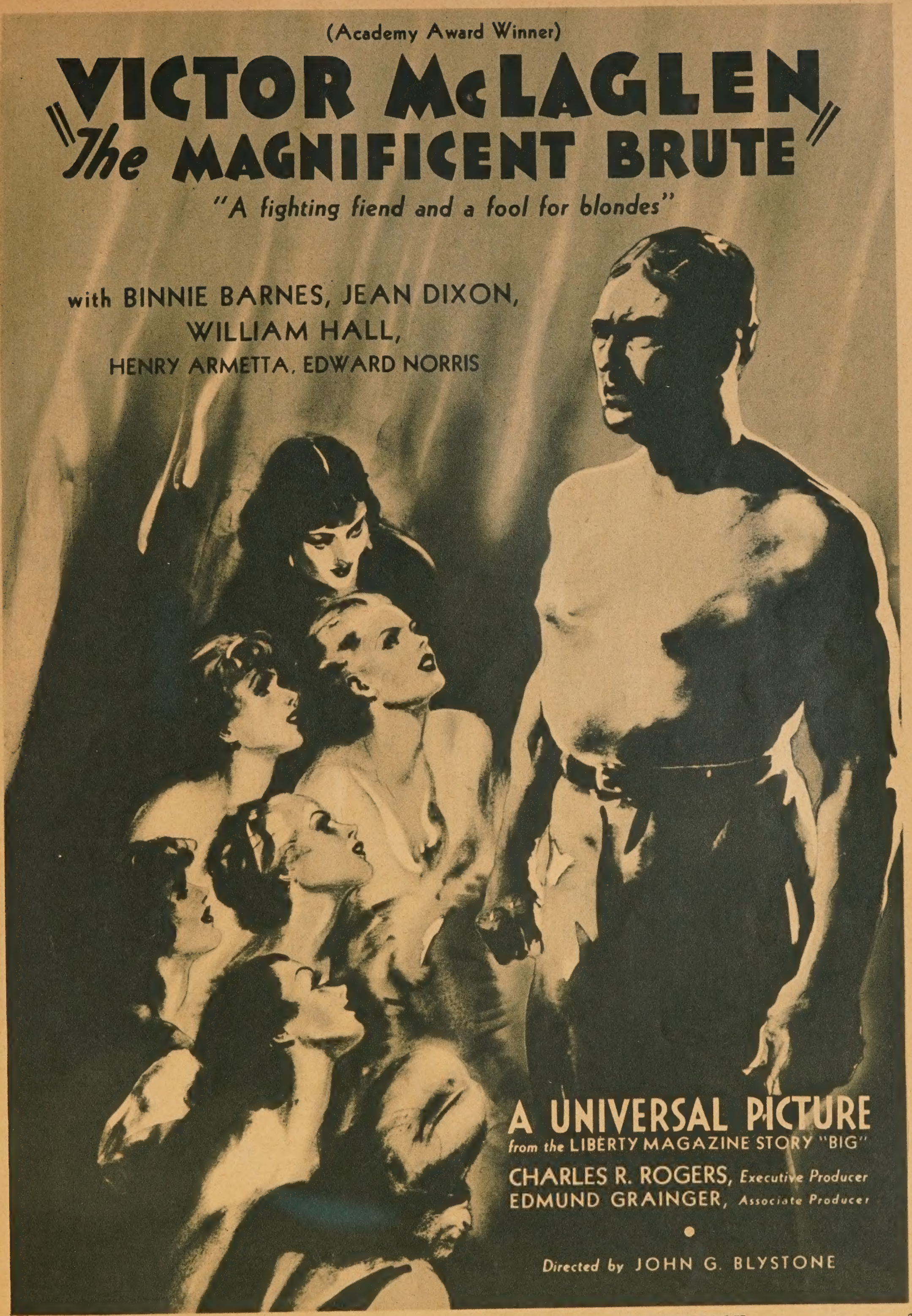
And there, in a nutshell, is the whole story of this Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond romance that has the hearts of the whole movie-going world beating in tune with these young lovers. There, epitomized in a single clause, is the *real story behind* the Gene-Jeanette love-tale—a romance utterly sweet, utterly un-"Hollywood," as soft and as warm as the naive dreams of a schoolgirl about the golden knight who must some day come into her life. . . .

For here—in Gene and Jeanette—are no two wordly, smart-cracking, sex-conscious, shoulder-shrugging so-called "sophisticates" just taking a winking fling at matrimony. Regardless of their fame and position, they are two kids who have found for the first time that they are really in love, and they are as starry-eyed and trembling-hearted about it as any two young kids on your block! Believe me, when Jeanette and Gene go to the altar, it'll be no two movie-stars getting married for a front-page blurb; it'll be lovers finding Paradise and forgetting there's a world around them.

And I'll be triple-hanged if I ever dreamed that I'd ever have the chance to write *that* kind of story out of Hollywood!

I don't believe you fans know the *real* story of the romance. You see, there's been so much written about it—so much twaddle and conjecture and pure hooey. So many columnists have wise-cracked about it. So many self-appointed know-it-alls have postured around and given you "the inside" of it.

Now here, authorized by Jeanette and Gene themselves, and told by one of their most intimate [*Continued on page* 52]



(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

"The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

●

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

Eleanor Powell's MUSICAL DIARY!

By
Marcella March

And well may 23-year-old Eleanor Torrey Powell laugh, for *Born to Dance* is a smash-hit picture. Her nickname is Ding. She eats dinner with her feet in a basin of hot water after a day of dancing. She loves teaching her friends to tap, and has installed a tiny hardwood square before her door so callers may do a few tap steps instead of ringing the bell

BORN TO DANCE! It's the name of her latest picture . . . but she could have the three words engraved on her calling cards and embroidered on her undies without deviating from the truth even a little bit. There's no background of childish carefreeness in Eleanor Powell's life; no school girl romances to punctuate her adolescence; no serious love affair to lend meaning to the present. You can say it with music, as far as Eleanor Powell is concerned. Her diary is recorded on wax discs, and she can play it on the victrola . . . records of a life that have been lived to melody.

Beethoven's "Minuet in G" is the first entry in Eleanor Powell's musical life story. It was the first tune she danced to in the little school where her mother had taken her to see if her shyness could not be overcome.

It was rather fun, and she danced with an ear for the music and an eye fearfully cast on the other six-year-olds who were in the figure with her. Eleanor was afraid of other children. And the moment that the Minuet had ended and the dance was over, she bowed ceremoniously to the little boy who was her partner . . . and made a hasty dash for the sanctuary of her mother's side, so she wouldn't have to talk to any of the other little boys and girls. Everybody laughed. Eleanor couldn't laugh about it then. That fear of strangers is something implanted deep in her consciousness, something that will probably never be entirely eradicated.

But later—many years later—in a crowded night club, a parody of a little girl doing the minuet when she was frightened, a parody done in taps, with the climatical dash to safety, was to bring a hard boiled New York audience shouting to its feet . . . and to Eleanor Powell's. She interprets her life with her dancing feet.

If it were to be heard in a courtroom, Eleanor's diary would have no meaning to anyone but herself. But it's a thrilling history of a dancer's exciting career

ELEANOR doesn't have to refer to written pages to bring the next period of her life to vivid memory. She just puts on another record from her musical diary. This time it's the "Copellia Ballet," or "Dance of the Hours"—or even the humble "Glow Worm." And she's seven years old and again in ballet school; laying the foundation for her career. She didn't know that, of course. She knew only that in ballet she was finding a glorious meaning to movement; and she was finding her first friends.

There were two distinct cliques in this school of dancing. One was made up of the girls who gathered on one side of the studio after lessons to talk about games and the vagaries of mysterious grown-ups. The other, much smaller, convened on the other side to practice walking on their toes and to talk about their lessons. Eleanor belonged to this latter group. And, strangely, in discussion of the abstruse subject of ballet, she found her first meeting ground with her contemporaries.

It never occurred to her until she talked about it the other day that she had never played with children; that she had never learned to play at all. She says it without regret . . . "I never learned to play." And she doesn't care. Dancing, her work, is her play, too.

THERE'S a record that's missing from Eleanor's library. The music that is really responsible for Eleanor Powell's entrance to the world of show business has never been recorded. Perhaps no one but Eleanor would have caught the rhythm of it . . . the surge of the breakers on the Jersey coast; the noise the wind made blowing in from the sea. She was alone on the beach that day in Atlantic City, and she got up from the sand where she had been sunning, and did a dance to the sound of the wind and the ocean.

It must have been rather funny . . . the skinny little thirteen-year-old interpreting the song of the Atlantic.

A man walking across the beach stopped to watch her, with an amused smile on his face. After a few minutes, the smile gone, he came over to talk to her. He was Gus Edwards. And he offered her her first job in show business . . . dancing at the Ambassador Grill at seven dollars a night.

"You're too shy to undertake anything like that," Mrs. Powell told her breathless young daughter when she came racing home with the news. "You'll be frightened."

"But mother!" Eleanor Powell demurred, "I don't have to *talk* to anybody at all. All I have to do is dance!"

THEY played "Japanese Sunset" for the little thirteen-year-old that night at the Ambassador Grill. Play it for Eleanor Powell now, and you will see in her eyes the mingled timidity and assurance of a youngster who'd never been in a public place of entertainment before, but who, in a few minutes, would take her place in one as an entertainer. The timidity was there because she was afraid someone might talk to her; the assurance, because she didn't object to the presence of any of these people, if they'd only let her dance.

She didn't have a routine made up. But when they started playing "Japanese Sunset," she forgot the crowd and remembered only the music. Out on the floor, she improvised to the orchestration, and only when the dance was over and the audience was stamping its feet and clapping its hands did she remember that she had made [*Continued on page 88*]

VAN BUREN
THE HOME OF THE BAZOOKA
ARKANSAS
LITTLE ROCK ANOTHER TOWN IN ARKANSAS

Bob Burns blew his first note on a bazooka the day he attempted to fix a clogged drain pipe. At the right is Bob's coat of arms, which appears on all his note paper.

AROUND the WORLD LEAD PIPE and

Bob Burns, a hill billy with mud on his princess, gave a party for a king—and played

BOB BURNS may be just a raw-boned, long-legged, drony-voiced hick from Arkansas, but he has a "feelin'" about life and success that could well be the envy of all the philosophers of the world. Says he: "If there's one thing I hate it's these fellows who make a million dollars and a big name for themselves and then sit back with their thumbs tucked under their arms and tell you how they did it all accordin' to plan. How they worked an' how they never took their eyes off'n the goal, an' how they juggled this way and that to get where they wanted to be. How they made their dream come true themselves. That's a lot of wool gatherin', that's all. There ain't no such thing as happenin' accordin' to plan, at least not accordin' to man's plan. Not that I think God's sittin' up in a big chair holdin' all the reins, guidin' us all . . . that just ain't practical to believe, 'cause there are too bloomin' many of us. But sometimes He causes little things to happen in the strangest way . . . and those little things is what brings on the big things.

"Supposin' it's a hot summer day and you're a-walkin' down the street and you reach inta your pocket to take out a han'kerchief to mop your forehead and as you take it out you pulls somethin' else outta your pocket—maybe a bunch o' keys or a nail file—and you go on a step and realize you dropped somethin' and you go back. You stoop and pick it up and in that instant somebody overtakes you who you haven't seen for a long time and that person turns out to be somebody who changes the whole course of your life. Maybe somebody who offers you a job, or maybe a girl you fall in love with and marry—and none of it might ever have happened if it hadn't been a hot day and if you hadn't pulled your han'kerchief outta your pocket and dropped somethin'.

"See what I mean? That's how I happened to get on the radio the first time when I first came to Los Angeles five or six years ago. A man said, 'Well, Bob Burns, ain't that funny, I was just wonderin' the t'other day where you was. Thought probably you was still back east. I'm at KHJ now . . . come down and see me, will you? I think we might do some business.'

"See? And yet I was out here at the time tryin' to get inta pictures. But the time wasn't right yet for me to get inta pic-

Bob organized his own band—the Marine Jazz Band (below) —after the War and entertained dukes and duchesses in Paris. At the right, the Arkansas traveler and his brother-in-broadcast, Bing Crosby. If you haven't seen their hilarious picture, *Rhythm on the Range*, you've missed the laugh of a lifetime.

with WHISKEY FUNNEL

By
Kay Hartley

boots, tells you how he hobnobbed with a his bazooka for hobos in freight cars

tures. I had to go through with a lotta things afore then.

"It was another little thing, like droppin' a bunch of keys, that got me my first big break on the Rudy Vallee program. Only this time it was droppin' a nickel in the phone and callin' the wrong number.

"I went to New York just to get on that program, that was all, and I knew the man I had to see was Mr. Gordon Thompson at the J. Walter Thompson Company, a big advertisin' agency that puts on that show . . . but for some reason, 'cause I was scared, I guess, I kept puttin' off callin' him. I bought myself a little nickel notebook, and I had his number on one page, Mohawk 4-7700. Each morning I'd look at it and say, 'Well, now it's only ten o'clock; he'll be openin' his mail. Guess I'd better wait till he's got that over with. I'll call him about eleven.' But at eleven I'd get to thinkin' that now maybe he'd be busy and in conference, and I oughta wait till afternoon, till most of his day's business was over and he'd be in a better mood. But by afternoon I'd get to thinkin' that that was foolish; that if he'd done a big day's work most likely he'd be tired and cross. So I'd put it off till the next morning, and then go through the whole darn thing again. For two weeks I kept a-doin' that . . . puttin' it off and off.

"IN THE meantime though, I was callin' my friend Jerry Cady who worked at another advertisin' agency. I wasn't tryin' to get a job from him, only he was my friend. I had his number on the next page from Gordon Thompson's, and one mornin' when I was gettin' kinda lonesome I thought I'd call Jerry and ask him to go to lunch, and so I look up his number and put my nickel in the phone and called it, an' it nearly knocked me off'n my pins when I heard the switchboard girl say 'The J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency' instead of 'Fletcher and Ellis.'

"By mistake I had turned to the wrong page and called the number that had been scarin' me for weeks. Well, it happened so fast I didn't have time to get scared—and bein' Scotch all I was thinkin' was that it 'ud be a shame to waste a nickel, so I said quick-like, 'Let me speak to Mr. Gordon Thompson!' and I said it with such force that before I knew it there he was on the phone. And so all because of a nickel [*Continued on page 72*]

How Movie Dr

Robert Young obeyed an impulse—and proposed instead of giving advice

—*Illustration by Bernard Thompson*

On shipboard, they watched the sun rise out of the ocean. . . . Valentin Parrera and Grace Moore

Three weeks after Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer met . . . well, they *didn't* go to the movies that momentous evening!

the Stars pose!

By James Reid

Wouldn't you be thrilled to have Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Gary Cooper or some other handsome actor ask you to say "yes"? But their ways of popping the question might surprise you! . . .

They didn't believe in love at first sight, said John Boles and Marcelite, but . . .

On the spur of the moment, and jokingly, Donald Woods proposed

MEN in the audience resent romantic movie actors. They may not *say* they resent them, but they do. Movie actors make life more difficult for ordinary masculine mortals. In any situation, they always know what to do or say.

That's what depresses the men in the audience—especially during love scenes.

Any love scene worth the celluloid it is filmed on is also a proposal scene. And a movie actor can make a proposal look like the simplest, most natural thing in the world.

. . . . The hero suddenly realizes that he must have this one certain girl or risk unhappiness the rest of his life. And what happens? Does the realization overwhelm him, make him self-conscious, strike him dumb? Does he suffer, trying to tell her? Never!

He just seems to rely on instinct or impulse. And instinct (or impulse) never fails him. He always does the right thing, and says the right thing, at the right moment. . . .

And men in the audience do a slow, sizzling "burn" when women thrill to the hero's impulsiveness and poise, and rave about how romantic he is. For men can't forget—as women can—that a script provides everything the hero says.

Women can't help believing that he is "just like that in real life." Men can't help believing that he isn't.

LET'S investigate. Let's look into some real-life love scenes. Let's see how movie stars propose—*off the screen.*

Remember Robert Young as the understanding friend, in love with the misunderstood bride in *The Bride Walks Out?* And how he reacted when two pals of the bridegroom begged him for the loan of a car to take the bride back to her husband? His answer, in effect, was: "Why should I help you to take her away from me? I'm in love with her myself."

That scene rang true. It was believable—far more believable than his later change of heart. And Bob was prepared for that scene by a memorable moment in his own life!

He can't remember the time when he didn't know Elizabeth Henderson. They played together as children, went to school together, were high-school pals. They never kissed, never thought of each other romantically. They were "just good friends." After school, Elizabeth went on to college; Bob went to work—first for a newspaper, then for a bank, until the movies discovered him acting in his spare time at the Pasadena Playhouse, and he became a promising screen juvenile. And all this while, Bob and Betty corresponded.

Bob was caught up in the social whirl of Hollywood, where he was tremendously popular. Betty returned from college, and Bob knew that she was going with a certain chap and was "practically engaged" to him. Home over a week-end, Bob saw her. Betty told him about the other chap, about how likable he was—and about her own doubt that she was in love. She spoke almost in self-condemnation. Bob, listening to the story, suddenly realized something that he never had realized before. He told her, at the end, "How can I tell you that you should go through with it and marry him—when I want to marry you myself?"

And that's how Robert Young proposed! He harkened to a sudden realization, obeyed an impulse!

CHARLES BOYER had never been in love, never given a thought to marriage, until his third trip to America just three years ago. He looked upon bachelorhood as a misfortune that he could not help. He had been a star on the Paris stage since he was twenty-one; and every woman he had ever known had been intrigued by Boyer, the personality—not Boyer, the person. And certainly he did not expect to find things different in fame-conscious, glamor-conscious Hollywood.

On his arrival in Hollywood, he was whisked to a dinner party given by a producer. At the party he was introduced to a British newcomer whose name he had heard only once, and about whom he knew nothing—Pat Paterson. She, in turn, knew nothing about Charles Boyer, whose name *she* had heard just once, except that he was a French actor. They sat side by side at the dinner table—strangers completely at ease together.

He asked her telephone number. The next day, he called her. He suggested a dinner date. After that, they saw each other every day—lunching, dining, swimming, driving, going to the movies. Apart, they

[*Continued on page* 61]

WORM'S-EYE VIEW of Nelson Eddy

Isabelle Eddy is a red-haired beauty —and her son's best pal

By Merlin Pierce

When a pretty private secretary tells on her popular boss—well it's a real confession

MY FIRST contact with Nelson Eddy gives an interesting sidelight on his character. I was doing a bit of plain and fancy groaning after a particularly hectic week-end, when the phone rang. It was M-G-M Studio, inquiring if I'd be interested in being Nelson Eddy's secretary. The name meant nothing to me. I stammered and stuttered a bit, quite distrait, having a mental picture of my two black eyes (consequence of an odd accident, but why tell it—no one believes those stories, anyway). I called him, after asking some friends in the hotel who he was, to be told: "Blonde, handsome, gorgeous voice, bachelor—aren't you the lucky one!"

With some trepidation, I waited for him to come to the phone, hoping that my services would not be needed for at least a week; time enough for the orbs to get back to normal. But no. He was swamped, and could I come out that afternoon?

"Would four o'clock do?" says I, in a weak voice.

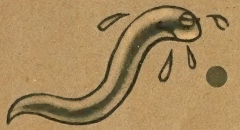
He laughingly replied, "I can see you're stalling for time." So I broke down and confessed that beside that Monday-after-a-week-end feeling, I had not one, but two black eyes. He chuckled and said, "You sound swell. Come right out."

So I donned the usual Hollywood disguise, black glasses, and tottered up the flagged walk of his large Beverly Hills home. Nelson met me at the door, tactfully ignoring the eye situation, and showed me into the study. After a few moments he said with a grin, "I was almost afraid to meet you after the glowing things I'd heard about you."

Nelson didn't mention the eyes until they were thoroughly well, when he quietly remarked how very nice I looked that day. After such an introduction, how could we help but become friends?

When he said he was swamped with fan mail, it certainly was no exaggeration. Wherever one looked in the study, there were vari-colored stacks of it, held together with elastic bands.

Nelson, his mother and I set to work opening, reading and sorting it. This was directly after his overnight success in *Naughty Marietta,* and Nelson was completely dazed by his sudden fame. Naturally, it pleased him enormously, but he took it quite seriously, as he does everything.



SKETCHY SCHEDULE For a SINGING STAR'S SECRETARY

Occasional sessions and telephone conversations with lawyer regarding all financial affairs.

Attend to all details for large parties. Caterer, etc.

Learn to whom he is in or out.

Try not to have colds. But if you do, spray everything in sight.

Call his accompanist daily and automatically pay his salary checks, along with those of agent, concert managers, and all household and sundry bills.

Publicity. Talk to studio publicity department and discuss same with star.

Sort fan mail. Segregate letters requesting information, such as concert dates in various cities, name of next picture, etc., and answer these. (Concert schedule is complete in midsummer).

Group unusually interesting letters for personally dictated answers.

Dictation.

Attend to personal correspondence (without dictation whenever possible).

Draw checks, make deposits, always keeping income tax records in mind. See that star has plenty of cash on hand for current expenses.

Choose wedding, anniversary and birthday gifts for friends.

Talk to brokers regarding investments.

AND ALWAYS BE A BUFFER.

Day after day, he read the letters himself, vitally interested in the reactions of his fans. It was amazing, the number of people who said it was their first fan letter, and the obviously high type of people who wrote them. They ranged from seven to seventy.

I think of one in the seven class who was quite heartbroken because Nelson sent him a greeting jotted down in red pencil. (Nelson has a habit of taking the original letter, turning it over and scrawling a few words and his autograph on the back in red or blue pencil.) To this little lad, red pencil meant but one thing. "No good. Stay after school and do this over." His mother wrote to Eddy, saying that in spite of this severe test of loyalty, she still found her son cutting out pictures of his idol.

THEN one in the seventy class. An obviously cultured English lady with a fine appreciation of music, who in a few weeks would enter the old ladies' home, and merely wanted a picture and autograph as mementoes of the most pleasurable moments of her life. Strangely, many of his letters stress the fact of his beneficial mental or spiritual effect rather than the usual patter about a star's nose or eyes, etc. This pleases him greatly, as he firmly believes in the laws of psychic attraction, the power of the will—in short, the power of the mind.

It seems that after seeing him on the screen, many people have a desire to unburden their souls to him, and actually do so. He seems to give them new courage to go on. This quality must be very marked to make itself felt through the medium of the screen, although one cannot possibly be in a room with him and not receive that feeling of strength and power which emanates from him.

Rush orders were sent for thousands of photographs. They disappeared in a few days, to be replaced by more. Nelson literally developed writer's cramp autographing these photographs. It was really a full-time job for him. He'd usually start after a late breakfast. Sitting at a desk in the corner of the study, he'd toss them on the floor at his feet until there was a great heap, then he'd stack them neatly in rows to dry.

He's intensely methodical in everything he does, and is a bit impatient of the lack of this quality in others. But it is part of his secret of success, I believe. He's very gay, withal.

AT LUNCHEON (usually the three of us, but sometimes Dr. Lippé, his teacher, friend and severest critic), he'd play all sorts of tricky games, laughing uproariously when his mother was stumped for the correct answer. Then sometimes to the playroom for a game of pool with Dr. Lippé, a quick trip to the studio for more fan mail and back to work again—Dr. Lippé sitting like a mischievous elf on the floor, stacking the photos while he and Nelson kept up a hilarious series of reminiscences of other days and other

[*Continued on page* 80]

"The Tender Savage"—that's what they call Simone Simon on the Continent. This intimate first interview tells you why!

THE rigmarole that led to my first meeting with Simone Simon made me expect to see an Oriental-perfumed, jewel-bedecked exotic who would receive me from a chaise longue, oozing glamour at me through the blue smoke of a scented Russian cigarette. That was before I had seen her on the screen in *Girls' Dormitory.* That was when I had only "heard tell" of the petite foreigner who had all the glamour tricks of all the Dietrichs, Garbos and Bergners put to together. Appointments were made with her, it seemed, only to be postponed. The French star was living up to her French starrishness!

Believe it or not, I had four people doing their best to arrange an interview for me. I called her on the phone myself several times, but never got beyond the Arthur Treacherish butler, who said that Miss Simon was sleeping, or that Miss Simon was working, or that Miss Simon was sleeping, or that Miss Simon was having a fitting, or that Miss Simon was sleeping. That sleeping business convinced me. A languid type, of course.

The date was finally arranged, much to my surprise, via an invitation to lunch at the West Side Tennis Club. I arrived, saw no maitre d'hotel at the door, so sauntered out toward the porch where stars were grouped at tables, eating. There were no waiters in evidence . . . a buffet table at the right explained that . . . and I wondered from whom I should seek the whereabouts of the exotic Simone.

There was a little girl sitting by the door. She had on shorts and a white shirt. There

[*Continued on page* 64]

By Kay Osborn

Simone and Constance Bennett vie for the love of a man in *Ladies in Love.* This film is causing more excited talk than any picture produced in years; it also stars Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young and Paul Lukas

"WILD WOMAN" *from* Madagascar!

And in THIS Corner

Clark looks dangerous enough to awe anyone, in this scene from *Cain and Mabel*. He *is* tough—sometimes. But at other times . . .

Is the Clark Gable who continually surprises and delights his friends with the unexpected things he does and says—not for publicity!

By Richard Harding

IT HAPPENED when the *Cain and Mabel* company, starring Clark Gable and Marion Davies, was working on the old *Vitagraph* lot. Lunch had been called and Gable sat at a table in a small lunch room, the Tam O'Shanter, on Glendale boulevard, with his trainer, Harvey Parry. They had just ordered, when in walked a mob of "extra" men who calmly proceeded to pull up chairs and join Gable and Parry at luncheon. Gable looked up with a grin.

"Sit down, gang. That sirloin rare looked good to me. What are you fellows having?"

Gable knew that another of Parry's "ribs" was being pulled on him—and any other star would have been burned to a crisp. A "rib" is Hollywood's term for a practical joke and Parry is known to be one of the best, or worst, "ribbers" in town. Gable was right at home with the "extra gang." All through the meal he laughed, told jokes, and kidded with the boys. When the meal was over, every "extra" placed his check in front of Gable and without a word, walked from the place. Once more the famous Gable grin,

"My pal." And he surveyed the staggering restaurant check ruefully.

MILLIONS of words and thousands of stories about Gable have been written, but here is revealed a Gable his fans have never known. Here is the real Gable, the man who has never forgotten that he, too, was once one of the "extra gang," glad to take five dollars for a long hot, hard day at the studio. Harvey Parry spent six weeks getting Gable into physical trim and training him for his rôle as the world's heavyweight boxing champion in *Cain and Mabel*, and perhaps got closer to the *real* Gable, than any other man has done since Clark became a star.

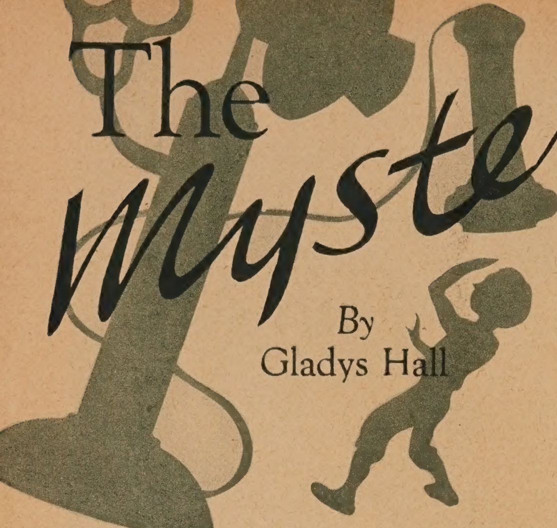
"Regular is the only word that describes Gable," Parry told me. "And I saw a side of him during those hard six weeks that I do not think his fans have ever seen. I had heard that Gable had '*gone Hollywood*' and was difficult to handle, so when Warner Brothers hired me to train him for his ring work, I went out and talked things over with Clark. I knew him, for I was on *The Call of the Wild* with him—but I had never been forced to put him through six weeks of hard training routine. So I said,

"'I understand you're hard to get along with?'

"'Yes?' said Gable. 'Well, perhaps I have to be with some people, to keep from being imposed upon, but we'll get along, Harvey. So don't worry about that. Where do we go from here?'

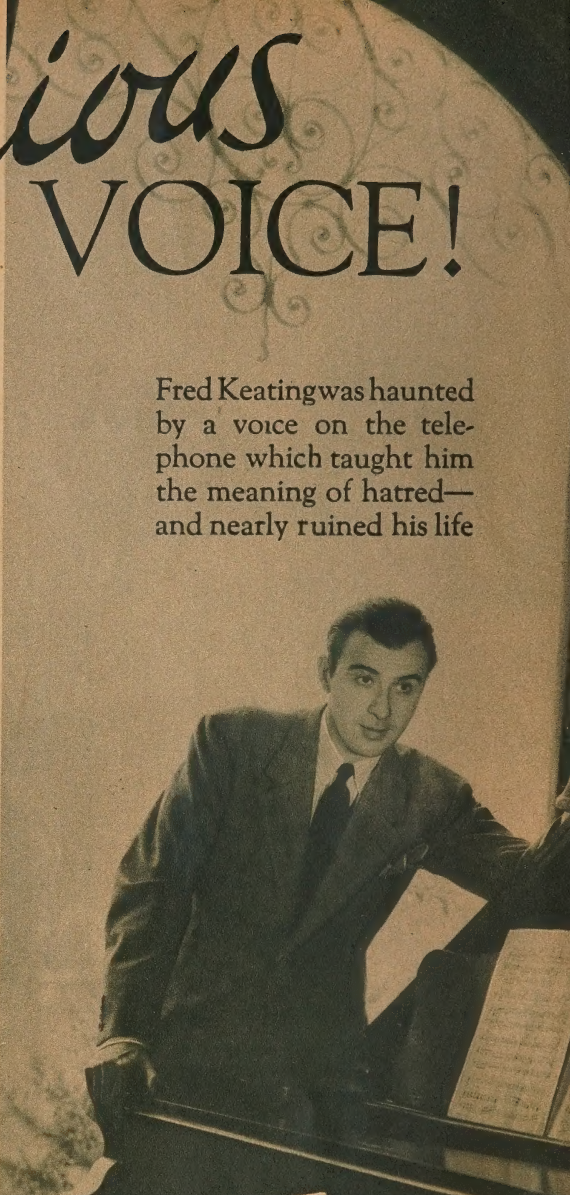
"During those six weeks, although I worked him like a horse, we never had a cross word. He went through difficult scenes during the day, and after that spent an hour or more in training. He would come to me worn out and ready to drop, but never a complaint at the routine."

PARRY and Gable "ribbed" each other, all through those six weeks. One day, after eating lunch off the lot, Gable came out of the cafe to find that rocks had been piled around his big Dusenberg, so that it could not be driven from the curb. He was [*Continued on page* 86]



The Mysterious VOICE!

By Gladys Hall



Fred Keating was haunted by a voice on the telephone which taught him the meaning of hatred—and nearly ruined his life

"THE VOICE on the telephone—how I hated it! How I shuddered and felt my spine crawl and my blood chill whenever I heard It or knew that It was speaking!

"In my mind, in my sick resentful heart I always referred to It as 'The Voice'—never as 'he' or 'him'. . . ."

And as Fred Keating spoke he shuddered as one shudders when the ghost of an old and haunted memory invades the dark alleys of the mind.

"Whenever my report cards came home from school," he said, "whenever I was ill, whenever there was something I especially wanted to do, some place I especially wanted to go—there would be long talks, arguments, discussions between my mother and—the Voice.

"Sometimes, when alone, I would answer the phone. My mother—who was Camilla Serrano, the concert singer and sister of that Broadway idol, Vincent Serrano—might be away on tour and I alone in the apartment in New York on a week-end away from school. And I would hear the Voice, disembodied and inhuman—and I would drop the phone and run from it as other children run from a bogey-man in the dark.

"By the time I was eight I knew better than to answer a phone call. And then, *for ten years, I never answered a telephone again.* To this day I feel a reminiscent spinal chill whenever the phone rings, though the Voice is silent these many years.

"IT WAS my Nemesis, that Voice. Frequently, after a bitter word-battle between my mother and the Voice—in which I always figured as the verbal bone of contention—there were tears. *My mother's tears.* And each one of them watered, and made grow, the hatred and resentment in my heart. And then there would be long silences and no word spoken—and I seemed to see bitter memories in my mother's eyes and to feel mysterious animosities making acrid the very air we breathed.

"For hours after the Voice had spoken there was, in our house, the feeling of a house with death in it. My mother and grandmother would speak in muted voices, thick with tears.

"But when I dared to ask furtive questions about the Voice I would be met with a raised barrier of chill, inscrutable silence.

"Whenever an interest entered my life—the Voice entered it, too. When I was eight Sidney Lenz, the bridge expert and a close friend of my Uncle Vincent's, taught me my first sleight of hand tricks. I came to idolize Harry Houdini and Nate Leipsig and Howard Thurston. Then, of course, the Voice entered my life again and I knew that It was trying to take the magic out of the magic that fascinated me.

"It was the Voice, undoubtedly, [*Continued on page 96*]

Fred calls on dithery Hugh Herbert to take a bow in the Blossom Room where Fred, one of the Colony's cleverest entertainers, emceed for Movieland Tourers

Let's GO TO THE MOVIES

Two men and a maid: George Metaxa and Fred Astaire vie for Ginger Rogers. Left, Fred in a hot dance number

"Nature's a magician," says Bob Taylor on meeting Joan Crawford. Louis Calhern looks on

Two ex-bandits (Jack Oakie and Fred MacMurray) reform. Jean Parker catches an ex-badman

By Florence Johnson

Swing Time
★★★★

YOU may be excused from seeing this one only if you've been forcibly removed from society. Even then, perhaps you could persuade the warden. The Rogers-Astaire films are becoming classics of their kind—little gems which can't help but brighten the corner where you are. The current one has the best comedy of all their gay pictures—and Ginger shows a new ability to "punch" funny lines and situations. Astaire does a hot "Bojangles of Harlem" solo dance in blackface that will likely put callouses on your lily-white hands. He dances with three of his own shadows—who double cross him! This effect is achieved by having his previously filmed shadow duplicated thrice and projected on a screen behind him as he dances for this sequence. You'll like George Metaxa, who is a new screen face. Worthy of special mention for its clever lines is "A Fine Romance," sung in her best derisive manner by Ginger, and aided by Fred. Helen Broderick and Victor Moore get the most out of their hilarious lines. The story is so slender as to be almost inconsiderable—but it seems ample enough. Fred is a bit more restrained than formerly—but perhaps you won't notice, because the whole thing moves along at a fast pace, never stopping for breath. Ginger and Fred do three swelegant dances together, and there are enough catchy melodies in this to keep you in humming material for months.—*Produced by RKO-Radio.*

The Gorgeous Hussy
★★★

JOAN CRAWFORD *is* gorgeous—but the girl she portrays wouldn't be called a hussy in *this* day of casual broadmindedness. Franchot Tone carries his off-screen rôle of Joan's second husband right into this picture. But let's start at the beginning. Joan is Peggy O'Neale, friend of President Andrew Jackson. She helps him control his temper, gives him courage to carry on against his attackers when his beloved, back-woods, pipe-smoking wife dies. Joan becomes first lady of the land—the President defends her from slanderous charges. Three men fill her love life: Robert Taylor, Melvyn Douglas and Franchot Tone. Of course, she has a couple of elderly suitors on the side—and James Stewart, who is *not* at all elderly. The love scenes are beautifully done, and they'll be responsible for much of this film's popularity. Lionel Barrymore's President is a bold and striking figure. But it's Beulah Bondi's performance that you'll remember longest—she plays his wife. We had a feeling that the story lacked climax, but that it does, nevertheless, belong on your "must see" list, for it is an exquisitely-told story with a grand cast.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page 58*]

FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE · KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK · JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE · JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY · ROBERT KENT · ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON · THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson

Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE · PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. · ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN · JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE · BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY · JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS · DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN · JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

20th Century Fox

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Just we two—

Just we two!
Just we two!
Just we two!
Just we two!

JANE WYATT
and
RONALD COLMAN

As beautiful as the strain "Just We Two," from Sigmund Romberg's famous light opera, are the tender love scenes between Jane Wyatt and Ronald Colman in *Lost Horizon*.

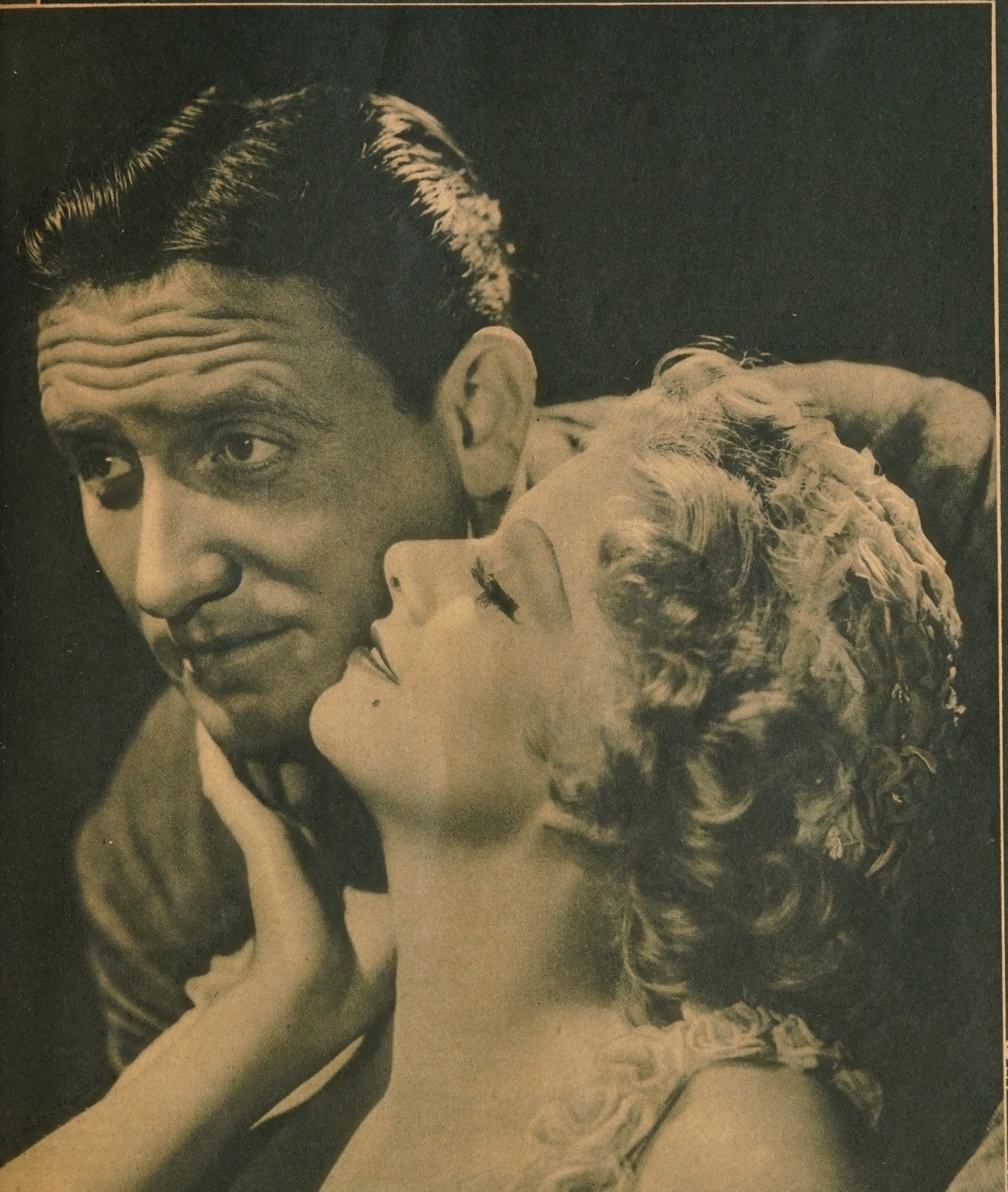
Just we two
Just we two!

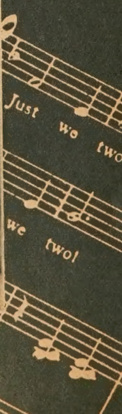
MYRNA LOY
and
WILLIAM POWELL

And here are two more who are so satisfactory as screen lovers that we all say "just those two" are enough to make any film a thing to write songs about. *Libeled Lady* is the name of their new film—an unusual and amusing drama with a newspaper background

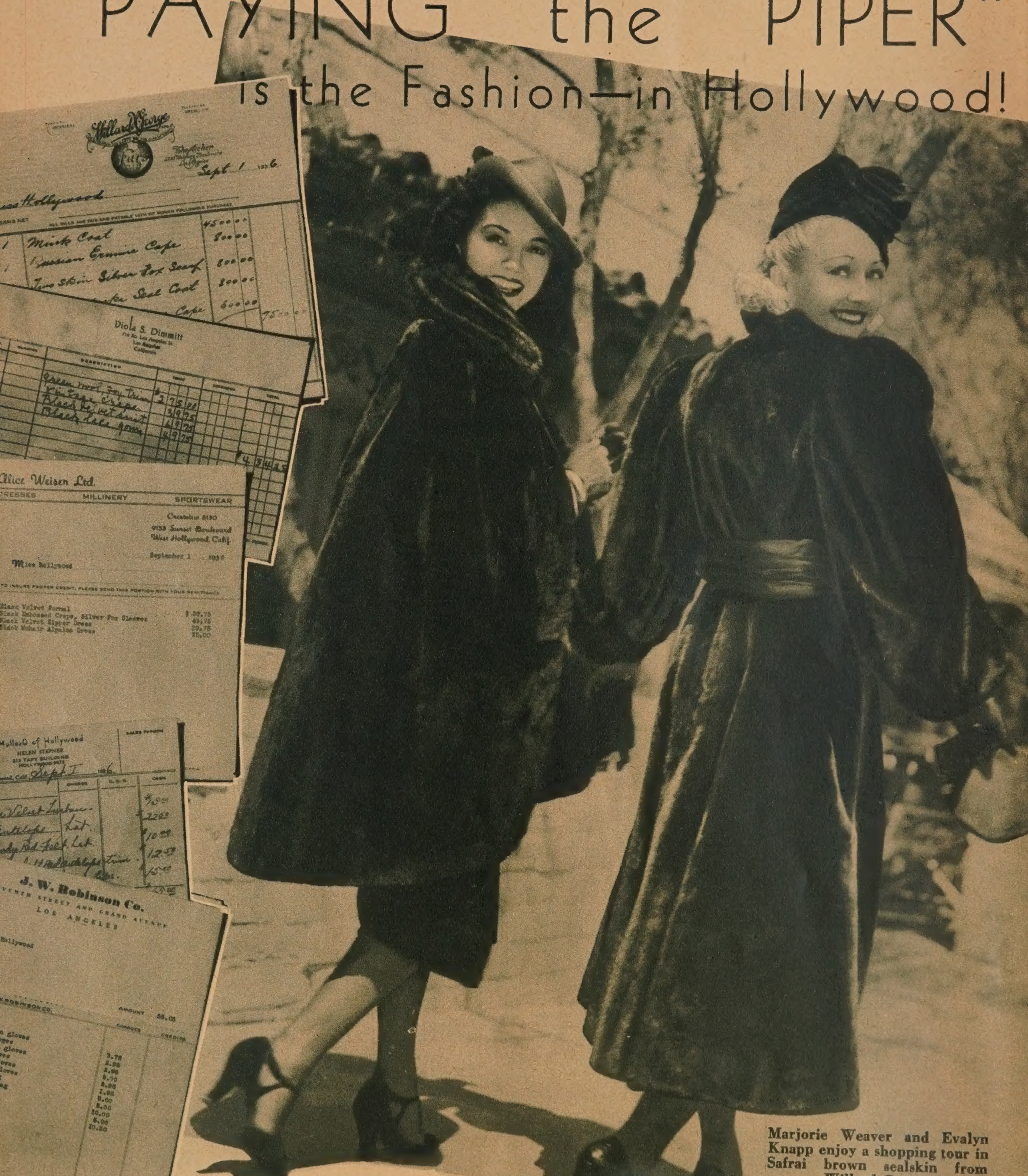
JEAN HARLOW
and
SPENCER TRACY

But Bill and Myrna are aided and abetted in their "twoing" by Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy—who also appear in *Libeled Lady*. They're a somewhat scrambled foursome—with Tracy trying to persuade his own fiancée, Jean, to marry Bill. They had a merry time working together; you'll see that their spirit of off-stage gaiety has been captured on celluloid





"PAYING the PIPER" is the Fashion—in Hollywood!



Willard George Furs

The Archer

Sept 1 1936

Hollywood

TERMS NET ALL BILLS ARE DUE AND PAYABLE 10TH OF MONTH FOLLOWING PURCHASE

Mink Coat 4500 00
Russian Ermine Cape 800 00
Two Skin Silver Fox Scarf 800 00
Seal Coat 800 00
Cape 600 00

Diola S. Dimmitt
710 So. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles
California

DESCRIPTION

Green wool, Fox trim $275 00
Vintage Crepe 39 75
Black Velvet suit 49 75
Black lace gown 49 75

Alice Weisen Ltd.

DRESSES MILLINERY SPORTSWEAR

Crestview 8130
9133 Sunset Boulevard
West Hollywood, Calif.

September 1 1936

Miss Hollywood

TO INSURE PROPER CREDIT, PLEASE SEND THIS PORTION WITH YOUR REMITTANCE

Black Velvet Formal $ 39.75
Black Embossed Crepe, Silver Fox Sleeves 49.75
Black Velvet Zipper Dress 29.75
Black Mohair Alpaca Dress 35.00

MollorO of Hollywood
HELEN STEPNER
210 TAFT BUILDING

Sept 1 1936

CHARGE C. O. D. CASH

Velvet Turban
Antelope Hat
Ruby Red Felt Hat
Antelope trim

22.50
10.00
12.50
15.00

J. W. Robinson Co.
SEVENTH STREET AND GRAND AVENUE
LOS ANGELES

Hollywood

AMOUNT 55.05

CHARGES CREDITS

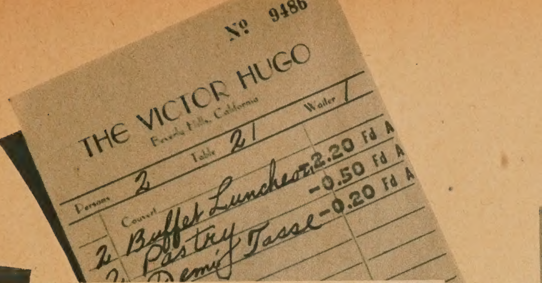
gloves
gloves

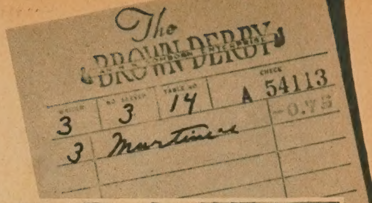
3.75
2.95
2.95
3.70
2.95
1.95
5.00
5.00
10.00
5.00
10.50

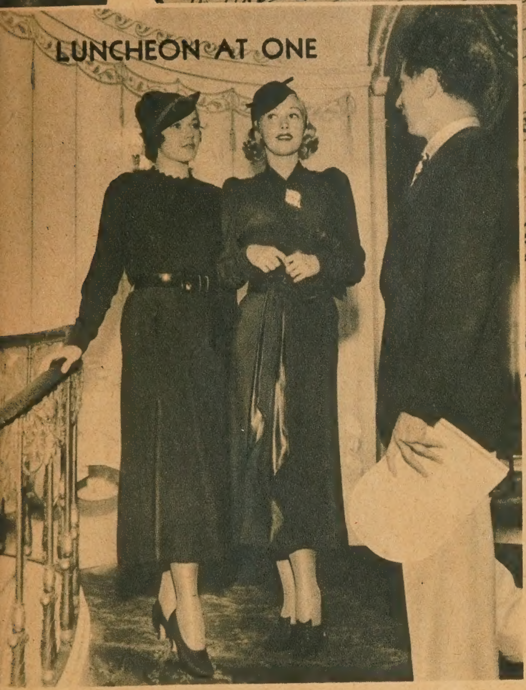
Marjorie Weaver and Evalyn Knapp enjoy a shopping tour in Safrai brown sealskin from Willard George

SHOPPING TOUR

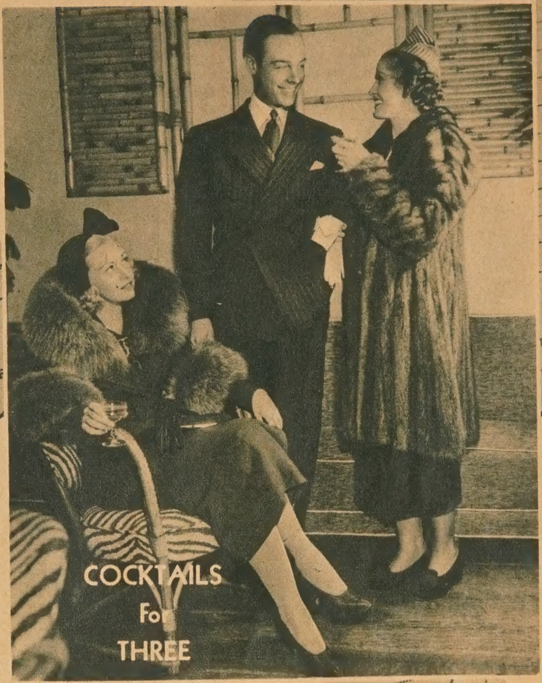
Photos by Charles Rhodes


№ 9486
THE VICTOR HUGO
Beverly Hills, California
Persons 2 Table 21 Waiter 1
Covers
2 Buffet Luncheon 2.20 Fd A
Pastry -0.50 Fd A
2 Demi Tasse -0.20 Fd A
30 Br A
.70
.11
3.81
Examine This Check For Possible Errors

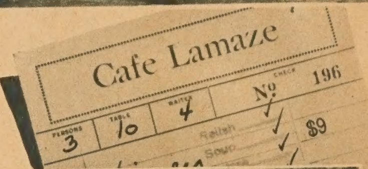

The BROWN DERBY
3 3 14 A 54113
3 Martinis -0.75



Marjorie Weaver and Evalyn Knapp at the famous *Victor Hugo*



Now it's the Brown Derby bar for Evalyn, James Blakeley and Marjorie


Cafe Lamaze
Persons 3 Table 10 Waiter 4 Check № 196
Relish ✓ $9
Soup ✓

What to Buy and Where to Wear It

By Sally Martin

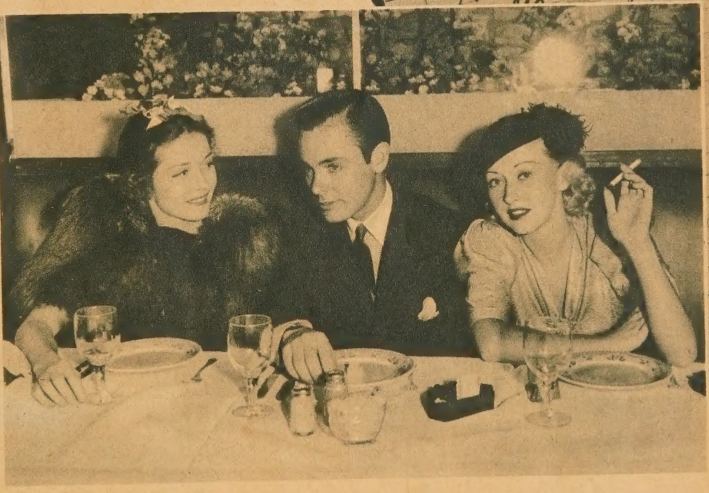
"THOSE who dance must pay the piper."

In Hollywood the question is—how much? And where? And what to wear?

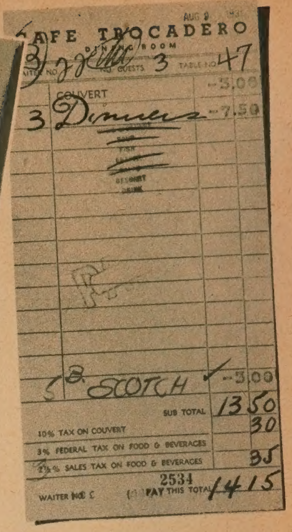
Soon the eastern states will be blanketed in their winter ermine and if you are migratorially inclined you will spread your wings for a flight to Hollywood and an adventure in sunshine.

Much has been written about the glamor of a Hollywood visit but too little has been said about the practical problems of this pretentious paradise.

[*Continued on page* 50]



DINNER AT EIGHT



AUG 9

AFE TROCADERO

DINING ROOM

AITER NO 3) 77 NO. GUESTS 3 TABLE NO 47

COUVERT -3.00

3 Dinners -7.50

DESSERT

DRINK

5 B. SCOTCH ✓ -3.00

SUB TOTAL 13 50

10% TAX ON COUVERT 30

3% FEDERAL TAX ON FOOD & BEVERAGES

2½% SALES TAX ON FOOD & BEVERAGES 35

2534

WAITER NO. PAY THIS TOTAL 14 15

MAKING THE ROUNDS

[*Continued from page* 49]

Going to Hollywood is not enough. One must know where to go to see the stars, what to wear in their company and what to expect when the cash register strikes the musical note which signals the payoff.

The purpose of this article is to clear up a few of these mundane matters. After all, there is some comfort in knowing what to expect. Suppose we take a preview visit through a few of the various restaurants where the screen stars relax and play? It is possible to "see Hollywood" whether your limit be 50 cents or $25.

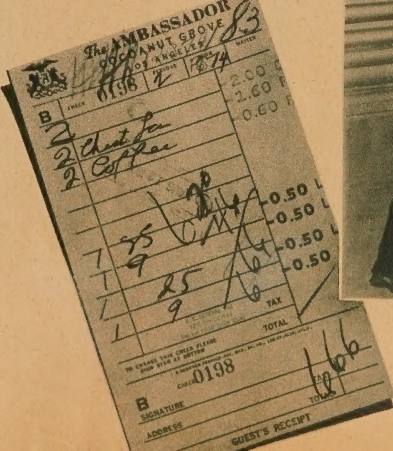
LUNCHEON AT ONE

Luncheon is Hollywood's favorite meal. Actresses, actors, directors and writers all stop the game of make-believe long enough to appear at their own special rendezvous to eat freely of this or that chef's specialty.

At the Victor Hugo, Vendome, Brown Derby or Sardi one will rub elbows with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone enjoying a tête-a-tête, Isabel Jewell who has run over from the *Lost Horizon* set to have lunch with her fiance or Myrna Loy having a bite to eat with husband Arthur Hornblow.

Lunch varies at these restaurants from 85 cents at the Brown Derby to $1.10 for a buffet lunch at the Victor Hugo. The Vendome serves only a la carte. Sardi's prices for lunch are the lea side of a dollar. Entrees are always the chef's specialties.

If your idea of enjoying luncheon is to sit in a delightfully restive atmosphere and eat to your heart's content, go to the famous Victor Hugo owned by Aleidis. Here go many [*Continued on page* 98]



The AMBASSADOR

COCOANUT GROVE

LOS ANGELES

83

CHECK 0198 2 74

2.00

2.60

0.60

B

2 Chest

2 Coffee

2

0.50

0.50

0.50

0.50

TAX

TOTAL

TO CHARGE THIS CHECK PLEASE SIGN STUB AT BOTTOM

CHECK 0198

66

B

SIGNATURE

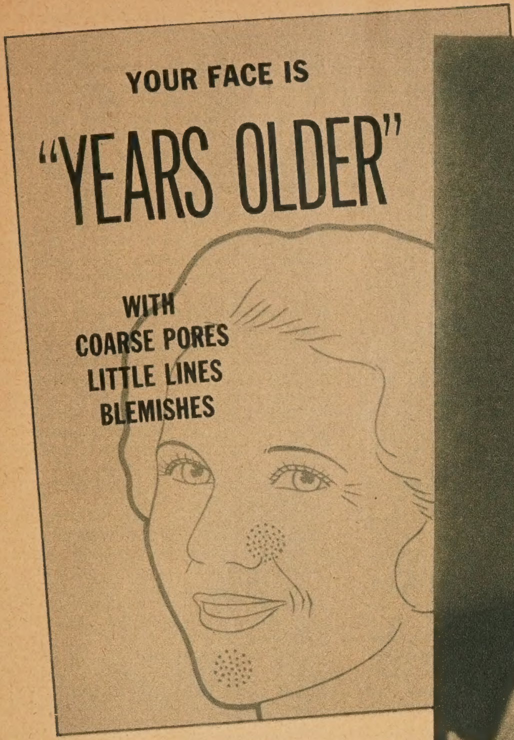
ADDRESS

TOTAL

GUEST'S RECEIPT

THE LAST DANCE

SCREEN BOOK's own Marjorie Weaver Cocoanut Groves with James Blakeley



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin ... make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

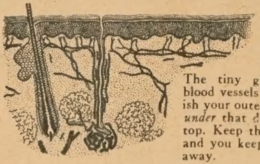
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.

Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and clear — smooths out little lines."



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly — to rouse your *underskin,* keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L-144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________

Street________________

City________________State________________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

How Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond Fell In Love

[*Continued from page* 30]

friends, is the actual truth—and that truth is sweeter and more delightful and even more amusing, by far, than any of the wild guesses of the wisenheimers. I'm going to tell it to you from the beginning—and I hope it'll correct a lot of wrong ideas you may have, a lot of the misunderstandings that have been built up around the two of them and their story.

Let's begin, about a year ago . . . let's begin where "boy meets girl"—

THERE was a big party in Beverly Hills. A famous Filmland hostess had invited scores and scores of people. Guests were arriving. An auto drew up before the door, and a beautiful girl stepped out, stood on the doorstep as she pushed the bell. Before the door could be opened, another car had arrived, and a blond lad, immaculate in evening wear, had bounded up the stairs and stood beside the girl.

While they waited, she looked at him. He looked at her. They grinned a bit awkwardly. You see, they'd never met—formally. The boy was quick to brush away the momentary awkwardness—he smiled, bowed to the girl:

"Miss MacDonald," he said, "since there's no one else here to do it for me—may I have the privilege of presenting to you Mr. Gene Raymond? Mr. Raymond," he said, talking to himself in mock formality, "this is Miss Jeanette MacDonald."

"Delighted," murmured Jeanette, holding out a lovely hand.

"Chawmed," kiddingly replied Gene, bowing over the hand.

The door opened, and together, they walked in. The hostess' eyebrows rose. She knew they hadn't been invited together; but singly. "Oh," she cooed, "how *nice* of you to come *together* . . . !"

Other guests saw. Hollywood looks were exchanged.

ABOUT a month later—Jeanette and Gene hadn't once seen each other in the meantime—believe it or not, the very same thing happened. Once again, Gene and Jeanette met on the doorstep of a party; once again, they entered together.

The next day, it was in the newspaper columns. It was on the tongue of the whispering claque of movieland. "Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are going together—buzz buzz buzzz. . . ."

Somebody began to ask: "What about Bob Ritchie?"

Now here's the spot where I'm going to knock one of your delusions into a row of ciphers. Jeanette MacDonald, when she first met Gene Raymond, was NOT engaged to Bob Ritchie, her manager, despite all the columnists and radio-casters to the contrary. Once upon a time, Jeanette and Bob *were* engaged to marry. But more than a year before that first doorstep meeting with Gene, Jeanette and Bob had in the utmost friendship, terminated their engagement. But not their friendship. One of Jeanette's closest, finest friends is still that same Bob Ritchie who is still her manager—and who, Jeanette says, always will be. In fact, you may as well know that one of the first wires of felicitation that reached Jeanette after the announcement of her engagement to Gene came from Bob. And let that settle *that!*

Now let's go on with the story—

ONE night, a week after that second doorbell encounter, Gene stepped up to a movie-house box-office and asked for a couple of preview tickets that had been left there for him. As he did so, he heard a girl's laugh behind him.

"What? Once *again,* Mr. Raymond? Is this a gag?"

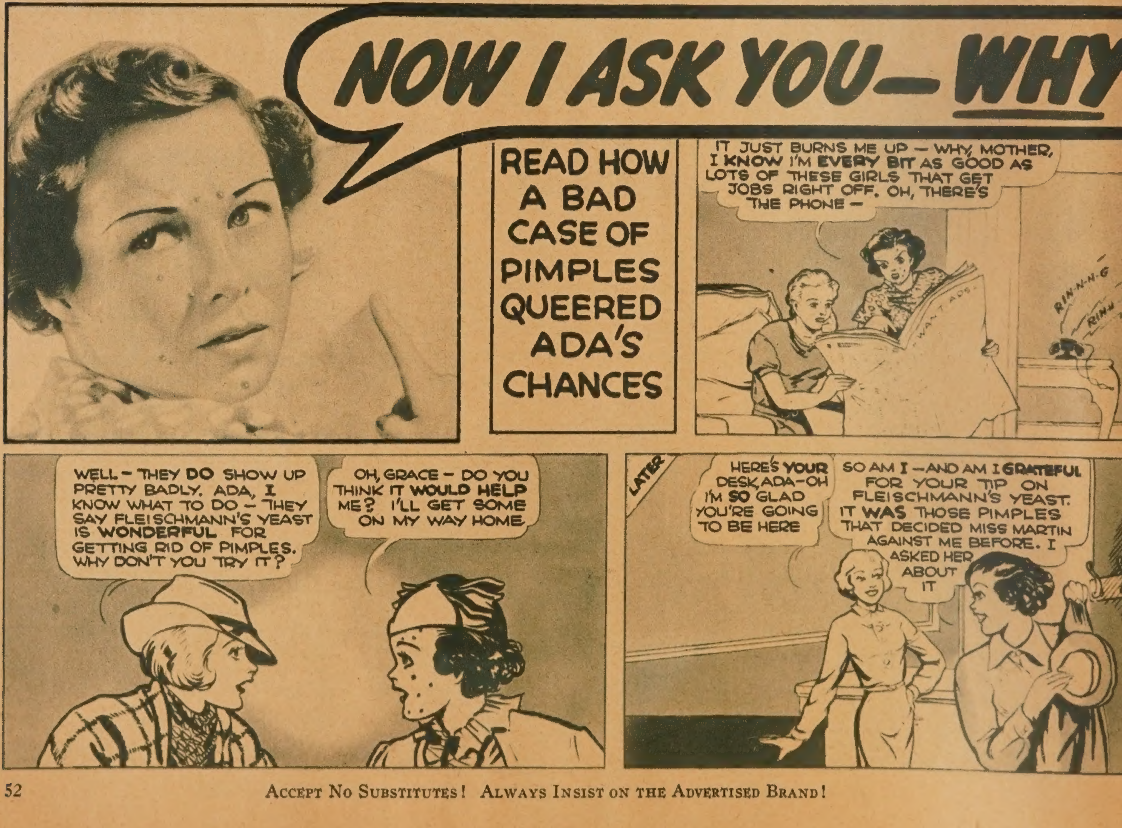
Gene turned, and there behind him was Jeanette, waiting to call for *her* tickets.

They laughed. Together, they went into the theater. Together, inside, they laughed over the column-cracks that had already been printed about their "going together," *even though they'd never yet had a date.*

"See here," he said, half laughing, "don't let's make liars of them. Why not come to dinner and a show with me some evening—soon?"

Jeanette replied: "Oh, sir, you *know* I wouldn't think of having a date with a gentleman unless he'd been to my home for dinner first!"

And so it happened—Gene and Jeanette's first real date. Dinner at Jeanette's home, where Gene met Jeanette's mother. Then Jeanette accepted Gene's invitation


NOW I ASK YOU—WHY
READ HOW A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES QUEERED ADA'S CHANCES
IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —
RIN-N-N-G
WELL — THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY. ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO — THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
OH, GRACE — DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
LATER
HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA — OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE
SO AM I — AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT

—and one night, at the star-studded Trocadero, they stepped out together in Hollywood's night life for the first time.

Next day, in two different papers, they were reported engaged! It was, of course, rather silly. These two weren't even in love—yet. They were still in the process of discovering that they liked the same things—riding, music, dancing, laughter.

A friend who knows them well told me: "I know that Jeanette and Gene haven't the slightest idea when they first were in love. I think it was utterly like another romance of which I know—there was never a moment when they stopped being friends and became lovers. It just happened."

They'd been engaged for a week before Jeanette's mother made the announcement. I don't believe the actual story of what is quaintly called "the popping of the question" will ever be told. Neither Jeanette nor Gene is the kind who will fling to the wind such a treasure as the memory of that moment. Ask them about it, and they only smile.

I *CAN* tell you this—they became engaged on Gene's birthday—that was August 13. I know that that night, there was a big birthday party for Gene, and, naturally, Jeanette was there. Perhaps it was then that, somehow, Jeanette may have wanted to know what Gene would like most for a birthday present. And Gene made the obvious answer. And so—and yet, this is all just pure, sheer guesswork. And don't take it for truth at all, because it's just a crabby old writer's dream of what might possibly have happened.

But anyway, it was on that date—Gene's birthday—that they admitted to each other their love, and were willing to admit it, too, to the world. And so, one week later, there followed the formal announcement.

Gene and Jeanette are going to be married with "all the trimmings." It'll be a church wedding. It'll have everything—after all, it's Jeanette's first, as well as Gene's, and with all the naivete and breathless excitement of a first bride, Jeanette wants the ceremony to be full of the utter loveliness which a complete church wedding entails.

There'll be all the proper parties beforehand. There'll be a stag party for Gene. There'll be the announcements, flower girls, bridesmaids, rehearsals.

And then there'll be the wedding—in a fashionable church, somewhere, with all of Hollywood Who's-Who there for a glamorous setting. And Jeanette will wear the bride's veil—and that will be a novelty Hollywood hasn't seen in a long time.

After that—? Well, Jeanette and Gene have their plans. A honeymoon depends, of course, on work—but if they can, they want to travel. Whenever they can, they want to travel. That's one of the millions of things they have in common.

AND they're going to live far from Hollywood—at least an hour's ride away, in a ranch far north of Hollywood. When work demands, they'll live in town.

They'll live, of course, alone. Another thing they have in common is a great mother-love. Both Gene and Jeanette have wonderful mothers. Both Gene and Jeanette give their mothers a full measure of appreciation and devotion. Already Gene has presented his mother with a fine Beverly Hills home. There she will live after her son has married. Already, Jeanette's mother is making her plans to give her daugther and Gene privacy.

Work? Of course, they'll both go on.

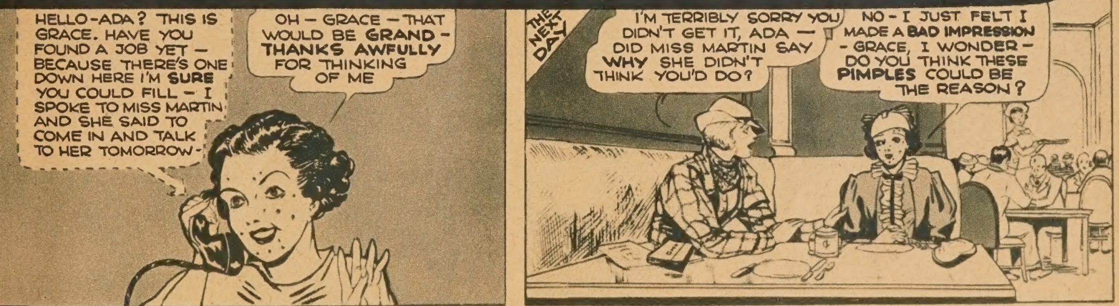
Let's face the inevitable next fact—that often, marriage of a single star interferes with that star's career. The thousands of girls who chased Gene in those personal appearance tours; the innumerable men who dreamed of Jeanette's smiles—what will be their reaction to this wedding? And what do Gene and Jeanette think of that angle? Let's see:

The records show that inevitably, a bachelor star's marriage has been followed by a falling-off in popularity, as indexed by the fan-mail barometer. BUT—and here's the important fact—the records show, too, that inevitably that falling-off has been made up, and many times over at that, when—and IF!—the fans learn that behind their favorite's marriage there was a true, real, honest love, and that happiness followed. The same holds true in the cases of women stars.

So Gene and Jeanette have no fear. They know their love. They know their fans will not begrudge them that great happiness. If their careers *must* suffer—(they don't believe that will happen)—but, I say, *if* their marriage means a decline of those careers for which they have worked, then they are willing to take it.

For above everything else in life to these two who, until now, have thought first and always first of Career, there is now a new First—their love. Nothing matters one millionth so much . . .!

CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!


HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW -
OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME
THE NEXT DAY
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?
NO - I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION - GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON ?

EKS
ATER
YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES— HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK
I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN—AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?
OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.

DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.

DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.

Maybelline
The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important-that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

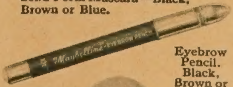
Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects — a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping Bureau

Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.


Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"Lambing It" With the Lockharts

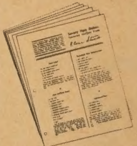
[*Continued from page 20*]

good a cook as any housewife—try the following Lockhart Lamb Dinner.

LAMB ROAST—NESCO STYLE

1 4-lb. leg of young lamb
1 small clove garlic
1 stalk celery
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon curry powder
Flour for dredging
Salt and pepper
Olive oil

Pour a small amount of olive oil in the electric roaster. Pre-heat at 500 degrees. Rub meat with mustard, flour, curry powder, salt and pepper. Place stalk of celery and garlic in bottom of pan, and brown meat thoroughly in hot roaster, turning on both sides. When well browned, cover and reduce heat to 300 degrees and allow to slowly cook until tender, allowing about 25 minutes to the pound. Peeled potatoes and onions may be placed around roast about forty-five minutes before removing meat from roaster.



It's Yours A Complete Cook Book of Film Star's Favorite Recipes

Now you can have this splendid collection of favorite recipes—autographed by the stars—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½x11 inches, and punched for loose leaf cookbook cover, this collection of approximately 100 kitchen tested dishes selected by noted stars is just what you've long wanted.

You are sure to enjoy this modern file of unusual and tasty recipes. Here are the stars represented and their personal dishes:

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Joan Davis, SCREEN BOOK'S Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

MINTED PEAS

2 to 3 lbs. of fresh peas
2 sprigs of mint, cut up with scissors
Salt and pepper to taste
Butter

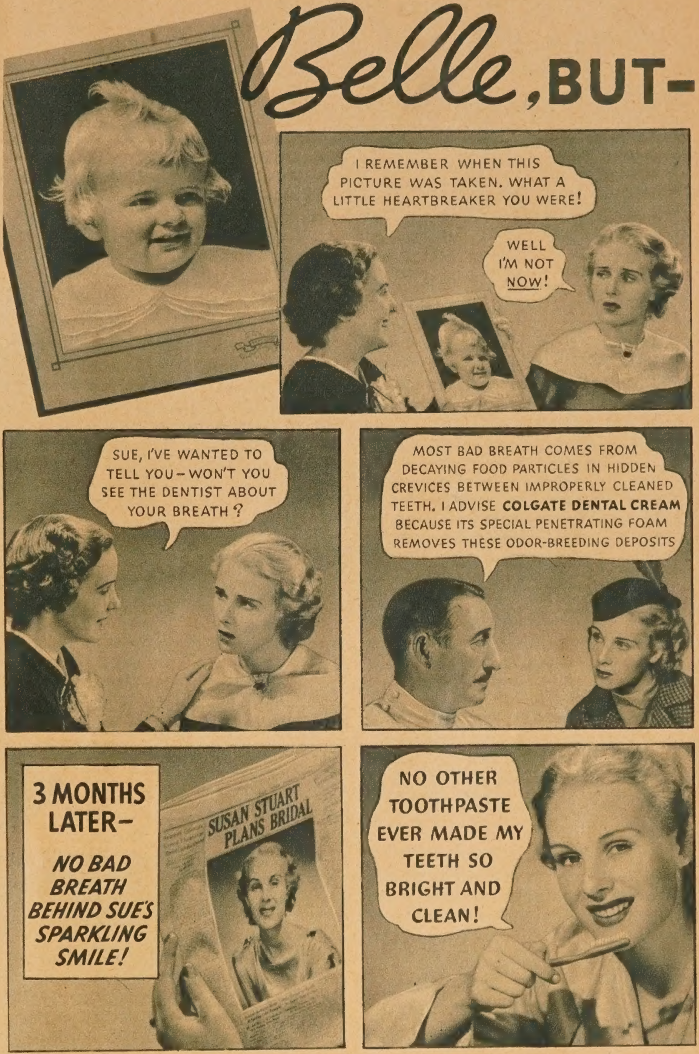
Pour boiling water over fresh peas and place in one of the side compartments of roaster. Cook until tender, adding mint when peas are about half done. Place in roaster forty-five minutes before removing meat. Add butter just before taking from compartment.

APPLE BETTY

3 cups sliced apples
½ cup brown sugar
¾ cup cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Place a deep layer of apples in buttered Nesco compartment, sprinkle a little brown sugar and cinnamon over them, and add part of the cracker crumbs. Continue until all ingredients are used. Place compartment in roaster about forty-five minutes before removing lamb roast.

A pretty girl is like a melody, we've been told, oh! so often. But a pretty girl with two cute pooches is even nicer, we think. This girl, Claire Trevor, is as smart as she is pretty because she wears a checked jacket with a velvet collar—and a feather in her perky and modish peaked cap


I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!
WELL I'M NOT NOW!
SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
3 MONTHS LATER—
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND SUE'S SPARKLING SMILE!
SUSAN STUART PLANS BRIDAL
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT—

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Milk
FOR YOUR SKIN

DELLA LIND,
European star newly signed
by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

In a new Beauty Cream that CLEANSES, SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, CLEARS and NOURISHES

DRY SKIN turns soft and smooth before your eyes . . . clogged stretched pores reduce . . . the youthful radiance of a clear, velvety skin soon returns . . . all because science has at last discovered how to make a real all-purpose creme from fresh, wholesome dairy milk. Milk contains certain glandular oils whose wonderful effect on the skin has never been duplicated by any man made product. The moment Creme of Milk touches your skin you will know it is different . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking in the fine delicate milk-oils, yet such a little goes so far. Already more than 100,000 women are saying, "Here at last is the *one* creme we have always searched for." Creme of Milk brings results that you can actually see and feel in less than three days time.

Try the Amazing new CREME OF MILK FOR ONLY 10c

DUART'S
creme of milk

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS AND BEAUTY SHOPS IN 20c 50c $1 & $2 SIZES

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984 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Enclosed find 10 cents—please mail at once my trial jar of your new Creme of Milk.

Name..

Address..

City............................ State ....

CHIC SALE tells WHAT EVERY BRIDEGROOM SHOULD KNOW!

"Dinty, they tell me marriage nowadays is just like settin' down in a bear trap. Better watch your step!"

"Be firm, Dinty. Speak right up. Modern girls like it. What you say won't matter any, but you might just as well have the fun of sayin' it"

"From now on about all you'll contribute to the conversation is an occasional 'hem' and a coupla 'haws.' But don't let that discourage you—mebbe you won't have so much to talk your way out of"

For twelve years Dinty Moore has been Chic Sale's butler. Then he came down with a bad case of matrimony — which finally developed into wedlock.

As you read this he is convalescing on a honeymoon in our national parks. When Chic saw that his butler's affliction was fatal, he sat down to give him some good advice. Here is the result.

"Another thing, Dinty. Don't ever argue with a modern wife. It's much easier, and a heap safer, to compromise by doin' it her way"

"I didn't mean to make you cry, Dinty. I was just tryin' to give you a friendly slant on connubial bliss. I been workin' at it twenty years. I think mebbe you're goin' to find it's all right"

You can share the Screen Stars' secret of *Beautiful Hair*

★**MERLE OBERON** *Star in Samuel Goldwyn's* **LOVE UNDER FIRE**

EVERYONE knows that screen stars have their hair permanent waved just like other women. Yet their waves always look so natural . . . and add such a lovely touch of glamour to their personalities. *Your hair* can actually look every bit as charming and attractive. It is all a matter of the kind of permanent wave you choose. On such questions, Hollywood's stars are advised by the world's highest paid beauty experts, The Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They have tested every known waving method and Duart is the one and only permanent wave they have endorsed and recommended. And so nearly ALL of the beautifully waved heads you see on the screen have been waved by the Duart method. This same Duart Wave is available in a nearby beauty salon wherever you live, so why take a chance on unknown or unproven methods. Duart Waves cost no more. Remember to ask the hairdresser to explain how the Duart machine assures you of perfectly uniform waves because of the exclusive thermostat control that measures the exact amount of safe, gentle, electric heat for each individual curl.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

COPY A SCREEN-TESTED HAIRSTYLE

A 24 page book of stars' hairstyles that have been screen tested for beauty, style and popularity will be sent to you FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. It's not a dye nor a bleach—it cleanses and adds an alluring glint of sunlight. Two rinses in each package—choose your shade in coupon below.

DUART
PERMANENT WAVES

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

SEND 10¢ FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

Name..............................

Address..............................

City.............................. *State*.............................. 11

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

COMEDY NOW–
TRAGEDY LATER

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. *Cleans* and *whitens* teeth, and at the same time *safeguards gums.*

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to *do both jobs.* With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's, today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes —yet ends ordinary half-way care.
Also in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

BAD NAILS

"STENO" NAIL Protection Cream absolutely ends brittle, peeling, splitting, breaking nails, as nothing else can. Avoids hard ragged cuticle. Ends hang nails. Used in 25,000 Beauty Shops. ENDORSED BY WELL KNOWN HOLLYWOOD MAKEUP ARTISTS and leading beauty experts. Used by Physicians, Surgeons, Nurses. Try "STENO"—have strong, smart, healthy nails.
FREE! TRIAL PACKAGE and Advice on Beautifying the Nails by leading beauty experts. Send 10c for packing and mailing.
IMPERIAL BRANDS, 504 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Easy to Lift Out CORNS

And Have INSTANT Relief From Pain!
It takes *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads but one minute to relieve pain and only a short time to soften and loosen hard, old corns, so that you can lift them right out — safely and painlessly! These soothing, healing pads stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. Flesh color; waterproof. Get a 35¢ box today. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores. Standard White Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, now 25¢ a box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Let's Go to the Movies

[*Continued from page* 43]

The Texas Rangers
★★

DEALING with one of the most vivid traditions of the old West, this film is picturesque, thrilling in spots—and full of whooping Indians, barking guns, clattering hooves. It's a horse opera in spite of its potentially strong theme, which was sadly mislaid by Director Vidor, and in spite of Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie. These two are genial stagecoach bandits who join the law enforcers in order to aid their third partner in crime, Lloyd Nolan. But the spirit of the Rangers gets 'em and they must gun for their erstwhile pal. Stirring scenes between MacMurray and Nolan, when one is pursuer—the other hunted. Jean Parker is out to get Fred—and succeeds. This opus will be most applauded by boys who like elementary outdoor drama. Jack Oakie's comedy performance as a boasting, happy-go-lucky badman will be hailed by Oakie fans. Little Bennie Bartlett will sadden, then gladden you. Beautiful outdoor photography.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Old Hutch, laziest man in the world, (Wally Beery) won't even carry his own lunch basket

Old Hutch
★★★

FULL of humorous charm is this Wallace Beery starrer, which shows him at his best. He's the town lazy man, an uncouth fellow who fishes, leaving the support of his bright-eyed, hungry brood to his wife and young daughter. He stumbles on a cache of $100,000 in stolen bills—and goes to *work* (!) so townsfolk will get accustomed gradually to his having money. But the thugs who planted the "hot" money force Wally into their ranks. He turns the tables on them, becomes a hero. Elizabeth Patterson is Old Hutch's wife. Her dramatic denunciation of her shiftless husband won a spontaneous burst of applause from the hard-boiled preview audience. Notable, too, for appealing sincerity are the fine bits delivered by lovely Cecelia Parker in her scenes with Eric Linden—who also rates an orchid. No screen pair can equal their ability to depict youth's first fine and, may we add, naive and awkward rapture—difficult bits which they play perfectly. You'll enjoy the four cute children, too.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Cain and Mabel
★★

IT HAS some moments of hilarity and gives Marion Davies—in the opening sequences at least—an opportunity to deliver some good comedy as a waitress turned musicomedy star. Since she needs publicity, and the current heavy-weight boxing champ (Clark Gable) also lacks popular appeal, their managers concoct a romance for newspaper purposes. It makes headlines. But the star and fighter snarl at one another, exchanging furious insults. Finally love rears its head —and then the trouble begins. Clark puts a great deal of vigor into his lines and is attractive. There are some lavish and beautiful dances which out-do anything seen before on the screen—or do you care? Marion's opening dance is catchy and well done. The picture goes into a decline at the half-mile post.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

Piccadilly Jim
★★★

IRREPRESSIBLE Bob Montgomery is a playboy in this witty, fast-moving comedy Just as lively are Eric Blore, who does a beautiful bit of funny valeting, and Frank Morgan, as Bob's father. Bob is a London cartoonist who seizes upon a new-rich family as the butt for his comic strip. To his dismay he learns that the gal he loves belongs to that family—and that his papa is pursuing a rich lady of the same clan. Here the plot thickens—and grows funnier. Among the other top-notch performances: Billie Burke, as Morgan's light o' love; Madge Evans as Bob's yen; Bob Benchley in a priceless "drunk" bit, and Ralph Forbes as an earnest lover.—*Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Mickey Rooney, Peggy Conklin, Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper say "Ah!"

The Devil Is a Sissy
★★★★

ONE of the best pictures of the year—for every type of film fan!—is this keenly interesting story, which mixes laughter and tears, of three boys in the tenement district of New York. — *Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

She slaps him—he dumps water on her: Clark Gable and Marion Davies in *Cain and Mabel*

Madge Evans pretends to dislike Bob Montgomery, who pursues her 'round town and across oceans

Mary Brian and Marjorie Gateson with Roscoe Karns and Lynne Overman in *Three Married Men*

An irresistible force meets an immovable object when Lew Ayres meets Mary Carlisle in *Lady Be Careful*

[*Continued on page* 60]

● *"Looka here—this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head—heck, we've each got six!...Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all—only cross. I know why—he's hot. No wonder—all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"*

● *"Now stop and think—what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?...Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it—a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"*

● *"See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman . . . Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder? . . . That's right. Two babies!...I told you she was bright!"*

● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...I make babies happy and comfortable. And I help to keep their skins in the pink of condition—which is the surest protection against skin infections!...I'm made of the very finest Italian talc, silky-fine and even. No gritty particles—and no orris-root...Do you know the rest of my family? Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil—they're all made especially for babies."*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

FELT SLUGGISH

I was dull and logy. The trouble? Poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT, took a tablet. It worked like magic.

HAPPY RELIEF

Once more full of natural vim and pep! Constipation yields to FEEN-A-MINT—the chewing-gum laxative. You chew it for 3 minutes. And it's the chewing that makes the difference. No griping, no violence, no disturbance of sleep. Not habit-forming. Economical. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Get FEEN-A-MINT for happy relief.

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

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Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for $1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed.

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TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!

Amazing new-type illumination enables us to say, "No matter what kind of light you now use, this is BETTER and CHEAPER!" Beats electric or gas. Equals light of 20 wick lamps at half cost of ONE. Yet there are no wicks to buy or trim, no smoky chimneys to clean or break. Safe anywhere.

300 CANDLE POWER New device draws in 96% free air and with only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil) magically turns it into 300 candle power of brilliant, white, soft light, penetrating every corner. Gives hours of bright light for few cents. World's lowest cost scientific light.

30 DAYS' TRIAL Enjoy this amazing, new light in your home for 30 days at OUR RISK, before deciding. Device built into beautiful, new art lamps of latest design. Send at once for illustrated folder, special low, introductory price offer. Act NOW!

AGENTS! Now making big weekly profits. Write at once.

AKRON LAMP & MFG. CO., 541 Lamp Bldg., Akron, O.

Let's Go to the Movies!

[*Continued from page* 59]

Three Married Men
★★

THERE'S a feud between the seven Mullinses and the five Carys—and then Mary Brian of the Mullins clan falls in love with Roscoe Karns of the Cary gang. Mary's two brothers, William Frawley and Lynne Overman, try to persuade the would-be groom that matrimony is not for him. The wedding preparations are funny. Then we spend some comical moments suffering with the groom because of his pajamas. The bride goes back to her mother. They reconcile. They decide to leave town on the train—and the conductor refuses to believe they're married and refuses to allow them to occupy the upper and lower. This ought to give you a pretty good idea of what this clean little comedy is all about.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Lady Be Careful
★★★

THE studio bought bawdy *Sailor Beware*, the stage hit, were compelled by censorship to revise the story—and drop the title hinting at the taboo drama. Undaunted, Dorothy Parker and husband Alan Campbell, together with Harry Ruskin wrote another set of juicy lines, inspired love scenes and fresh situations, so it emerges one of the bright comedies of the season. Lew Ayres is a sailor with a reputation as a lady killer. Bets are laid by sailors that he can make any girl fall in love with him, whereupon he meets Mary Carlisle, known as "Stonewall." Lew will doubtless regain his lost popularity with this film. Mary, Benny Baker and Larry Crabbe are excellent.—*Produced by Paramount.*

MR. AND MRS. DEEDS ARE BACK!

Remember Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town?* Of course you do, and you probably know they are being co-starred again, this time in the Cecil B. DeMille picture, *The Plainsman.*

Here's news! You can read the complete fiction story of this new picture of Gary's and Jean's before it is shown on any screen! ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES magazine, ten cents at all newsstands, is printing this story as a complete novelette, illustrated with actual scenes from the production!

The big November issue (16 more pages than ever before) is crammed with twelve big fiction stories of coming movies. Included is *Libeled Lady,* with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, and many other stories of coming movies starring Shirley Temple, Fred MacMurray, Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Madge Evans and many others.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES is the magazine. (On sale October 1.) You'd better reserve a copy at your newsstand. Newsstand copies are soon sold out at only 10c a copy.

Bette Davis' father always held Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink as an example for his daughter to follow. Now grown up and famous in her own right, she is no less an admirer of the grand old songstress, whom she recently met for the first time. Bette does exhibit the same lack of pretense that is one of beloved *grand dame's* distinguishing qualities

How the Movie Stars Propose

[*Continued from page* 37]

were fiendishly lonely; together, completely happy.

Three weeks after they met, they were scheduled to go to the movies one evening, after dinner. Charles, happier than he had ever been before, suddenly decided that he wanted this girl sitting opposite him the rest of his life. He suggested, "Let's go to Yuma, instead of the movies!"

His proposal was as simple, and as impulsive, as that!

ERROL FLYNN and Lili Damita first met in England, and were instantly interested in each other. But both had fiery dispositions, which produced static early in their romance. Lili was to go to some party with Errol—and "forgot." Errol smoldered, despite her subsequent apologies. Later, when he was to go with Lili to another party, *he* forgot. Then *she* smoldered. While they were forgetting, they decided to forget each other.

They couldn't, they discovered.

A few weeks later, in Hollywood, they encountered each other at a party, instantly broke into smiles. Errol later called Lili, invited her to some function, jokingly warning her that, if she forgot this time, she would never hear from him again. She remembered. "Date" followed "date" in quick succession. One evening he showed her a precious jewel that he had brought back from the South Seas, and asked her if she would like to have it set into a ring—an engagement ring. And that's how Errol Flynn proposed. Three weeks after meeting Lili Damita for the second time.

PRINCES, millionaires, men of letters, statesmen, scientists, great musicians had proposed to Grace Moore—and she had gaily refused them all, living only for song. Music was more important than any man. Until, three years ago, she set foot on the gangplank of the *Ile de France*, bound for Europe, a vacation, and a concert tour.

On the deck, a few feet away from the gangplank, stood a man whose face arrested her. He was looking at her, fascinatedly. She returned his gaze.

She whispered to her secretary-companion, a moment later, "Please try to find out who that man is. . . . That is the man I am going to marry."

Her secretary laughed, suspecting facetious whimsy. "But how do you know he is not already married?"

"No—I am positive he isn't. I am positive that, if I ever meet that man, we shall marry." Grace Moore was intensely in earnest.

The man, simultaneously, was asking *his* companion, "Do you know who that girl is? . . . I want to meet her."

Grace Moore and Valentin Parrera, Spanish actor, did meet—on that voyage on the *Ile de France*. Both sought that meeting. And in that meeting, both found confirmation of their first-sight fascination for each other.

The last night of the voyage, they stayed on deck until sunrise, unwilling to part for the few final hours of the ocean crossing. That momentous, memorable

[*Continued on page* 62]

COLD WEATHER doesn't put a stop to *this annoyance*

You can offend with *underarm odor* even though you don't perspire

YOU'VE often heard women say, "No, I don't use an underarm deodorant in winter. I don't need to, because I don't perspire in cold weather."

They're perfectly sincere. Because they do not feel moisture under the arms or see it on their clothing, they conclude they have nothing to fear from perspiration. How horrified they would be if they knew the facts!

For, far from putting a stop to perspiration odor, winter often makes it worse. Tighter sleeves, and heavier materials keep air away from the underarms. And indoor life, with too little exercise and too much nervous tension is apt to result in ugly underarm odor.

It's something that your daily bath cannot prevent. The best a bath can do is just to cleanse for the moment.

The only sure way to avoid this danger is to give your underarms special daily care. And why not do it the quickest, easiest way? With Mum!

Just half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful smoothed under each arm — that's all there is to using Mum! Then you're safe for the whole strenuous day.

Mum soothes and cools skin. Prove this by using Mum right after shaving the underarms. Even a sensitive skin won't mind!

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed, for it does not injure fabrics.

Does not prevent perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do — prevents the *odor* of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a daily habit, *winter* as well as summer, and you'll never need to fear perspiration odor! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS and enjoy the comfort of knowing you can never offend!

takes the odor out of perspiration

THESE *Sensational*
GENUINE JEWELRY VALUES
sent for only $1 00 DOWN
TEN *months* TO PAY BALANCE

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How the Movie Stars Propose!

[*Continued from page* 61]

crossing would too soon be ended. And in the grey dawn, as the coast of France loomed through the shore mists, he said, "I shall never leave you."

That was how Valentin Parera proposed to—and won—Grace Moore, who had been courted by royalty.

For her answer was, "And I shall always be with you." They were married at Cannes, France, a few days later.

WHEN Robert Taylor obeys romantic impulses, according to script, women the world over wish they could trade places with the heroine. In *His Brother's Wife,* he proposed to Barbara Stanwyck. Half of Hollywood believes that he has also proposed to her in private life. The other half doubts it. Neither Bob nor Barbara is telling. But it is a fact that his proposing has not been strictly confined to the screen.

When he was at Pomona College he fell violently in love with a girl who attended nearby Scripps College. He had no inkling then of what his future would be, but he was sure that he wanted it to be a future with *her.* With all the tempestuousness of twenty, he was positive that he never would find another girl so attuned to him.

He gave full rein to impulse. He made no attempt to mask his emotions. He told her his dreams of a future together, his fears of a future apart. He wanted to insure a future together. He pleaded, "Why can't we be secretly married?"

That was how Robert Taylor proposed.

They talked it over, decided that they should test their love until they were through college, and compromised on a secret engagement. And that evaporated when he became absorbed in dramatics, received an offer from M-G-M, and was rushing back and forth between Pomona and Culver City, taking lessons in screen acting. His absences made her fonder—of the other fellow. How that ever could have happened will forever be a mystery to twenty million women. But it did happen. Bob took it hard then. He can smile about it now. He has no regrets for that early impulsiveness. That impulsiveness was real, an intense part of his being.

GARY COOPER had a somewhat similar experience—and it took him years to get over it. He went to college in Grinnell, Iowa, fell in love with a pretty girl there, pleaded with her to marry him. She also compromised on an engagement—for his sake.

Gary had ambitions to be an artist; she wanted him to be unencumbered while he was getting started. He went off to Los Angeles, landed on a newspaper as a cartoonist, and had his head in a cloud of romantic day-dreams, when his job collapsed. He pounded the pavements, desperately looking for work, and was down to his last few cents when someone tipped him off to "extra" work in the movies. That didn't pay enough to support one, let alone two, though it might lead to something. The girl gave up waiting. She married someone else. (Incomprehensible, these early sweethearts!)

Time passed, and Gary slowly, surely, became famous as a romantic screen actor. He also became one of Hollywood's most popular—and most perennial—bachelors. His sales-resistance to marriage was phenomenal. Until he met Veronica Balfe, New York society girl, who was having a fling at the movies under the name of Sandra Shaw. Three months from the time they met at a movie party, Gary took her driving one evening. Later that same evening, they stopped to call on his mother and father, whom he wanted her to meet. She was wearing a diamond ring.

That was how Gary Cooper proposed. Invested in a ring instead of a speech.

IN HIS first picture, Franchot Tone appeared with Joan Crawford. It was not in the script that he should fall in love with her, but he did. And he was too sensitive to tell her so, in so many words. She did not want to hear, or even think, about love. She was too unhappy, too recently disillusioned by the breakdown of a marriage that had started out as idyllically happy. Franchot understood that.

He did not offer her a new love; he offered instead, a new friendship—an affectionate friendship. He accented the affectionate part by a daily gift of one of her favorite flowers. She accepted both the gardenias and the friendship.

He knew that it would be a long time before Joan would be able to consider marriage again for herself. He steeled himself for a long wait. Meanwhile, he had won one advantage. At least, he could be with her often. Weeks, months elapsed. He helped Joan to find new interests, new gaiety, new zest in life. In return for his affectionate friendship, she gave him hers.

One evening, he could control impulse no longer. Smilingly, he asked, "Why don't you marry me, Joan?" Smiling, she

Wolfe Hopper and Gail Patrick aren't in love (with one another) . . . and they aren't married . . . but isn't it a nice picture? And that Travis Banton creation of white lamé and tulle is very chic for Winter weddings

dismissed the question lightly. It became a form of banter between them, repeated at frequent intervals. But slowly, surely, his question became more serious—slowly, surely, making Joan consider it more seriously. That continued for a year, more than a year. Joan finally admitted that she loved him—but, still, that old fear of heartbreak in marriage haunted her.

If Franchot had been less patient, less persevering, less unselfish, less unfailingly faithful, Joan would not have lost that fear and found the courage to marry a second time. He obeyed that impulse to keep on asking.

JOHN BOLES first saw Marcelite Dobbs at a fraternity dance of the University of Texas. And, seeing her, he forgot completely about the girl he had brought to the dance; seeing him, Marcelite forgot about the boy who had brought *her*. John told her, "I never believed in love at first sight until tonight." He meant it. A blind person could have seen that. Tacitly, he was telling her, "I can never be happy now without you. You are the girl I want to marry, when I marry." That was how John Boles first proposed. And her answer was, "I never believed in miracles, either, before tonight."

ON THE screen, Donald Woods is an intensely serious, dignified, reticent young lover. Off the screen—well, it is a different story. (Producers, please note.) The girl he loved happened to go to Santa Ana, California, for a visit. He went down to look over Santa Ana, himself. He made an interesting discovery.

"Do you realize where we are?" he asked her. "In the Gretna Green of California—the mecca of marriage-minded young couples!"

"What should we do about it?"

"Why, become marriage-minded ourselves!"

"You mean, you're proposing to *me*?"

"I don't see anyone else. *Never* have seen anyone else, in fact."

"You can't be serious—or you would have asked me before. It wouldn't have taken you this long to make up your mind."

"Do you dare me to be serious?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've taken many a worse dare. I'm taking this one."

And gaily, arm in arm, off they went to the City Hall.

WARREN WILLIAM proposed, as he went off to war, by saying to Helen Nelson, with his goodbye kiss, "When I come back—" . . . Leslie Howard proposed in the same way, and utilized a brief leave to finish the sentence. . . . James Cagney wrote Frances Vernon a letter in which he asked, "What's the sense in our being apart?" . . . Buck Jones proposed to Odille Osborne by saying, "Should a girl marry a fellow who is broke and hasn't a job?" (Her answer was, "Not unless she loves him—like I do you.") . . . Richard Dix telephoned from New York to Hollywood, when he was about to embark on a sea trip, to tell Virginia Webster, "I can't go without you. I want to make it a honeymoon."

It's disillusioning, boys—but maybe the girls have the right impression of these movie actors. They *are* romantic. And they seem pretty well sold on this idea: When you make love, what you say isn't so important—it's *how* you say it!

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FRANCES NALLE, Search for Talent winner, chats with ROBERT TAYLOR in Hollywood

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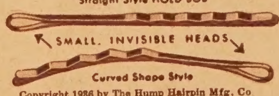

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"Wild Woman" From Madagascar

[*Continued from page* 40]

were freckles, a turned-up nose and pleasant warm eyes. But nothing to recommend her to pictures. She was, rather, sub-deb type, whom I judged to be about fourteen, and I remember I said to myself, "Funny, I didn't know this club was sponsored by society . . . thought it was just for movie folk," and at the same time I spoke to the child aloud. "You wouldn't by any chance know Simone Simon when you see her, would you? She's that new—"

A twinkle in the little girl's eyes arrested me. She stood up, her hands unwrinkled her shorts—another little girl gesture. Her lips parted, a smile, and then she said softly in that soft French accent which has since endeared her to an impressionable public. "Yes? I am Simone Simon."

It was such a relief, I beamed, and she beamed, and she said, "You are a surprise to me, too. I thought all woman reporters were like ogres to eat me up. You are hungry? We have to aid ourselves but that is better, don't you think, because then we can get a lot on the plate and no one knows what a pig we are!" She laughed gayly. "It is so foolishness. I was frightened of you and now I am not at all. Oh, look, they have roast beef, and salmon, and chicken! Is it not wonderful? Here let me give you something of everything. It's a nice club, don't you think? So much good food, and so many nice people.

When Simone pouts she looks like a fourteen-year-old. But to hear her talk . . . !

"And I am taking lessons at this tennis and I think I like it very much. I am only sorry I did not join before because I have been so lonely here, and now I think I meet a lot of these nice people, don't you think, and maybe make friends? See, there is Frank Lawton. I met him the other day. How do you do, Mr. Lawton. See, he remember me and speak to me. You see what I mean, it is nice to know people and speak to them. It has been so lonely here. Oh, look, olives—big—like they have in Italy!" Plop went one into her mouth and that plop ceased the monologue and allowed me a chance to breathe, and to reorganize my thoughts. So this was the French exotic, the combine of Dietrich, Garbo and Bergner! Phooey, this was a winsome little minx, a hell-cat and a domestic purring kitten rolled into one, a very natural and primitive, bubbling and vivacious little person.

SHE was born in Marseilles, some nineteen or twenty years ago, on April 23rd, the only child of a French father and Italian mother. From her father she inherits much of her imagination and vivacity. He was always lured by far places, strange ventures. When Simone was ten, he uprooted his home and moved it to Madagascar where he had invested in a graphite mine. From her mother Simone inherited another side—a side that loves music, laughter and beauty. Between the two of them somewhere along the line she also inherited ambition. As a child she thought she wanted to be an artist.

In Madagascar she took up sketching, and sculpturing, and it was the latter that later led her to Paris to study, when she was sixteen. It was during this year that she literally slapped opportunity in the face. While sipping her "little coffee" at a sidewalk cafe a man approached and told her of his admiration for her beauty. Simone thought he was being fresh, but he turned out to be Tourjanksy, a famous film director, who was seized with the inspiration to cast her in his next picture.

WHEN I asked her why it was she seemed so well adapted to rôles of girls-in-love, she tossed her curls and said, "Perhaps because I think love must be so wonderful. Oh, I have been in love many times, but they were little loves, one sided loves; the big one is still ahead of me. Some girls they are disillusioned about love. I am not.

"Oh, it is funny, the times I have thought I was in love. Most often I hardly even knew the man I adored. Once, for two whole years I was in love with a man and all that time I was never alone with him once, and all that time the only time he ever spoke to me was to call me Monkey Face. That wasn't ver' nice, don't you think, but it didn't matter because he had such a nice smile and such a nice voice when he said it that I liked to hear him say it. He was a student in sculpture like I was and used to study with the same teacher, and his lesson came after mine, and always I used to stay, just to see him, and he would come in and say, 'Hello, Monkey Face,' and then the teacher would send me away and that would be all. But I used to think of ways I could try to please him. Women must make an effort you know to please men . . .

"There were other times, too, even before that, when we lived in Madagascar, and there was a big, tall American engineer there, like your Gary Cooper, and I was only eleven, but I thought someday I would grow up and marry him. Only he had a wife, but I dreamed that she would run away and leave him and there was where I would come in—he would turn to me to console him. But those are just little loves. The big love, that is still ahead of me. I look forward to that. That is what I think of most often when I am acting love scenes before the camera."

ABOUT her years as an actress in France, Simone will not talk, for modesty's sake. But it's true that she was one of France's biggest stars.

Incidentally, when well meaning

French friends advised her to be very calm and nice in Hollywood, Simone is reported to have said, "That's very fine, my friends, but I won't change my character for a dozen Hollywoods. I lived for years in a wild country among temperamental people and animals, and I was most temperamental of all. You can't change nature and Simone over night."

However, Simone is not temperamental in the sense usually accepted by Americans . . . which is "nasty, unreasonable, difficult." In Europe temperament means something else . . . "changeableness, emotionalism, with a capacity for many varying moods." And in that sense, Simone *is* temperamental. As she said herself in an amazing interview, her first, with Twentieth Century-Fox's head, Mr. Darryl Zanuck. She asked him for a panther.

"I must have a panther. I am a very brave woman and I like wild things about me. I must be exotic, and besides, I love panthers. I had two of them when I was in Madagascar. I want this beautiful animal to walk with me when I go shopping."

But that noon at the West Side Tennis Club, Simone explained that she was "only fooling" about the panther. "I really didn't want one," she explained, "because if I went walking with a panther people in this country would think I was only doing it for publicity. I only told Mr. Zanuck that so he would know what kind of a woman I was. I *do* like panthers. I am wild at times. I just wanted him to know."

BUT if Simone asserts her primitiveness one minute, she is just as docile the next. Shortly after she arrived in Hollywood she was overcome with homesickness, and one of the things that disturbed her most was that the California poppies in the fields were gold, not red,

[*Continued on page* 66]

Von voyage! Basil and Mrs. Rathbone depart for England. On this side he gets only villain rôles; over there, he is a romantic hero. Don't miss the fascinating story Mrs. Rathbone tells in the December issue of SCREEN BOOK about her popular husband

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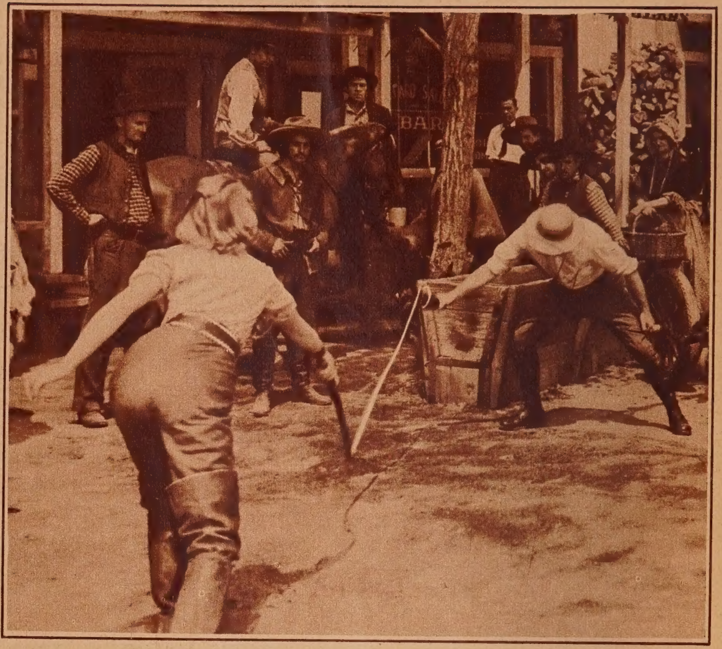

The girl snapping out with the blacksnake whip has been practicing for weeks—and is now so adept she could cut the buttons off your vest without harming you. (When she played in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* she snapped a loop into a knotted rope—remember? Not an easy trick. Try it.) Who is this girl? She's Jean Arthur—playing Calamity Jane in *The Plainsman*—again opposite Gary Cooper, by the way. That's Cecil B. DeMille holding the target for Jean's whip practice. Brave man!

"Wild Woman" From Madagascar

[*Continued from page 65*]

like the poppies of her native land. They were not half so beautiful. Finally she could stand it no longer and cabled to France for some poppy seeds. When they arrived she put a bunch of them in her pocket, took a Sunday afternoon stroll through the foothills of Beverly Hills, across the fields, and when no one was looking sowed them to the winds.

"Now," she said, "pretty soon they will crowd the yellow poppies out, and there will be beautiful fields of red ones to remind me of home."

When Simone arrived in Hollywood she said the first thing she must look for was a garden. So she did, in reality, look for that first. And when she found the one she liked best she took the house that went with it. Now she practically lives in that garden; eats three meals a day in it and all but sleeps there. Also she bought a new blue Packard which she is just now learning to drive. Slacks and a little cap perched on the back of her head—that is her uniform.

AFTER the panther-talk the studio didn't know quite what to expect of the "wild" woman from Madagascar, but it soon found that its fears were unfounded. In other things they found her most agreeable. When she didn't like the hairdress which was designed for her, instead of making a fuss about it, she spent fifteen days quietly experimenting with different coiffures herself, until she found one that was acceptable to herself and the studio as well.

She doesn't talk much to others in the same picture, but she sits close to the director and seems to be watching, watching . . . eager to learn all there is to know about the American methods of making pictures. When she isn't working she dines often in the studio Cafe de Paris. When she is in production she eats in her dressing room. "Not because I am high hat. I would prefer the gaiety and excitement of the Cafe, but I must spend more time studying my lines than most actors do, because the lines are in a language that is foreign to me."

She seldom goes to night clubs and not once, since she has been in Hollywood, has she been escorted anywhere by a movie personality. "There has been so much to study and learn up till now, only now I am getting lonely, and now maybe I go somewhere with somebody, if they ask me," she added cutely. "People said I was trying to be like Garbo because I would not go anywhere or see anyone, but that is not so. Please you will not start any new rumor about me, will you?"

She rose to make a second trip to the buffet table. "Perhaps you will tell them I eat like a pig," she continued, laughing, "but that is true, so you can say that.

What is true I do not mind. It is only the other." Suddenly she stopped, serving fork poised in air. "Tell me, do you see anything of the Orient about me? No! But somebody who had never met me wrote, 'Simone Simon—she blends the sophistication of France with the charm of the Orient.' Humph!"—as she sent the meat fork stabbing, "I am as Orient as this—this piece of roast beef, don't you think?

"And tell me, why must Americans always think of France as sophisticated? Only Paris maybe is sophisticated. France is full of little villages and country and peasant people, you know, and that really is the nicest part of it. I am not a Parisienne. I have lived there and worked there, yes, but that does not mean I am sophisticated. I am not bored with anything. I love my work. I love people, I love animals. I love everything I do and see. I have happiness in much things. Everything is adventure and romance. Is that a sophisticated woman? When I like simple things? Do you like me in shorts? You do not think I am too bourgeoise in them? They are the first pair I have ever worn."

Such spontaneity, such effervescence, such blithe hopping about from subject to subject—well, you can see why any consecutive order would have been impossible in this story! But anyway, there she is: A minx who refers to herself always as a woman, but who looks like a child, and who has the amazing charm-combination of them both.

This is Dorothy Lamour's first picture, but she seems to have the right attitude toward her work. She and Ray Milland have the leading rôles in *Jungle Princess*

Every woman needs Kotex
FOR TRIPLE PROTECTION

Can't Chafe
The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

Can't Fail
Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

● What Do You Do with *Your Little Finger?*

—when you pick up a glass or cup? . . . You know from watching others that charm and poise can be destroyed instantly by the misuse of hands. And by the same token, *the correct use of your hands* can become a tremendous social and business asset. Great actresses accomplish much of their poise by proper hand action.

The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell

- how to hold a cigarette
- how to pick up cards
- how to shake hands
- and how to make hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on How to Use Your Hands Correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

Just mail coupon with the front of a 35c, 50c or $1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion box (or two fronts from 10c sizes) and your copy will be sent *FREE.*

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408 Gray Street, Elmira, N.Y.
Here is the boxfront—send me my copy of Margery Wilson's book on hands.

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Send Underwood No. 5 (F.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10-days trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.

Name ________________Age____
Address ____________________
Town ________________State ____

A Surprise a Minute!

[*Continued from page* 16]

yet. The little barbarian needs a lot of training. Give him time—he's only been with us a short time."

What a real, amiable, beautiful girl. So young, so vitally interested in what she is doing — so eagerly enthusiastic about even the most humdrum things.

You are conversing with a young modern, I told myself. Unaffected, sophisticated, interested in sports and in having fun. No sham about her. Straightforward. Eyes as direct and honest and knowing as those of a story book heroine. Plenty of fire in them too.

"I've just been swimming. I love the beach, but a day there, in the sun, would make me look like a lobster, so far as color is concerned. I don't tan, you see. This rest between *I Married a Doctor* and *Mountain Justice* left me free to do many of the things I've planned to do. My husband says I've been busier than when I'm working! Riding, swimming, planting my flowers, having fittings, studying music. I couldn't just stop in my tracks and do nothing. The theatre had made me a worker—and there seems never to be enough time for doing things." Her husband, incidentally, is James Townsend, popular actor's agent.

"One of the nice things in Hollywood is that there is this time to play between pictures. I hardly knew what it meant to have time to play before I came here. In the Civic Repertoire Company, one hardly had time to think outside of it, or think of oneself even. Rehearsals, rehearsals—performances each evening—matinees. If one is in stock or repertory, there is always next week's play to learn lines for. Sometimes, though, I miss that *must do* part of it as definitely as I miss the audiences."

I learned more surprising things about her. She hopes some day to direct. Is even now taking steps toward that end—for example, she has filled several good-sized note books with her observations on people she has met, places she has been, various things which would be invaluable to a director. It is her scrapbook for the future.

One of her prized possessions is a collection of old clothes. Most of these are costumes from the plays she has done. Old shoes, particularly the kind a character player might wear, are one of the features of this unusual and irreplaceable collection.

But her weakness is music-boxes. And she loves to show them. In her music-box "museum" are some very rare ones she has found in Europe and out-of-the way antique shops. Her favorite of all of them is a bird in a cage. You wind him up and would swear a mockingbird was singing just outside the window.

She refuses to mail a letter immediately after it's written, and usually saves it twenty-fours hours—then re-reads it. An avid knitter, she calls it her "vice" and admits anyone could do better. Her biggest adventure occurred when a farm house in which she was living burned to the ground. She talks a kind of pig Latin few can understand—and never reads the funny papers.

Josephine is five feet, four and a half inches tall, but for years was convinced that she was five feet, eight—and registered that height with agents and producers. She weighs 110 pounds.

Instead of the staid, serious Hutchinson her characters on the screen had led me to believe she was, I found the keen, enthusiastic, young modern that she is. Found a glowing personality which in some mysterious manner of her own artistic devising has managed to hide behind the quiet characters of her screen rôles. Here's hoping for a Columbus to discover the real girl for the screen. I'll give you one tip—that Columbus would be color. So here's to a rôle in a color picture for the surprising amber-haired and amber-eyed Hutchinson!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE??

Even camera-wise stars sometimes are caught wearing odd expressions

Vic McLaglen isn't trying to grin-and-bear a mouthful of alum—it's just one of those inopportune-moment snaps

Franchot Tone is giving stubs to the ticket taker—not trying to swing him off into a waltz

Now, what could bring this "reproachful faun" look to Jim Cagney's face?

George Stone's face shows surprise—and a three-day beard

Left—Looks as if Ann Harding were ready to enter a spitting-at-forty-paces duel — but 'tain't so

IT STARTED WITH A "COMMON COLD"!

(It Usually Does)

The Necessity of Definite Treatment

He wasn't feeling so bad yesterday—just headachy and loggy. Today they telephoned the office that he's pretty bad and they had to have the doctor in.

Everyone is shocked, for it was only a "slight cold" yesterday. Yet, isn't it true that nearly every case of bronchitis and pneumonia you heard of started with "just a common cold"?

If there's anything you want to be concerned about, it's the so-called "common cold."

Federal, state and city health departments are constantly calling attention to the danger of the "common cold." They know the insidious nature of the "common cold." They know, from experience, what it can develop into, almost before you know it!

To Be Safe

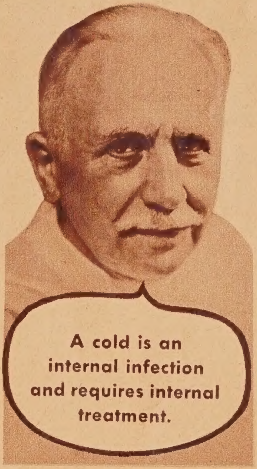
What you want to do, if you want to be safe, is to regard a cold—*any* cold—seriously. Keep two things in mind:

(1) *A cold is an internal infection and, as such, calls for internal treatment.*

(2) *A cold calls for a cold treatment and not a "cure-all" or a preparation that is only incidentally good for colds.*

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

First of all, it is distinctly a cold treatment, a tablet designed expressly for the treatment of colds and nothing else. Secondly, it works internally and it does four things of vital importance in the treatment of a cold—as follows:


A cold is an internal infection and requires internal treatment.

First, it opens the bowels, an acknowledgedly advisable step in the treatment of a cold.

Second, it checks the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against recurrence.

This is the fourfold effect that distinguishes Grove's Bromo Quinine and it is what you want for the prompt treatment of a cold.

Decisive Treatment

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated are exactly the same as the regular, except that the tablets are coated with sugar for palatability.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, go get yourself a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets. Don't compromise with less efficient methods. Start taking the tablets immediately, two at a time. Taken promptly, Grove's Bromo Quinine will usually stop a cold the first day and that's the speed of action you want.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and no reliable druggist will try to switch you to anything else. Ask firmly for these famous tablets by name. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of trouble.

RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*

WHY LET YOUR HAIR
GO DULL and DRY?

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That rare, alluring gleam of rich, glossy hair — what equals it in charm? What ingenuity in waving can make up for its loss?

You, too, can have your hair's full beauty back again! The secret is in the **shampoo.** Harsh soaps and treatments have robbed your hair of its natural gloss. ACCENT, the **new, different** shampoo, will restore it!

No other shampoo is so rich in **pure olive oil,** the finest known restorative for dry, exhausted hair. The **first pressing** of the choicest ripe European olives, combined with the purest saponifying elements, gives you an ideal shampoo for hair luster and beauty; leaves the hair so soft and pliable it takes a better, more lasting wave.

ACCENT
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SHAMPOO

ONE TRIAL of ACCENT will convince you; and regular use will speedily restore your hair's glossy radiance!

-----SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY!-----

Huntington Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 111,
Huntington, Indiana.

Enclosed is 10c (coin or stamps) for generous trial bottle of ACCENT, the **new** Castile shampoo.

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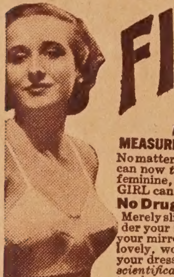
POSSESSES APPEARANCE OF A
STUNNING
FIGURE
INSTANTLY!



ADDS 3 *INCHES* TO CHEST MEASUREMENT—OR COSTS NOTHING!

No matter how flat your chest may be, you can now *transform* its appearance into feminine, full curvesome lines! EVERY GIRL can now do it . . . easily, *instantly!*

No Drugs, Creams or Exercises

Merely slip my Formettes in position under your regular brassiere and look into your mirror. You'll be thrilled to see the lovely, womanly curves and smart lines your dresses acquire. FORMETTES are *scientifically* designed to give perfect naturalness and comfort. Made of a special substance that feels and looks just like *real flesh.* So natural your closest girl friends will not detect them. If you want to **Try Formettes for ONE WEEK without obligation,** note the transformation—see what a wonderful difference youthful, alluring chest curves make in your whole appearance.

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address and we will mail you a set of FORMETTES C. O. D. for only $1.87, plus a few cents postage. Try them for one full week, then if not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send today to *Dorothy Page,*
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A NEW PERFUME—thrilling, exciting, lasting!
$5.00 an ounce—a 50c bottle is in the

Redwood Treasure Chest.

Also 50c bottle
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$3.00 an ounce
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$2.00 an ounce
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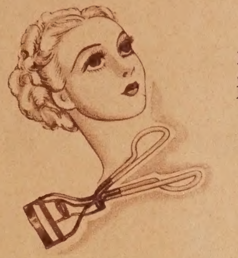
Chest is 6 in. x 3 in. made from the Giant Redwoods of California. Send only $1.00 check, stamps or currency for chest with 4-50c bottles.

PAUL RIEGER (*Est. 1878*) **357 Davis St., San Francisco**

Eyes for Beauty

[*Continued from page* 18]



For lashes that curl fetchingly, use trusty Kurlash

"Before retiring, every bit of make-up should be removed and the eyes washed with a dependable lotion. A bit of nourishing cream should then be patted into the lids and all about the eye and a touch of oil rubbed into brows and lashes to keep them soft and pliable."

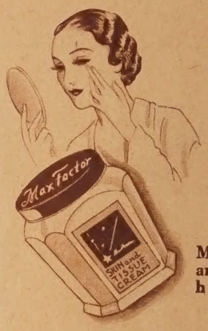
If Joan's rules of caring for and beautifying the eyes have kindled the high resolve to treat your own eyes with new courtesy, be diligent in the matter of hygiene and discriminating in your selection of cosmetics and you will be well on the road to eye beauty.

Since hygiene comes first, of primary importance is a dependable lotion to relieve irritated eyes and wash away dust particles at the end of the day. Murine is a soothing lotion that will refresh and cleanse reddened or sensitive eyes and can be used with safety as often as desired. There is an eye dropper right in the bottle which makes the application of Murine simple and sanitary.

The ideal brow line is one which follows the bone structure of the eye socket, but nature usually needs a helping hand in giving a neat arch and keeping stray hairs from growing beneath the brows and over the bridge of the nose. The persistent problem of tweezing has been simplified by the Kurlash Company with their scissor-handled Twissors, which have a stubborn grip and, best of all, permit full vision of the brow on which you are working. The price of Twissors is only twenty-five cents. For painless tweezing, always remember to soften the skin with a bit of cold cream before starting to work on your brows and to pull out the hair in the direction it is growing.

Kurlash is the name of that popular little instrument which clever girls use to bring out the full beauty of their lashes. It requires no heat and will curl the lashes in a twinkling, making them appear long and come-hitherish. The rubber reinforcement on Kurlash protects both lids and lashes in the curling process. Priced at one dollar.

If you have found applying mascara a tricky business you will be delighted with Maybelline's new Cream Mascara which is simplicity itself to use and gives the lashes a silky, natural appearance. Squeeze a tiny bit of the mascara from its metal tube onto the specially molded brush which comes with it, and stroke upward, brushing the mascara evenly to the very tips. Tube and brush have a neat little suede case with zipper opening which can be carried in the purse. The price complete is seventy-five cents.

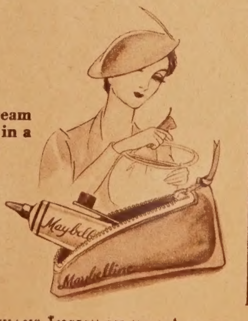


Max Factor's Skin and Tissue Cream helps prevent crow's-feet

Newest of eye beautifiers from the House of Pinaud is their Six-Twelve Eye Shadow which comes in blue, violet, green and brown. Cream-like in consistency it can be blended into the subtlest of shadows. And don't distrust green because you have never tried it—you will find this shade flattering and piquantly different. The Six-Twelve Eye Shadow also comes in an attractive little tube all set to go places.

Laugh lines are quick to develop into crows-feet in the sensitive, thin skin around the eyes unless this delicate area is given special care and attention. Each night before going to bed, an easily absorbed tissue cream should be patted ever so gently around the eyes and over the lids with the fingertips. Max Factor's Skin and Tissue Cream is particularly beneficial for this important nightly ritual. And it needn't be confined to the eye area as the fine emollient qualities of this cream make it an excellent restorative for the face and throat when used as a night cream. Max Factor's Skin and Tissue Cream may be had at one dollar, or at two dollars for the "extra-large" size.

Maybelline Cream Mascara comes in a zipper case



JANET LYNN'S FREE BEAUTY SERVICE

For the asking, your beauty problems will receive the personal attention of Janet Lynn, expert beautician. She will advise you on the care of the skin, hair or figure. And don't hesitate to request trade names to help you in your quest for loveliness. Address Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York. Please be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, which is the only requirement for a prompt, confidential reply.

A New $500.00 Trademark Contest

[*Continued from page* 8]

to be an artist to enter this contest. All you have to do is to write down your ideas clearly and briefly. You may send in as many as you like. The more the merrier. Mail your entry (or entries) to Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine Hollywood, Calif.

This same offer appears in the November issues of SCREEN BOOK's affiliated Fawcett film Publications—HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN PLAY, MOTION PICTURE, and MOVIE CLASSIC. The winner among the entries submitted to SCREEN BOOK will be awarded a cash prize of $50 and a chance to win the $250 Grand Prize.

Here's a good tip to all contestants. When you have an idea that you think suitable for a trademark, jot it down at once. Ideas you know, have a habit of slipping away beyond recall unless transferred to paper. The history of all film trademarks disclose the remarkable fact that they were founded on flash thoughts of their creators.

And another thing. Be sure that your idea is *original.* You cannot hope to win a prize by copying what some one else has already used. Read the contest rules over carefully and then start picturing trademark ideas in your mind, being sure to transfer to paper those you think will be truly symbolic of the type of pictures Mr. LeRoy plans on producing.

Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20th, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20th, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or A Mervyn LeRoy Production.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Publicity Director for Warner Bros.
6. Contest closes midnight, December 20th, 1936.
7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. Submit your entry (or entries) to Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK, Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.
9. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same. No entries will be returned.

From now on it's all up to you. Here's hoping your entry wins a prize!

"I Kept This Under My Hat," says Renée Carroll, America's most famous hat check girl at Sardi's. She knew all the famous stars "when" and she tells odd and fascinating stories about them in December SCREEN BOOK

"Me? Afraid of Offending?
NOT ANY MORE"

NEW DEODORANT BY KOTEX

100% EFFECTIVE ON SANITARY NAPKINS

● Now there's no excuse to be guilty of the "Unforgivable Offense!" The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

No matter, now, if other methods haven't satisfied, especially on hottest days. Quest is 100% effective! It assures all-day-long freshness, yet it does not irritate the skin, clog the pores or interfere with normal body functions.

Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this soothing cool powder on sanitary napkins, after the bath, to prevent perspiration offense. It is unscented, which means it can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume. Quest costs no more than other kinds . . . only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.

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Use it with KOTEX
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THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
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Cut your lingerie bills in half, yet wear underthings that look beautiful, fit perfectly no matter how many trips to the laundry. SPUN-LO rayon fabric makes it possible. Especially tested against weak spots that break into runs.

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Sirs: Rush without charge (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one.
Name ______
Address ______

Around the World with Lead Pipe and Whiskey Funnel

[*Continued from page* 35]

I didn't want to waste I'm gonna make myself a million dollars. Is there anything planned about that?

"See, I didn't have time to have the jitters, to work myself up into a nervous state. I just told him I'd come all the way across the country to get on the Rudy Vallee program, and I was gonna get on it. And he said, 'That was takin' a pretty big chance, don't you think?' And I said, 'Not half as big a chance as you'll be takin' if you give me an audition.' And I told him I wanted a private audition too. I didn't want him shovin' me in with a lot of those hill billy fellows in big hats and with no mud on their boots. And so he said I could have a private audition the next day, and I said, 'All right then, and I'll bring my Bazooka.' He wanted to know what that was, and I wouldn't tell him.

"WELL, if you've never given an audition you don't know how cold it can be. All those listenin' fellows, they just sit there behind the glass with long faces and you can just see them sayin' to themselves, 'We'll get through with this one in a hurry.' They asked me where my script was and I said I didn't have none, and what's more I wouldn't have none when I went on the Rudy Vallee program either. And I said just to show them that my act wasn't a one-time shot, that they could name any subject and I'd talk on it.

"That kinda confounded them and I said 'Go ahead, gentlemen. Name anythin', birds, babies, trees, rivers, love, forest, mountains, moonlight—anythin'! But you know what? They couldn't think of nothin'. They had a conference and still couldn't think of nothin' so I figured I had the advantage over them right there. I was offerin' to talk on anythin', and they couldn't even think of one little thing.

"So I said, 'All right, I'll talk about gettin' on the Rudy Vallee program.' And I did. And I said I'd had a big disappointment in comin' to New York, cause I'd wanted to get on one of them amateur programs, but I'd found out you couldn't get on one of them less you were known, so now I'd had to come down a peg or two to the Rudy Vallee program. But I said anyway it had its advantages cause at least the competition on that program wouldn't be so keen. So I went on like that for a while and purty soon I had the job. All on account of a nickel spent the wrong way.

"That job next landed me on a program with Bing Crosby, and from that into a picture with Bing. And now I'm workin' in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*, and there'll be more, I guess. I got a contract now."

PERHAPS from this good-natured, good-humored "spiel" you can guess why a hick from Arkansas is the most refreshing thing Hollywood has yet seen, and why Hollywood would make him, if he would permit it, the most adored social lion.

"But I don't care for parties much," he says. "Course I go now and then . . . there was that party at the Countess di Frasso's. Only she didn't really invite me. It was Carole Lombard who got me to that one. Parties are like theater engagements; one good one gets you another!

"See, it was like this way. Marina Shubert and her mother, Nina Koshetz, gave a party for Bing Crosby and the rest of us on the radio show, and I got up at that party and entertained for a while, and Carole Lombard was there, and she liked it, I guess, and that's how she got me invited to the Countess' party. Just up and told the Countess to invite me, that's all. So I went. And I had a good time and I might go to others exceptin' there weren't that trouble about clothes.

"I don't like to dress up, and like that party at the Countess', f'rinstance. She called it a red and white party, and everybody had to wear red and white, and a pal of mine said I should get a white mess jacket and wear a red cummerbund. Well, I didn't know what either of them things was, but I guessed a mess jacket was the kind of white coats waiters wear, so I bought myself one, and the cummerbund sounded sorta like a sash, so I went to a haberdasher store to get one of them, and I took the waiter's jacket along to show the man what I wanted to wear it with, and he laughed. And he said that wasn't a mess jacket, that it was just a mess, but that they could order me one. So they did, and it cost about ten times as much as the waiter's jacket, which I took back, and it didn't look no better, it seemed to me. But see, that's the

This is how a polo addict gets in his home work. Paul's ingenious net-enclosed pen has sloping sides so the ball comes back to be hit again and again

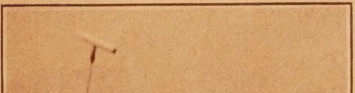
kinda thing you have to do if you go to parties much. So I don't.

"WHY, when I used to play my Bazooka in the Bal Tabarin in New York—even if it was a smart expensive place, I never used to dress up none. At just exactly twelve o'clock every night, a very elegant-lookin' master of ceremony, in a Brooks Brothers' suit of evening clothes would come out on the floor and announce me. And he would address them 'Ladies and Gentlemen' like they were, and tell them all about this wonderful artist they were so lucky to have with them . . . an artist who had played in front of kings and queens and duchesses and dukes . . . and who was here to play one solo for them now on the most unique instrument in the world.

"And then he'd bow, and then there'd be a blare from the orchestra, and then I'd step out. And I'd have on just a plain suit of clothes like I used to wear back in Arkansas, and maybe my hair'd need combing, and my face'd need shaving, and I'd just lift my Bazooka to my lips, without bowin' or nothin' and I'd play. And usually I'd play *Margie*—it was popular then—and after I got through I'd throw that Bazooka down and march off, to a table on the side, and no matter how much they hollered I wouldn't play no more.

"And did those society people love it! They used to come there night after night, and come early for dinner, which cost a lot more than if they'd come after the theater, just so they'd have a good seat up front when I'd play. Why a lot of people used to tell me if a week went by and they didn't come to hear my Bazooka they'd get lonesome for it. It did something to them, they said.

[*Continued on page* 74]



Paul Kelly works out a new pony. He's also teaching his daughter Mimi to play polo

SKINNY, WEAK RUNDOWN, NERVOUS

Feed Strength-Building Natural Iodine to Glands for RICH, RED, NOURISHING BLOOD!

How Amazing New Sea Plant from Pacific Ocean Feeds IODINE-STARVED GLANDS, Quickly Renews ENERGY, Builds Glorious NEW STRENGTH and ADDS 5 Lbs. in one Week or No Cost!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of tired, weak, worn out, haggard-looking women whose energy and strength have been sapped by housework and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. Science has at last placed its finger on one of the principal causes of this dangerous rundown condition, and provides the way for building up and renewing a rich supply of red, nourishing, strength-building blood. "In most cases," agree many leading scientists and health authorities, "the cause of weakness, nervousness, skinniness and poor blood may be traced directly and indirectly to MINERAL and IODINE-STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into solid flesh, husky tireless strength, vibrant energy and the red blood supply that keeps you strong and well. The inevitable result is, you stay skinny, rundown, nervous, weak and ailing."

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength, and assures the utilization of nourishment—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

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5. **Make You Sleep Sounder.**
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Around the World with Lead Pipe and Whiskey Funnel

[Continued from page 73]

"SURE, that's true about my used-to playing it for kings and queens and dukes and duchesses. That was right after the war. I was still in France and I had a band of my own and there was a lot of royalty in Paris and they used to like me around cause they liked my Bazooka. Even if it was only a piece of lead pipe and a whiskey funnel, it made the kind of music they liked. And I used to go to parties where sometimes there was Maurice, the famous dancer, and his partner. And often we played for them to dance to.

"Then there was the time we helped give the party at the Princess'—I forget the rest of her name now, but she was the Princess of Czechoslovakia or Bulgaria or one of those places, and she was one of the nicest ladies I ever knew. And one day when she said wasn't it a shame she was broke cause she owned a beautiful castle right outside of Paris where it would be a lovely place to give a party. And I said we'd give the party anyway. Me and the boys would provide the music, and as for food and drinks, the guests could bring their own. And she said that would be nice, only the palace wasn't in no shape to give a party, it was so dirty and run down.

"So me and the boys we went out there and cleaned it up, and the Princess helped, just to show you how swell she was. There she was on a step ladder washin' windows while we mowed the grass and scrubbed the floor.

"And you know, that was one of the most wonderful parties I ever saw. The King of Spain was there, and his cousin, Don Luis, and he was so impressed with my Bazooka he gave me and the boys a tip of $600, and asked me to be sure and come and see him in Spain sometime.

"BUT I ain't always played my Bazooka for royalty. No indeed. A lot of times I played it for hobos in box cars, when I was doin' a little freight hikin' myself. And I've played it for

No one in Hollywood is safe when Henry Fonda is around with his camera. He shoots on sight—and sometimes catches people in embarrassing moments. He has his own developing room in the basement, where he works *over* a laundry hamper and *under* his own socks hung to dry

OLD HANDS
YOUNG FACE

DON'T LET YOUR HANDS "DATE" YOU!

SOFSKIN CREME *Quickly Restores Their Soft, Youthful Allure*

TRY THIS AMAZING NEW CREME 10 DAYS FREE!

Maybe you don't do a stroke of real work. But just because they're in water so much oftener, your hands age faster than your face. Old hands sneak up on you before you know it—dry, veiny, rough-fingered, with wooden palms that repel a handclasp. What a tragedy while your face is still so young!

Now Science steps in with a marvelous new youthifier, SOFSKIN CREME. Your hands absorb its youth-renewing elements instantly. You can actually see them grow whiter, softer; harsh lines smooth out. So fragrant, so dainty, you'll love it. Leaves no shine or stickiness. Just soft, white, gardenia smoothness. You can wear gloves at once.

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ENDS DAILY EYE MAKE-UP BOTHER

HERE'S a new, easy way to keep your lashes and brows dark for weeks with ONE treatment. Just use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks. Ends daily eye make-up bother. Swim, cry or perspire—never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at good department and drug stores.

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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circus parades, and I've played it on the boardwalk at Atlantic City to attract customers inta my concession where you could play a horse racing game, and where the winner got little Chinese baskets full of candy. And I've played it in carnivals all over the country . . . and in my own traveling carnival which I owned myself. And when I couldn't raise money no other way, it always helped me.

"And I always say, 'See, it was just chance that made me discover my Bazooka.' I didn't set out to invent an instrument that people would like, and that would make me money. I was just cleanin' a piece of pipe out in the yard one day back in Van Buren, and was blowin' through it and it made a funny whistlin' sound, and I got to thinkin' if I put somethin' on the other end to make the sound bigger, it might sound like somethin' and so I put a whisky funnel on the other end, and that was the birth of my Bazooka. If the drain hadna got clogged up that day . . . well, see what I mean? It ain't plannin' . . . just circumstance.

"Course I've worked . . . I've worked hard. And I've near-starved. And that's no foolin'. But a lot of poor fellows do that, and still they don't get no place. And yet here I am playin' good parts in pictures on the same lot where I used to carry spears, and be only an extra.

"WHY, I guess, I might never have gone inta show business if it hadna been for one letter my high school principal wrote about me when I went to the University—and what I said about it. I guess I'd better tell you that, it should oughta help cinch the point.

"I didn't graduate from high school, but still I wanted to get inta the University and so I asked the principal of the Van Buren High to write me a letter of recommendation and he said, 'You would never present the letter I'd write for you,' and I said yes, I would, and so he wrote it.

Dear President Futrell:

Maybe you can interest this boy. We can't flatter ourselves that we did.

"And that was all, but anyway I took it to the president of the University, and he read it and looked sorta mad, and said, 'Mr. Burns, did you know what was in this letter?' And I said I did.

"And so right then and there he figured I was sorta fresh and he said, 'Well, then maybe you can explain why you presented it.' And I said 'I can,' and I did.

"I said, 'Why, I was so bad in school that there was a blot on me, and I want to come to this University with a blot on me, so's I can wipe it off. It's no problem gettin' through a University with a clear slate to start with, but it *is* somethin' to get through and remove a blot at the same time. That's what I want to do.'

"And he stood up and shook my hand and said, 'My boy, that's very admirable. I wish you luck, and what's more I'll keep a personal eye on you.'

"And he did. And at the end of four months he kicked me out."

Bob Burns looked at me and grinned. "You liked that! You laughed! Well, I guess maybe I'll have to use that for one of my jokes."

He took me to the door. "Thank you for comin' round. It's a right nice compliment to be interviewed, but don't you go tellin' folks I knew where I was goin' and that's why I got there. Cause I didn't!"

WINNER!

"I Am More Popular With Sunny Golden Hair", says Miss Patricia Watson of Buffalo, N. Y.

LOVELY Miss Watson, MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH for OCTOBER, when asked her secret of popularity told us, "I have been keeping my hair bright and lustrous with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash for four years." Blonde or Brunette, you can improve your whole appearance by developing fully one of your natural charms. Most important is your hair! Follow Miss Watson's example. Rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to have glorious, fascinating hair your friends will admire.

BLONDES — Is dull, faded or streaked hair robbing you of youthful, lively charm blonde hair can give? Enjoy a more fascinating appearance now. To keep your hair bright and golden always rinse with Marchand's.

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BLONDES AND BRUNETTES — Use Marchand's also to make "superfluous" hair on arms, legs or face unnoticeable. Keep dainty and alluring *all over* with Marchand's. Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store. Use it tonight, at home.

• **Do You, Too, Want to Win a Free Visit to New York?**

For details see folder inside your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Ask your druggist. Or use coupon below.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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"I DREADED TO SIT DOWN

Yet Standing or Reclining Gave Me No Relief!"

What suffering Piles cause! What they do to you, physically and mentally! But pain is not the worst thing about Piles—they can develop into something very serious.

For the treatment of Piles, there is nothing better than to try Pazo Ointment. Pazo is definitely effective. Almost instantly it relieves the distress due to Piles—the pain, soreness and itching.

Effective for 3 Reasons!

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe for application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

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MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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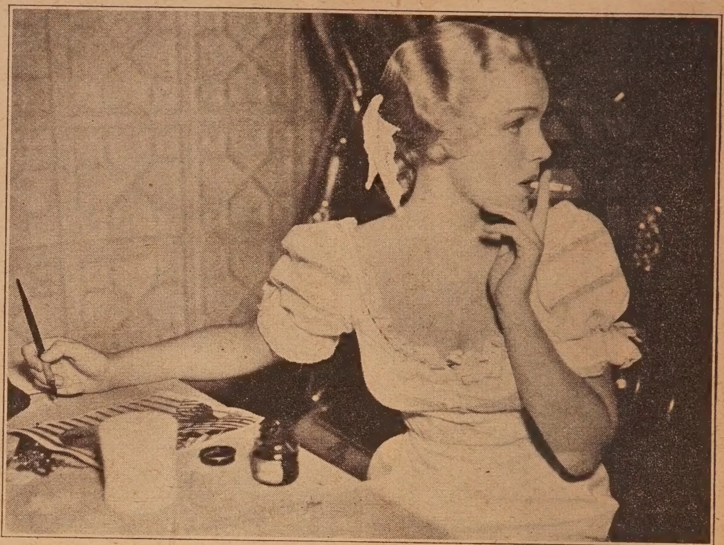
Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 25]



You'd probably never guess it, but Frances Farmer is wearing underwear of the 1905 vintage. She's quite unaware that she's being photographed as she autographs pictures for her fans on the sidelines of the *Come and Get It* set

flying between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

THERE HAVE BEEN so many upsets in the matter of predictions coming through this year that this may be another one.

Here it goes. Don't bet too much that George Raft and Virginia Pine will be married in the near future.

And take the short end that George Raft will either reconcile with his present wife or remain a bachelor.

Don't say we didn't tell you.

IN 1932 BOB BURNS first gave an audition for a Los Angeles radio station. He never heard anything from it until recently while he was making *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. One of the station executives sent him their audition "report card" which read: "Burns, Robert. Sings, plays guitar and ad libs. Fair hill billy, corn fed type. Has 'gawkin' around' idea. Might have possibilities." Might. Incidentally, of his "Paw," Bob Burns says: "He knew only two tunes—one was 'Dixie' and the other wasn't." (Don't miss the story Bob tells on himself—on page 34.)

THINGS ARE coming to a pretty pass when the sanctity of the home is thus threatened by a brazen invitation to wake up with Robert Taylor!

Advertisement in a Los Angeles newspaper: *"Extra!* Open your eyes with a first peep at Robert Taylor . . . *Special Breakfast Show* . . . Starts at 7 a. m. Coffee and Doughnuts. A photograph of Robert Taylor and complete showing of *His Brother's Wife* before 9 a. m., all for 30 cents."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells me that she thinks girls who grow up in a family where there are no boys usually marry younger than girls who have grown up with brothers. For example, there was her high school chum,

Gracie Allen takes advantage of the fact that it's still leap year—by leaping at unwilling-to-be-leaped at Jack Benny. They're working together in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*

Katharine, who shortly after she graduated gave up a promising career as a pianist to marry. "But when I was that age men were never as glamorous or as appealing to me. You see, my brother Charles, used to have many annoying habits which sort of made me immune. One was walking around the house in his underwear with a straw hat clamped down on his head to keep his hair from curling. That's just one of the reasons why at sweet

[*Continued on page* 78]

A stubborn donkey versus Katharine Hepburn, leads Katie to reflect that you can lead a donkey into water, but you can't do much with him when he decides to sit down in midstream. This was snapped while they were trying to film *Portrait of a Rebel*

SKINNY?
THOUSANDS GAIN
10 TO 25 LBS.
QUICK WITH
NEW 3-WAY
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3

① Rich red blood, necessary to properly build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by the easily absorbed iron in this new discovery.

② A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.

③ Normal, regular elimination to remove poisons and thereby promote health and growth requires adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.

Posed by professional models

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS NORMAL CURVES—*in a few weeks!*

SKINNY, rundown men and women now have a marvelous new triple-acting treatment that has put pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh on thousands who never could gain before. Not only has this new discovery filled out broomstick limbs and washboard breasts to naturally good-looking curves, but it has also brought normally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep and popularity.

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this special yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, these marvelous new Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in a few weeks as they have thousands. If not delighted with results of first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

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FAT GOES
OR MONEY BACK!

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NO DRUGS!
Just Like Eating Candy!
*Lost 17 lbs. in 4 weeks!

● Get rid of reducible FAT in a hurry! But reduce the **SAFE** Food Method Way by eating moderately, exercising regularly and following the SLENRETS Food Method and regime... not with dangerous drugs! **NO DANGEROUS DRUGS**...positively **no** dinitrophenol. Not laxative. **No** thyroid. SLENDRETS Wafers are delicious too... taste just like candy!

READ HOW OTHERS LOST REDUCIBLE FAT

*Mrs. L. R. O'Connell, Springfield, Mass., writes: "I sent for the trial package and **lost 4 lbs. the very first week!** Have lost 18 lbs. to date, now weigh 120. **I feel and look years younger!** Never felt a hungry moment." From Connecticut, Miss Anna Goodrow writes: **"I reduced 17 lbs. in 4 weeks.** No discomfort, and they left my flesh firm and solid."

REDUCE QUICKLY... OR AT NO COST!

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY

Don't give FAT another day's start!... but be sure you reduce the safe SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! Send $1 for generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or $5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) **Sent to you in plain wrapper.**

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GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 272
Des Moines, Iowa

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page 77*]

sixteen I never thought much of the breed!"

AT A RECENT national broadcast starring Jeanette MacDonald she proved to be, in several cute instances, the delightful, warm, human, youthful person we know in Hollywood as "the new Jeanette MacDonald." (She used to be pretty prim and staid, you know.) At the broadcast, when many a star would have been putting her most elegant foot forward, Jeanette arrived in a simple white sport frock with a gay red and green fishnet kerchief knotted carelessly around her neck. At the end of her first long scene when many another would have stepped back to take a dignified bow, Jeanette sank down in a chair, sprawling arms and legs, mopped her brow and uttered an unmistakable "Whew!"

Again when Cecil B. De Mille, director of the program, was telling the radio audience how he had once refused to give Jeanette a part in a picture because he didn't think she had "anything," Jeanette looked across the mike at him and made a foolish little-girl face, wrinkling her nose and sticking out her tongue—the kind of face for which her mother would undoubtedly have spanked her twenty years ago. In both instances the visual audience was delighted and fluttered in its seat. But the thing that gave her fans the greatest kick was when Jeanette, in the midst of a scene, quite unconsciously removed her glasses and wiped them on the flawless white of her skirt! It was the gamin in her coming out. While the audience laughed the glamorous star of Lubitsch bedroom-scene fame blushed a rosy red!

RELATIVES OF THE STARS seldom ever attain a place on the screen for themselves, though many of them try. To-wit, the brothers of Joan Crawford, James Cagney, Gene Raymond; Jack Oakie's mother, ditto Ida Lupino's, etc., etc. However, jobs are assured them in the production end of pictures. Norma Shearer's clever brother, Douglas, is head of the sound department at M-G-M. Jean Parker's brother-by-adoption is in the publicity department at the same studio. Hal (Crawford) Le Seur is also there now. Ginger Rogers' mother runs a Charm School at RKO. Gladys Swarthout's husband gets paid for technical advice on her pictures at Paramount. The latest to join this group is Shirley Temple's oldest brother, who has been made an assistant director (to Dave Butler, who has megaphoned a number of Temple pictures) at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Bette Davis is one of the few stars who has never tried to pull strings for any of her family—and not even for her husband, Harmon Nelson. Her sister, Barbara (who is cute, too!), is working at the Stetson Shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

OVERHEARD ON *The Plainsman* set—and who says Gary Cooper hasn't a sense of humor? Lunch is called and Gary turns to his ever-present Man Thursday, Cracker Henderson: "Where is my horse, Cracker? Are the tires pumped up?" Whereupon Cracker hauls a bicycle out of its hiding place, and Wild Bill Hickok goes galloping off to his dressing room.

ROCHELLE HUDSON is one of the few stars who really means it when she says she hates being in pictures. She became an actress, not because she wanted to, but because acting provided a way of making a living at a time when the family cupboard was most bare. Now, still in her very early twenties, she dreams only of the day when she may retire. And that to her means marrying and settling down. A lot of suitors have laid their gifts at her feet—most recently the wealthy Quentin Smith, of Chicago—but to date Rochelle hasn't met the one love for her. And she doesn't think Hollywood is the place to look, either. "There are so few attractive men here, except actors, and I don't think I'd ever want to marry an actor. They too self-centered."

Which reminds me that Alice Faye is another girl who is discouraged about the prospects of finding a happy marriage in Hollywood. For two years now she has been asking Madame Wanda, the seer at the Assistance League Tea Room to tell her when she would meet and marry *the* man, and still Madame Wanda insists that it won't be until 1938. "It's sort of discouraging," says Alice, "because everytime I meet someone I think I might like, I remember what Madame Wanda said, and say to myself, 'No, sorry, but this can't be the fellow, my dear. I don't meet *him* for two more years.'"

YOU CAN DEFINITELY check off that so-called romance between Cary Grant and Mary Brian. Neither ever did have any idea of marrying. Now Cary is seen with Sonja Henie, the Olympic champion skater, as a once-in-a-while pal.

RECENTLY FIFTEEN husky Idaho lumberjacks brought to Hollywood from the lumber country for *Come and Get It*, descended on Director Howard Hawkes, en masse. Fifteen husky six-footers petulantly asking for their rights—regular make-up tables, dressing rooms and stand-ins no less. All stars had them, they said! They had read about it in the movie magazines they had at their lumber camps!

OF ALL THE RIDICULUM! Dick Powell recently bumped into a roadster with an Ohio license, and was politely offering to pay its pretty driver for the damages when she recognized him and said, "Don't do that, Mr. Powell. Just scratch your name on the crumpled fender and I'll keep it as a souvenir."

WE ARE AS sick and tired as you are of the reams printed and reprinted about Hollywood diets and reducing exercises, but here is a stunt for reducing in spots that really deserves space. It's contributed by Arline Judge, and she's a good walking advertisement for it herself. But first there's a prelude. First you have to drop in at the nearest gasoline station and get that nice fellow who always gives your windshield an extra wipe to donate an old tire tube. Then, when you get the tube home, split it all the way around. Now put on a rubber bathing suit, and wrap the tubing around you to cover the fatty role wherever it may be.

Tie it securely around you with a rope or belt. Now cut yourself a hunk of clothesline, and jump rope. Jump ten or fifteen minutes every day and you'll soon lose inches where you want to lose them. The explanation is that you will perspire most heavily where the tube surrounds you. You can also use the same method on fat upper arms or thighs.

Of course you'll look silly, like a half-dressed underseas diver, and your family will bore you with all sorts of pun attempts—"Well, Susie it's time to retire, isn't it?" for example—but what do you care. For beauty's sake you can put up with this tirade. Or is this already becoming tiring?

STRANGE OLD PLACE is this Hollywood.

A representative of a famous night club in New York came to Hollywood to select a group of Hollywood girls famed for their beauty, grace, dancing ability and all else, winners to receive contracts to appear at this famous club for an extended engagement.

The contest was held, the cinema's fairest extra girls competed and eventually 16 were selected with great acclaim.

Of the 16 selected and now in New York, four had been in the chorus of the aforesaid night club for many months.

They left to crash Hollywood and pictures!

THINGS THAT COULD only happen in Hollywood: When Dorothy Lamour was summoned to Hollywood to act in *The Jungle Princess*, she wired ahead for a luxurious apartment, and to have it all furnished in white, modernistic style, and bought an entire new wardrobe to wear against this setting. But, arriving here, she was whisked to location in the wilderness where all she wore was a Malay sarong, and where she lived in a tent. Finishing the film she had to rush back to New York; so that white modernistic apartment is now "that Hollywood apartment of mine which I never saw."

SIMONE SIMON is to do the Gaynor-famous rôle in a remake of *Seventh Heaven*, with Don Ameche. Janet Gaynor says: "Naturally I feel a little envious that someone else is to make my favorite picture but as long as someone else *is* to do it, I am glad that someone is Simone. It is nice that a part of a French girl will be played by a real French girl for a change."

JAN KIEPURA, the tenor who blasted you out of the theatre with the volume of his voice in *Give Us This Night*, will not return to Paramount to make the other picture he contracted to do.

Jan will not even return to America. He is building his own studios in Poland, is going to produce, direct, star and everything including financing.

THINGS THAT ANNOY US—such obvious bids for publicity as: Mary Carlisle's having lunch with a lion in the studio commissary. Quoted from a publicity release: "The lion's name was Bessie and she is reputed to be the great-great-granddaughter of M-G-M's lion, Leo. Bessie lapped milk, consumed ice cream and then finished off a plate of Irish stew. Then with her playful companion on a leash Mary made a tour of the studio." So which!

Betty Furness and her hats come under the same cat-egory. Those vegetable-bedecked creations, reputed to be the garden work of Designer Bernard Newman.

And, incidentally, what happened to Jean Harlow's book, *Today is Tonight* about which so many fan magazine articles were written, a whole year ago.

RECALLING SOME interesting things she learned about fans in England, Mary Brian points out that in London she often had a group of ten or twelve escorting her around all evening. They would be waiting for her at the stagedoor of *Charlot's Revue*. As she would get into her cab, they would hop on their bicycles, and like the tortoise who always beats the hare, they would beat her to her hotel to be on hand for further greetings as she drove up. They would still be there when she came out again a little later, perhaps en route to a night club. The ringleader would overhear her giving her destination to the driver, and off they would pedal, to be at the night club when she got there. And so it went, on and on, into the wee sma' hours when she went home. "A nuisance? Not a bit!" Mary says. "They never mob you or tear at you or make silly requests like American fans sometimes do. Their attentions are really the greatest compliment a celebrity can have. Because they like you they just want to see you and be with you as much as possible. Every American actor or actress who has gone to London has experienced the same thing!"

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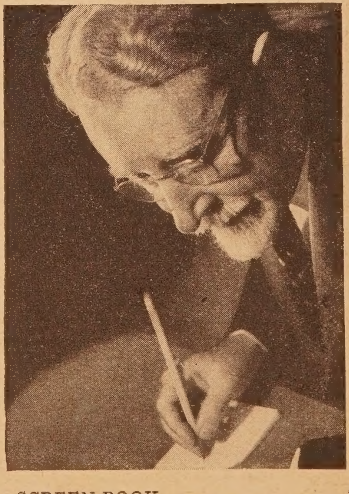

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ALICE WHITE Film Star

Worm's-Eye View of Nelson Eddy

[*Continued from page 39*]

ways. Watching Dr. Lippé sitting there, laughing up at his best friend and star pupil, I often wondered what he was thinking of this unforeseen outcome of his years of patient coaching.

During one such scene, I heard a glorious soprano voice emanating from the upstairs region, singing "Sweet Mystery of Life." Seeing my expression, Nelson explained proudly,

"That's Mother. Didn't you know she was with Gilbert and Sullivan?"

No, I didn't know, but maybe that explains a lot. Certainly Isabelle Eddy, his mother, explains a great number of things in Nelson. His tenacity, his great moral courage, his complete faith in the power of thought, his great understanding of humanity. For here is a woman who has met great obstacles with a smile, sacrificing everything to her son's talent—but what a glorious reward!

THERE has been much gossip in Hollywood as to whether or not Nelson has an Oedipus complex (as usual, the Greeks have a word for "mother-complex"). As usual, the comments are made by people who do not know of the beautiful understanding that exists between these two. They are not merely mother and son, but two dear friends who admire and respect one another.

Nelson is very demonstrative in his affection for his attractive red-haired mother and gives an inkling of what a perfect husband he'll be. He kisses her often and earnestly—not little filial pecks, but huge hearty smacks. And if she seems a bit down, he'll say, "Go buy yourself some hats, Muz." Mighty understanding for a bachelor, what? To her, "Nelse" is still her little boy, of whom she's inordinately proud.

STRANGE, but in spite of all Nelson has — youth, looks, voice, charm, money, success—he doesn't seem really happy. As a matter of fact, at times he seems quite bored. I remember once he made all arrangements for a European trip and was quite keen on it for a day or two. But at the last minute he lost all interest and cancelled reservations. Just wasn't interested enough to make the effort. He seems dormant somehow—not fully awakened emotionally.

He goes out socially very little, despite numerous invitations, and entertains less. Is a marvellous host, however: gay, carefree, and witty. Doesn't care for swank of any sort, but like a little boy, is a bit impressed with it in others. But personally, he's not having any. Their menáge is simple. One servant, two cars, one dog.

A few incidents showing his generosity of spirit come to my mind. One morning he was busily practising with Ted Paxson, his accompanist. The bell rang and Nelson, being nearest the door, opened it, music in hand, still singing. It was a chap who for some time had been trying to secure the place as Nelson's stand-in. Eddy already had one and had told this chap so in a letter, but here he was anyway. Although Nelson obviously could not give him the desired post, he invited him in, entertained him for two hours, sang for him and discussed music.

Then the first time he heard Igor Gorin sing, he came home and said, "That guy starts where I leave off." This of another baritone under contract to his own studio, mind you! Not much like the professional jealousy that's supposed to exist among opera singers, eh?

REGARDING his love life, I can only say it's about like that of any young attractive bachelor. No more, no less. I suppose you've all read about his trouble with perspiring, aspiring females following him about? I feel I must rise to his defense here.

Just look at it from his viewpoint: finishing a picture where he has probably worked harder than many a day-laborer, rising in the cold gray dawn, going to work without any breakfast, often working late in the evening. Then to bed. Same program has been followed every day for months. Rushing around to get ready to go on concert tour (from January to May, covering the entire United States.) Continually recalled by the studio for retakes at the last moment. Final frenzied arrangements with his concert manager, ditto with radio sponsors.

So picture this harried young man, at last shoving off for far places, finding the ubiquitous adoring female on his train, on his trail, on his plane, at his broadcasting station, at his hotel—well, in his hair.

I'm sure you'll be as surprised as I was at the lengths to which some of these gaga-gals go.

F'r instance, a few that haven't reached

If there is anything that makes a prettier picture than a man with a horse he loves, we've never seen it. Meet Ross Alexander and Sailor Boy

the press: while on tour, he and his accompanist noticed the same young girl following them from city to city, all over the country. She finally had our dignified Nelson ignominiously running down the main streets of various towns, hat in hand, coat waving in the breeze, trying to reach the haven of a cab or a railway station.

This went on for some months. He thought his "sleeper-jumps" would discourage her. How little he knows of the questing female! He finally was forced to hire detectives. They ascertained that she was a clever business girl, of good family and of good standing in her community, and this emotional outbreak over Nelson was entirely unprecedented. He tried talking to her, to help her reach an understanding of herself—to no avail.

Finally, he reached New York, still being pursued. He went on the air that night, having had no time for rehearsal and physically dog-tired. Five minutes before his first number, a messenger arrived with a letter from the girl saying that when the first note of his first song came over the air she was going to kill herself in such and such a room at a nearby hotel. The program was hastily revised while Nelson and some friends dashed over to the hotel. Sure enough, the stage was all set. For the girl's sake, there was no recourse but to turn her over to the police.

THEN another experience of this sort—this really is a honey. The cook of one of our Prominent People here in Hollywood got a yen for Eddy. The first inkling of her feeling came when Nelson and his mother began receiving notes, half in French, half in English, remarking upon their menus of each meal. The girl's notes went on to say that she was a far better cook than the one the Eddys had, and she didn't like the looks of the food they were eating. They should discharge this person, and really get a good cook—herself, for instance. Nelson and his mother came to the conclusion that the letter writer must be peering in windows while they ate, for she gave minute descriptions of their dinners. A most unpleasant sensation, don't you think? When they ignored these notes, the mood of the sender changed and her letters became increasingly bitter and threatening. They still ignored them. Coming home from the movies one night with his mother, they found a nice-looking young woman waiting for them in front of their house. Tall, erect, becomingly dressed, and with a charming manner. In halting English, she told her story in a convincing manner:

ACCORDING to her, she had been the mistress of a very famous baritone in the East. He had thrown her aside like that worn-out glove we hear so much about. Hearing Nelson on the radio, she heard him sing the same songs her lover once sang (naturally, all baritones sing the same songs, more or less), so she knew that her lover was hiring and paying Nelson to sing these songs on the radio to torture her. And she couldn't stand it any more, and must kill Nelson and his mother.

They tried to talk to the unfortunate girl, but to no avail. She bombarded them with endless letters—often incoherent and heart-breaking, but nevertheless plainly threatening.

Finally, it was necessary to call for help. In court, she told the judge the same strange story of persecution, and was sent to the psychopathic ward. It pained both Mrs. Eddy and Nelson extremely to do this. After a few months, they were pleased to give their permission for the girl's release, provided she would go back home. Her home was in an eastern state. She was released with the proviso that she would not write any more letters, or attempt to see Nelson. She promised. She was released and put on the train. She immediately started writing letters.

But, her hatred had now turned to love and all would be forgiven if Nelson would do a simple little thing like marrying her. She arrived at her home, probably laid low with writer's cramp, but continued her writing. In one letter, she told him about hearing a Hollywood gossip columnist over the air, telling about Nelson's social doings with the glamour girls, and she told him not to fear, that she would never believe such silly stuff. She knew he was true to her and he was paying that man to say those things to test the strength of her love.

Then the last I heard, she said she was getting tired of this waiting around and would expect him on the 2:15 the following Tuesday, and he'd better be there. For him please not to worry about money. She'd found a place where they both could room and board for $12 a week, and she imagined he could afford that by now. Again I ask, can you blame him?

So the next time you read about Nelson Eddy fleeing the females, remember that the foregoing incidents are but a few that I know are factual. What'll the poor guy do—marry in self-defense?

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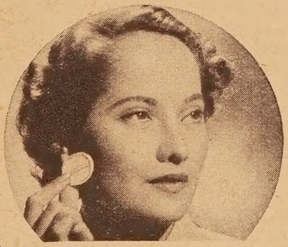

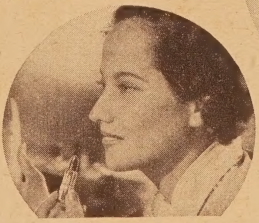

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AGE

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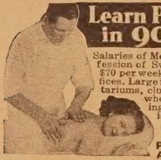

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Our Hollywood Frivolities

[*Continued from page 23*]

Bronx cheer and a scratched nose in return for his friendly overture, marked the finish of the peevish puss.

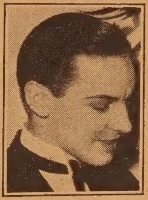
Bundling kitty into a comfortable basket, Mrs. M. regretfully shipped it off to an aunt in the East with the suggestion that auntie call it "Loser!"

●

JACK DUNN, Sonja Henie's skating partner, took one look at his recent screen test and reached for his ice skates.

"It's awful!" he moaned. "Look at me! Listen to that voice! If I didn't know it was my own mug, I'd think it was Frankenstein's sick brother! I'm going to Alaska!"

But it couldn't have been quite that bad, because Universal came through with a nice contract for the guy. And they're not foolish.



Jack Dunn

●

BETTE DAVIS had the laugh on all and sundry the day she turned waitress for the Assistance League tea room.

Watching carefully, as usual, for the various faux pas naturally expected of amateur service, the presiding hostess was amazed at the precision of the Davis technique.

Without a single superfluous motion, Bette served to the right and removed from the left. Butter dishes and water glasses were replenished unobtrusively. In fact, the entire performance was technically correct in every detail.

After it was over, the hostess all but took Bette on her lap while she gasped her admiration and approval of the excellent service.

"Think nothing of it!" Bette smiled. "I worked my way through college waiting on table. And, believe me, four long years of dealing them off the arm isn't forgotten in a hurry!"

●

A COUPLE of M-G-M sound men have red faces that won't fade back to normal for a good many days.

Past masters at the wireless dot-and-dash system, the boys evolved the idea of signalling one another by whistling in code. It was a novel stunt and developed to the point where they were carrying on entire conversations without any of the innocent bystanders knowing from nothing.

On the set, where Eleanor Powell was rehearsing a dance routine, one of the boys started to whistle out a story he'd heard the night before.

Right in the middle of it, the prancing Powell stopped her hoofing, puckered up her lips and whistled out: "SOS!" just as plain!

And that was the end of what might have been a good story. Or maybe Eleanor had heard it before?

ANNE SHIRLEY and Phyllis Fraser planned a vacation trip to Catalina and figured their finances to such a fine point that they stepped off the boat, on the return trip, with exactly thirty cents (and a healthy appetite) between them.

Using one nickel for a necessary telephone call, the girls hied themselves to the nearest sandwich stand and ordered two hamburgers and a brace of root beers. Waiting for the order, they counted their money again. Business of fast thinking: two hamburgers, 20 cents; two root beers, 10 cents. 20 and 10 is 30. And thirty from two bits is . . .

"Please . . ." Ann said hurriedly, with a winsome smile to the counter man and a gentle, but definite, kick in the shins for Phyllis. "I guess I'd rather not have a hamburger, after all. In fact, I guess neither of us would really care for a hamburger . . ."

"Er . . . no," Phyllis added her regret to Anne's. "No hamburger, please. Just . . . uh, make mine . . . uh . . .", a swift, surreptitious peek at the right hand side of the bill-of-fare, "a *hot dog!*" they announced in unison.

And the budget was saved. With a nickel over!

●

MARSHA HUNT went to the dog pound to pick up a wire-haired terrier, but came home happily hugging a mutt of indeterminate parentage, that cost her every cent of $3.50, because he looked so sad she couldn't bear to leave him there.

You'd know Marsha was sentimental if you could peek into her make-up box and see that neatly folded sheet of note paper tied with a narrow ribbon. It's Marsha's first fan letter, from a Mrs. William Pike of Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, and ranks first among her treasures.

●

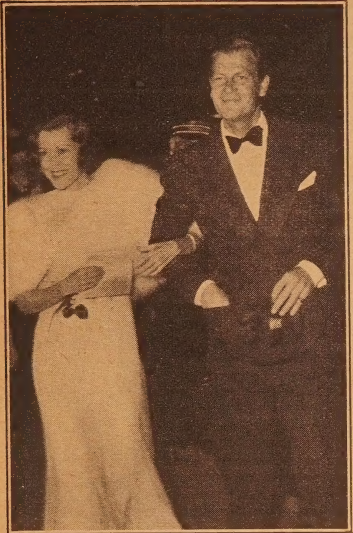
THREE years ago, when Johnny Downs was making personal appearances in vaudeville, an over-active press agent evolved the idea of having a local bank present Johnny with a two-dollar bank deposit.

It made a nice little item in the papers and, feeling that it was really a good idea, Johnny put seventy-three dollars with it, making a grand total of seventy-five smackers that could be depended upon to draw the New Orleans rate of interest up until he might get around that way again to collect.

The other day, Johnny received a letter bearing a New Orleans post mark. In it was a check for five dollars and sixty-two cents and a brief bit of information advising him that the bank had busted, they were paying off the small depositors according to the accepted percentage, and . . . that's all there was, there wasn't any more!

●

HOLLYWOOD'S younger set has gone Budget Batty in a big way! If you see Johnny Downs passing a Hollywood haberdashery, wearing blinders and walking fast, you'll know



Hawses, dawgs and cattle—to say nothing of their two adorable children—keep Frances Dee and Joel McCrea on their ranch of evenings; hence, snaps like this are rare

it's because he's cutting down on his pet extravagance, neckties, and doesn't want to weaken.

Johnny has pledged himself to save sixty per cent of his income for a year and get along as well as he can on the remaining forty per cent.

Tom Brown is salting away fifty per cent of his yearly earnings as well as easing up on his favorite indoor sport, the Trocadero, to cut down expenses.

Patricia Ellis is hoarding fifty per cent and bearing up nobly under the "Garbo" jibes, inspired by her announced intention of making last year's car serve another term . . . let the bolts and nuts fall where they may!

●

CECILIA PARKER will give no quarter to her opponents in the current hectic debate, to-wit and viz.: that New York men have it all over the Hollywood boys.

To back up her opinion, Cecilia lists five points in favor of our young men:

They don't try to impress you with their importance.

They are gentlemen, good companions and considerate.

They don't pretend to know everything.

They bring you home safely from a "date," and at a reasonable hour.

They are more natural, poised and, above all, they have a swell sense of humor.

"Clever Women Don't Grow Old," says Jeanette MacDonald. Youth isn't a matter of years—and she tells how anyone can stay young. Read her inspiring article in December SCREEN BOOK.

Constipation Relief

THE BEST CORRECTIVE IS ALL-VEGETABLE

by Elizabeth McKenna

DO YOU want to know what's the best and safest help for a system that has gone sluggish, and needs assistance in throwing off its food-wastes?

Hundreds of thousands of women swear by NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Because they have had proof again and again —not only themselves, but for every member of their families —that this pure, all-vegetable corrective is just right for stimulating clogged, sluggish bowels to an easy, normal movement that flushes away dangerous waste poisons.

Nature's Remedy is so *sensible*. It is entirely different from other laxatives, being purely vegetable. You'll notice the amazing difference in its action the first time you try it. So gentle and easy—yet so very thorough and invigorating. This is because NR is made up of a perfect *blend* of the most effective vegetable laxatives. NR is a *corrective*, a *conditioner* that aids in training the bowels to normal, regular functioning.

Try this stand-by of millions tonight. See if you don't wake up tomorrow morning feeling more refreshed—more "fit"—more alive and vigorous, than you have felt in a long while. You can try NR at small expense—25 doses in the handy tin only 25 cents—at all druggists.

A. H. Lewis Medicine Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Proved For Every Member Of The Family

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **TUMS.** Send stamp for packing and postage to

A. H. LEWIS CO.
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MAKE $50 TO $100 A WEEK! Many of our successful students are now making big money. Our simple methods make it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing at home, in spare time. New low tuition rate. Write for big free book, "ART for Pleasure and Profit," today. State age.

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For quick relief from theitching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

Tint away the STREAKS *of* GRAY

(Test Bottle **FREE**)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Merely combing clear liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks disappear. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments. Hair stays soft, fluffy. Takes wave or curl. Ask druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Insist on Mary T. Goldman's. Or test it Free.

FREE TEST ~ We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair . . . Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3021 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name..
Street..
City.............................. State..........
Color of your hair?..............................

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Send for 10-day trial -- without obligation to buy -- while special introductory low price holds good. See and try for yourself. If you decide to keep it pay only $37.50 cash or 10c a day on easy term plan of $3.00 a month until $39.75 [term price] is paid.

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For quick shipment give references and occupation

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Improve your skin. Relieve the irritation of pimples and blotches with soothing, scientifically medicated

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Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 2W, Balto. Md.

Save that wave

IRIS ADRIAN in the Hal Roach-M-G-M Production "Mister Cinderella"

DON-A-CAP

The Original

PATENTED

FORM-FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR

FITS BETTER

- is made better
- lasts longer
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No. 800 DONA-MAID 25c

No. 300 DON-A-CAP 25c

No. 500 DON-A-BAN 50c

The Patented **Don-a-Cap** has been imitated, but never equalled. For complete satisfaction, insist on the *original.*

At stores and beauty shops everywhere. If not obtainable, write . . .

A special model at Ten-Cent Stores only.

DONA MANUFACTURING CO
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The Great Ginger Rogers Hoax!

[*Continued from page* 29]

already had signed a contract. P. P. S.: The producer isn't speaking to her yet.

And there was the one she pulled on long-suffering Fred Astaire in their latest picture, *Swing Time.* Ginger disguised herself in blackface and persuaded one of the girls in the Harlem chorus to let her take her place. She gummed up all the numbers, fell over her own feet, drove Fred Astaire and Hermes Pan, the dance director, to the verge of insanity—and then wiped off the sepia grease paint and laughed—and laughed—and laughed.

THE great Queen Elizabeth hoax, will probably go down in Hollywood history as the most successful practical joke ever perpetrated in a studio.

RKO was losing its collective mind trying to find the ideal actress for the rôle of Queen Elizabeth in Katy Hepburn's *Mary of Scotland.* Hundreds of aspirants had been tested, thousands of pictures of would-be Elizabeths flooded Pandro Berman's mail.

One day there arrived a photograph which "had something." Pan Berman, who is not only an unusually smart producer but also an unusually keen judge of potential talent, took one look at that picture and was instantly impressed.

He showed it to his wife; he showed it to a score of friends.

"There," said he, "is the ideal Elizabeth. That girl looks the part."

Several days later, he showed it to a friend of Ginger's—and the friend started laughing. "It's Ginger Rogers. She wore that costume to a masquerade about a year ago!"

Pan Berman has some reputation as a practical joker himself, so he said nothing to Ginger but vowed that he would turn the tables. And his intention filtered eventually to Ginger.

A FEW weeks later, with "Queen Elizabeth" still a nebulous quantity, Director George Cukor came to Pan Berman in great excitement.

"Listen," said he, "Lady Ainsley's in town!"

"Who?" demanded Berman.

"LADY AINSLEY!" quoth Cukor, his voice vibrant with reverence.

"And who the h—is Lady Ainsley?"

"My God, man! Surely you've heard of Lady Ainsley," exclaimed Cukor, his voice dripping amazement and reproach. "Why Lady Ainsley is one of England's greatest tragediennes—one of the greatest artistes of the European stage. She's a direct descendant of Queen Elizabeth! She's terrific!"

"It's funny I've never heard of her," Berman admitted, somewhat shamefacedly. "I thought I knew every great European star, by name, at least."

Cukor was aghast.

"You're *never heard of Lady Ainsley!*" he accused.

Berman, against his better judgment, began to be decidedly uncomfortable. "Well . . ." he said.

"What an Elizabeth . . . *what* an Elizabeth!" mused Cukor, and Pandro Ber-

Now that the frost is about to descend on the pumpkin, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of such fall sports as riding. And so Kent Taylor takes Tala Birell out to admire Red Rascal, a blue ribbon horse that is beautiful, but far from dumb man, dazzled by the exploitation possibilities of having a direct descendant of the Virgin Queen in the cast, as well as by the director's enthusiasm, said, "Why don't you give her a test?"

"I doubt if we could interest her," Cukor admitted ruefully, "but I'll try."

A few days passed and Cukor called Berman. His voice was ecstatic. He announced that he had made a test of Lady Ainsley. Would Mr. Berman come to Projection Room B and see it? Mr. Berman would!

And on the screen, clad in figured satins and velvets, appeared a personality so dominant that Pandro Berman gasped. Her face was regal and its expression hinted of instinctive cruelty. Her voice, low-pitched and dramatic, throbbed with emotional strength. Her hair, piled high in the fashion of the sixteenth century, lifted from a broad, intellectual forehead. It was Queen Elizabeth come to life.

"She *is* terrific!" whispered the producer. "Why haven't I heard of her before? Can we sign her?"

But there, it seemed, was the difficulty. George Cukor was apprehensive and evasive. Lady Ainsley didn't think much of pictures. Lady Ainsley . . . the Ainsley millions, you know. Lady Ainsley was here on a vacation . . .

Now Pandro S. Berman, one of the youngest major producers in screen history, didn't reach his position of power by admitting defeat so easily.

"Where is she staying?" he demanded.

Cukor explained that the great English star was a house guest, incognito, at Pickfair. Obviously one shouldn't intrude upon her there.

"Hasn't she an agent?"

"I'm not sure, but it seems to me I heard that Harry Edington is handling her."

"I'll call Edington," said Berman.

But he didn't call Edington until that afternoon and a certain red-haired minx had already enlisted Hollywood's premier agent in her services by then.

Edington was non-committal. He doubted . . . he hedged . . . he hummed . . . he hawed. . . .

A week passed—a week of determined effort and annoying frustration on the part of Mr. Berman; a week of delirious, ecstatic joy on the part of Ginger Rogers, alias Lady Ainsley, whose disguise had been so perfect that not one person in the studio, except the director who was a party to her plot, had recognized her.

And then, suddenly, the gag was exploded by a newspaper columnist. How she traced the elusive clues, how she solved the mystery, Ginger has never learned, but there, in her column, was the tip-off:

"What red-haired star is playing a gigantic practical joke on what producer by posing as a great foreign actress?"

Pandro Berman had been victimized by Ginger before. Hastily glancing over the facts, he recognized her technique. And Ginger realized the jig was up.

That afternoon, at the races, she met Pan Berman.

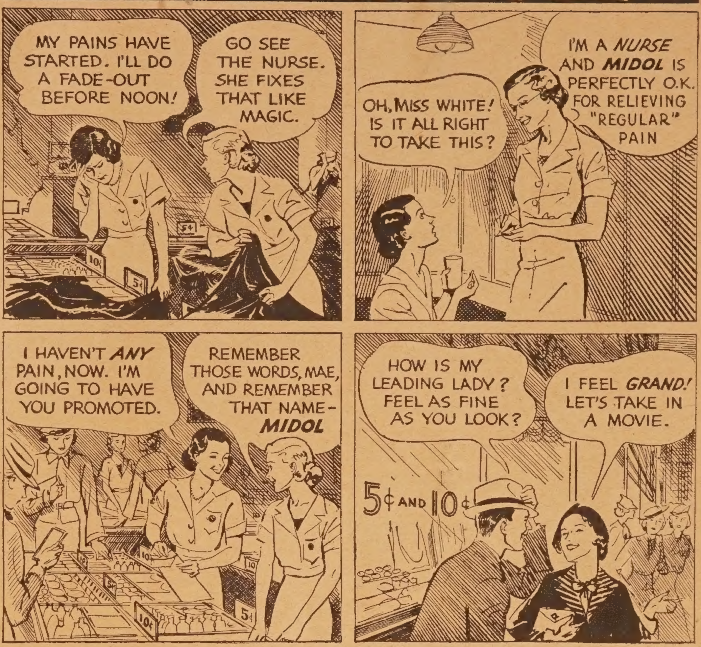
"Howdoyoudo," said she in her best English accent.

"Lady Ainsley, I believe," answered Berman with a slight bow.

And again the Roger's chortle, starting convulsively below the diaphragm, swelled to the shriek of a typhoon.

Which, all in all, explains why any veteran Hollywoodite, confronted by a new face, knows instinctively that he is face to face with a stranger—or with Ginger Rogers.

"FIVE-AND-TEN"


MY PAINS HAVE STARTED. I'LL DO A FADE-OUT BEFORE NOON!
GO SEE THE NURSE. SHE FIXES THAT LIKE MAGIC.
5¢
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OH, MISS WHITE! IS IT ALL RIGHT TO TAKE THIS?
I'M A *NURSE* AND *MIDOL* IS PERFECTLY O.K. FOR RELIEVING "REGULAR" PAIN
I HAVEN'T *ANY* PAIN, NOW. I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU PROMOTED.
REMEMBER THOSE WORDS, MAE, AND REMEMBER THAT NAME- *MIDOL*
10¢
10¢
5¢
HOW IS MY LEADING LADY? FEEL AS FINE AS YOU LOOK?
I FEEL *GRAND!* LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE.
5¢ AND 10¢

JOIN the modern women who no longer give-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Many who use Midol do not feel one twinge of pain, or even a moment's discomfort during the entire period, including women who have always had the hardest time.

Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" on certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven means for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

Midol's relief is so swift, you may think it is a narcotic. It's *not.* And its relief is prolonged; two tablets see you through your worst day.

You can get Midol in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store. Then you may enjoy a new freedom you hadn't thought possible!

"COINS WANTED"

1909 CENT $10—WE BUY CERTAIN COINS RARE AND COMMON—Some worth to $6000; 1864-1865 Indian head cents, $100 each; Dimes before 1895, $450; Liberty Head Nickels before 1914, $300; large pennies, $2,000; encased postage stamps, $13; Half cents, $275; Half dimes, $175; Quarters, $300; Fractional currencies; Paper money; Gold Dollars $1,500; Colonial coins $300; Silver dollars, $4,000; 1933 50c, $4.00; foreign coins, $165, etc. SEND 15c TODAY for ILLUSTRATED INFORMATIVE COIN BOOK, before sending coins. **National Coin Corporation (120) Springfield, Massachusetts.**

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You get one—Your friends get one—without cost. Let us give you the details of this amazing Time Teller. Also it can pay you big money by showing others how to obtain without cost. Nothing to buy or sell! Write fast.

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CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—*FREE*

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. 63rd year in business. . . Write today!

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Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse — 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blond or brown hair—a shampoo and special rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing 2 package combination—the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse—costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get the new Blondex today. There is a new 10c size—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE -

Relieves Teething Pains WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

LOSE Controllable FAT

OHIO NURSE lost 47 lbs. -Tells How

● Do you envy slender women? Why sit back when many others have found new joy in living after freeing themselves from controllable fat . . . Read what Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, **Registered Nurse,** of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I had been overweight since 1926 and was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and **lost 47 lbs.!** Though I lost all this fat, my skin is firm and smooth." Miss L. R. Schulze, Jackson, Mich., **reduced 50 lbs.,** and adds: "Never felt better." Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: "Lost 34 lbs. They are **pleasant** to take."

Read What Others Write

IMPORTANT!... Positively NO DINITROPHENOL

Genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by leading druggists and department stores for 22 years.

FAT GOES . . . OR MONEY BACK!

Your money returned in full if results are not just what you want! Sold by druggists everywhere—or if your dealer is out, send $2 for 1 package or $5 for 3 packages, direct to us. Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (Enclose 10c fee if ordering C.O.D.) **Plain wrapper.**

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Send me............packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS, for which I enclose payment, on your Money-Back Offer.

Name..

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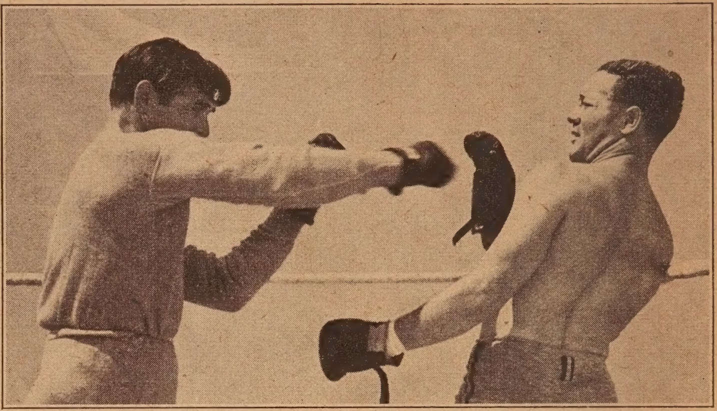
City..........................State..............

And in This Corner!

[*Continued from page* 41]



Clark spars with Harvey Parry, his trainer and confidant, in the canvas-enclosed ring

in full dress and there was a crowd of extras and other studio workers looking on, wondering if he could take it. He could! He called to a newsboy who stood gazing at him with worship in his eyes.

"Will you take those rocks away for me? I'd do it myself if I weren't in soup and fish!"

Eagerly the boy went to work, and when the last rock was removed, Gable handed him a five dollar bill.

"Gee, Mister Gable," said the boy, "I ain't got change for that!"

"No?" grinned Gable, "Well, old pal, who said anything about change? Run along and buy yourself something—and thanks!"

"No, Mister Gable, I'll take it home to Ma. She needs it . . . bad! Gee, you're a swell guy!"

Clark spoke. "Harvey, I've seen the time when five dollars looked like Andy Mellon's millions to me."

IN ORDER to reduce Gable's weight, Parry placed him on a rigid diet. Gable's usual lunch was three huge ham-and-cheese sandwiches on rye, a quart of milk and half an apple pie. One day Parry was late arriving on the set and found Gable ready to partake of his heavy usual repast. Without a word, Parry picked up the sandwiches, pie and milk and passed them around to the workmen eating near.

"Your usual lunch will be here any minute, Clark. I ordered it for you!"

"Okay, teacher, you win!" grinned Gable. And just as eagerly consumed the fruit salad, whole wheat bread and pint of milk.

GABLE still is just a big, husky kid, according to Parry. Clark decided to "doll up" the decrepit old Ford that Carole Lombard had given him—for a joke. Parry took him to a garage which specialized in "hopping up" Ford cars. Gable had a new high speed engine put in the car and every new gadget the garage man could supply.

When it was finished, it had cost him more than a new, 1936 Ford would have cost, but he was as pleased as any boy. When he learned that we had only one car, and that my wife had to take me to the studio each morning and call for me at night, he turned the Ford over to me. When it went haywire, he insisted on driving me home in his Dusenberg, although it took him miles out of his way. Often he had dinner with us. Once he said, "Harvey, I envy you. You can get away from things and people and relax. There are few places I can. I go hunting or fishing every time I can get away. Not just to kill things, but so that I can be myself. Why, over in Arizona where I hunt deer, they don't even know I'm in movies. I'm just plain old Bill Gable, one of the boys!"

Gable, famous movie star, earning a weekly salary in four figures, able to afford a mansion in Bel-Air, envying a Hollywood "stunt" man!

PARRY and a fellow "stunt" man, Duke Green, were on location with Gable on *Call of the Wild*. Gable recognized Green as the owner of a steak house he had frequented in his extra days. He approached Duke.

"Didn't you once have a steak place in Hollywood—and don't you remember me as one of your customers?"

"Sure I do," said Duke. "But you are a big shot now and I didn't want to remind you of those days!"

"Don't think I've forgotten them. I used to come into your place and fill up on steak—when I had the price. I knew that if I had to, I could keep going for three or four days on one good steak dinner—and a lot of times I did. Tonight I'm buying *you* the best steak in this man's town, just for old time's sake!"

CLARK'S unintentional knock-out of Allen Pomeroy, the former inter-collegiate boxing champion, made the headlines. Many fans believed it to be merely a publicity stunt to prove that Gable was really the he-man he was supposed to be. The manager of the Elks' Convention offered him $50,000 to box Max Baer four rounds during the Elks' meeting in Los Angeles. Many different stories have been printed about that unfortunate incident but here's how it really happened:

"When Pomeroy reported for work as Gable's ring opponent," says Parry, "Gable remembered that they both had carried spears in a show, long ago. They became friendly and laughed over old times. The much publicized knock-out happened this way: For the first scene of the fight sequences, Gable and Pomeroy were supposed merely to go through a routine of careful sparring, which we had rehearsed time after time. The director told them both that when they had finished it, he would call 'Cut' and they were to stop.

"But, as they sparred lightly, it looked so good that the director decided to let them go on. They ended the routine and did not get word to stop—and neither knew quite what to do! As men will, in the heat of a ring battle, they both became confused and excited. Both began to slug, and Gable does not realize how terribly hard he can hit. They started hard right swings and Gable's landed first, just back of Pomeroy's left ear. It was such a hard blow that Pomeroy's body did a pinwheel, his face striking the canvas in the exact spot where his right foot previously had been. It was one of the hardest blows I ever saw in any ring!

"Pomeroy went out like a light. Gable was the most contrite man I ever saw. He helped carry Pomeroy to his corner and did not find words to tell how sorry he was that it happened. When Pomeroy at last came to, Gable insisted that work stop for the day. That night he telephoned Allen twice to ask how he was. Clark was thoroughly disgusted with the resultant publicity given the unfortunate incident!

"To say that Gable knocked out a friend just for the sake of publicity is absolutely untrue!

"ONCE, during rehearsals, Pomeroy uncorked a hard blow which we believed had broken some of Gable's ribs. Gable insisted that nothing be said about it to the studio, for fear Allen and I would be reprimanded. We slipped secretly out to a hospital and had an X-ray taken which proved that no ribs were broken. But Gable suffered intense pain for days."

And there you have a picture of the Clark Gable you have never known, the eternal boy, the regular fellow who remembers his lean years and his old time pals. The Gable whom Hollywood has not spoiled.

"Once during road work," says Parry, "I took Gable over into the Toluca Lake district where many movie stars live. He saw Dick Powell's home, Bing Crosby's, Andy Devine's and others for the first time. He insisted that we see them all. Imagine Gable, biggest of them all, wanting to see the homes of the movie stars, just like any tourist! That proves to you, doesn't it, just what sort of fellow Gable really is?"

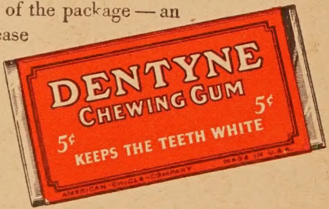
Want to have some fun?
Want to make some money?
See page 8

"Dentyne Stars in Double Role —It Aids Mouth Health— Delights Your Taste!"

FOR BETTER BREATH AND TEETH. *Many* actors and actresses are generous in their praise of Dentyne as a real aid to a healthy mouth — wholesome breath — beautiful teeth! The secret? Dentyne's special firmness invites more vigorous chewing — gives teeth and gums healthful, *needed* exercise. It tones up mouth tissues and wakens the salivary glands, promotes natural self-cleansing. And yes — it does help your mouth and chin keep their firm, youthful curves!

ITS FLAVOR IS A WINNING NOTE. Just sweet enough — just spicy enough — Dentyne flavor is perfection itself! Fragrant — delicious — lasting. Try it — discover for yourself why it is the choice of people with critical taste. Another point in Dentyne's favor is the smartly flat shape of the package — an exclusive feature — and handy as you please to slip into your pocket or purse.

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy



DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

DISHEARTENED
AT THE CLOTHES SHE MUST WEAR

BECAUSE OF • • •

PSORIASIS

blemishes. So frequently the ugly lesions of psoriasis prevent charming women from dressing comfortably and becomingly. Naturally they resort to every dress expedient to conceal their psoriasis blemishes. Then these sufferers learn of Siroil—try it—and soon the whole situation is changed. Siroil removes the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieves other of its discomforts. Thousands bear witness to these facts. And Siroil is so easy to use. It is applied externally—does not stain clothing or bed linen—and is offered on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee, with you the sole judge of results.

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● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting —will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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AGENTS: UP TO $32 in a WEEK

Amazing free Replacement Guarantee on fine silk hosiery, chiffons, service weights. Reduces hosiery costs up to 60%. A sensation. If holes, snags, runs appear in from 1½ to 8 months hosiery replaced free. 100 styles, colors for men, women, children. R. Poirier reports $127 earned in five days. Agents send postal quick for selling outfit, giving hose size.

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YOUR OWN SILK HOSE FREE OF EXTRA COST

ALICE WHITE MOVIE ACTRESS WEARING WILKNIT HOSIERY

Eleanor Powell's Musical Diary!

[*Continued from page* 33]

a public appearance. But she didn't run away. She was twelve now . . . much too big a girl to *show* her fear.

"BLACK BOTTOM!" Does anyone remember it? Most people turned in their records of that jazzy selection toward the end of 1927. But Eleanor Powell still has hers. It's the tune to which she won her first contest. She'd been lent to Benny Davis' night club in Atlantic City that night by Edwards; and she found the contest scheduled for the evening. They let her enter for a joke . . . because she had pretty stiff competition. All of Benny Davis' professional entertainers were out for the prize that night. It consisted of two little cardboard squares that would entitle the winners to see the Dempsey-Carpentier boxing match after the show.

Everybody was black bottoming as fast as they could! Eleanor hadn't black bottomed before, and she saw no way to be different than to do it as slowly as she could. She brought the house down; and rated the tickets. A waiter talked her out of the proceeds of slow black bottoming five minutes. "You don't want to see a *brawl*, kid," he told her, and Eleanor said that of course she didn't. After she had given over the tickets she learned that they were worth something in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars . . . and the Powells could have used a hundred dollars nicely at that time.

"Black Bottom" means more than the winning of a contest to Eleanor. It is a little reminder to keep her wits about her in the give and take of show business.

She acquired a manager after that . . . and a confidant as well . . . all in the person of Billy Grady. He's casting director at M-G-M now . . .but he was on the other side of the fence in those days; selling talent to other casting directors. He was the first person to see potentialities for bigness in Eleanor Powell. And her only superstition centers around the little ivory turtle he gave her when she put herself in his hands. She has always carried it. And, she says, it has never failed her.

IT WAS Billy Grady who made Eleanor take up tap dancing. It was Jack Donahue, to whose school she went, who made her keep it up. Strange as it appears, Eleanor couldn't get the hang of tapping out the rhythm of music at first. She went home and cried and decided she'd have to give up being a dancer. Jack Donahue called her up and made her come back. At the end of her third lesson, she was tapping. At the eighth, she was being used as an object lesson for the class. Ten lessons graduated her . . . and twenty dollars is the sum total of her investment in the kind of dancing that brought her to Hollywood and world-wide fame!

Next in the musical sequence of Eleanor Powell's life you hear the hit melodies of *Follow Thru*, the first show in which she appeared. She had to wait a long time for that engagement. Billy Grady wouldn't let her accept other offers that had come pouring in, because they didn't give her a chance to do anything but dance.

"Get typed as a hoofer, and you stay a hoofer," he warned her. Eleanor listened . . . obeyed . . . and was rewarded. *Follow Thru* played for a year and a half. And Eleanor Powell, as one of the principals, was in demand on Broadway.

Fine and Dandy . . . *Hot Cha* . . . *The Varieties* . . . *Scandals* . . . *Crazy Quilt* . . . who remembers their hit tunes now? The answer is . . . Eleanor Powell. Tunes that were played in night clubs and whistled in streets and then forgotten, are still carefully cherished in her library. She keeps them . . . the diary of her career on Broadway. It was in this interim that she lost her manager. Billy Grady went out to Hollywood to take up the work of casting M-G-M's pictures.

SHE came to Hollywood without the fanfare of publicity. Metro intended giving her only a supporting part in *Broadway Melody*. She was considered a comedienne dancer; not leading lady material. But when Eleanor took her test, the camera picked up something she hadn't known she had . . . romantic appeal. That was Hollywood's first gift to Eleanor . . . she had always wanted to do romantic leads; until the camera discovered her, she had never dreamed she could.

But Hollywood's greatest contribution to Eleanor Powell was to be made later.

Eleanor Powell's eleven-year-old protégée, a Los Angeles girl named Peggy Ryan, will be seen dancing in *Top of the Town*, a sparkling musical now in preparation. This child is said to be almost as good as Eleanor, the queen of all lady tappers

She appeared before the dance director one morning to show him her first picture routine. She'd worked on it as she'd never worked on anything before But he shook his head.

"Why don't you get around . . . go places? You're not using any space!"

Eleanor Powell, said, bewildered, "But I can't turn my back on the audience!" Entrance . . . "travel step" . . . "sock steps" . . . and a smash exit . . . all to be worked out without once insulting the patrons by a view of a dancer's back! When they told Eleanor Powell that she could go right to town on that set, and the camera would follow her around and pick up every movement . . . from the front . . . she says that she felt she had come to a dancer's paradise. Hollywood had given her the right to let herself go in dancing, for the first time in her life.

"I felt," states Eleanor, "like a bird set free." Reference to the other gifts of Hollywood . . . opportunity, climate, stardom . . . seem conspicuous by their absence from her conversation. She thinks in terms of the dance.

It's a bit difficult to believe that a girl as young and pretty as Eleanor can live so exclusively . . . to dance. But . . . would any girl you know turn down a date with Jimmie Stewart because she was working on a new routine? Eleanor did, the other night.

Would the girl next door let her mother do all her shopping . . . even hats and dresses? Eleanor does . . . because she doesn't want to take time off from her dancing.

Is there anyone in your acquaintance who'll get up from the dinner table to get to work? Eleanor will arise right in the middle of dessert, and with her fork in hand, she'll proceed to execute the idea for a step that's just come to her.

She dances in her sleep . . . literally . . . because she'll *dream* a routine, and get up in the middle of the night to see if it's workable. There's many a time Mrs. Powell has heard a nocturnal noise and arisen to discover a pajama'd Eleanor tapping out a new step . . .

NO WONDER she can live her past in music. Play the *Broadway Melody* hits and you may recall Eleanor's breath taking capers. When she plays them, she recalls a scene quite different . . .

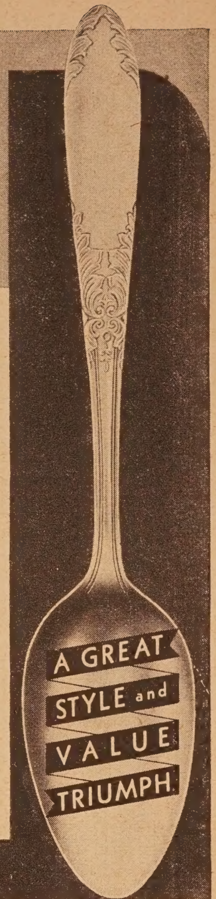
The lobby of a theater . . . people crowding around her to congratulate her on Hollywood success . . . her mother's gratified smile . . . and a man waiting for her by the entrance. Billy Grady and Eleanor Powell flew into each other's arms, and both of them burst into tears. The career which Billy Grady had started on its way had achieved the heights.

They enjoyed the luxury of tears for a minute . . . then, startled, Eleanor looked up to see people jamming in around her . . . she was a star, but the thing that had first prompted her mother to send her to school was still a part of Eleanor's make-up . . . she was still bashful . . .

Over Billie's shoulder, she saw a door . . . with a sign . . . and she broke from his embrace and made a dash for it . . .

While the music of the picture still came from the theater, Eleanor enjoyed the luxury of a good cry in private, guarded by a sign that said, "Ladies."

Later, when *Born to Dance* is no longer the sensation of the hour, and there is nothing left of it for Eleanor but the records of the melodies, they will recall to her the most difficult task she has yet undertaken . . . the task of out-Powelling Eleanor Powell.



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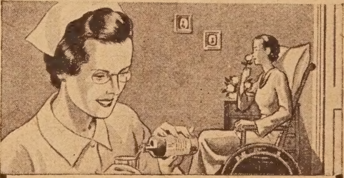

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PICTURE TIPS

★★★★ Perfect Picture ★★★ Good Entertainment ★★ Not Bad
★ Ho Hum!

New Films

★★★

WALKING ON AIR—Gene Raymond needs a job. Ann Sothern hires him to wear a monocle and a French accent—and insult her father! Swell plot, sparkling dialogue. You'll howl with glee!—*RKO-Radio.*

STAR FOR A NIGHT—Chorus girl, chauffeur and clerk deceive blind mother into thinking they are successful and celebrated—because she is blind. Beautiful story with all ingredients of fine picture. Jane Darwell, Claire Trevor, Arline Judge.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Authentic adventure tale of Colonial American days, starring Randolph Scott.—*Reliance.*

★★½

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—Vigorous and thoughtful drama about parole system. Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot lead.—*RKO-Radio.*

BACK TO NATURE—More of the Jones family's good, clean fun.—*20th Century-Fox.*

STAGE STRUCK—Joan Blondell larrups away with hilarious musicomedy. Dick Powell and Warren William larrup a bit, too.—*Warners.*

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Echo of headlined, entombed-miners case in Canada. Barton MacLane and Jean Muir have top rôles. Much suspense.—*Warners.*

CHINA CLIPPER—Real thrills in a newsreel treatment of development of trans-Ocean flight. Pat O'Brien is a visionary slave driver.—*Warner.*

A SON COMES HOME—Mary Boland refuses to help her son escape punishment for crime. Excellent performances by Wally Ford, Julie Haydon and Donald Woods.—*Paramount.*

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Graceful and tuneful—it features Marion (Metropera) Talley and Michael Bartlett.—*Republic.*

★★

ALL AMERICAN CHUMP—Stu Erwin, $15-a-week human adding machine, fumbles his way to fortune.—*M-G-M.*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Eight-year-old David Holt's troubles, fears and courage in facing murderous thugs with his father, Ralph Bellamy.—*Paramount.*

★

MUMMY'S BOYS—Ditch diggers Wheeler and Woolsey excavate an Egyptian king's tomb.—*RKO-Radio.*

POSTAL INSPECTOR—How U. S. Post Office runs down fraud and crime. Ricardo Cortez and Patricia Ellis play leads.—*Universal.*

Previously Reviewed

★★★★

ROMEO AND JULIET—Norma Shearer surpasses any performance given as Shakespeare's famous Juliet.—*M-G-M.*

TO MARY WITH LOVE—Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter star in this engrossing portrait of marriage—with a fine balance of satire, humor, drama and romance.—*M-G-M.*

★★★½

MY MAN GODFREY—The gayest, fluffiest film of the year. Bill Powell buttles for Park Avenue's maddest family of which Carole Lombard is the youngest and maddest, with Alice Brady, and Gail Patrick vieing for top honors.—*Universal.*

★★★

GIRLS' DORMITORY—Beautifully told story of a young student, Simone Simon, and professor, Ruth Chatterton, who love Herbert Marshall—director of a Teutonic girl's school.—*20th Century-Fox.*

SING BABY SING—Stars Adolphe Menjou and Alice Faye, and has the best performances and snappiest music heard in a blue moon . . . and, what is rare in a musical, it has a *plot*—and what a plot!—*20th Century-Fox.*

GIVE ME YOUR HEART—Kay Francis and George Brent at their best in appealing drama based on a delicate, intimate theme.—*Warners.*

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—A tense, grim picturization of the tragic life of Lady Jane Grey, who was executed after ruling England for nine days in the sixteenth century. One of the best British-made films of the year.—*Gaumont-British.*

M'LISS—Anne Shirley, as a wild mountain girl, gives a restrained performance in a story of sympathetic appeal. John Beal, Guy Kibbee, and Douglas Dumbrille portray the typical village characters expertly. You'll enjoy it.—*RKO-Radio.*

EARTHWORM TRACTORS—Joe E. Brown's best, yet. The story deals with a clumsy tractor salesman, pursued by two charming beauties. It is replete with thrills and will leave you limp from laughter.—*Warners.*

★★½

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—Every character in this farce is a gambler or racketeer. George Raft is an honest crook. Honest!! Dolores Costello Barrymore furnishes the girl interest.—*Paramount.*

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—Bing sings, Bob Burns plays his "bazooka" and Martha Raye clowns. Lotsa laughs and swell swing-music in Crosby's latest.—*Paramount.*

MARY OF SCOTLAND—A complex story with Katharine Hepburn playing the ill-fated queen who lost her head on the chopping block—but not before she lost her heart to Fredric March, the romantic Scotch warrior who became her third husband.—*RKO-Radio.*

★★

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE—Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor attempt to overcome a dragging plot. Another trying triangle.—*M-G-M.*

TWO IN A CROWD—Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea teamed in tale of a race horse and two halves of a $1,000 bill.—*Universal.*

PEPPER—Speed, action and laughs with Jane Withers whizzing along at top speed. The comic trio—Irvin Cobb, Slim Summerville and Dean Jagger have fun, too.—*20th Century-Fox.*

THEY MET IN A TAXI—Gay comedy-drama with a Broadway background. Fay Wray, Chester Morris, and Lionel Stander assist in furnishing fine entertainment.—*Columbia.*

GRAND JURY—Fast moving, logical story of politics and gangsters with newspaper background. Clever dialogue and lotsa laughs. Louise Lattimer and Owen Davis, Jr., in leads.—*Radio.*

I'D GIVE MY LIFE—Dramatic entertainment of distinction and moving vitality. Original story—"The Noose." Stars Tom Brown, Frances Drake and Sir Guy Standing. All are excellent.—*Paramount.*

(See page 43 for reviews of this month's best pictures)

Hollywood Tips for Home Makers

[*Continued from page* 19]

Now it's Ingo bikes for the kiddies . . . Hollywood is full of young Ingo Bike enthusiasts these days . . . you see them scooting down the streets in every direction . . . They work just like the "grown ups" Ingo Bikes do . . . If you don't believe that the kids are thrilled to death with them, take another look at the smile on little Dickie Moore's face . . . How about an Ingo Bike for Junior? He'll be asking for one before long!

Isabel Jewell endorses those distinctive looking Olson Rugs with their Early American designs that are so popular in Hollywood! . . . You have no idea what a new rug can do for your living or dining room! And the Olson plan has made it *so* simple for everyone to have a new rug . . . Why not look into their plan of manufacture and see for yourself exactly what they can do for you . . . You will be amazed with what they have to offer!

•

And now we have Fels-Naptha soap chips! . . . your old favorite is now obtainable in quick dissolving dustless chips that bring you lots of golden soap teamed with dirt-loosening naptha . . . Fels-Naptha chips are just another form of that good old reliable golden bar—the soap that banishes the "tattle tale gray" from your wash . . . Try some next time you do the wash!

•

A triple tested insecticide that really *kills* insects. That is exactly what the Black Flag people have had on the market for years . . . Black Flag comes in two forms . . . In powder for insects that crawl and in a spray for insects that fly . . . Don't be tormented any longer . . . banish with Black Flag!

LET'S EAT! . . .

Marlene Dietrich often orders raw mushrooms—and eats them without sauce or seasoning of any kind! . . . Anita Louise drinks a glass of steak juice before retiring at night. A large piece of beef is broiled to provide the juice. . . . Garbo is imbibing quarts of half carrot-juice, half milk—to get extra energy.

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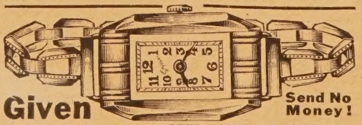

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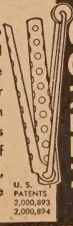

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Letter Page

[*Continued from page 12*]

$5.00 Letter

Divorce Love Teams Okay

WHAT is my reaction on seeing now-dissolved couples making love on the screen?

What would be your reaction in watching two unfriendly surgeons working together to save a life? Would the doctors think of petty disagreements between themselves, or their work?

Two teachers in the same classroom are often not friends, but they play the friendly game with the children. They would not think of doing otherwise.

When actors are called upon to take parts best fitted to their talents, they do it. It is only Freudians in the audience, the neurotics saturated with sickening sentimentalities who would react to anything except the miracle of the scenic effect and appreciation of the cleverness of the actors in presenting the play.—*Hortense Smith, 130 Main Street, Johnson City, N. Y.*

$1.00 Letter

Heaven As It Should Be

THE day of the stupendousmagnificent-tremendouscolossal film is over. And good, good riddance.

At last the screen has achieved that true film-fan's heaven of delight, a humble epic—an utterly human one. I refer to *Green Pastures,* that refreshing and naive picture of Paradise. What a happy way of presenting Bible history! How the audience chuckled at the animals double-filing into the ark while Noah gravely checked them off on his alphabetical shopping list! How they blew their noses when Moses attained his glimpse of the river Jordan! And what a nice picture of chubby-cheeked God!

We hope that when Gabriel is at last permitted to blow that coveted blast on his trumpet, De Lawd (a genial old chocolate Santa Claus with a grandfatherly beard) will lead us, too, into such simple green pastures of fish-fries and custards, of God in a frock-coat and scrub-ladies with checked gingham wings; such pastures where everyone will do as he desires—where cooks will cook, choirs sing, little boys ride fleecy clouds, and the rest of us *go to the celestial movies!—Mary Barger, 40 Park St., Brockton, Mass.*

$1.00 Letter

Be Fair to Rural-ites

WHY are small town people invariably portrayed as malicious gossips, dumb hicks and cruel tightwads? There is a tendency in almost every picture about small towns to picture its people with contempt and bitterness. We, who live in small towns, have our odd mannerisms and fixed habits—but not to the exaggeration which the movies show!

Be more fair and honest, producers, when casting for small townspeople—and don't forget that they are the most critical, human and sincere audience you have. They are the bulwark of the movie public.—*Bruce Cameron, Oakmont, Pa.*

MEN & WOMEN
Hotel Positions

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Train NOW for hotel, club and institutional field. Salaries up to $1,500 to $5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Qualify at home, in leisure time. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin and mail this ad today for FREE Book. Check positions in which you're interested.

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$1.00 Letter

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TALKIES are the greatest entertainment attraction the world has known. How many of us have considered the hard-of-hearing folk that have lost their amusement since talking pictures came along. Only one theatre in Philadelphia is equipped with ear phones for the people who cannot hear pictures without them. In silent days, subtitles enabled us to understand the story. But now, unless you can hear, it is impossible to follow the story. Isn't there some organization that could assist us in having more theatres install these ear phones. It seems only a duty that these unfortunates should be helped.—*J. Lucas, 127 Ashby Road, Stonehurst, Philadelphia, Pa.*

$1.00 Letter

Movies Make Medicos

I AM entering college this fall to study medicine. I saw the movie production, *Men in White,* and it gave me a greater desire to enter medical practice. The films of today inspire many high ideals among boys and girls. Films inspire them to carry on with their chosen vocations—or aid them in selecting professions. So I say let's have more fine pictures like *Magnificent Obsession* and *White Angel.—Robert Marnell, 606 River Terrace, Hoboken, N. Y.*

$1.00 Letter

A Big Hiss for Bing

I OFTEN wonder how Bing Crosby made a place in pictures. It's too bad we can't enjoy his singing without enduring his poor acting—and in return for his fabulous salary he owes his movie fans at least a waistline. Bing's place is on the radio—the further from movies he is, the better.—*Betty Jean Fieldere, 338 W. Arbutus, Compton, Calif.*

WANTED FOR MURDER!

Perhaps you've been mildly inclined toward homicide after contemplating some Hollywood product. That's the time to grasp a large, trenchant pen and raise your cry of anguish to SCREEN BOOK! Contrariwise, when you want to put in a word of approbation and give some actor, director or producer a

PAT ON THE BACK

send a note to the Letter Page. Your knocks are taken to heart by those whom they concern—and your boosts are appreciated. You can tell your favorites exactly what you want to say to them—and be sure your messages will be read.

It's simple! Write on any—and we mean *any!*—topic that concerns movies and its personalities. Every month the first prize letter published receives $15; second, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Address your comment to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif.

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Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills—used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of Kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

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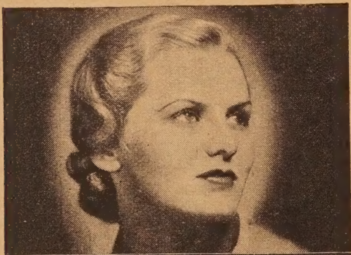

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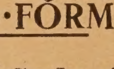

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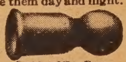

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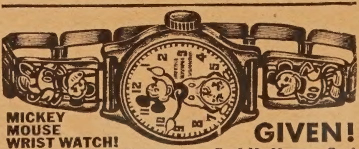

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WILSON CHEMICAL CO. INC., Dept. 50-F. Tyrone, Pa.

'S Wing Time for Ruth!

[*Continued from page* 10]

actress involved in a scandal. "Mary is honest and brave," said Ruth, "she had rare courage to risk and sacrifice everything to win her child. I'm for her."

Sort of honest and courageous herself—that Chatterton!

AS THE aviatrix, Ruth Chatterton is a woman of cool, calm and sane flying ability, coupled with enthusiastic sportsmanship.

Of all the Hollywood actresses who have been widely publicized for years as accomplished flyers, and who have had their pictures taken in cute costumes et cetera, Ruth Chatterton is one of the few girls of picture prominence who actually can fly. Yet, she has never cheapened the sport she loves so much as to publicize her flying ability, which in her opinion, is still that of the average amateur.

In other words, she never permits her profession to intrude upon her sport, and vice versa.

Two years ago Ruth Chatterton took her first ride in an airplane with a French war ace. A few days later she was talking lessons from Bob Blair, one of the greatest pilots and instructors in this country. Three months after she took her first lesson, she had won her pilot's license.

As a close friend of Ruth's, I'll confess that I silently watched these lessons, particularly the necessary stunting, with considerable trepidation.

When it was all over and we were celebrating her victory in the Glory Hole at her Beverly Hills home, Bob Blair said to me: "Ruth is a natural flyer. She is a remarkable pupil. It's a cinch to teach a person of her intelligence, particularly when she is keen and fearless."

It is odd that Ruth manages to convey confidence in her own ability to her family and friends, who go flying with her any time, anywhere.

Several of her friends, who had vowed that they would never fly in any ships but transports, have succumbed to the Chatterton enthusiasm.

Brian Aherne will soon have his pilot's license due to the hours he has gained in the air in Ruth's Stinson while she was grounded for eight weeks while playing in *Dodsworth.* During the making of a picture, in fairness to the studio she always refrains from flying.

BUT the moment the last scene of *Dodsworth* was in the can, she took to the air. Not only that, but she gave Samuel Goldwyn a few gray hairs by taking everybody in the United Artists studio who would fly with her—fellow players, executives and technicians—on short hops over southern California.

Ruth has all sorts of naïve excuses: that she had to get in training for her Air Derby, which was the feature of the National Air Races in September. But the truth was that she simply wanted to enjoy the kick of making her passengers air-minded.

From the thrilling moment at seventeen when a sophisticated New York theater audience of first-nighters gave her an ovation for her performance in *The Rainbow,* which made her a star overnight

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

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with her name in electric lights, the actress confesses that nothing has ever thrilled her as much as the sight of some thirty sport-minded amateur flyers in a cross-country race following her into the Los Angeles Municipal Airport to open the National Air Races.

As the aviatrix, Ruth annually contributes $2,000 and a magnificent trophy to this international event. I say "international" because this year the Chatterton Air Derby was given that flavor by the entries of English Peggy Salaman and Chinese Katherine Cheung.

Says Producer Goldwyn, "I hope the success of *Dodsworth* compels her to stay in pictures because I think she is one of the very few great actresses we have today.

"In fact, there is no limit to her opportunities to become a most important artistic force in pictures. By virtue of her stage experience not only as an actress but as a stage director, she could easily become a successful director. If Ruth will spend six months learning the technical side of the business—in the cutting room, behind the camera, etc., she could be the leader in elevating her sex to top positions of importance in the motion picture industry."

And so, happy landings to the lady whom critics dubbed "first lady of the screen!"

—*By* SCOOP CONLON

If a girl pretended to be stone deaf when the director called "cut" on this scene—could you blame her? John Boles and Rosalind Russell consider it merely a pleasant enough way to earn their *Craig's Wife's* salaries

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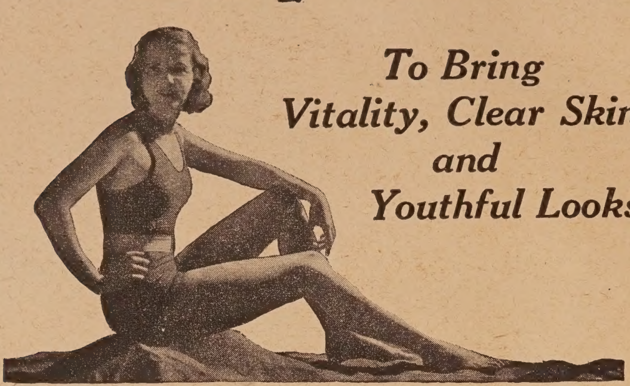
Kidneys Must Purify Blood



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The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If, because of functional troubles, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help functional Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for•its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

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The Mysterious Voice!

[*Continued from page* 42]

that made me what I am today—" and the long, tense figure of Fred Keating stirred in his chair. Those dark fingers of his which have drawn so many rabbits out of so many hats, performed so many mystery-miracles with cards, now played restlessly with his cigarette.

We were having lunch together, Fred and I, in the breakfast room of his home. Aubrey, his colored man-servant and best friend, was serving him cold roast beef and hot toast and mustard. Fred said, "Aubrey and I have been together for so long I can't remember whether I adopted him or he adopted me.

He does everything for me, acting as cook, valet, bartender, chauffeur, bookkeeper and general manager. He worked without pay—when vaudeville collapsed and I had to turn to new fields.

"BUT as I was saying—the Voice! It made me what I am today, a man of about thirty-three who has never been in love, who has never had a home, who detests the idea of marriage, *who never will be married.*

"Oh, I have my romances, of course. Life would be a dull thing without feminine companionship. But I always know them for what they are—*romances.* In the nature of things transient and temporary.

"It was the Voice that sent me out into the world of Magic, of make-believe, of the theater and of the press. For I have played the piano in a nickelodeon theater . . . I have toured the roads of the world with Howard Thurston, making flowers to grow out of carpets and water to cascade from nothingness—and cards to perform like little, living minds . . . I've been a reporter on the *New York World,* a little sick over my first gory murder story . . . I've sold fiction stories . . . I've worked with the late Texas Guinan and loved it . . . I've been press agent for Gene Denis . . . I've played in pictures with Joan Crawford, with Charles Boyer, with Walter Connolly, with many stars . . . I've just finished a starring picture of my own, titled *Devil on Horseback* for Hirliman Studio.

"I started in vaudeville and in vaudeville I hope to end this effort called Life. I've done the legitimate theater, too, with Talullah Bankhead, with Hope Williams. But I am not an actor. I'm an entertainer. The two are not always the same. I hate to stay long in one place. I detest the repetitiousness of the theater. I love to sing and dance and be master of ceremonies. I love the open road.

"I WOULD never have come to Hollywood if it had not been for Aubrey. Aubrey wanted to see Hollywood. And so we came to Hollywood. Aubrey likes Hollywood. I didn't remain under contract long. Contracts are prisons. And there isn't enough gold in these here hills to make me do a part unless I want to do it. I don't want money. I've been so poor back East that I've had to run my car out to Long Island and hide it in deserted barns so that the company wouldn't take it away from me. And I've got more kick out of it than I get now, when it is paid for and secure.

"I don't want Fame. *I don't want boredom.* Above all things, I do NOT want boredom.

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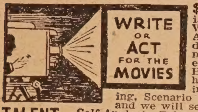

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HOLIDAY GREETINGS

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"The Voice taught me that unhappiness is abnormal. It taught me that marriage is abnormal for those of us who are not fitted for it.

"WHICH takes us back through the years to the dark savage little youngster who used to say to his mother, 'Why do you mention my name to It? It hates me . . .'

"And then sometimes, in desperation, my mother would break down and weep the harder and beg me to believe that the Voice was good and kind and meant well; that to the Voice I owed everything I had—my food, my education, my clothes, the very nice roof over my head.

"I always had things other fellows had—bikes and private schools and football gear and pocket money. But it drove me violently insane to know that I was under obligation to the Voice . . . the Voice that had haunted me and taunted me ever since I'd been able to distinguish one voice from another.

"I was fourteen when I ran away to join Howard Thurston on the road. The Voice was *why*.

"FOR there came the day when a boy in my class at school invited me to spend the week-end with him at his mother's home. He was impressed with my sleight of hand tricks and wanted to exhibit me to the family. I accepted.

"It was one of those handsome, old Park Avenue houses. When we arrived some sort of a soirée was in progress. I can distinctly remember every detail of that snowy winter evening . . . the dusk outside . . . the sensation of light and warmth as we entered the brightly lighted rooms from the five o'clock darkness outside . . . the sudden change from dusk to electric lights made me stumble.

"I was presented to my hostess, and then—and then—a man's face loomed up beside her. We were introduced. He spoke. He spoke my name. And instantly I realized that I was in the bodily presence of—*the Voice!*

"Every atom of my body trembled with loathing. Beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. I stood transfixed before this person, this ogre who had dominated me, terrorized me, ruled my life with a bodiless presence, made me wish I never had been born.

"I was meeting face to face, for the first time in my life—*my father!*"

FRED KEATING lit another cigarette with hands that trembled just a little. He gave a short laugh. He said, "There is an epilogue, of course. They are both gone now, my mother and father. It is all long ago. In later years we became fairly good friends, my father and I. He was Frederick L. Keating, Commissioner of Licenses in New York. He was a talented pianist, a sometime newspaper man and an able lawyer by profession.

"I learned later that my mother and father had separated before I was born. The wound had been deep. My father had resented me. He never wanted to see me. He never did see me until that day I was formally introduced to him in that house on Park Avenue. He had directed my life—over the telephone. He never should have married. Like me—*or am I like him?*—he was made for the lone trail and gypsy emotions.

"Yes, we became fair friends before he died. But I shall never forget the day when I stood face to face with the Voice and, with unspeakable hatred in my heart, was formally presented to—my father!"

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"Paying the Piper" Is the Fashion in Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 50]

of the most fashionable of Hollywood's smart set. One sits in the palm room and eats sumptuous foods such as *Frog Legs aux Fines Herbes* or *Sweetbreads Saute Sec with Fresh Mushrooms* prepared by Gregorio, famous culinary artist.

The eternal question of what to wear arises and is smartly solved by two popular screen players, Marjorie Weaver and Evalyn Knapp. Marjorie Weaver who won the SCREEN BOOK contest and as a result signed a seven-year contract with Warner Bros. has just finished work in the technicolor production *God's Country and the Woman.* Evalyn Knapp's latest film is *Bulldog Edition* for Republic. Marjorie prefers a simple black mohair alpaca trimmed with taffeta rickrack and a chic black felt hat banded in red antelope.

Evalyn Knapp wears a crêpe back satin in the new vintage shade with the satin side brought in at the waist and sash. The shoulder fulness and draped neckline held together by a rhinestone pin are interesting. On her head perches a saucy felt hat of the same shade.

COCKTAILS FOR THREE

Let us suppose there are three of you and you want some place to go for cocktails. An ideal spot is the bamboo room at the Vine Street Brown Derby where one may hobnob with the scintillating stars of Hollywood. Here is the place to enjoy a Planter's punch for which the Derby is famous. On warmer days it would be pleasant to have cocktails outdoors on the lovely patio of the original Brown Derby overlooking Wilshire Boulevard and just across from the famous Cocoanut Grove. Cocktails at all Brown Derbys are 25 cents. Mixed drinks are 35 cents.

And for clothes—Marjorie Weaver has the problem well in hand by wearing a smart one piece velvet dress under a luxurious mink coat. The coat designed and executed by Willard George, eminent Hollywood furrier, is a masterpiece of beauty and skill. The shoulder and skirt fulness are new style notes for winter. A touched suede turban in red antelope adds the finishing touch.

Evalyn Knapp chooses an odd green for her wool costume trimmed in fox. The straight one piece dress cut high under the bustline is topped by satin in the same shade. A lovely rhinestone clip trims the neckline. She wears a brown hat and shoes and carries brown bag and gloves to complete her ensemble.

"DINNER AT EIGHT"

"Dinner at eight, please James, and let's make it the LaMaze," chorus Evalyn and Marjorie in unison to James Blakeley's polite inquiry as to where to dine. The LaMaze serves delicious food where one may dance. A large blackboard is brought in on which is written the dinner menu. Dinner is $3.00 per person and well worth the price.

Evalyn is wearing a charming dinner suit of black velvet in the new street length. The coat is fitted tight through the waist with a perky, old-fashioned peplum. The top of the one piece dress is green metallic with short, full sleeves and V neckline held by a rhinestone clip. An extremely chic velvet hat trimmed with ostrich tips lends an air of enchantment.

Marjorie's dress is satin embossed crêpe also in the newer length, black with short silver fox sleeves and worn with a small off-the-face hat. Gayly colored bows lend color.

MAKING THE ROUNDS

If you prefer to go some place for dinner to linger through the evening, dancing and drinking highballs, try the Trocadero. Dinner here is $2.50 per person with cover charge $1.00. Drinks are 60 cents.

Formal attire is the order of the day, though one may drop down stairs at the bar dressed informally. Marjorie prefers for this event a lovely formal gown of silver cloth. Three large flowers in soft colorings are worn on the left shoulder.

Evalyn spends the evening at the "Troc" in a charming black lace creation made over a satin slip. A square neckline is smart as is the gay bouquet tucked in the beltline.

There is only one Cocoanut Grove and your stay in Hollywood would not be complete without visiting this famous spot. Dancing to the tune of Eddy Duchin's popular orchestra, having a drink and a sandwich tops a delightful evening. Cover charge is only $1.00 per person and drinks are 50 cents.

Marjorie, dancing with James Blakeley, who has the juvenile lead in the Pickford-Lasky production, *The Gay Desperado,* shows to perfection this velvet gown, smart in its utter simplicity.

Of course, it is possible to go on and on but—when little feet whimper in tiny shoes and the Hollywood sky turns from deep blue to cold grey it is time to pay the Piper and applaud the Sand Man.

There is a limit to the twinkling of even Hollywood stars.

Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif., for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Mrs. Charles Chaplin (Paulette Goddard to you!) dazzles the other diners-out at the *Victor Hugo* with her sumptuous yet simple cloth of gold dress, and sable cape. Tomorrow morning she'll be wearing a pair of worn, dirty canvas trousers and bouncing around the deck of the *Panacea,* Charlie's boat

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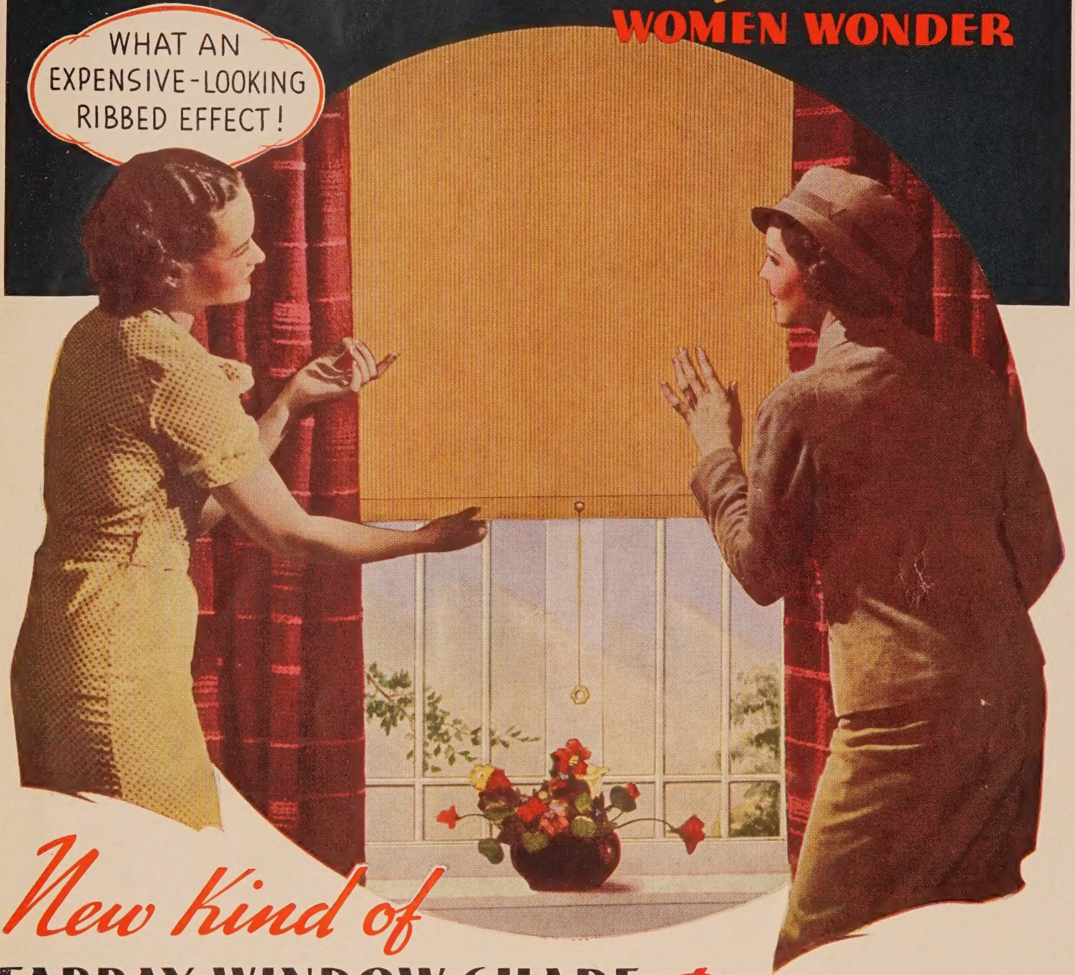
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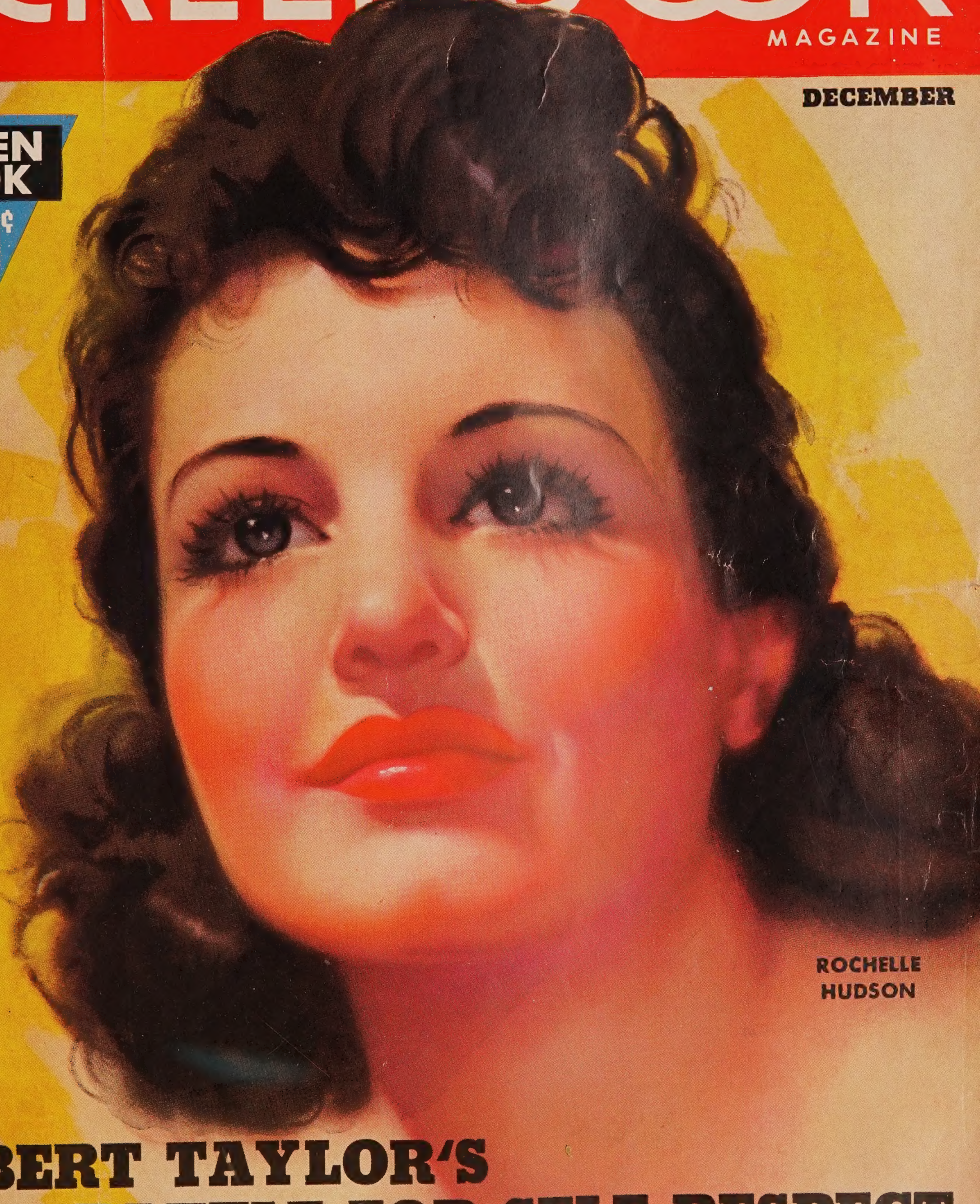

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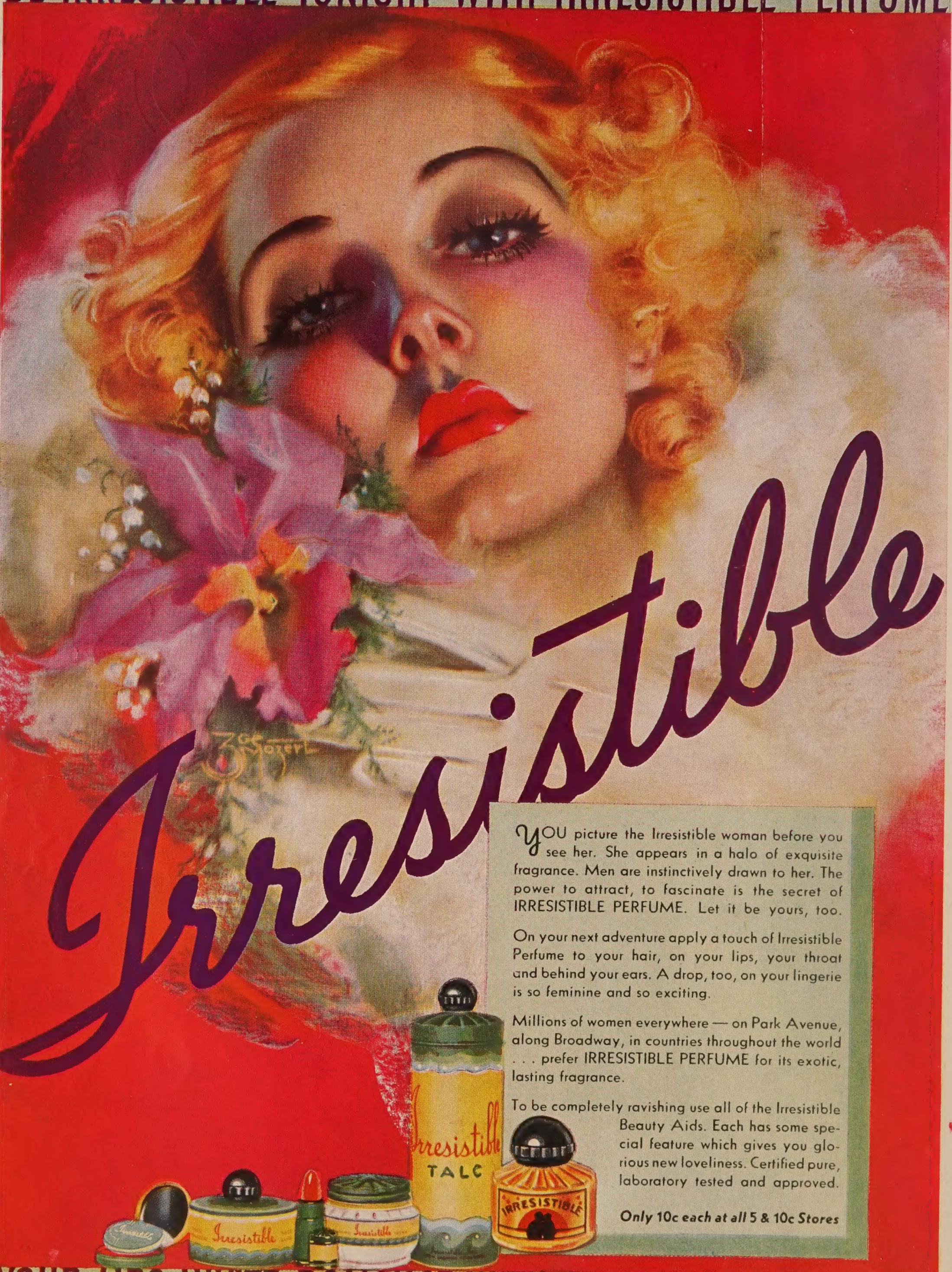

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"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"

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Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

Deborah Tyagy

Notary Public

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"

"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"

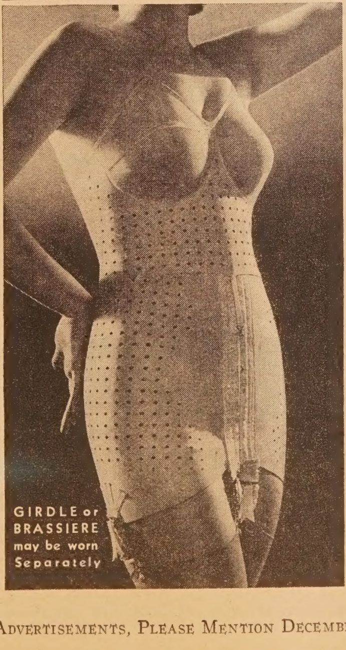
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic"
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



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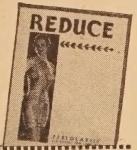

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DECEMBER
1936

SCREEN BOOK

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No. 5

W. H. FAWCETT
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The News Magazine of the Movies
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Executive Editor

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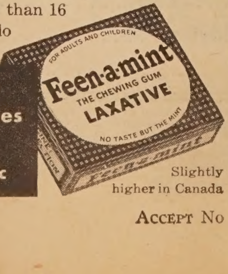
Another Dizzy Spell!

● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!

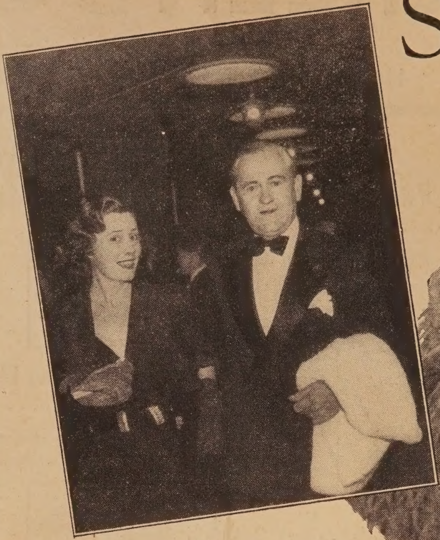
● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. It's so gentle. There's no griping, nausea, nor disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people do



Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

MYSELF—As I See Me!



Irene (Delsa to you!) has been married to Dentist Francis Griffin since 1928. He stopped a New York cab horse from running away with Irene and an ancient carriage. That's how their romance started

—IRENE DUNNE

I OFTEN think that if I had not gone on the stage, I should have liked to be a secretary . . . I never visit an executive office without being impressed with the "in the know air" of some girl secretary . . . nor without feeling that these girls have their fingers on the pulse of exciting events . . .

I like gray street clothes . . . white summer clothes . . . lingerie in delicate pastel shades . . . I can never feel right in a tailored suit unless I have some very feminine accessories to relieve the severity of the masculine motif . . .

When non-professional people tell me they were uneasy with me at first acquaintance because I am an actress, I feel a sense of personal failure . . . because I dislike forbidding mannerisms in anyone . . . and I should dislike thinking that anything I say or do could keep anyone from judging me as I want to be judged off the screen . . . as a person, not a personality . . .

After some years of picture work, I still look back fondly to my part in *Cimarron* . . . my first screen rôle, and my favorite one. . . .

Two things in life inspire me with a sense of high anticipation . . . one is my trip to New York to be with my husband . . . the other, my return to Hollywood to renew my work . . .

Now, as I am finishing *Theodora Goes Wild* for Columbia, I find my thoughts turning eastward . . . I begin to anticipate New York, and my husband's companionship . . . But I know that after a stay . . . after talking with playwrights with plays on Broadway . . . and novelists with books on best seller lists . . . and other people who are doing things . . . I shall look forward avidly to Hollywood and to doing my own job . . . perhaps doing it better than I have ever done it before. . . .

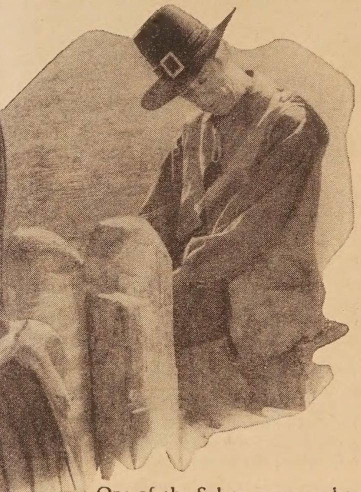
During the years I have lived in Hollywood, I moved annually . . . always some reason why I couldn't or wouldn't keep a house . . . eventually I solved the problem by building one . . . I helped to design it . . . every bookshelf and every closet is just where I want it . . . and now there are few words so pleasant to me as "home" . . . there's something substantial about the word . . . and I like substantial things . . . words and houses. . . .

A moment in my life that stands out glamorously across the years was the one when Florenz Ziegfeld, seated in a theater where I was [*Continued on page 67*]

Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"



One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "MAID OF SALEM"

A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD

(Advertisement)

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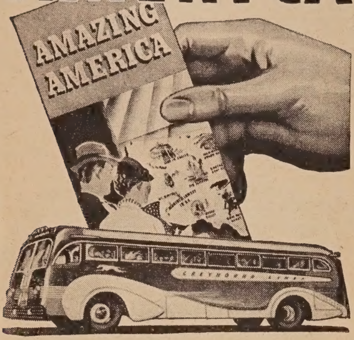

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So Greyhound has gathered together in one colorful booklet nearly 150 of the strangest and most interesting curiosities to be found on this continent—has pictured and described each for your enjoyment. This booklet is free just for sending the coupon below.

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A Fascinating New CONTEST!

WIN $500

Help Mervyn LeRoy find a trademark for his pictures!

20th Century Fox

Paramount Pictures

Columbia Pictures

Radio Pictures

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

For one simple idea—$500 reward! Read the rules and enter today!

SHARPEN your pencils, you readers of SCREEN BOOK—and let's all help Mervyn LeRoy concoct a trademark for the motion pictures he is going to produce under the company name of Mervyn LeRoy Productions and release through Warner Brothers.

If the idea you send in is considered the best of those submitted to SCREEN BOOK, you will win $50 in cash. Your suggestion then will be eligible for the grand prize of $250 which will be paid to the smart person who submits the trademark selected to appear on all the screens of the world—flashing in front of the eyes of everyone who sees one of Mervyn LeRoy's fine films.

Send in more than one idea if you like. Perhaps, like Jimmy Durante, you "got a million of them." So much the better. Submit them all!

$50 is also offered to each of the best trademarks submitted to the other magazines owned by Fawcett Publications, Inc., HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN PLAY, MOVIE CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE. The prize entry from each magazine will be judged with the $50 prize winner of each other magazine. And the lucky one wins the grand prize.

If you can judge from Mervyn's past success (*Anthony Adverse, I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Oil for the Lamps of China, Tugboat Annie, Five Star Final, Gold Diggers of 1933, Little Caesar* and many others, as well as an hilariously funny Warner Bros. picture now ready for release, *Three Men on a Horse*) the pictures he makes will be popular hits. The first one produced under his own banner will be titled *The King and the Chorus Girl*, the second will be *Son of the Gods*.

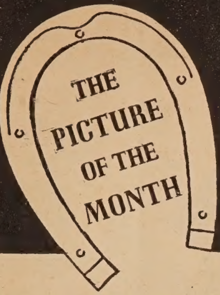
Your trademark, therefore, should stand for quality. Perhaps it will show the name of the company, or the initials. Perhaps it will bear a motto—or some emblem of progress or artistic achievement. Let yourself go—for your idea must be original—and not a copy of some trademark already in use. The whole thing is made easier for you because

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW THE TRADEMARK.

That ought to help, for few of us are artists, anyway. If yours is picked as the best—or one of the best—it will be transposed into a fine sketch carefully done by a trained artist.

Just tell in writing what trademark you think would be suited to stand for popular film attractions. Make your description as [*Continued on page* 76]

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!



Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!

'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!

"3 MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

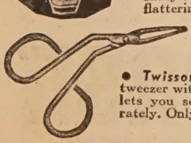
by Jane Heath

● UNLESS you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of KURLASH enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of KURLASH products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into KURLASH ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* KURLASH products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

● **Lashtint Compact.** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

● **Kurlene.** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.



● **Twissors.** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-12. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

LETTER PAGE

Money for your thoughts!

Let's join Lucille Ball and Joe Penner—for they symbolize the spirit of our fellow readers who contribute to SCREEN BOOK'S Letter Page. If you want to release a vehement kick about any star or phase of picture making—here's the place to let it go! We like to print well-deserved compliments, too

Read what other movie-goers have to say in this month's cash-prize letters. Do you disagree?—Let's hear about it!

$15 Letter

Wouldn't This Be Fun!

MANY of our stars have become definite types and their portrayals are, therefore, chiefly routine. I would like to see our stars in a variety of rôles in which they could show their various abilities. Why can't we have:

1. Robert Taylor, the millionaire playboy, as a tough detective.
2. William Powell, the suave gentleman and sparkling conversationalist, as a Mexican bandit.
3. Gary Cooper, the whimsical adventurer, as a dumb detective.
4. Marlene Dietrich, the mysterious siren, a quick-witted manicurist.
5. Janet Gaynor, the sweet small-town girl, as a jewel thief.
6. ZaSu Pitts, the fluttering comedian, as a sophisticated debutante.
7. Alice Brady, the mad-modern comedian as Lady Macbeth.
8. Boris Karloff, who specializes in scaring little children, as Sammy Botts, publicity agent par excellence.
9. Anne Shirley, the stormy mountain girl, as a troublesome daughter of the Blue Book.
10. Arthur Treacher, the magnificently erroneous butler, as Sherlock Holmes.
11. Charles Butterworth, the bird-brained comedian, as a cynical gangster.

—Alma M. Sullivan, 1513 Paradise Drive, Bay St. Louis, Miss.

$10 Letter

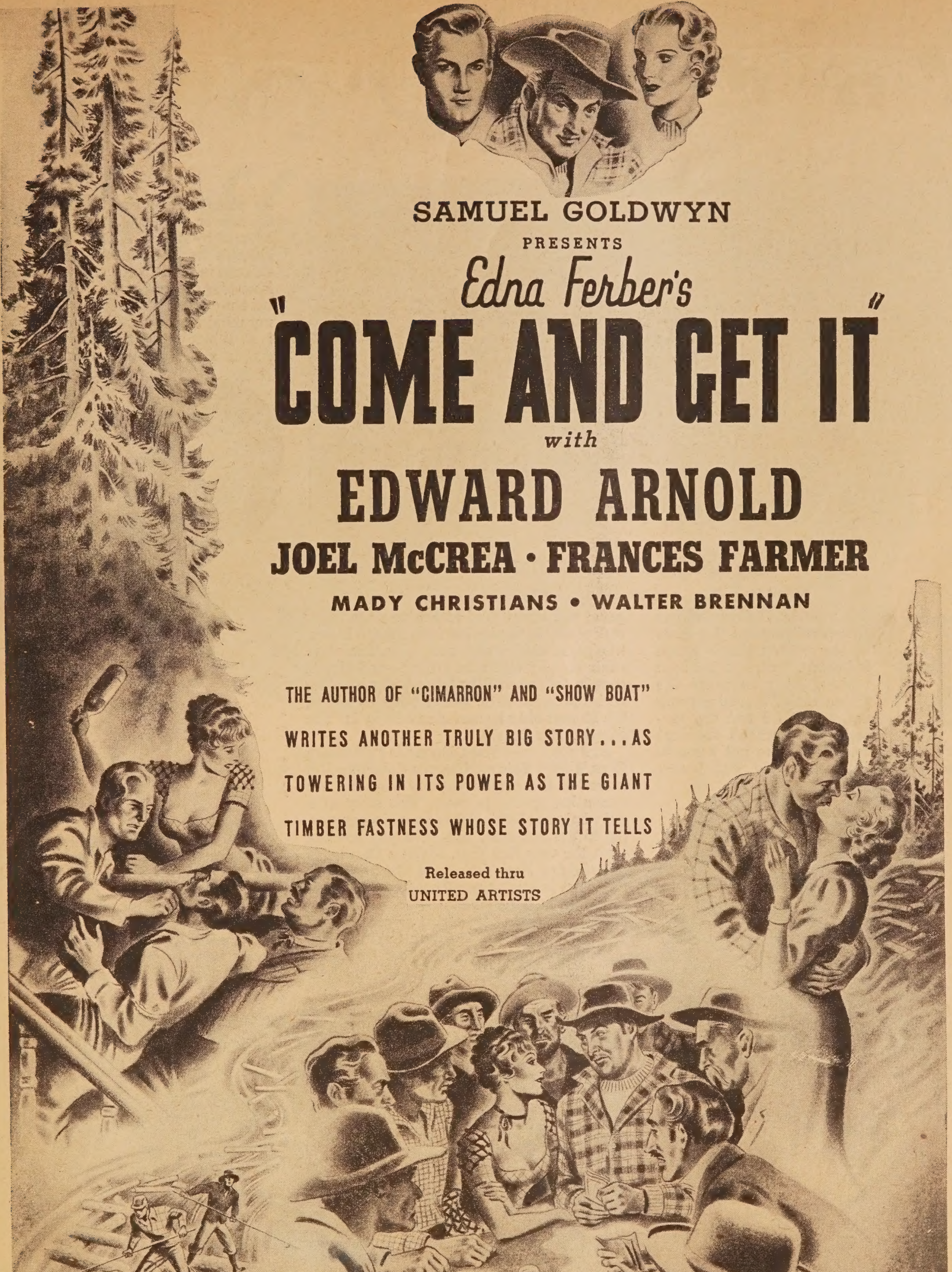
Modesty At All Costs!

WITH our streets crowded with girls of every age, astride bicycles; wearing culottes. Tahitian paru costumes on our best bathing beaches, why, oh, why does the heroine (wearing decorous pajamas) still persist in reaching for that inevitable dressing-gown, when blood-curdling groans or screams plus pistol shots awaken her?

The average person in a moment of stress, would investigate as is and donning a robe would obviously be about the last possible act.

This seems a false note in otherwise realistic cinemas—symphonies of naturalness.—*Harold Davis, 2 Summer Street, Malden, Mass.*

[*Continued on page* 77]



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

Edna Ferber's

"COME AND GET IT"

with

EDWARD ARNOLD

JOEL McCREA · FRANCES FARMER

MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT" WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY . . . AS TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE

Russell Patterson

3 GREAT *Contributions* TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the *funniest* picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".

Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.

A Jolly Good Fellows!

She hiccupped her way into movies—and she's up to stardom now

By Gail Farrar

EDITH FELLOWS is a bright-eyed, crisp-mannered miss of thirteen. She looks younger, acts older and feels—well, that depends upon her mood.

Everything is "fun" to Edith, we soon discovered. It's "fun" to have her pictures taken in the portrait gallery; it's "fun" to have her dresses especially designed for her; it's "fun" to study her lessons between scenes on the set. But fan mail, autographs and previews are the most "fun" of all.

Edith is an illusion-destroyer. Always we have sympathized with screen youngsters, thinking they were being deprived of a normal childhood while they brought entertainment to the millions. We were sure they could not help but develop a false set of values, that their perspective on life must perforce be biased by the amount of money they are able to earn as youngsters. We were sure, also, that even their "naturalness" is artful and contrived.

Edith, without half-trying, erased our preconceived notions. Our interview was just a pleasant way of "playing house" with grown-up company. There was nothing gauche about her manner, nothing at all artificial about her hospitality.

The Columbia starlet talks easily and brightly on any subject. During our half-hour chat, she told us the story of her new picture, *Pennies from Heaven,* which stars Bing Crosby; she revealed her adoration for Bing Crosby; she has met his wife, Dixie Lee, and their three youngsters, Gary, Philip and Dennis, and thinks they're the nicest family in the world; she told us, also, how long she has been in pictures, how strenuous was the struggle for recognition, how sacrificing was her guardian-grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Lamb Fellows, whom she calls "Nana."

ONE subject was left untouched—the recent court trial wherein her mother sued to regain her custody and "Nana" fought to retain the rights granted her by another court.

No, Edith didn't mention the matter, but she made one remark which was more revealing than she perhaps realized. "I'm not at my best today," she said. "When I'm in a picture, I usually forget about everything except my part. I haven't been able to do that very well lately. But they"—"they" being Director McLeod, Bing Crosby and Producer Emanuel Cohen—"like my work and it really does look all right in the rushes. I want to give

[*Continued on page 92*]

HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

Be colorful . . . but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own *natural* coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier . . . in your own way.

Tangee your lips . . . don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.

In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.

TANGEE ROUGE

Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and $1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F126
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢(stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
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When Doctors Swab SORE THROAT... surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.

When you Gargle with PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC... you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

● The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—saves you ⅔ of your money.

So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR ..Goes 3 times as far!

TODAY'S GOSSIP

This is what's being whispered around Hollywood! . . . .

THIS GABLE ROMANCE is beginning to look like *the* love of Carole Lombard's life. There is a picture of Clark in every room of her house and one of the two of them taken together which smiles down at her happily from a spot right over her dressing table. Few people remember that Carole and Clark made a picture together four years ago, *No Man Of Her Own.*

Friends of Clark and the second Mrs. Gable hope they will be reconciled—and that there will be no divorce.

Close friends of Gable know that he is very fond of his wife's children, by a former marriage, and friends of both are working hard to patch up the marital differences.

AT LAST THERE IS something definite concerning George Raft and the missus. When Mrs. Raft came to Hollywood a short while ago—after almost a decade's separation—everyone thought that a divorce settlement would be made. But Mrs. Raft is gone again and things are just the same. So George is going to Mexico and get himself a divorce there, which won't be quite so legal so far as courts are concerned, but which will allow some mayor or some minister somewhere to marry him to Virginia Pine.

The third Mrs. Fairbanks with Doug. The former Lady Ashley drives a swanky English motor car, on the side of which is lettered S. A. — which means Sylvia Ashley. Topping, what?

—*Charles Rhodes photo*

The pretty bride and proud bridegroom: Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Joan ordered two identical pink dresses made by different designers, wore the one she liked better. Before the ceremony, they moved their belongings into their new home. Dick sold his home which won an award as the most artistic home in America

BILL POWELL decided recently to take a little vacation and to travel incog.

The first leg of his trip was to be via plane so he sneaked over to the airport where he had registered for a seat under another name.

Jean Harlow accompanied him to the airport and bade him a fond farewell.

And if you call spooning with Jean keeping one's self out of the public eye, then you are a softie.

CLARK GABLE is so bugs about his new $16,000 Dusenberg that he won't allow anyone other than himself to touch it. Recently on the lot Clark was polishing the chromium innards

If there's any truth in the old saying "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," Maureen O'Sullivan should have all she can attend to in the way of bliss as Mrs. John Farrow. Sally Blane Foster was bridesmaid, A. H. Tandy, British consul, was best man. Joan and Jack Morgan helped with the ceremony, too

of the car when Director Van Dyke came along and said, "Can I believe my eyes? This is the first time I have ever seen a motion picture star polish his car without a photographer around." "Don't worry," Clark said, "there'll probably be one along in a minute." And much to Mr. Gable's embarrassment, one appeared before he had the words out of his mouth. But it was, in truth, happenstance. Clark does do all his polishing and tinkering himself, and not just for publicity.

You hear a lot about motion picture stars being held up with high prices, but, as a matter of fact, they usually get their cars at a large discount, or sometimes even as a gift from the automobile manufacturer who considers it quite an advertisement. When Clark bought his first Dusenberg he turned in a Lincoln, a Ford and $2,000 cash, but he's grown wiser since and the $16,000 model he has now was bought for a great deal less than that.

He also went car-shopping for Joan Crawford recently, and with a little string-pulling saved her several thousand dollars.

Speaking of vehicles, Bob Taylor's next purchase will be one of the peculiar aero-cycles that they make in England. They have two wheels in front and one in back, and are really only glorified motorcycles, but Bob's interest has been intrigued.

CARY GRANT has competition these days. Mary Brian is all in a dither now because she is being wooed so very romantically and by none other than the heir to the Lambert Listerine sous—which has put

[*Continued on page* 16]

Now...
a lovelier way to avoid offending!

KEEP *Fragrantly* DAINTY

...BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor . . . its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like scent still clings glamorously about you . . . because it has the *lingering* quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap that brings you a *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet Soap costs only 10¢ a cake! The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes.

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Why not get three cakes today?

Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ - THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

A *Lovely* STAR AND *Lovely* SILVERWARE

IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF

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APPEARING IN THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION "LOVE UNDER FIRE"

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

What Silverware could be more appropriate on this charming table! Now, by taking advantage of the new Quantity Saving Plan (saving you $2.50 or more) you can own a 26-Piece Service of this lovely Silverware at a really trivial cost.

1881 ROGERS

MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

The tarnish-proof HOLLYWOOD CHEST with Merle Oberon's framed photograph—containing a Service for Six with Hollow Handle Knives, $13.50

Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 15]

Frances *(Rhythm on the Range)* Farmer is another recent bride. She and Lief Erickson spend their spare time going on mad camping trips in a motorcycle with side car

Cary's nose not a little out of joint. Gerald has a two-seater plane and he had a bright idea recently. He tied a love note to a miniature parachute and the idea was to drop it from his plane and have it land in Mary's front yard. But it pays to be sure of things, and who knows but what there might be a wind, so the young man landed first and then drove by in his automobile and tossed it (with his heart attached) right where he wanted it to land! Now, that's pretty cute; why don't movie stars think of things like that?

EVERY ACTOR has his own prelude to the taking of a big scene . . . a gesture, a prayer, a phrase—something for good luck. Charles Laughton recites two lines from a favorite dirge, Loretta Young crosses herself devoutly, Janet Gaynor pats her *Seventh Heaven* shoes, Clark Gable goes into his "thumbing" routine, and the loquacious Gary Cooper just yells "Hey!"

Incidentally, Gary has been making a lot of "Hey, nonnynonny" even away from the camera range lately. You can find Mr. and Mrs. Cooper in just about any "day after" social column these days. It looks like Sandra is getting her way. From "chaps" to monkey suits is the title of this one.

JOAN CRAWFORD is well-known for her many generosities . . . there is the Joan Crawford Ward in a Hollywood hospital, good-sized checks to charity organizations, etc., but there are other things, that while they don't seem so important, show what a real girl she is. Gail Patrick is one to tell that she owes her new figure entirely to Joan, and all because of as unmentionable a thing as a girdle. Gail was telling Joan how she wished she had her secret of wearing clothes well, when Joan up and told her where to purchase it. Doesn't sound like much, but it shows that nothing is too small for Joan's friendly interest.

And now we hear that Julie Haydon, too, is starting to repay an old debt to her. Julie made such a success in *The Scoundrel* that it's hard to realize that she had any hard sledding after it. But it's a long time between contracts sometimes, and Julie arrived in Hollywood without the proper wardrobe befitting a successful young actress. Knowing that it's the fine feathers that make the impression in this town Joan insisted on sending her to Bullock's and outfitting her completely, at her own expense. The fine feathers flew. Now, Julie has a

[*Continued on page* 56]

Anne Shirley and Owen Davis Jr. are so interested in one another they lunch together as often as their working schedules permit. That striped shirt, those overalls and funny little hair ribbon are part of Anne's oh! so informal off-screen uniform

Party group: Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, her husband Valentin Parera and Ruth Chatterton, who takes her ease where she finds it

Marriage?

"America's Sweetheart" and "America's Boy-friend" to tie the knot?

Since her divorce from Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have been dating constantly. Only criticism of their sincere romance is disparity in their ages. Buddy was born in 1904, Mary in 1893

THIS IS YOUR STORE
ONE B

This is a scene from the picture Mary and Buddy filmed in 1927—*My Best Girl.* That title seems to have been prophetic for he remarked at that time that Mary was his ideal of what a woman should be. He hasn't changed his mind

15¢ - Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way — BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today — yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

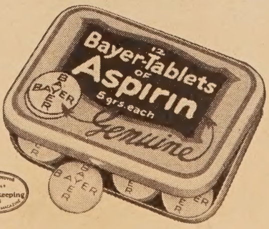
This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN

2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c

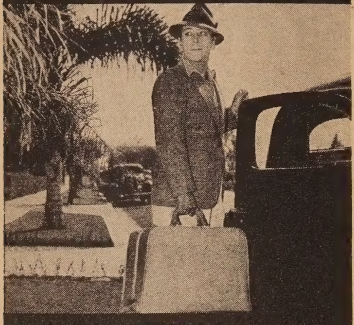
Virtually 1c a tablet



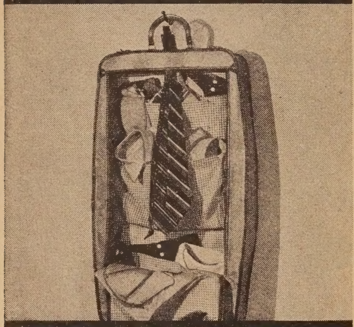
Good Housekeeping Bureau

TAKE A GIFT TIP FROM GEORGE RAFT

Paramount's famous star travels with VAL-A-PAK, the only piece of luggage that will deliver a suit en route as freshly pressed as when it's packed.



VAL-A-PAK is literally a portable clothes closet. Separate compartments for shirts, underwear, etc. Everything orderly and easily accessible.



VAL-A-PAK saves pressing bills. Suits (there is room for two) hang on regulation hangers, air cushioned against wrinkling or mussing.

VAL-A-PAK comes in fabric and leather models ranging in price from $8.95 to $50.00. At leading luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Prices West of The Mississippi 10% Higher
Patented

THE *Styled* **Val-A-Pak** WARDROBE

Superstitious!

What has the most superstitious man in the world—Preston Foster—to say? You'll laugh . . .

By
Mary Pennington

MR. WEBSTER—the kindly old gentleman with the whiskers who wrote the dictionary—defines superstition as "a belief in the supernatural." He'll even string along with you to the extent of defining supernatural. He says it is "beyond, or exceeding, the powers or laws of nature."

Which isn't much help. Mr. Webster was probably a nice man, but at times a little vague.

One really should obtain information on superstitions from the superstitious—a husky guy like Preston Foster, for example. Foster, actor by profession and yachtsman for fun, cheerfully admits that he believes in all the good luck charms of both stage and sea. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is some wad of superstitions.

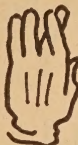
Amiably, this six feet something or other of bronzed brawn consented to cast a weather eye over the words of Mr. Webster. He looked disgusted.

"Nuts," said Mr. Foster in the vernacular. "You just play a hunch.

"Look," he explained honestly, "I don't know whether I'm supersti-

tious or not. But there's so blamed much luck in this business of being an actor you can't help 'believing in signs.'

"You start off like I did, a green kid from a small town, and you get a bit part in a company of professional actors. You turn up some night in a cheerful mood and whistle in your dressing-room. The whole gang, from stars to call boy, blows you to bits. And you learn that whistling in dressing-rooms is bad luck. That night every time something goes wrong—and plenty does—you catch someone scowling at you. And you never whistle in dressing-rooms again. Pretty soon you've got a whole collection of superstitions travelling right along with you. The orchestra mustn't play 'Home, Sweet Home.' You must never say the last line of the play until opening night. Real flowers are only permitted on the stage if they come over the footlights. You avoid the dressing-room numbered 13. Silly notions? Sure. But I'll bet two bits that *you* pick up pins or walk around ladders or cross your fingers. I," said Mr. Foster virtuously, "never cross my fingers. Knocking on wood is better," he added unexpectedly with an engaging grin.



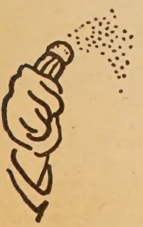
"After all," he explained cheerfully, "superstitions don't cost anything and they don't hurt anyone. And they *might* do some good. Who knows?" Which can be regarded an as unanswerable argument.

Though Mr. Foster takes his "rules and regulations for the superstitions" with his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, there is one thing he is very firm about. He believes in hunches.

Hunches have gotten him jobs. Hunches have saved his life. Hunches have kept him out of various and sundry difficulties. He can prove it.

"The most important hunch in my life came while I was still on the stage in New York," he said. "Things hadn't been going very well for me—a run of bad luck. The parts I wanted I couldn't get, and the parts I got didn't last. Put me in a company and the play was sure to fold up.

"Then I landed a good part in *Two Seconds.* One night, during a few minutes break in the rehearsal, I was smoking a cigarette in the alley just outside the stage door. Just as plainly as though someone had walked up and told me, I suddenly felt that this particular play—this particular part—was going to bring me the long-awaited break. I *knew*—and don't ask me how—that with that part I'd win a Hollywood contract and, even-



[*Continued on page* 90]

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (28) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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*Address*____________________________

*City*____________________ *State*__________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

CECILE
EMILE
MARIE
YVONNE
ANNETTE
ENTER THE QUINS' TREASURE HUNT!

Win the shoes of the famous Dionne Quins, each shoe autographed by Rochelle Hudson, Jean Hersholt, the director and other players in *Reunion,* the new movie starring the Dionne Quintuplets.

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS
More Than 2500 Awards
see
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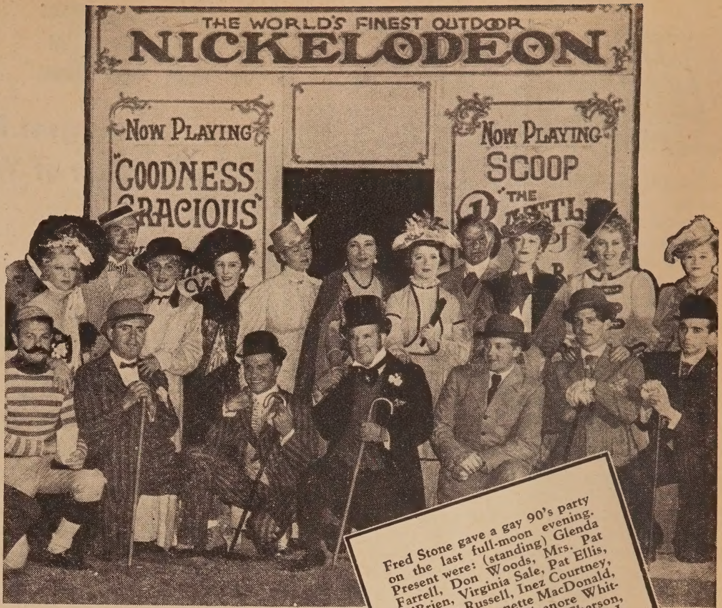
Also KATHARINE HEPBURN in PORTRAIT OF A REBEL
IRENE DUNNE, MELVYN DOUGLAS in THEODORA GOES WILD


THE WORLD'S FINEST OUTDOOR NICKELODEON
NOW PLAYING GOODNESS GRACIOUS
NOW PLAYING SCOOP THE

Fred Stone gave a gay 90's party on the last full-moon evening. Present were: (standing) Glenda Farrell, Don Woods, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Virginia Sale, Pat Ellis, Angeline Russell, Inez Courtney, Fred Stone, Jeanette MacDonald, Paula Stone and Eleanore Whitney; (kneeling) Drew Eberson, Pat O'Brien, Craig Reynolds, J. Stuart Blackton, Gene Raymond, Dennis Moore and your observer, oldfashioned Willson

Your super-snooper, Henry Willson, tells more merry tales about your favorite stars

Our Hollywood FRIVOLITIES!

UNIVERSAL recently selected three smart girls to play in a picture of the same name. And Warner Brothers have just found, after looking high and low, the dumbest gal in the country. For a brief while Hollywood was turned into a veritable shambles of intelligence tests and stuff.

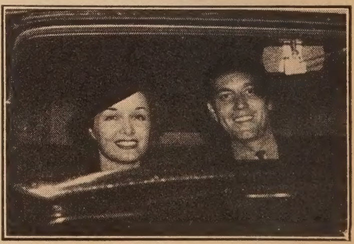
Of course, it's all over now, so don't crowd, girls! But it was exciting enough, while it lasted, and more fun.

The crown of blanks for the dumbest dame went, without any quibbling, to Marie Wilson. (No relation!) And now, the Warner boys are wondering whether Marie was really born that way or if she's just smart enough to make it a good act.

For instance, on the *King of Hockey* set, Marie was supposed to walk out of a scene, leaving the other members of the cast to carry on the action. She walked out all right, but, instead of sitting down quietly and cutting paper dolls or something, she turned around and walked back into the scene again!

"Hey!" the director yelled. "You've spoiled the shot! What are you doing, anyhow?"

"Nothing," Marie said innocently. "I just wanted to watch, that's all."



And now it's Gail Patrick and John King who are going 'round and 'round until the rumor comes out here that they're altar bound. He drives forty miles every evening to be with her—she's on location that far from Hollywood. What would *you* think?

Incidentally, it was just a year ago that Marie was giving her manager a big argument over the quality of her histrionic ability. She insisted she was a dramatic actress. Her manager was equally insistent that her best bet was comedy. It was a tough battle. But, after plucking a couple dozen gray hairs out of his toupée, the manager resignedly arranged for screen test that allowed his client to run the gamut of emotions, from A to B.

Unreeled in the projection room, the result was so funny that the operator got hysterics, the manager got high blood pressure, and Marie got a contract!

Maybe it's the McCoy. But we're more inclined to believe the gal is dumb . . . like a fox!

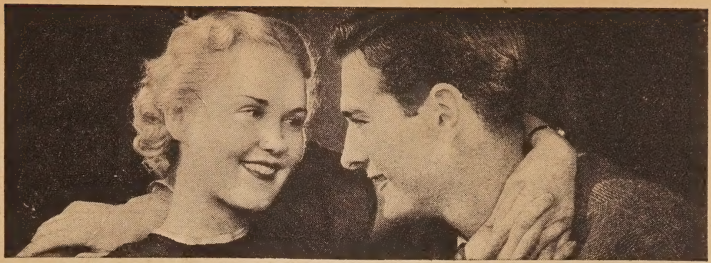
IT WAS Pinky Tomlin's birthday. And, because Pinky was tied up at the Orpheum, where he was making a personal appearance, the gang decided to surprise him by attending the theatre, en masse, and handing a huge birthday cake up over the footlights, by way of wishing their pal many happy returns.

To simplify the transportation problem, Pinky's manager chartered a City bus and, at a given time, the gang climbed aboard and set out merrily enough for the theater. Cake and all.

Pulling up at a traffic stop, the birthday party noticed a bewildered pedestrian signalling frantically for the driver to open the door. The driver shook his head, it being a

[*Continued on page* 82]

Marie Wilson is called the "dumbest girl in Hollywood" . . . but *is* she? Hollywood is completely baffled



"It's the true Love Gift"

..*Says* ROSALIND RUSSELL
enchanting M-G-M screen star

HOMES begin in hope chests. So, be sure you choose one that gives absolute moth protection. Lane is the only cedar chest that is factory-tested for aroma-tightness. It has a special patented inside finish that evens aroma flow and prevents the interior from becoming oily or sticky. As proof of positive moth protection, you get with this modern chest a moth insurance policy, free. See the glorious new Lane models with superbly finished hardwood exteriors now at your Lane dealer's store.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. G, Altavista, Va.
Canadian Distributors, Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario

4-piece matched walnut stump center panel and matched, quartered walnut on either side, divided by marquetry. Automatic rising top...

Special

$29.75

Slightly Higher in West and in Canada

The Rosalind Russell Chest—smartly modern in design with center panel of walnut stump and end panels of walnut separated by elm burl. New patented automatic double tray.

Free Moth Insurance Policy with each Lane Chest

LANE HOPE CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

Let's GO TO THE MOVIES

★★★★ Perfect Picture
★★★ Good Entertainment
★★ Not Bad
★ Ho Hum!

Ruth Chatterton and Walter Huston give the finest performances of the season in *Dodsworth,* a brilliant picture

Rosalind Russell is a suspicious, mean, selfish wife to John Boles in *Craig's Wife*

Appealing and tender are love scenes between Loretta Young and Don Ameche in *Ramona,* produced in color

By Florence Johnson

Dodsworth
★★★★

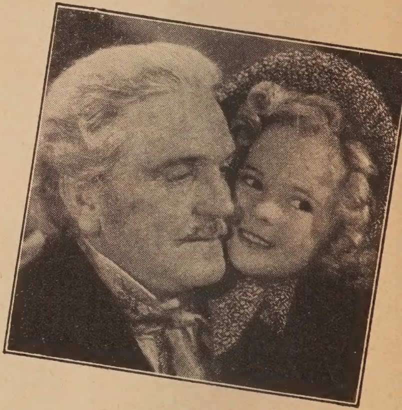
IT WAS a swell story, and even Author Sinclair Lewis couldn't find fault with the way it has been adapted for the screen. Walter Huston, as an indulgent American husband, gives one of the best performances of his . . . of anyone's . . . career! Ruth Chatterton is his giddy, selfish wife, trying to ward off advancing middle-age by a series of spurious love affairs with Continental gallants. (Two orchids to Paul Lukas, please, for his depiction of one of these gentlemen who kissed and ran). Then there's Mary Astor, much more than adequate as the wandering expatriate, seeking vainly and unselfishly for a reason to live. She finds it in Walter Huston . . . and when the errant wife discovers that her latest "fiancé" will never be her husband, the situation takes on the elements of high drama. This is beautifully, honestly, unmelodramatically done. Don't miss it.—*Produced by Sam Goldwyn.*

Craig's Wife
★★★½

THIS is Columbia's picturization of the prize winning stage play, and it's a job well done. Rosalind Russell plays the part of Craig's wife . . . and she succeeds in making herself thoroughly detestable as a selfish, grasping woman whose schemes for her own security eventually result in gaining her that security . . . and losing her everything else in the world, including her friends, her niece, and her husband. John Boles, as the "romantic fool" of a husband turns out a performance that in no way suggests any kind of a fool at all. Personally, we wonder how Miss Russell could possibly have the heart to be cruel to anyone like Mr. Boles. But the play's the thing. Billie Burke, Dorothy Wilson, and the rest of the cast detract nothing from its merit—*Produced by Columbia.*

Ramona
★★★½

YOU'LL probably cry when you see this—and you should!—but you'll be glad you didn't miss it for it's a genuine work of art and a fine piece of entertainment. Filmed in color, this version of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel, is entirely unlike the conventional kind of film drama. It begins with a mood of great gayety and descends into tragedy—ending with a funeral. Loretta Young is charming as the girl reared in an aristocratic Spanish household in early California days. She marries Indian Don Ameche, becomes an outcast, but is nevertheless supremely happy. To speed medicine to their ailing child, he takes a horse—without permission, and is killed by John Carridine. It is a remarkably keen scene, perfectly acted. Pauline Frederick is magnificent as Kent Taylor's mother, Loretta's foster-mother, who reveals that the girl beloved by her son is part Indian. Taylor, Jane Darwell, Katherine de Mille as a fiery servant in love with Ameche, Ameche himself and the rest of the cast are skillful. The preview audience exclaimed at the loveliness of some of the color scenes. Natural color photography is much improved—but not yet perfect.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*



Frank Morgan and Shirley Temple are at their brightest in *Dimples*

One of the film's funniest men, Arthur Treacher, makes *Thank You, Jeeves,* a comedy hit. Virginia Fields is the girl

Bob Burns and Martha Raye join a bunch of lunatics in a radio station, and therefrom results *The Big Broadcast of 1937*

The Big Broadcast of 1937
★★★★

"EVERYTHING happens to me," says Jack Benny plaintively—and not the least of those things is Gracie Allen, who is at her looniest and best. But then so is the rest of the cast who clown through this year's edition of *Big Broadcast,* scattering laughs, music and romance where they'll do the most good. Think of Benny, Gracie, George Burns, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Ray Milland, Shirley Ross, Sam ("Schlepperman") Hearn, Bennie Fields, Frank Forest and a scintillating flock of dancers and entertainers let loose one picture. Then there's Benny Goodman's hot swing band. Wonderfully effective was the insertion of a Bach number by Leopold Stokowski and his symphony group. The setting is a radio station, of which Benny is manager. Gracie wants a program to advertise her golf balls. The whole piece pokes fun at behind-the-microphone activities. Bob Burns' best scene is his blundering interruption of the prim, spinsterish lady broadcasting advice to the lovelorn. Martha Raye goes to town with a musical number. Jack Benny emerges as a romantic fellow. He's good—and so is Ray Milland. It's a whale of a show!—*Produced by Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 68]

Simone Simon is the only one of the *Ladies in Love* who gets her man—in this case, Paul Lukas

What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.

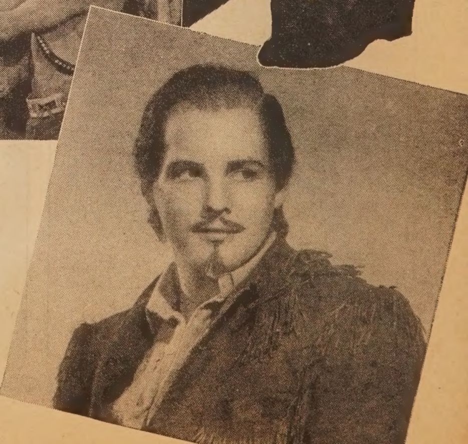
GARY COOPER *Meets Calamity!*

Out where men are men and the woman in the case is Calamity Jane, *The Plainsman* comes to life

He loves her—but he'd die rather than let her know it. Jean Arthur and Gary, in *The Plainsman,* portray two of the most colorful characters in American history: Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickock

Gary, as the most famous peace officer of the wild and woolly West, gets orders from John Miljan, here effectively disguised as General Custer

IT HAS long been director DeMifle's ambition to film the colorful story of Buffalo Bill. The longer he researched into this period of the West, the more Wild Bill Hickock kept elbowing Buffalo Bill out of the limelight. So Wild Bill is the principal character in *The Plainsman.* Montana-born Gary Cooper portrays Bill, another lad from the same territory plays Buffalo Bill. There will be no fictionized incidents in this great screen story—it will be history of the kind that ups the blood pressure. Part of the action was filmed in Montana, and part of the action filmed in and about Hollywood. The thousand Indian warriors summoned on Montana location brought their squaws and papooses with them—which complicated Paramount's feeding problem. None of them had seen cameras with their sound cables. About these the Indians crowded curiously, calling them "picture boxes" and "talk rope." Capt. Jim Moore, only surviving eye-witness to the assassination of Hickock at Deadwood in 1876, acted as technical director. DeMille, directing the Hollywood scenes, kept in constant touch by private telephone wire with location director Rosson, whose technical crew was vaccinated against spotted fever, the sickness-producing bite of ticks, grasshoppers, etc.



And then came the Indians!—to capture Calamity Jane and Wild Bill. Nearly 1,000 Cheyenne braves whooped it up to provide a bloodcurdling re-enactment of the mass slaughter of Custer's valiant army. Right, James Ellison is Buffalo Bill. He is a Montanan who was brought up on anecdotes concerning this thrilling tale of the West

STORM over LEE TRACY

—*Rhodes*

The boat almost sank, the emergency radio never *did* work—but nothing could spoil the appetites of Lee and his pal, Lou Yanarelli

By

Dell Hogarth

Want to cruise to Honolulu on Lee's yacht? It'll be an eventful journey! Hop aboard . . .

LEE TRACY isn't exactly a profane man but he knows a few choice words. He used 'em all, in every pitch of a disgusted and angry voice, when he sailed his yacht in the recent annual race to Honolulu. His crew, now that they're safely ashore, laughingly relate how he swore his way over and most of the stormy way back. That, to be sure, is but friendly exaggeration. But regardless of the colorful way Lee expresses himself they all agree the cause was justified. The radio would never work.

This log of 5,000 miles in a small boat becomes, you will discover, the story of a temperamental radio. It was a jinx from the start, as uncommunicative as Garbo when they needed it desperately, and recovered, finally, to play an exciting rôle in the only drama of its kind to happen at sea.

There was that never-to-be-forgotten night, for example, when Lee piled out of his bunk to discover the Adoree was sinking. It was 4 a. m. He had just been awakened to take his turn at the wheel. As he stood in the gloom of his cabin, rubbing sleep from his eyes, he became conscious of a peculiar motion he had never experienced before—a sluggish roll with a [*Continued on page 72*]

—Rhodes

Anna Sten is kidded by her husband, Dr. Eugene Frenke, about the seven rapidly-growing wolfhounds she bought—to give to her friends at Christmas! The question is: Will she give butcher shops to go with the dogs?

Ross Alexander and his new bride, Anne Nagel, met for the first time when they made romantic love before the cameras of *Loudspeaker Lowdown.* Prior to their recent elopement, he had been living alone on a ranch, following his former wife's suicide. It's her first marriage

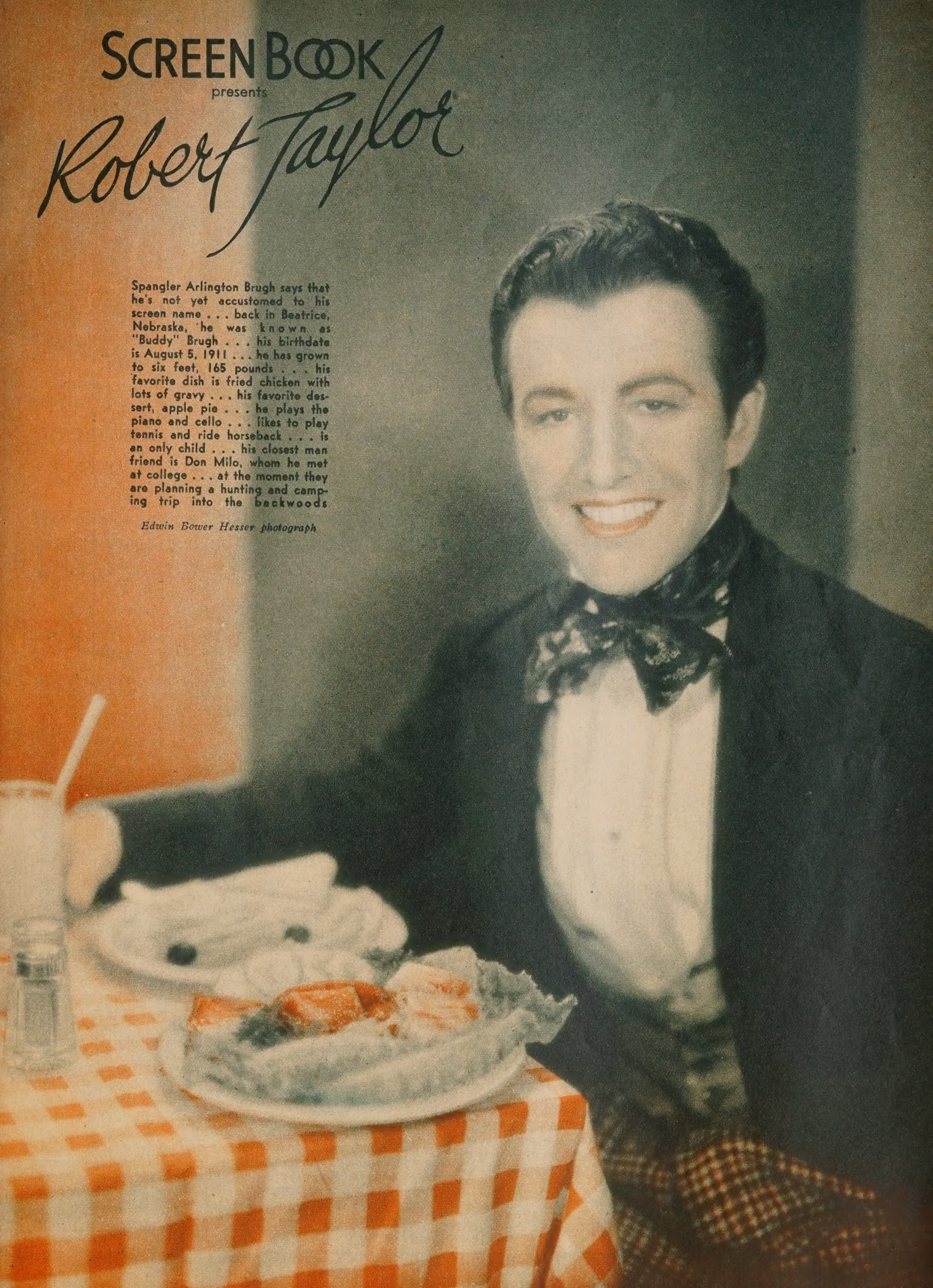
Photo News

Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girls passed exacting tests to get into Eleanor Powell's film, *Born to Dance.* This candid camera shot takes you backstage on the set so you can see for yourself what dancers do between dances

For the second time, Simone Simon, petite French star of hit-films *Girls' Dormitory* and *Ladies in Love,* has been replaced by another girl in a picture which she had started to film. Claudette Colbert took over her role in *Under Two Flags;* June Lang has now been cast in her part in *The White Hunter.* Unconfirmed rumor has it that she will not make *Seventh Heaven,* as planned—that Janet Gaynor may re-film her greatest success. Above, the dancer Rosita sits beside Simone

SCREENBOOK
presents

Robert Taylor



Spangler Arlington Brugh says that he's not yet accustomed to his screen name . . . back in Beatrice, Nebraska, he was known as "Buddy" Brugh . . . his birthdate is August 5, 1911 . . . he has grown to six feet, 165 pounds . . . his favorite dish is fried chicken with lots of gravy . . . his favorite dessert, apple pie . . . he plays the piano and cello . . . likes to play tennis and ride horseback . . . is an only child . . . his closest man friend is Don Milo, whom he met at college . . . at the moment they are planning a hunting and camping trip into the backwoods

Edwin Bower Hesser photograph

Bob Taylor's BATTLE for SELF-RESPECT!

By
Katharine
Hartley

This is the story of a strange situation—and gives you the inside on what this business of being a movie star really means to the nation's newest rave

Bob is refusing flatly to have his name mentioned in connection with Garbo's except professionally. Here they are in a scene from *Camille*

THERE is a new force to the Taylor walk . . . a new push to the Taylor shoulders. A new, thoughtful authoritative tone to his voice. A new watchfulness in his eyes. It isn't conceit, or putting on airs, or demanding the best for the best. It's Bob Taylor's *fight for self-respect!*

Not so long ago Bob could be coaxed into most anything . . . most any part, most any interview, most any publicity picture. He didn't mind what gushy things they wrote about him in the papers; he didn't kick when he had to pose with freak celebrities; he didn't even complain when they asked him to make faces for "gag" pictures. But that was before he realized the magnitude of his fame. Now that he does—and he would be a ninny not to—he has suddenly put his foot down on all frothy Ballyhoo. In gaining the glitter of stardom he has determined not to lose any of his self-respect as a man!

There are things like that which Bob must watch now if he is to keep any control at all over his destiny. The reputation of a star is the sum total of little things.

When Bob made a personal appearance at the Texas Centennial a few months ago, two very amazing things happened. Few people know about either of them, because Bob didn't want them known, and in his fight to *keep* them unknown, he won two very important advances in his battle. Had he given in easily he would have gone down in his own esteem.

The first incident occurred the afternoon of his arrival in Dallas. Protected by two six-feet-four Texas rangers, one on each side, he was making his way through the tunnel that led into the stadium where he was to be interviewed over a microphone, present the crown to the winner of the state beauty contest and later dance with her. Thirty-six thousand people inside breathlessly awaited his arrival . . . twice as many people as had turned out a few weeks before to hear President Roosevelt . . . 36,000 people who had paid from one to three dollars for admission.

The tunnel was jammed and it was slow moving. Contestants, contest winners, judges, officials, newspaper men, photographers, lined its walls. One official moved forward with a beautiful girl, the winner of the [*Continued on page* 84]

A man and girl meet, they fall in love. But he's married! What do they do then? What Ann and Roger did makes theirs the finest love story

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ROMANCE!

By

Marian Blackford

LI'L DANNY CUPID has taken Hollywood by storm. . . . It's been a year, this 1936 that's ending now, wherein outstandingly as compared with other years, the screen's lovers have carried their make-believe romantics into reality—into their own lives, to equal and to out-romance the love stories they acted in. Look at them—

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, honeymooning down in tropic seas as I write this; Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, steadfast through years of obstacles, finding happiness at last; Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, making ready for their wedding day—and the others, that you know: Bill Powell and Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Bob Taylor, bringing a renewed happiness into Barbara Stanwyck's life—why, you can go on through 1936's record for countless romances, and each one seems deeper, richer, finer, greater than the others.

But let me point out now, one that hasn't had all the splendiferous ballyhoo of Gene and Jeanette; all the gossiping and peeping that surrounded Clark-and-Carole's; all the fuss and dither of Dick's marriage to Joan—yet one which, to my mind as I see the inside story of it, is somehow sweeter, stronger, lovelier than so many of those others. It is the love story of adorable Ann Sothern and of stalwart Roger Pryor—the story of a love that swept aside obstacles and doubts and criticism and bitterness, that survived gloriously the dangers that beset and wreck other Hollywood romances—separation, evil tongues, "other men" and "other women," and that has just culminated in not "just another Hollywood wedding," but a wedding at which all Hollywood stood on the sidelines and cheered.

Before one of Hollywood's best-known pastors, in a church he specially threw open at that hour for these two lovers, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor stood at a minute past midnight one Sunday morning, and whispered the vows which made them man and wife.

In all Hollywood, I haven't heard

[*Continued on page* 80]

When Miss Sothern became Mrs. Pryor—at one minute past midnight—she wore a moonlight blue lamé gown and veil of pale blue, carried purple orchids. Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, matron of honor and best man, had the couple's airplane seats bedecked with white satin and flowers. To carry out tradition Ann wore six-year-old blue shoes, borrowed a hanky from Joan

ON LOCATION WITH THE QUINTS!

The uniform of every man film worker on the *Reunion* location trip was white trousers and sweaters. The Quints, accustomed to their nurses, made friends that much more easily with the Men in White.

• •

Papa Dionne, who has made big-business out of his souvenir stand and his personal autograph, believes in office hours. Ten clamoring tourists begged him to sign—at the usual two-bits—but it was five o'clock and Papa was weary. Two-fifty went into the ash-can, just like that. And two years ago it represented the profit on a great, great many bushels of potatoes.

• •

Shortly after the Twentieth Century-Fox troupe arrived, the night was enlivened by a fracas between Mme. Legros, one of the Quint midwives, and her business manager, over the birth-basket. Mme. Legros wanted to take that first crib home with her; the manager insisted that it remain at their partnership souvenir stand, as a business-getter. Result—sounds in the night, contusions and abrasions. Mme. Legros has the basket—but the gossip is that the original clothes hamper

[*Continued on page* 65]

Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, playing in 20th Century-Fox's *Reunion*, starring the Quints; Dr. Dafoe himself, and Reporter Sonia Lee, on location in Callander

What MOVIES *to the*

CALLANDER, Ontario, Canada, October, 1936.

For three weeks I have watched the Dionne Quintuplets before Hollywood's cameras!

And for three weeks I have hunted for the answer to the question *are the movies helping the Quints?*

Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie and Annette live in a world made-to-order for them. They are cloistered, guarded, watched more closely than royal children. They see only the familiar faces of their nurses, the Hospital staff and of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe—the sturdy, stocky, remarkable Country Doctor who has achieved fame as saviour of the Quints.

What effect, then, would this intrusion of Hollywood into their privacy, would the intrusion of these strangers with their cameras and microphones have on these five babies?

Outside the grounds of the Dafoe Hospital for the Dionne Quintuplets, the world clamors. As this is written, fifteen thousand people, six abreast, are lined up for a mile and a half waiting for that brief sixty minutes during which the babies are on display in their playground. Thousands have been waiting since dawn—waiting for the clock to point to nine-thirty when the line begins to move forward!

Automobiles, heavy-laden with camping outfits, with the dust of unpaved roads, with the marks of thousands of miles of travel, are parked two and a half miles from the turnstiles through which the visitors pass.

It is not only today—nor yesterday—that such mobs have descended on this backwoods shrine for a momentary

Science says that each little girl is a potential mother of quintuplets!

The Quints in action while Nurse Noel looks on—featuring a rather literal rear view of Yvonne and ditto Cecile

World Copyright, 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

glimpse of the wonder five. They have come all the past year to this one-time wilderness in an ever-increasing caravan.

When the thermometer stood at twenty below zero they came! When the roads were awash with the heavy spring rains they continued coming, fighting their way through obstacles to pass before the windows behind which the Quints were playing!

Now that the woods are etched in startling reds and deep scarlets—there is no decrease in the descending hundreds.

Will acting in pictures help or hurt the famous Dionne babies? Here's the answer to a moot question, written by SCREEN BOOK'S on-the-spot reporter, Sonia Lee

IN A large measure Hollywood is responsible for the popular interest and almost hysterical curiosity about these babies. *The Country Doctor,* their first picture, brought vividly to the public mind the miracle of their birth and their living.

The excursion of the Quints into pictures has unquestionably nourished the world's wonder—and added to the many problems of their development and their future which even now faces the government-appointed Board of Guardians.

Dr. Dafoe currently is interested only in the babies' health and their normal growth. When he thinks of the years to come, he thinks of them in terms of privacy, of education, of intellectual advantages which he wants the children to have.

Paradoxically enough, while the screen in a measure has destroyed their privacy, it has yet made it possible for them to purchase isolation if necessary—to keep themselves separate from the curious prying eyes of the world.

At present the Quints have to their credit nearly half a million dollars. Part of that came from advertising contracts, from newspaper pictures, from the official story of their birth and their survival. The rest motion pictures have contributed. The Five Dionnes received fifty thousand dollars for their first picture. Their present three-picture contract, of which *Reunion* is the first, brought into their treasury an additional quarter million as a guarantee of their share of picture profit on a ten per cent basis.

Money will pour into the Quint coffers as fast or as slowly as the Guardians deem it wise. None of them consider great wealth desirable for the Quints—but they do want enough to buy freedom from care and the necessity of future exploitation for the little girls.

"THE only privacy the Quints will ever have is the privacy they buy," declares Dr. Dafoe. "They now have almost enough money to assure them of every advantage, of the proper sort of education, of the right sort of care. We don't want them to have too much money. It isn't necessary and it won't be good for them. Eventually we'll build a school adjoining the Nursery-Hospital. They'll have the finest education available, and each one of them will be given a chance to develop whatever talent or inclination is evidenced as she grows older.

"I want them to be happy children, fine young women. I want their lives to be as simple, as normal, as possible. They will always be a curiosity. That is inevitable. But at least they'll have the means to avoid it in a large measure if they want to do so as they grow older."

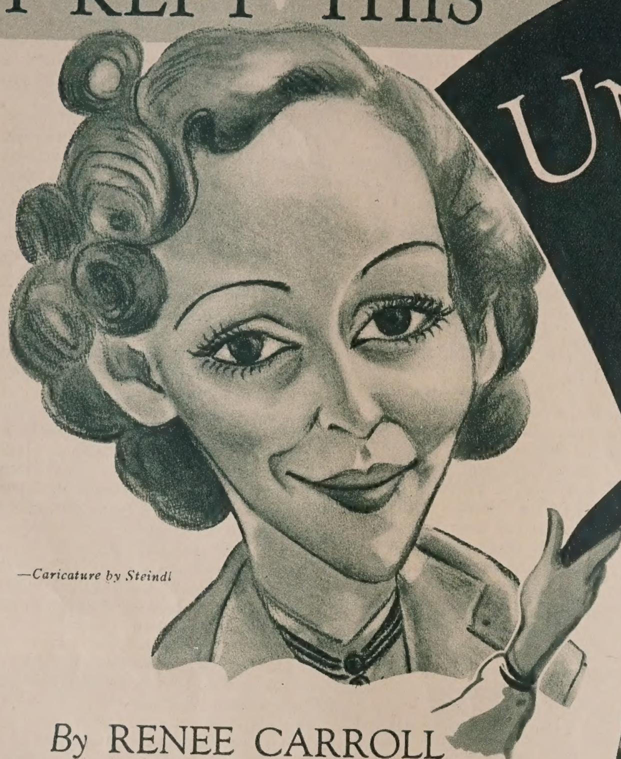
And so financially, Hollywood has served its purpose!

Honorable David A. Croll, Minister of Public [*Continued on page* 64]

Have DONE QUINTS!

Jean Hersholt holds just a handful of pebbles, to you, perhaps. Helpers at the Quints' hospital gather these stones from the ground, place them in large bins. Tourists help themselves—carrying away about two tons a week. They mail them or carry stones to the childless, for they supposedly possess a magic power

I KEPT THIS UNDER MY HAT!



—Caricature by Steindl

By RENEE CARROLL

America's most famous hat check girl, from Sardi's

As told to Dorothy Lubou

ACTORS are gregarious. They must have a favorite haunt where they can dine, wine, see and be seen. In Hollywood, it's the Brown Derby. In New York, it's Sardi's.

I've been checking hats and acting as unofficial greeter at Sardi's for ten years. It's been a unique experience. I've been kissed by the handsome heroes I sigh over on the screen—and wondered why those kisses *look* as though they should *feel* different!

Maybe the fact that their wives are at their elbows during their great big hello for Carroll has something to do with it. A kiss is a natural form of greeting in show business. Sharing a sandwich and a confidence with Gary Cooper or Leslie Howard hasn't made me less eager to see their latest pictures.

DON'T ever believe that your favorites are indifferent to your enthusiasm. They wouldn't be actors if applause wasn't more stimulating than champagne to them. Most of them are naively pleased over any form of flattery—if it's sincere.

Look what a fan letter did for Elaine Barrie! And Bob Armstrong married a girl who had seen him in a show and thought him simply wonderful—and couldn't she come backstage for just a teeny, weeny minute and meet him face to face . . .

Once *my* face got slightly pinkish while I was looking soulfully into Warner Baxter's eyes and assuring him that he was my supreme favorite. For Richard Dix was at my elbow snickering. The day before I had told *him* the very same thing.

Rich has a swell sense of humor. He pretended to be terribly hurt at my fickleness. But I explained that *he* was my pet actor

She knew all of today's most famous stars "When"—
And she tells odd and fascinating stories about them!

off screen, whereas Warner did things to me when I watched him in a picture. Dix was mollified. But he married his secretary soon after and I'm still single. So maybe it takes something else, too.

MARLENE DIETRICH ate her first meal on American soil under my curious stare. She had made an inauspicious entrance, alone, but not lonely. She concentrated her entire attention on her food. A heavy meal disappeared rapidly.

Her German-made film, *The Blue Angel,* had recently made a four-star appearance on Broadway. Stolid, broad-hipped, yet there was something about the foreign star that drew my interest. I addressed her before she left.

"Miss Dietrich, I've heard so many people remark that you look just like Jeanne Eagles . . . and Garbo . . ."

She withered me with a scornful glance.

"I do not care what they think I look like. I am Dietrich. I am alone." That was all.

I contrasted her manner with the shrinking timidity of Camilla Horn and Dorothea Wieck, her compatriots. They, too, had arrived with ballyhoo. But none too happily, they had stolen back to Germany . . .

TWO years later Dietrich made an Entrance. Fashionably slender, extravagantly furred, fresh from Hollywood's glamour factory. Every head turned. Every table buzzed. Every waiter stood at attention. Crowds had followed her all over town and were storming the doors. Autograph books were thrust wildly in her face, threatening the security of her incredible lashes.

Calmly she continued to her table, holding the hand of her flaxen-haired daughter. She removed little Maria's coat, hat and leggings herself. She kissed the child rapturously while she fed her, neglecting her own dinner. Never have I seen such genuine absorption in a child, such intense maternal solicitude.

She was altered in appearance in a way that was startling. I didn't believe she remembered me, but she approached me with an enigmatic smile before she left. She gestured toward the persistent fans.

"Well, was I right, what I told you two years ago? Look . . ."

She couldn't understand this frenzied adoration, she went on to say, but it was a symbol of American success. Every day she dropped in at noon and marvelled.

"IT IS not so in Europe, Renee," she mused. "There they see me on the screen, go home and forget my existence. I am nothing but an instrument through which they have been entertained. Here they ask am I a wife, a mother—like other women? See, I am hungry and must eat, and I am stared at like a freak."

I have watched her grow more beautiful with each succeeding visit, but never less friendly. I checked her mannish hat and overcoat when she first startled her friends and public with her masculine attire. Her favorite conversational topic was still little Maria, but she appeared to enjoy the furore created by her appearance.

ONE of these days I'm going in for a little heavy bookkeeping and figure up all the dimes Bob Montgomery owes me! Bob was a "regular" for years. Elizabeth Allen (not the movie star) was patiently waiting for Bob to propose and Bob was waiting for that Hollywood contract that is the dream of all stage juveniles. Bob's a confiding soul, and a "worrier."

Every time he came in looking like a lost soul, I wanted to put my arm on his shoulder and say "There, there, little boy." I knew he had just been turned down for a cherished rôle, or had had a discouraging screen test. Instead I would recall the most amusing occurrence of the day and get him to smiling again.

Since the day B. P. Schulberg had beckoned me to his table and inquired the identity of the wrenlike young girl across the room, and I had introduced him to Sylvia Sydney, appearing currently in *Bad Girl,* Bob had bobbed up every day, hoping to be discovered.

Sylvia had received a picture contract and was flourishing in Hollywood. Bill Gargan had collected Mary and the kiddie and wasn't doing so badly. Montgomery remained, watching producers gargle noodle soup. Like the gal in the song, Bob anticipated the moment when an important executive in an inspired moment, leaped to his feet, pointed a dramatic finger, and screamed, "I must have that man."

It had happened to Ricardo Cortez. And one or two others. But there was nothing outstanding about Bob. A nice looking boy, with an ingratiating smile that grew rather strained after a time.

"WHAT'S wrong with this face, Carroll?" Bob asked once, despairingly. He gave me a profile. He smote his chest resoundingly. "Anything wrong with that?"

I assured him that he had nice shoulders and a nice face. In fact, if it weren't for Elizabeth . . . In fact, I had to like a fellow pretty well to keep smiling after he continued to repeat, "On the cuff, Renee, my girl" . . . after I'd looked after his hat so nicely and tenderly . . .

Bob's still one of my old faithfuls whenever he's in the East. I can't ever believe the occasional rumors that seep our way as to domestic difficulties in the Montgomery menage.

They love to reminisce over that great day when they dashed in, breathless.

"Bob's passed a screen test . . . we're leaving for Hollywood . . . and oh, yes . . . we're married . . ." they had shouted in unison.

And I'm still on the cuff!

[*Continued on page 78*]

The MEN in Kay Francis' LIFE!

"What happened to Kay's marriages?" is an oft-asked question. Here is the answer—and the reason all men pay tribute to her

By Frances Kellum

—Rhodes

It is rumored that Kay is secretly married to writer Delmar Daves. She never is seen in the company of another man

SLOWLY he kissed her . . .

He had been kissing her for two hours. Each time more rapturously, until the fifteenth kiss stirred the cockles of your heart—and awakened old dreams . . .

Then the director called, "Cut. We'll print that one!"

Kay Francis slid out of George Brent's arms and they smiled at each other. How do stars feel after such a love scene that has lasted through fifteen "takes?" I wondered. And then I heard Kay say in that rich, throbby voice of hers, "D'you suppose we could send the prop boy out for some ice cream? I'd like vanilla."

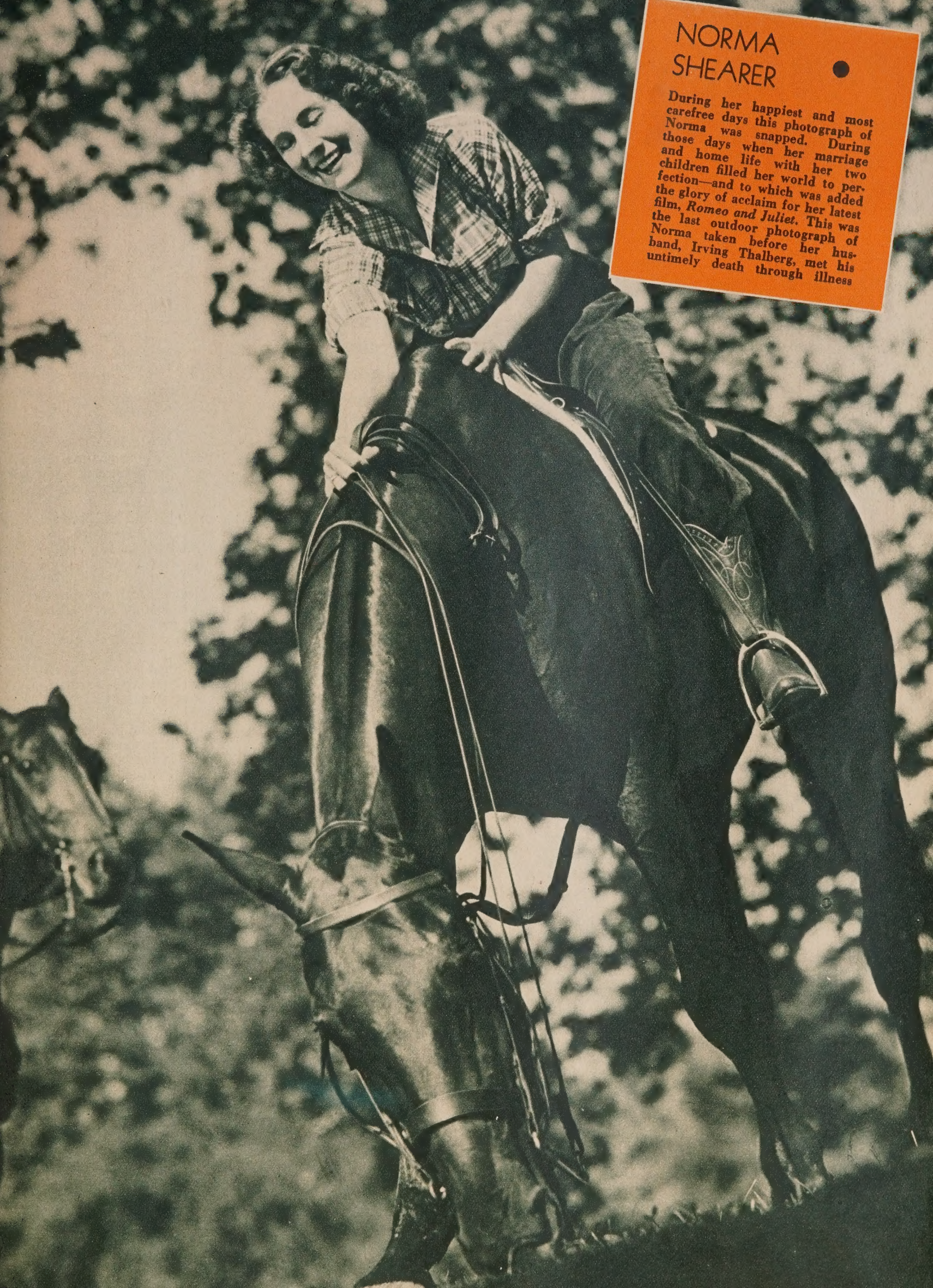
Everybody laughed. And "props" trotted off. With a single gesture Kay had swung the tempo back to normal. She hasn't an ounce of the coquet in her. Just as George Brent told me later, "Kay is one of the few women I know who speaks a man's language. He gets from her the same firm, steady friendship he gets from other men—and yet she's so deeply feminine along with it."

Perhaps that is the secret of her fascination. Certainly men adore this Kay Francis. And she—

"Everything I have been or hope to be I owe to men," she said simply. "They have helped me in my life far more than women have. I've been fortunate in many things—and I'm grateful for them. But most of all I have been fortunate in the men I have known."

A REMARKABLE statement coming from a woman who has suffered so much through love and marriage! But Kay has no regrets. "I learned too much from them. To a great extent I think it's the men she comes in contact with who shape a woman's outlook and even her personality. There was Peter, for instance."

He was the first one who had a distinct bearing on Kay's life and, until now, he's remained [*Continued on page* 86]



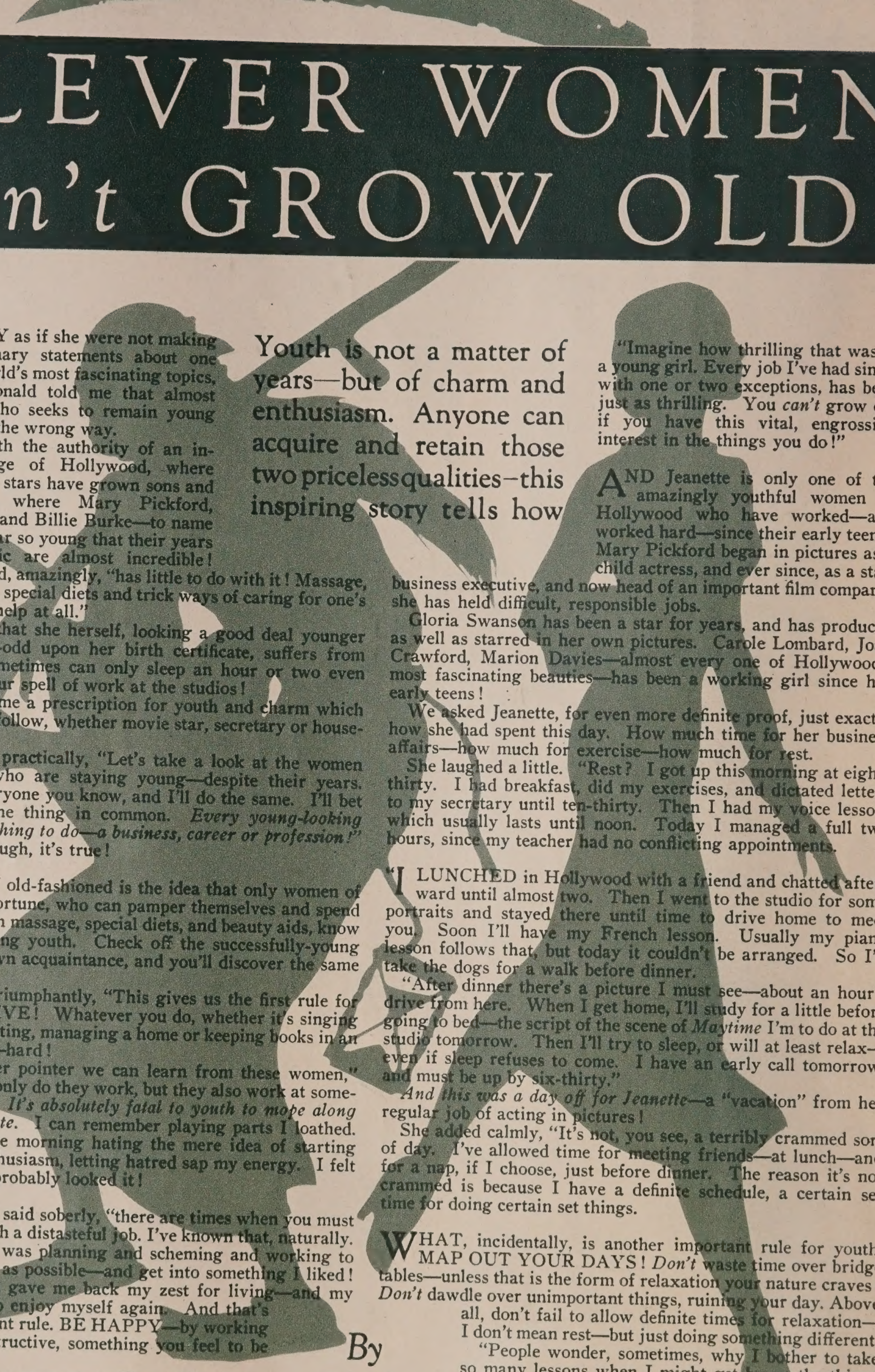
NORMA SHEARER

During her happiest and most carefree days this photograph of Norma was snapped. During those days when her marriage and home life with her two children filled her world to perfection—and to which was added the glory of acclaim for her latest film, *Romeo and Juliet.* This was the last outdoor photograph of Norma taken before her husband, Irving Thalberg, met his untimely death through illness

CLEVER WOMEN *Don't* GROW OLD!

Youth is not a matter of years—but of charm and enthusiasm. Anyone can acquire and retain those two priceless qualities—this inspiring story tells how

By Mark Dowling



AS CALMLY as if she were not making revolutionary statements about one of the world's most fascinating topics, Jeanette MacDonald told me that almost every woman who seeks to remain young goes about it in the wrong way.

She spoke with the authority of an intimate knowledge of Hollywood, where many glamorous stars have grown sons and daughters, and where Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Billie Burke—to name just three—appear so young that their years before the public are almost incredible!

"Rest," she said, amazingly, "has little to do with it! Massage, special exercises, special diets and trick ways of caring for one's skin can hardly help at all."

She admitted that she herself, looking a good deal younger than the twenty-odd upon her birth certificate, suffers from insomnia and sometimes can only sleep an hour or two even after a twelve-hour spell of work at the studios!

And she gave me a prescription for youth and charm which any woman may follow, whether movie star, secretary or housewife.

She said first, practically, "Let's take a look at the women we both know who are staying young—despite their years. You think of everyone you know, and I'll do the same. I'll bet our lists have one thing in common. *Every young-looking woman has something to do—a business, career or profession!*"

Amazingly enough, it's true!

DEFINITELY old-fashioned is the idea that only women of leisure and fortune, who can pamper themselves and spend time and money on massage, special diets, and beauty aids, know the secret of lasting youth. Check off the successfully-young women of your own acquaintance, and you'll discover the same startling fact!

Said Jeanette triumphantly, "This gives us the first rule for youth. BE ACTIVE! Whatever you do, whether it's singing for the screen, writing, managing a home or keeping books in an office, work at it—hard!

"There's another pointer we can learn from these women," she added. "Not only do they work, but they also work at something they enjoy. *It's absolutely fatal to youth to mope along doing jobs you hate.* I can remember playing parts I loathed. I'd wake up in the morning hating the mere idea of starting out, losing my enthusiasm, letting hatred sap my energy. I felt old as time—and probably looked it!

"I'LL grant," she said soberly, "there are times when you must go through with a distasteful job. I've known that, naturally. But all the time I was planning and scheming and working to finish it as quickly as possible—and get into something I liked!

"That very idea gave me back my zest for living—and my youth! I began to enjoy myself again. And that's the second important rule. BE HAPPY—by working at something constructive, something you feel to be good for you!"

She paused for a moment, smiling. "Don't you believe the secret of youth can be so simple? I've worked ever since I was fourteen years old. I had *two* jobs at first—one in school and the other dancing in a chorus.

"Imagine how thrilling that was to a young girl. Every job I've had since, with one or two exceptions, has been just as thrilling. You *can't* grow old if you have this vital, engrossing interest in the things you do!"

AND Jeanette is only one of the amazingly youthful women of Hollywood who have worked—and worked hard—since their early teens! Mary Pickford began in pictures as a child actress, and ever since, as a star, business executive, and now head of an important film company, she has held difficult, responsible jobs.

Gloria Swanson has been a star for years, and has produced as well as starred in her own pictures. Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies—almost every one of Hollywood's most fascinating beauties—has been a working girl since her early teens!

We asked Jeanette, for even more definite proof, just exactly how she had spent this day. How much time for her business affairs—how much for exercise—how much for rest.

She laughed a little. "Rest? I got up this morning at eight-thirty. I had breakfast, did my exercises, and dictated letters to my secretary until ten-thirty. Then I had my voice lesson, which usually lasts until noon. Today I managed a full two hours, since my teacher had no conflicting appointments.

"I LUNCHED in Hollywood with a friend and chatted afterward until almost two. Then I went to the studio for some portraits and stayed there until time to drive home to meet you. Soon I'll have my French lesson. Usually my piano lesson follows that, but today it couldn't be arranged. So I'll take the dogs for a walk before dinner.

"After dinner there's a picture I must see—about an hour's drive from here. When I get home, I'll study for a little before going to bed—the script of the scene of *Maytime* I'm to do at the studio tomorrow. Then I'll try to sleep, or will at least relax—even if sleep refuses to come. I have an early call tomorrow, and must be up by six-thirty."

And this was a day off for Jeanette—a "vacation" from her regular job of acting in pictures!

She added calmly, "It's not, you see, a terribly crammed sort of day. I've allowed time for meeting friends—at lunch—and for a nap, if I choose, just before dinner. The reason it's not crammed is because I have a definite schedule, a certain set time for doing certain set things.

WHAT, incidentally, is another important rule for youth. MAP OUT YOUR DAYS! *Don't* waste time over bridge tables—unless that is the form of relaxation your nature craves! *Don't* dawdle over unimportant things, ruining your day. Above all, don't fail to allow definite times for relaxation—I don't mean rest—but just doing something different.

"People wonder, sometimes, why I bother to take so many lessons when I might get by on the things I know now. Without admitting that I *would* get by, I tell them that I enjoy learning new things. Sometimes the daily French lesson itself is tedious—but I'm amply repaid when I visit France and can do things and appreciate

[*Continued on page* 59]

says Jeanette MacDonald

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"

A society woman nearly stole him from her.

An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.

Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in **REUNION**

with

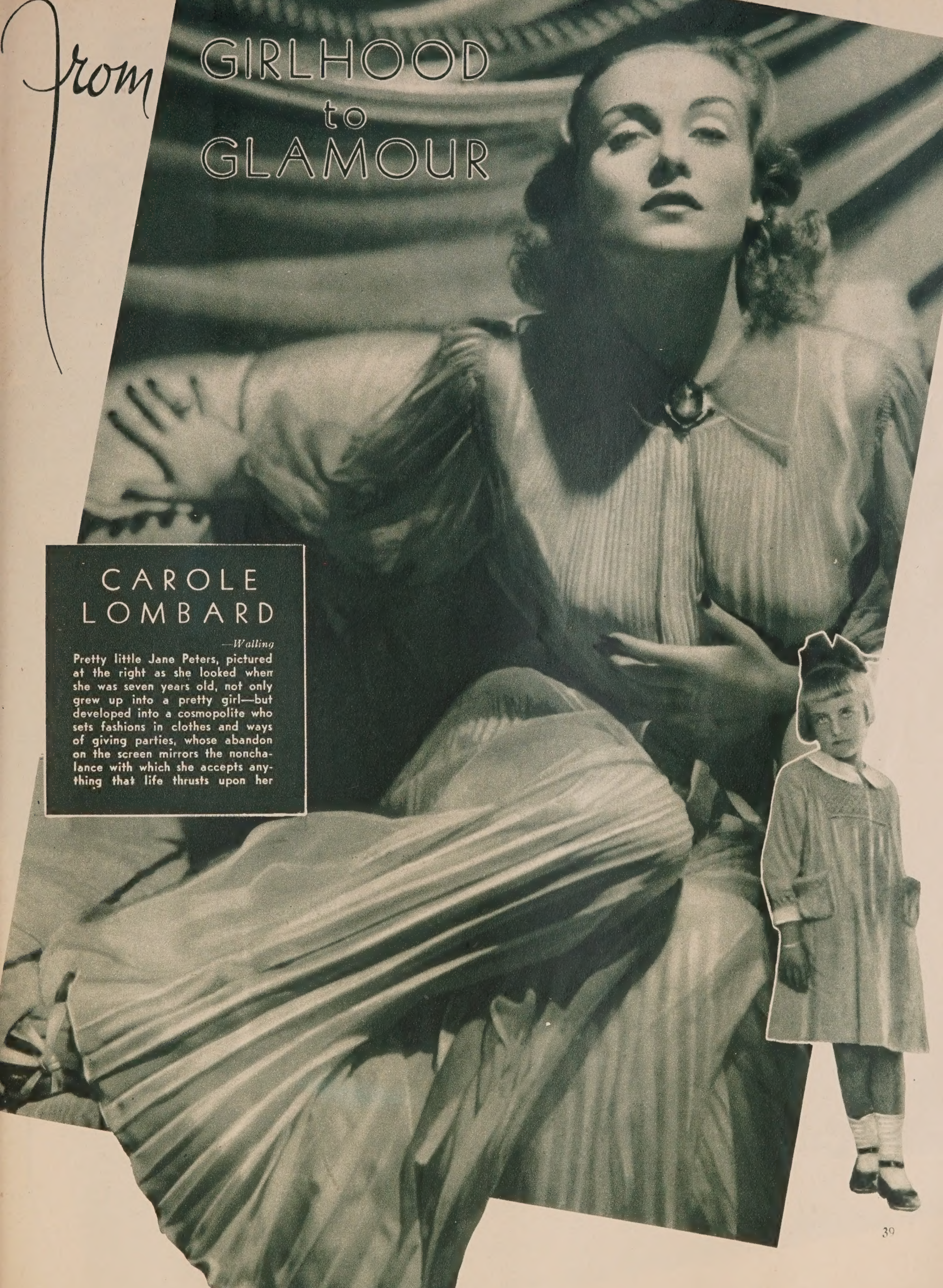
JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

20th CENTURY FOX

From GIRLHOOD to GLAMOUR



CAROLE LOMBARD

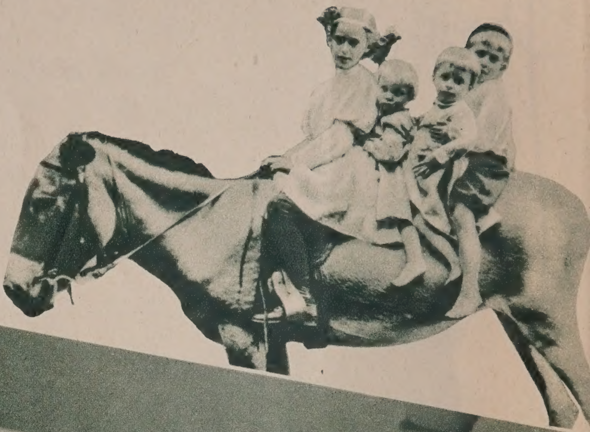
—*Walling*

Pretty little Jane Peters, pictured at the right as she looked when she was seven years old, not only grew up into a pretty girl—but developed into a cosmopolite who sets fashions in clothes and ways of giving parties, whose abandon on the screen mirrors the nonchalance with which she accepts anything that life thrusts upon her

Grace Moore

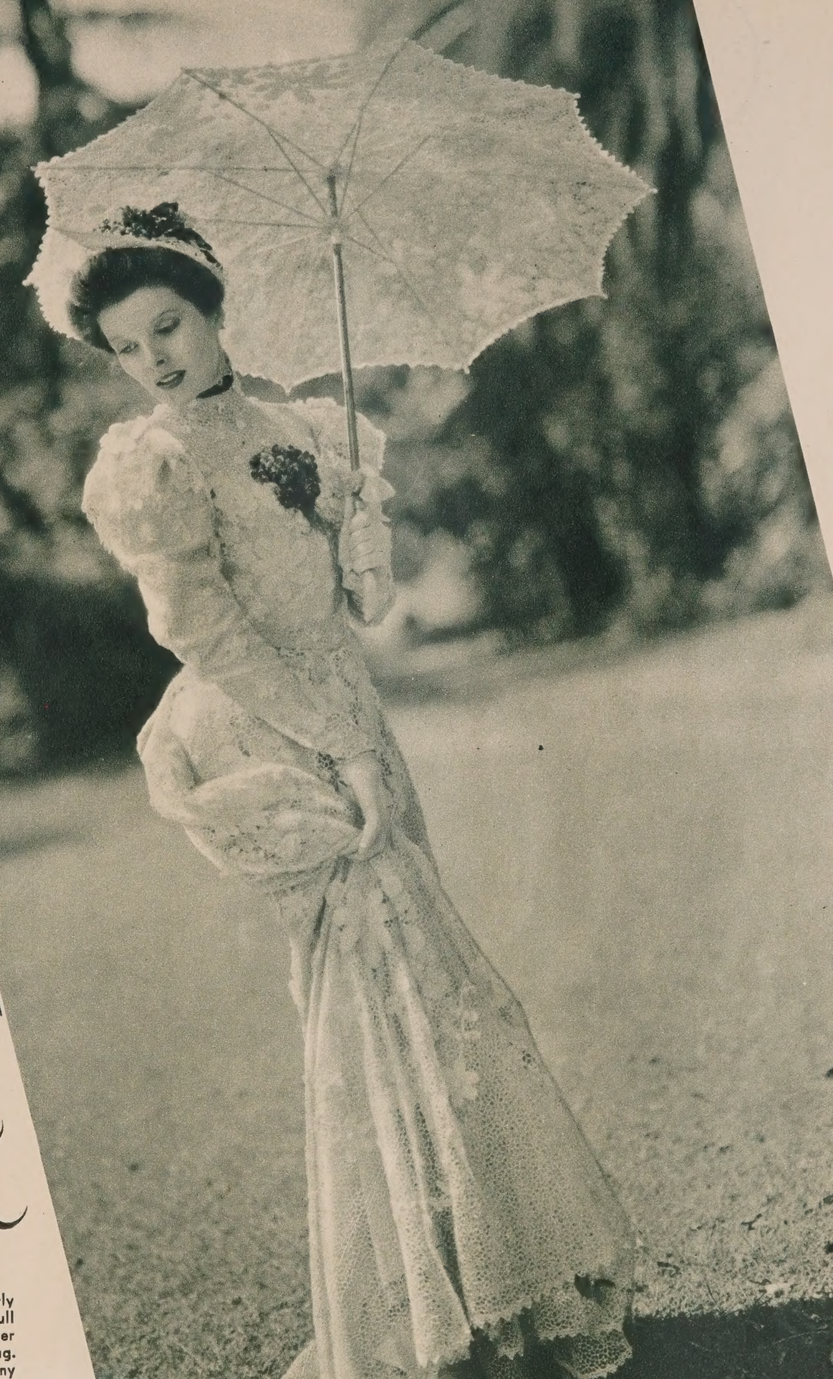
Schafer

She is a notable example of a small-town girl who made good—not only in the big city, but all over the world. If she were twins she'd still have difficulty in filling all the concert, operatic and movie engagements offered to her. And if she were twins she'd have no less difficulty in keeping all the social engagements offered to her by the most interesting people in the world. At the right you see big-sister Grace with her younger sister and two little brothers, when no one in Jellico, Tennessee, expected anything unusual from Grace



Katharine Hepburn

When she was twelve — abundantly freckled, gawky, long-legged and full of ideas of her own—she occupied her out-of-school time by play acting. She never was chided for turning any part of the house into a stage for herself and the other neighborhood children. Now her play acting is accompanied by no make-shift costumes or settings. The gown she wears at the right—the parasol, too!—is made of exquisite hand-made lace, worth thousands of dollars and created especially for her to wear in *Portrait of a Rebel*



—Kahle

Jean Rogers

—*Jones*

Because of her fetching dimples and curls, she was the envy of all her playmates when she was a chubby little girl. Then when she was a little older, she won a beauty contest, decided to become an actress. Jean has been glorifying Universal Studios' serial films, now is cast for *The Showdown*. Her sweetness of character is as outstanding as her beauty—and she will doubtless one day be one of our most famous cinemaidens

The MAN *Shirley Temple* Hated . . .

Kenneth Howell was mean. What did Shirley do about it? Read on . . .

By
J. C.
Blackburn

Gentle little Shirley was driven to tears, she stuck Kenneth with a fork, she pushed him into a barrel of water . . .

YOU couldn't imagine winning screen fame because Shirley Temple hated you, could you?

Yet that's exactly what happened to youthful Kenneth Howell.

Let's turn the clock back four years and peek behind the movie scenes when no motion picture studio would give Shirley Temple a screen contract, and blond Kenneth was a penniless lad with whom life had dealt not too kindly during his brief fifteen-year span.

Come with us behind the silver screen curtain and see how fate teamed this pair—see how little Miss Temple became America's sweetheart, the biggest drawing card in Filmtown—and Kenneth became a young man well on his way to fame.

A score of fine pictures has brought fame and fortune to Shirley, and pictures such as *Every Saturday Night* and *Educating Father,* in which Howell played a leading rôle, has brought screen renown to Kenneth in the years that have passed since these two children made their screen début in a two-reel comedy.

"I didn't know Shirley, hadn't ever heard her name before," said Kenneth as he sat in a camp chair on stage 19 at Universal Studios. He was there to work in *Four Days Wonder* with thirteen-year-old Jeanne Dante.

"That day I went to Educational Studios to beg them for a job—any kind of job. I was down to my last pair of socks. I had been in one picture before—*Eagle and the Hawk* at Paramount, but because I was made to look so young in my first screen effort, studios refused even to listen to me,

[*Continued on page* 62]

Shirley was just four years old—and she was making her first picture when she encountered the young man at the right who had plenty of reason for being "cussed" mean!

The Merry Life of TARZAN and HIS MATE!

WHAT the public has taken for a seething volcano is actually an idyllic romance. We speak of the Weissmuller-Velez merger which got off to a rollicking start four years ago.

In spite of what the world believes, these two are very happy. Easy-going Johnny, with his own firm beliefs—and Lupe, the fiery little Mexican madcap, live in harmony. It is not slow-paced, waltz time. They live in a broken, pulsating rhythm, a cross between jungle tom-toms and Mexican rhumbas.

"Sure, we have arguments," grins Johnny. "But we fight like brother and sister. Just because someone happens to be looking, we don't stop and save our anger until finding a quiet place to let it out. We get it over with, then forget it."

BUT these arguments are few and unimportant compared to the real understanding between the two. Each respects the other's interests. Professional jealousy has never entered their lives. Both are proud of what the other can do. In fact, each will boast about the other's achievements, before whispering about his own.

Johnny is particularly pleased with Lupe's proficiency as a housekeeper. "And what a cook!" he declares. "She can make anything. Mexican food, Chinese food, steaks, fish.

"When we go out on the boat, she does all the cooking. She learned her art first hand. During her travels she always calls on the chefs at hotels where she stops."

Both Tarzan and his mate have the wanderlust. They can't stay in one place very long. That's why they bought a boat. Whenever they have a chance, they go sailing up and down the coast on fishing trips. Often they take Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames along. Lupe is as good a fisherman as her husband, and won't hesitate when it comes to cleaning a fish. Johnny gleefully recounts how shocked a feminine guest aboardship became at the sight of Lupe's dressing a barracuda with her bare hands.

THEY have a delightful game, Johnny and Lupe. They are always getting each other surprises. If Johnny goes to the store to buy a sweater, he orders a small one exactly like it for Lupe. They have scarfs, slacks, coats, shoes and everything alike.

"I bought a yachting outfit the other day," confided Johnny recently. He was seated, an enormous bronzed figure on the sidelines of the *Tarzan Escapes* set, watching Maureen O'Sullivan rehearse a scene. He continued, "So I ordered one just like it for Lupe. It'll be a surprise when she gets back from London."

Asked why they tried to dress alike, Johnny answered simply, "To think of each other."

Lupe is forever getting Johnny something, too.

"She has an uncanny way of knowing the right sizes," says

When a gentleman apeman and a lady volcano get together the answer is—well, not what you think!

By
Murray Hill

Johnny Weissmuller's physique qualifies him to handle his weight in wildcats—even the Mexican variety

Johnny. "For instance, she'll shuffle around the house in a pair of my shoes, then go to a store and come back with a perfect fit for me just by trying them on!"

THE way Lupe determines Johnny's coat size is worth mentioning. She slips one of his great coats over her slim shoulders and bends her elbows out and upward. Where the elbows end the shoulders fit. So Lupe knows.

"Tailors think she's crazy, but the size is always perfect," beams Johnny.

Although their life is a merry one, the Weissmullers are fundamentally serious in their plans for future as well as present happiness. They are saving their earnings and have big plans.

"We have put ourselves on an allowance," Johnny confided. "Lupe gets twenty-five dollars a week and I get forty. And we make ourselves stay within that budget. We can't afford to go to the night clubs more than once a week. Twice a week we see the fights and the rest of the evenings take in a picture show. I make Lupe pay her half, too," said Johnny, his hazel eyes glinting gleefully.

"Once in a while, though, Lupe must have a bracelet or new car. This we call an 'extra occasion,' so allowances don't count then.

"We've had a lot of fun living on our little stipend," he continued, "and it gives me a fine excuse not to go dancing."

JOHNNY, we discovered, hates to go dancing, and here's why: "While I am working on *Tarzan Escapes* I have to keep my hair long. People think it's a gag and that I like to have it this way. I'm always getting fan mail about it. Some have even included a quarter in the letter, saying, 'Why don't you get your hair cut, you big gorilla?'

"So, knowing what they think, I'd rather stay home than go out. But Lupe loves to dance and I have to break down and go. But when I do, I won't get up and dance and Lupe gets mad. Can you blame me?" asks Tarzan. "When I'm always hearing cracks like 'put him back in the cage—we'd rather see him there.' Boy, it makes me burn!"

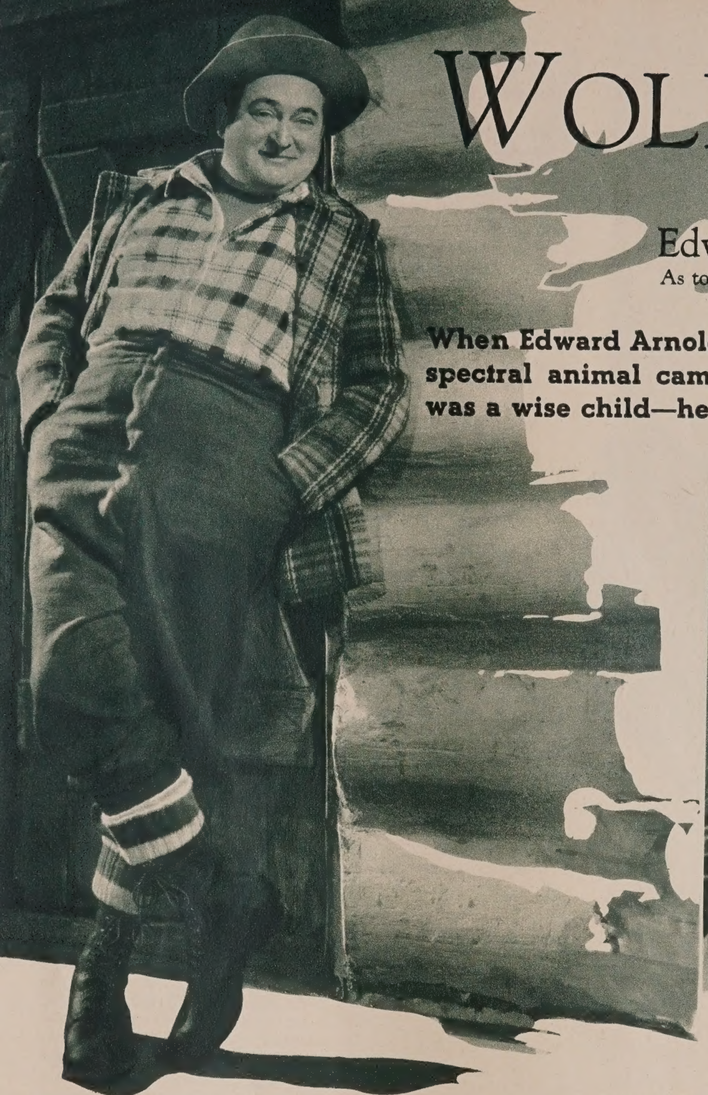
Because they are building for the future, the Weissmuller's live very simply. They have no checking or charge accounts. Most of the time they have only one maid to look after the house when they aren't there. Their boat, they run themselves.

"They look after one another like brother and sister," Bruce Cabot, who has been their friend and intimate for many years, remarked, when asked how they got along. "Lupe insists that Johnny keep his training rules and, above all, his appointments with his voice and diction teacher. On the other hand, if Lupe starts gaining too much weight Johnny teases her until she loses it. And he insists that she get places on time. Lupe would always be late if he didn't."

But Lupe has ways of getting around her famous husband's decisions. Here they are romancing at fashionable Playa Ensenada Hotel in Mexico

LUPE'S being late is the source of most of the friction in the Weissmuller family. "Say we're going to the fights," says Johnny. "Lupe takes hours to get ready. She loves to lounge around the house in old clothes, but when she goes out everything must be right. I get fidgety and start nagging, blame her for making me late. Pretty soon we have an argument. Then it's over in a couple of minutes and all is well."

If Lupe has to catch a plane, which is frequently the case, inasmuch as she's traveling the greater part of the time, it takes the combined efforts of Johnny and [*Continued on page 67*]



WOLF, *Wolf!*

By

Edward Arnold

As told to Richard Harding

When Edward Arnold was a boy in the Bowery, that spectral animal camped on his doorstep. But he was a wise child—he ate it! And look at him now!!

Arnold at a tender age, when he was getting his theatrical start

I REMEMBER, all too well, the lean years of my childhood, my youth and early manhood—and that is why I refuse to play the customary Hollywood game of *spend-it-as-fast-as-you-get-it!* Stalin is not the only one who has his *Five Year Plan*, for Mamma Arnold and I have one, too!

I still wake up in the night and hear the sounds of my childhood, in a dreary old Houston Street tenement, on the lower East Side in New York! I can still hear the screams of women and the drunken, brutal curses of men! Those are sounds which the ears of my three children will never hear, if any effort of mine can prevent it! That is why I live according to the rules of our *Five Year Plan*.

My real name, as you probably know by this time, is Guenther Schneider. I am not ashamed of my age so I will reveal my birth date, February 18, 1890. I played my first stage rôle at the age of twelve, in an amateur performance of *The Merchant of Venice*. I have been of the stage and picture world, ever since, with two or three brief interludes which are unimportant.

I suppose you will put me down as a penny-snatcher or a nickel-grabber—a man who is earning more than $100,000 a year, yet refuses to pay more than $125 a month house rent! I suppose you can't imagine a Hollywood movie star who refuses to buy a car costing more than $1,600 and who doesn't play polo, golf, tennis, bridge and who cannot ride a horse, swim or even catch fish! And who does not even try to learn. You see, the Hollywood game is not the only one I do not know how to play!

Some day, when my *Five Year Plan* is finished, I shall play! I shall do my playing in places of which I have so far only read. I shall learn to hit a golf ball on my own private golf course, and to ride a horse on my private bridle path, so that no loafers can laugh when I make a slice or fall off the horse! But that time hasn't come and I shall not begin my playing until I know for certain that there is money enough safely invested to keep the wolf from my door forever and that the old, dreary, weary lean years are gone, never to return!

I find it difficult to talk about myself. When I started on my picture, *Come and Get It*, for Samuel Goldwyn, a publicity man came out to my house to get what he calls *copy*! I'm afraid I am anything but *copy*. I seldom drink anything stronger than beer but to make the publicity man feel at home, I sent out for a quart of Scotch. He took a drink, smiled and said to me:

"And now, Mr. Arnold, we'll get some pictures of you in polo costume! After that, we'll shoot

[*Continued on page* 94]

TWO POEMS
By
GLORIA STUART

CHANT

You are gone now. But I am here.
Saying goodbye you caressed my face
That I should feel the warm strength
Of your hands, trembling wonder of them.

Saying goodbye, they covered my ears
That I should not hear the slow moan
In your throat, throbbing stillness of it.

Saying goodbye, they blinded my eyes
That I should not see the dark deeps
In your eyes, haunting shadows of them.

Saying goodbye, you kissed me close
That I should know the near truth
Of your lips, trembling wonder of them.
You are gone now. But I am here.

ALL AROUND THE TOWN

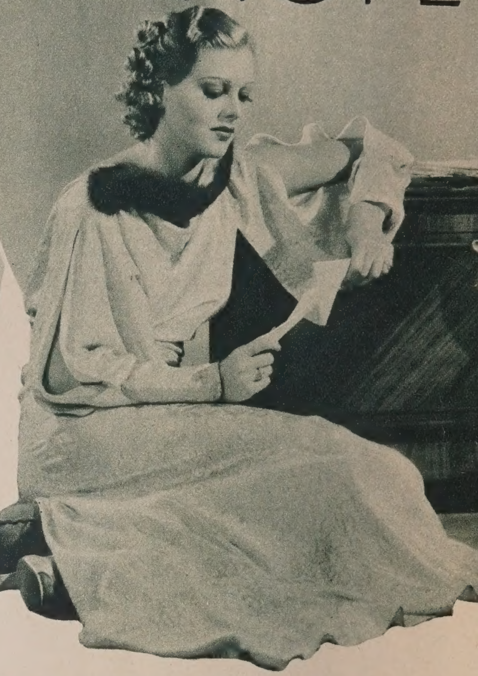
San Francisco street cars are white-faced goats.
Their bright eyes pierce the sodden fog.
Their noses smell out food; their mouths devour it; their sides disgorge it.
They eat up hats and furs and gloves, spats and flowers, canes and bundles.

San Francisco street cars are white-faced goats.
Their hooves grate and spark.
They leap along the narrow tracks and climb high hills.
They play tag and hiding games; they poke white faces over tops of hills, and run around corners squealing.

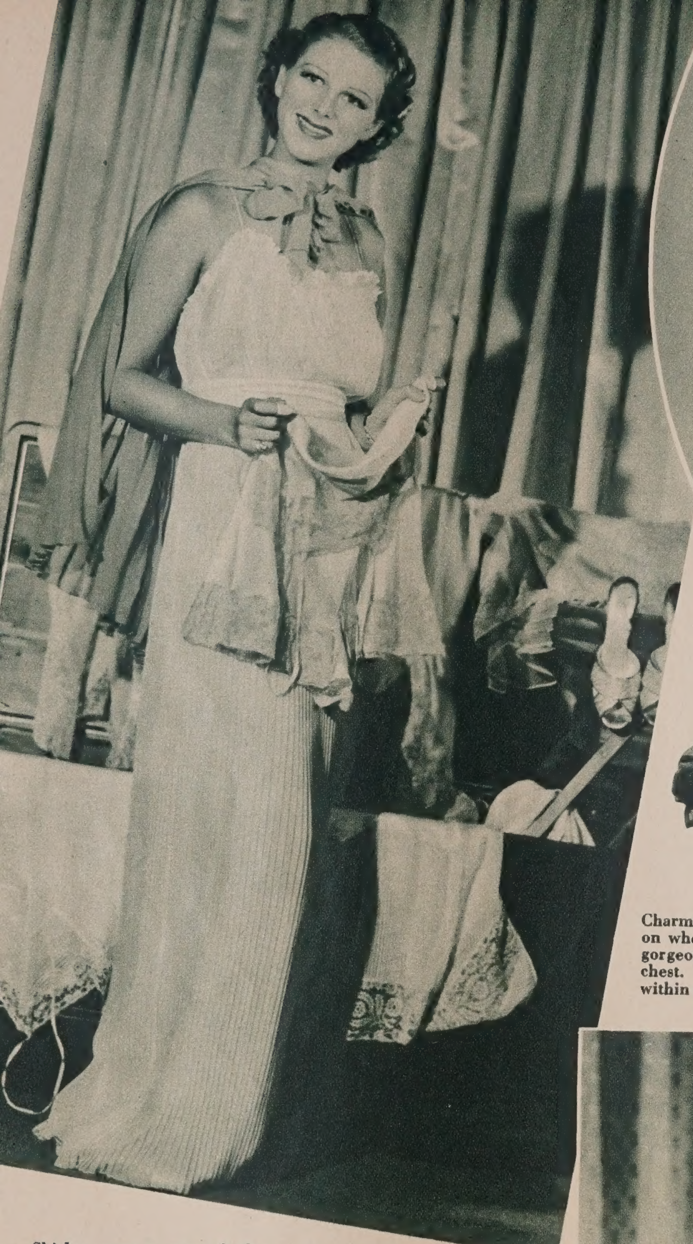
Camera study
by
Gene Kornman

Gloria's latest picture, a rollicking comedy titled *Girl on the Front Page*, reviewed on page 70, is now being released by Universal, to whom she was loaned by her home studio, 20th Century-Fox

Shirley HOPE

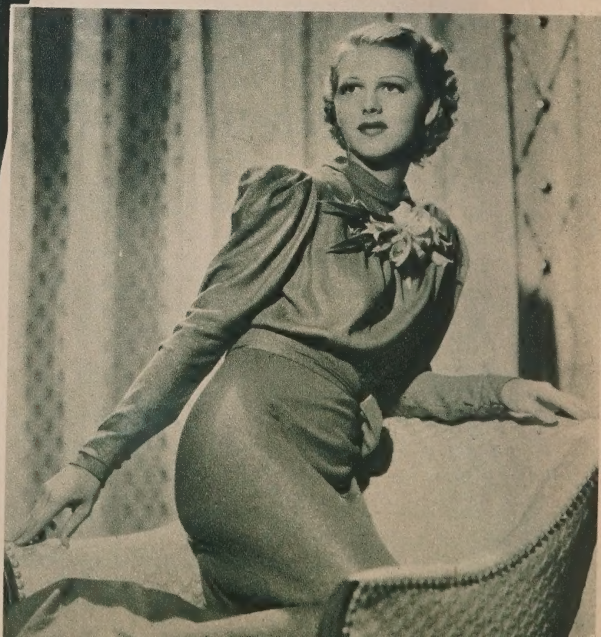


Charming 20th Century-Fox player, Shirley Deane, meditates on whether or no to destroy all evidence. She is attired in a gorgeous silver lame hostess gown seated before her hope chest. Her beautiful trousseau has been tenderly confined within this mahogany finished, solid cedar lined chest designed by Lane Co., Inc.



Shirley wears a smart finely pleated pink chiffon negligee made with square neck held in place by tiny silver straps. A brief pleated cape in a contrasting shade of pink ties in a soft bow at the neckline. Shirley is carefully folding and putting away dainty lingerie of all kinds

Trousseau—
J. W. Robinson Co.
Hope Chest—
Lane Company, Inc.
Flowers styled by
Florists' Telegraph
Delivery

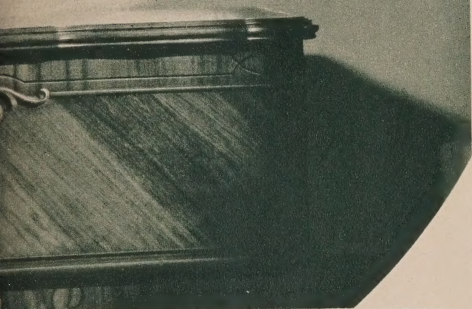


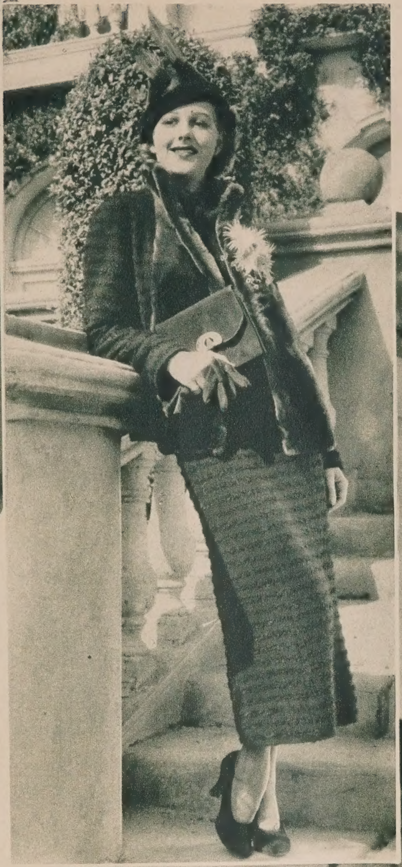
One lovely dinner gown is essential to the well planned wardrobe. This one is in a delightful shade of green metallic, beautifully cut with sleeves full at the shoulders and a high front neckline. A corsage of tuberous begonias in shades of pink lend a smart contrast

Deane's CHEST!

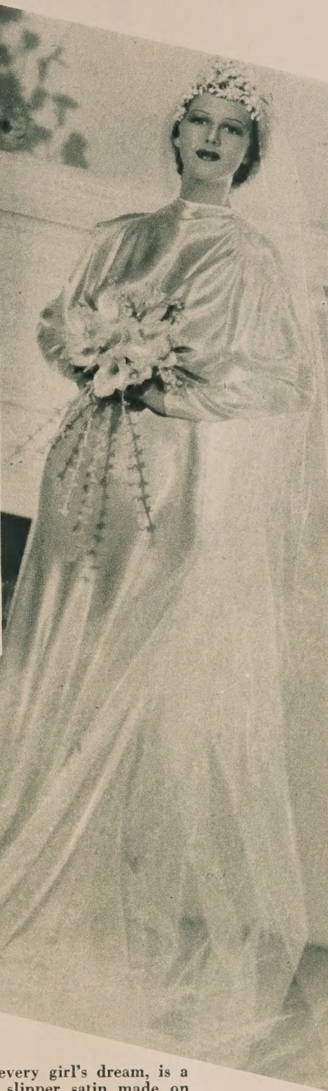
By SALLY MARTIN

Fashion Editor

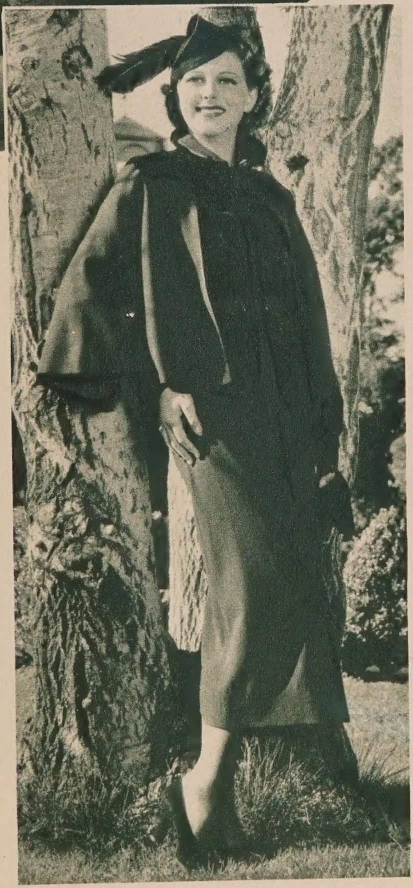




For street wear and the smart luncheon date Shirley chooses a henna wool cape ensemble with vest effect and collar of brown lapin. A hat in the same shade sports a jaunty brown quill and brown suede accessories complete her outfit



The wedding gown, the ultimate to every girl's dream, is a gorgeous affair in a heavenly blush slipper satin made on medieval lines with dolman sleeves. The head-dress is an old-fashion cluster of orange blossoms that hold the tulle veil in place. Shirley's wedding bouquet is fashioned of white gladioli blossoms, lily of the valley and showers of stephenotis



The travel costume, just the thing for so many occasions, is a novelty rough surface woolen in the popular aubergine shade. A one-piece dress is complemented by a short box jacket fur trimmed. A round bunch of double Gerberia is placed at the left shoulder. Shirley wears a brown velour hat with a bird perched on top

He's *Not* A Villain At Home!

Unusual for the beauty of complete understanding is the marriage of Ouida Bergere and Basil Rathbone, who this year celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Here they are in their home, with three of the five household dogs

By Mrs. Basil Rathbone

As told to Grace Mack

NEEDLESS to say, the Basil Rathbone I know resembles the man who played Murdstone and the lecherous butler in *Private Number* just about as much as Bluebeard resembled Little Lord Fauntleroy. The fact that he was able to make those rôles so realistic is of course a tribute to his ability as an actor. That they are foreign to everything he is and everything that he stands for can best be illustrated by his own reaction to the playing of them.

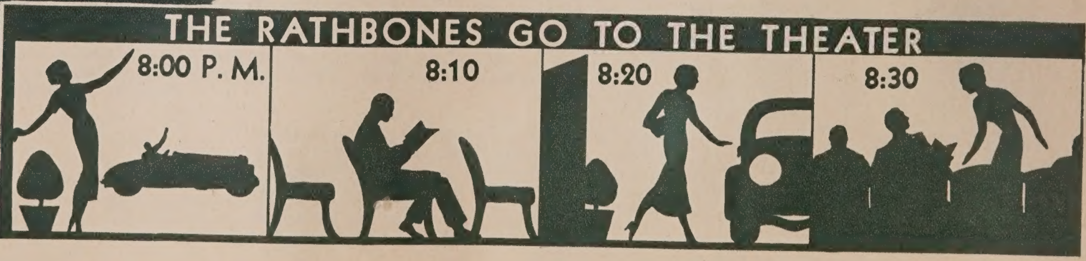
For example: During the making of *David Copperfield* he came home from the studio one night looking white as a sheet.

"Whatever has happened?" I asked. "You look positively ill."

He sank down in a chair and put his head in his hands. "I have been through the most awful experience I ever had in my life," he said. "I spent the entire day *whipping a little boy!* And I'm going to tell you something Ouida. No amount of money in the world is enough to ever make me do a thing like that again."

And that is typical of the Basil Rathbone I know. To hurt a human being or an animal deliberately is, to him, unthinkable.

We have five dogs of our own. And his idea of a per- [*Continued on page* 88]


THE RATHBONES GO TO THE THEATER
8:00 P. M.
8:10
8:20
8:30

Playing Around Hollywood!

Your quick-on-the-trigger cameraman catches the stars who came out by day—as well as by night

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

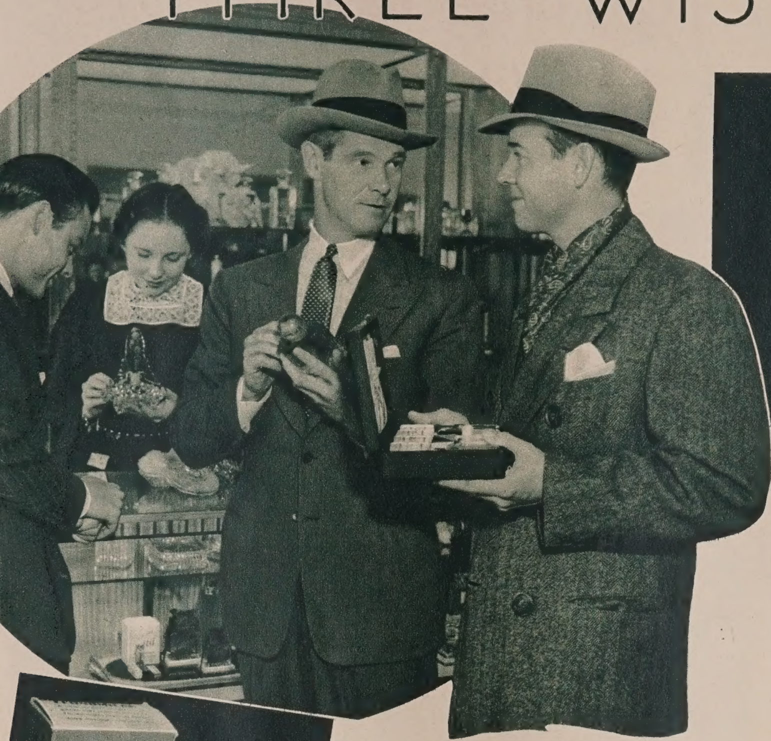
Barbara Stanwyck seems to have a hold on Bob Taylor, for here they are together again. This time at the Pacific Southwest Tennis matches. Bob remarks that photo-snapper Charlie appears everywhere before him, like Hamlet's father's ghost!

Ginger Rogers, unaware that she's being snapped, attacks a huge pink fluff of spun sugar. The occasion is the circus, and her companions are Fred Perry and his actress-wife, Helen Vinson

Two men and a maid—Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero are out to dance a bit. How are they going to manage? Perhaps Franchot will content himself with learning to hum "Dream Awhile" from that piece of sheet music he is carrying

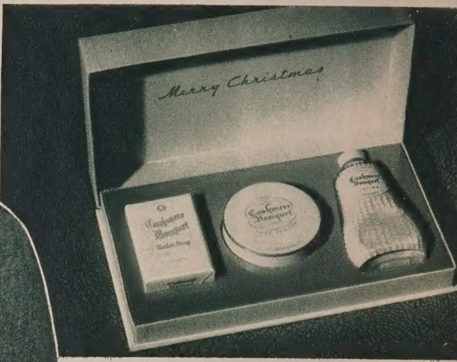
Paulette Goddard shows the very newest thing in brushed wool sports dresses as she steps out with Charles Chaplin. Fred Perry stops to admire her multiple bracelets

THREE WISE MEN



Jimmy Blakeley, Paul Kelly and Earl Blackwell do their early Christmas shopping at I. Magnin's of Hollywood. Apparently Paul doesn't trust his own judgment on that crystal-cut bottle of perfume for the missus!

—Charles Rhodes Photos


Merry Christmas
Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet holiday box of soap, face powder and lotion

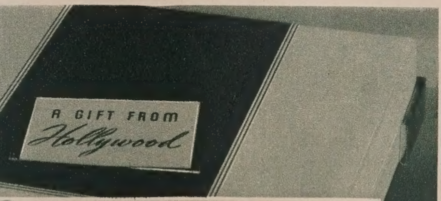
By JANET LYNN

SINCE the first Christmas when frankincense and myrrh were the world's most precious offerings, men of all centuries have borrowed from the wisdom of the Magi in selecting gifts of rare fragrance.

What better place then than the cosmetic department of I. Magnin's for Jimmy Blakeley, Paul Kelly and Earl Blackwell to do their early Christmas shopping! That's where I discovered them recently, sniffing appreciatively and choosing lavishly from the glitter-

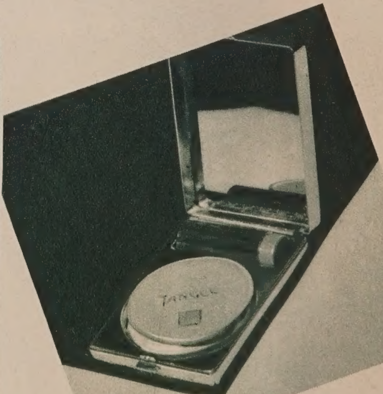
Chamberlain's
Lotion
FOR HANDS AND SKIN
CHAMBERLAIN'S
LOTION

Chamberlain's Lotion, a gift choice for the whole family


A GIFT FROM
Hollywood

SOCIETY MIRACLE
HOLLYWOOD

Max Factor's make-up ensemble is a gift straight from the movie capital



The "Little Miracle" compact combines Tangee rouge and lipstick

# of the WEST!

Face powder and cream for devotees of Lady Esther products

Campana's Dreskin for cleansing and toning, in deluxe bottle

The Glazo "Bandbox Kit" contains complete manicure equipment

ing array of smartly boxed toiletries.

A bit self-conscious they were—as all men shopping for feminine fancies—but confident that here was a treasure trove to end their shopping problems.

Paul Kelly held up a fabulous bottle of perfume for my inspection. "Do you suppose Mrs. Kelly would like this?" he asked.

"She'd adore it—any woman would," I assured him.

"Would a girl like this?" Earl Blackwell put in anxiously. Yes, a girl certainly would like an exquisite leather case completely outfitted with cosmetics for travelling.

The hatless Jimmy wasn't going to be rushed into a [*Continued on page* 91]

Colonial Dames' gift set is smartly boxed in pink and ivory

Leaving I. Magnin's, the boys look mighty pleased with their armload of packages. They have discovered the secret of shopping for feminine gifts

THANKSGIVING or CHRISTMAS—Here's the Salad to Serve!

When fruit juices are boiling, pour into bowl containing gelatin

Pour portion of gelatin mixture into mold and allow to set for a while

When gelatin is slightly firm, Marian adds a layer of fruit

by Joan Davis

"If you could only cook" will never be said to Marian Marsh. Wait until you've tried her holiday salad!

ONCE more we marvel about the wonders worked by that funny thing called love! Of course, we all know it makes the world go 'round and sends its victims about in a daze until they shouldn't be allowed to cross the streets alone.

But Marian Marsh has proven love can do even more. It can make dainty little film stars brave the dangers of burned fingers, flushed complexions over dismal failures on the stove, and a few minor cuts. All to reach an important goal—proof that they will make almost perfect wives—through the medium of a delicious cake, original salad or whatever is triumphantly carried forth from the kitchen.

If you don't believe it works, you other brides-to-be should see the light of appreciation that shines in Al Scott's eyes (he's the lucky fellow who recently was chosen by Marian to place one of the most beautiful diamonds I have ever seen on *that* finger). It's the same glow that leaps into being when Marian makes an exceptional tennis serve or a thrilling horse jump, two accomplishments the actress already has to her credit.

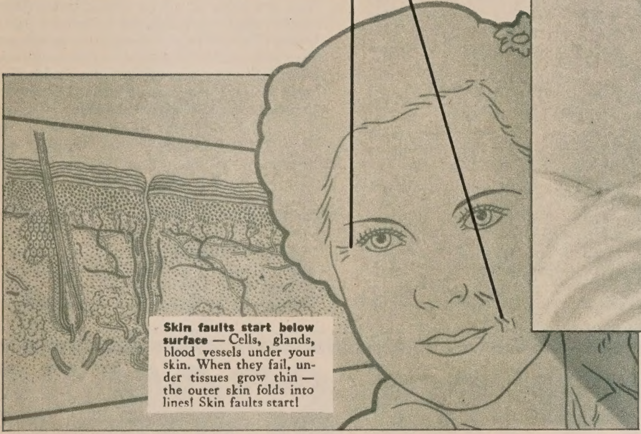
Marian gave me a delicious recipe she had worked out for a salad chock full of the holiday spirit—even to the extent of tiny cranberry bouquets for decorations. Busy as a bee taking final scenes for *Come Closer, Folks,* Marian managed to give me the details.

"It has always seemed to me salads were rather [*Continued on page* 58]

There—what did we tell you! Doesn't Marian's Salad look ideal for any kind of holiday festivity?

When firm, gently loosen salad around edges with knife, immerse mold in warm water and then carefully turn out on plate

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City____________________State__________

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Today's Gossip

[*Continued from page* 16]

new contract at M-G-M and a grand part in *Maytime.* Of course we knew that digging down into her jeans didn't exactly break Joan, but it seems nice to know there is one star who isn't busy just looking out for herself.

Incidentally, and more along the humor line, Joan is being some sort of a problem to the flatfoots at her studio these days. Her beautiful black limousine has been put in the background for a snazzy chromium bicycle with so many gadgets that it makes you think of the new Cords. There are six different species of horns on the handlebars and the traffic officer on duty always has difficulty in deciding whether he is to make way for a Mack truck, an ice cream wagon or Miss Crawford. However, she conscientiously uses the correct traffic signals when she peddles around corners.

IT SEEMS the main barrier between the long-promised Merle Oberon-David Niven marriage is the fact that David is worried about being known as Mr. Merle Oberon and wants to wait until he has firmly established himself as an actor on his own. But Merle Oberon has confided to intimate friends that she and David Niven plan to wed and make their honeymoon a trip to the coronation of King Edward. It's rather sad that they cut his part so much in *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* but that's the custom in Hollywood, where there can be only one leading man in a picture and Captain Blood Flynn was to be that in that one. David is really one of the most ambitious boys in Hollywood—he decided in the middle of an army career that he wanted to be an actor and considering the late start he got, he's doing very well, and he'll *keep* on and let nothing stand in his way.

WHICH REMINDS US that Brian Aherne, working in the same picture, *Love Under Fire*—(title to be changed)—with Merle and David has done a complete turnabout in his attitude toward publicity. When he was at Metro several years ago he was "unapproachable." Writers visiting on the set were warned not even to speak to him, and today he is gaining a reputation as one of the most affable actors in town. He talks vivaciously, wittily and earnestly. The answer is, *not* that he has suddenly decided to cultivate Hollywood, for he has no intention of continuing his career here as a picture actor entirely. It's just that he is feeling a little more sure of himself and can at last take time off from learning picture technique, in which to be a little more sociable. A number of studios have tried to sign him on a contract but Brian is sincere in his wish to go back to the theatre for most of each year. Even the persuasive Mr. Thalberg could not win him over. During one of the sessions in which Irving was pointing out all the advantages of a contract, the *Little Napoleon* of Metro suddenly picked up the phone and called his wife, Norma Shearer. "Norma, I have exhausted all reasons why Brian should sign with us. He says he doesn't want picture fame. He wants only to work in the theatre. He says he doesn't need money. Now I want you to help me out by doing a little match-making. I want you to find an expensive wife for him, then maybe he'll have to stay in pictures to support her." Brian is still unmarried—he still refuses to sign more than one-picture contracts.

MYRNA LOY, who at one time spelled all the glamour of the Orient and then by portraying Bill Powell's *Thin Man* wife, became the wife-model for all men, is known to her fond husband as "Minnie." Sounds like the cook in a domestic comedy. Incidentally it's hard to realize that Myrna has any time at all in which to be domestic what with *Libeled Lady* and another *Thin Man* shooting, but she does run two homes at present—one in Beverly Hills and another at the fashionable Palos Verdes—and the Hornblow parties are the delight and envy of all.

MARLENE DIETRICH, during her tour abroad, has done right well by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

At her various ports of call she unfailingly signs the hotel registers: LA DIETRICH.

RADIO HAS in preparation a new picture for Ginger Rogers. It will be called *Lucky* and none other than Jack Oakie will be co-starred with Ginger.

IT'S ALL SPOILED
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST TURNED POLLY'S DREAM INTO A NIGHTMARE
WHY POLLY—WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?
HARRIET'S LETTER - Y-YOU READ IT— SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIVE OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK
HERE POLLY— I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!
WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN, DO YOU THINK THERES REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?
LATER
IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

It is just possible that, before this picture is made Ginger may do a solo starring picture.

Her studio has bought *Vivacious Lady*, and, believe it or not, Ginger will not dance in the picture, not even one little toe spin.

GARBO SEEMS to have taken quite an interest in the primitive these days. Recently she requested a cameraman who had been with Murnau in the South Seas when *Tabu* was made, to show her photographs of that famous but plagued house which Murnau built on one of the small islands near Tahiti. She asked innumerable questions—the state of the house, and the price for which it might be purchased. This, on top of her purchase of a large estate in Sweden several months ago, suggests that Garbo is wavering. Retirement in the bleak coldness of the north, or in the torrid heat of the south seas. Seems that Garbo's ice is destined to melt.

And by the way, Garbo is the one woman who doesn't allow Bob Taylor to turn her head—no, not even to watch him admiringly as he moves about on the set of *Camille*. She hasn't paid the slightest bit of attention to him between scenes. She's polite to him, of course, but in that well-known aloof Garbo manner. Of all her leading men, John Gilbert and George Brent remain the only two with whom she ever talked.

WHEN WARREN HULL first came to Hollywood he was advised for his career's sake to keep his wife and three little boys in the background. He did this so successfully that *Liberty* recently mentioned him as one of the most eligible of Hollywood's bachelors. Whereupon Warren said, "That's enough of that!" and sent an SOS for a photographer to take home-and-fireside pictures of the wife and kiddies.

Other young movie idols whom people seem to assume are unmarried, but who are very much engaged matrimonially, are Kent Taylor, Ray Milland, Robert Cummings, Don Ameche. The wedded state of Don Ameche, incidentally, was a sad, sad blow to the girls at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio when they learned of it after he had been on the lot about two weeks. Mr. Ameche had them all completely ga-ga and flat on their faces, as we say so delicately, when the blow came.

HOLLYWOOD TRUE STORY:

SOME MONTHS AGO a pretty girl came to Hollywood and was given a six months stock contract at Columbia.

Her name was Beatrice Blinn and she claimed to be of the family of the late Holbrook Blinn.

Playing a minor rôle in a picture at Columbia Mary Astor, star of the picture, sensed the girl was ideal for the rôle of her maid in the picture, quite an important rôle, too.

So Miss Astor went to the front office and demanded the girl be given the rôle but she did not get it.

Miss Astor told the girl not to worry she would do something for her.

Recently the girl received a message to come to New York and take a test for a Broadway stage play called *Stage Door*.

She went. She got the part. She's in the play.

The man who sent for her was George Kaufman, the author and producer of the play.

Think it over!

IF YOU HEARD Norma Shearer give excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* over the air you might be interested to learn that Miss Shearer and her little company actually rehearsed that radio broadcast for three full weeks.

ELAINE BARRIE, the "Ariel" to John Barrymore's "Caliban" of recent memory, is leaving Hollywood to try the New York stage again.

Elaine, just before Irving Thalberg died, was told by the young producer that there was no place for her at Metro despite she had a term contract.

Her contract has been adjusted.

Her romance with Barrymore is as cold as an Eskimo's frigidaire.

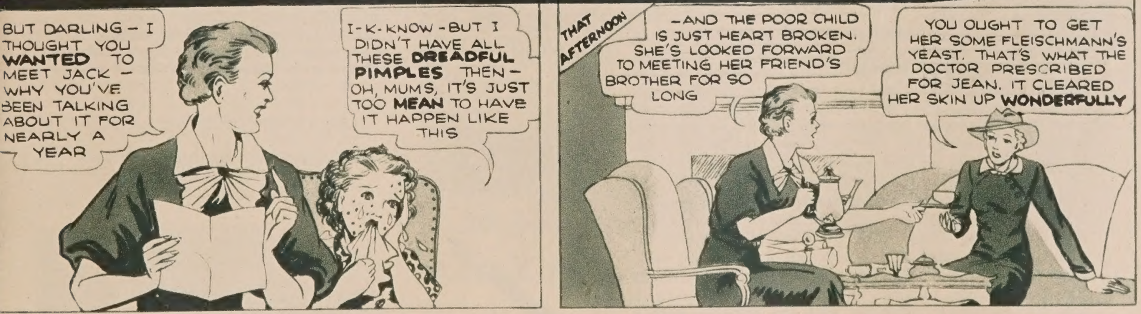
Goodbye, Elaine. You were good copy at that.

MARY ASTOR wept unrestrainedly, in her loge seat in the rear of Warner Brothers theatre in Hollywood when *Dodsworth* was shown for the first time on any screen.

A packed house greeted her first appearance on the screen, in the picture, with applause such as has been seldom heard in any theatre, prolonged to the extent of making the ensuing dialog unheard for two minutes.

Incidentally, in a sympathetic rôle, Miss Astor gave the best dramatic performance of her long career.

NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT


BUT DARLING – I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MEET JACK – WHY YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT IT FOR NEARLY A YEAR
I-K-KNOW – BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES THEN – OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS
THAT AFTERNOON
– AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG
YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY

GOOD BYE – GOOD BYE
OH MOTHER – HE'S EVEN NICER THAN I THOUGHT HE'D BE
– AND DON'T FORGET – YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM
I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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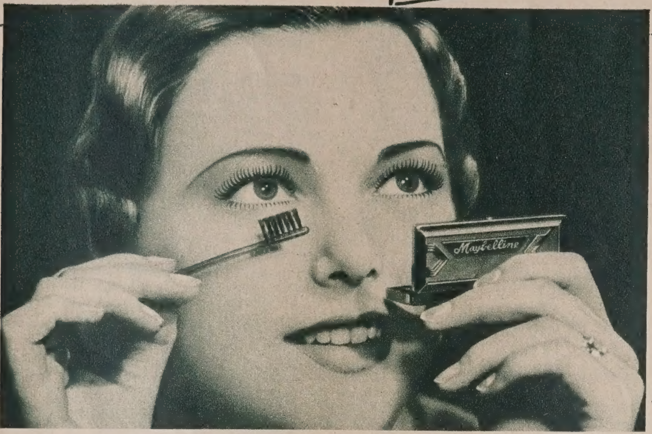
Which Word Describes Your Eyes?



COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.

CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.

CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance — with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple-this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard "made-up" look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold metal vanity—75c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Marion Davies and Clark Gable loved their work in *Cain and Mabel*. Marion is abroad now, and buying gifts like mad to bring back to her friends

Thanksgiving or Christmas—Here's the Salad to Serve!

[*Continued from page* 54]

neglected around Christmas time," she told me. "One usually hears of candies, puddings, and the turkeys served. So just to be different, I decided to concentrate on salads."

After serving Marian's salad, I realized there was something in what she said. They *can* be made very important to your holiday dinners.

MOLDED HOLIDAY SALAD

2 pkg. lime flavored gelatin
1 No. 2 size can Fruit Salad
1 cup grapefruit sections
Water
3 tbls. Tarragon vinegar
2 drops oil of cloves
Pinch of salt

Drain all juices from fruits, and add enough water to make 3¼ cups of liquid. Heat to boiling point and pour over gelatin. Add vinegar, oil of cloves and salt. Pour portion of mixture in bottom of mold and allow to set until slightly firm. Place layer of fruit on top of gelatin. When balance of gelatin is slightly firm pour small amount on top of fruits. Continue until all fruits and gelatin have been used. Set away to become firm. Turn out on large chop plate and garnish with spiced figs, romaine, and cranberry bouquets.

The cranberry bouquets will make quite an impression and yet Marian says they are quite simple to make.

Place cranberries on tooth picks and insert into a bouquet made up of sprigs of parsley. Tie with a piece of thread and tuck between romaine leaves that surround the salad.

Clever Women Don't Grow Old!

[*Continued from page* 36]

things that would be impossible if I didn't speak French!

"In this way you can AVOID BOREDOM—which is certainly another highly important rule for youth. For a bored woman cannot possibly be a young woman, no matter how old she is in years!"

AND the glamorous stars of Hollywood prove Jeanette's words by constantly seeking new fields of endeavor in addition to their own highly demanding profession!

Carole Lombard is at this moment supervising the decoration of her new home, studying color-schemes and materials and measurements and prices.

Joan Crawford is working with her own "little theater," planning to embark upon a stage career eventually.

Mary Pickford's radio broadcasts are highly successful.

Others—Norma Shearer is a perfect example—made a "secondary" career of managing their homes and raising their children.

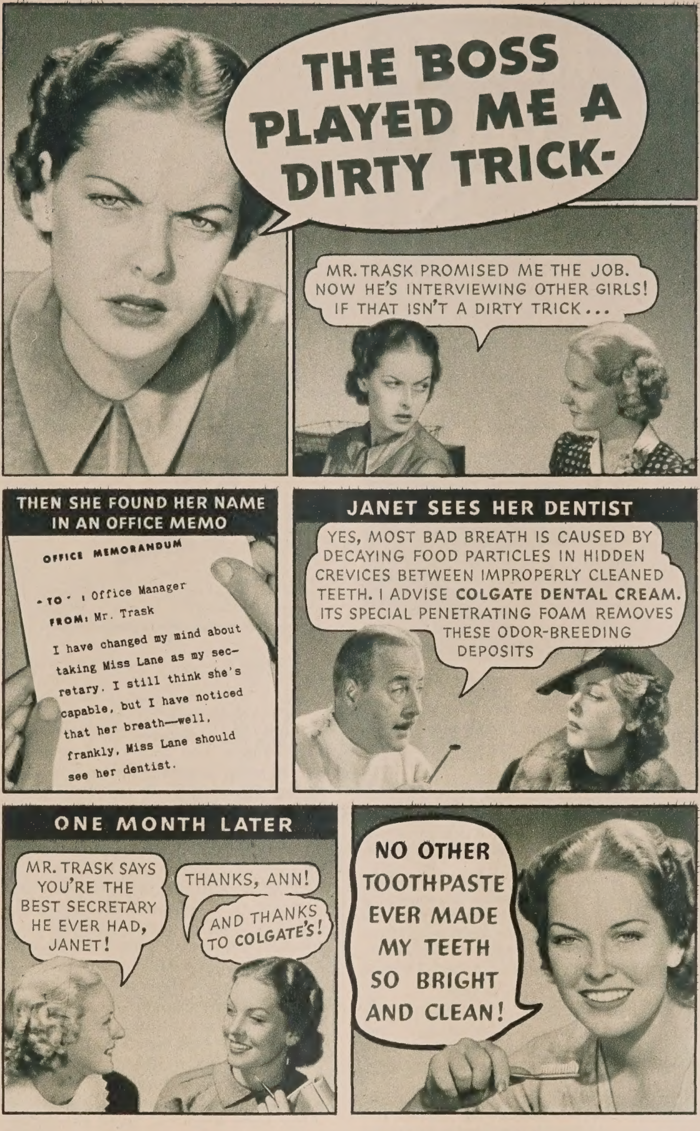
Jeanette told me, "I have used my own daily regime of living to illustrate what I mean, but the same ideas could be applied by any woman, whatever her occupation. The managing of a home can be a profession in itself. Housewives needn't feel that this scheme for youth is harder for them. In a way, it's easier.

"I know girls back East who are married and still keeping young—in spite of the demands of their homes, their growing children and husbands. I *don't mean women who have servants.* These girls do their own work, and still find time for their club and social activities.

"And they're staying young *because they're clever*—smart enough to schedule their lives, do the things they enjoy, and keep on being the girls their husbands fell in love with!

"That's why I say that clever women don't grow old—not in this modern world! Clever women are happy, busy women. And you don't grow old—*there isn't time!*—if you're working!"

Victor Moore and Lee Dixon take nothing seriously—not even their rôles in *Gold Diggers of 1937*. There's a cute story about Lee on Page 83


THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
OFFICE MEMORANDUM
TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr. Trask
I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success — with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

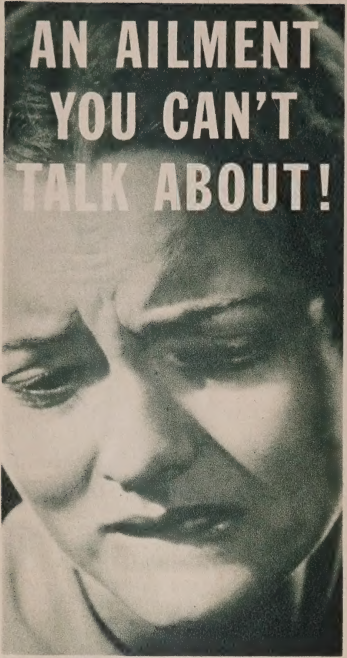
Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau



ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS?

Do you suffer from Piles? If so, you know what they can take out of you. They wear you down physically and mentally. They make you look drawn and haggard, no matter how you try to conceal the suffering. They handicap your every activity in life.

But the suffering, bad as it is, is not the only thing about Piles. They can turn into something very serious. This is always a possibility because of the delicacy of the trouble. Many people hesitate to seek medical treatment for Piles, when, as a matter of fact, no trouble is more in need of attention.

Three Effects in One

Today, you have medication for Piles that is of extraordinary merit. It consists of Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than merely "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **MAIL!**
Dept. 73-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose **10c** to help cover packing and mailing.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Spanky Writes to the Editor!

His new film was titled *Colonel Spanky*. But he demanded to know why he couldn't be a general. So they retitled the picture!

DEAR Editor:

When you came to our school room, you told me I was a pretty good penman. Now I want to see what you think about my writing.

I didn't know what penman meant when you said that. I asked our teacher, Mrs. Carter, and she said it meant my handwriting was good. She said that writing meant the way you put words together to make good reading.

A lot of kids write to me and ask the funniest questions about motion pictures. I think this is a good time to answer them by telling just what we do.

Before we ever start in a picture, we go to the wardrobe department for clothes. In *General Spanky*, the long picture we just finished, we had to be fitted in clothes that kids wore way back in 1860. The shoes aren't like our own. They were high-top, laced shoes. Boys in those days wore long pants, but they were tight. Girls wore hoop skirts that were awfully long. Their hats were bonnets. The people in the wardrobe are very nice and explained all this to us.

Then when the picture starts, our director gets all us kids together and tells us about the whole story. Then when the big lights and the camera are just about set for the first scene, he tells us what we are to say and do. We rehearse it once, then the camera takes it. Sometimes, the director, Gordon Douglas, takes it several times. As soon as he gets what he wants, he lets us go play or go study our school lessons until they're ready for another scene.

In *General Spanky*, we had a scene in the big cave where Alfalfa was supposed to say "General in Chief of the Royal Society for the Protection of Women and Children Regiment Club of the World and the Mississippi River, no!" and then sit down. But he couldn't get all the words in the right order the first time, so the director hollered "Cut!" That meant the camera should stop and let us start the scene over again.

Alfalfa got awful disgusted because he muffed his lines until Gordon told him that he couldn't say all that right himself. So when Alfalfa said them right the next time, Gordon was very proud of him and so were we.

When they were ready for the next scene, they called us. We had to have Mary Barnard, the wardrobe lady, look at us before we went back to the set to make sure our clothes were all right. Then we went back and did the next part of the scene.

It takes us about a week to make an "Our Gang" short, but it takes about six or seven weeks to make a long picture like *General Spanky*.

When we're through with the picture, then the film cutters put it all together and you can't tell when you see it that we stopped at all in between times.

AND in those places where it looks like we're going to be hurt, they take very good care of us to see that we won't. Why, when we were on our personal appearance tour, a boy asked me if it hurt much to die in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. Was I surprised!

Another place, a little girl said she bet I wasn't going to be there in person because she had seen me die in that picture so I couldn't be there. At first I laughed a lot, but then I guess kids that don't live in Hollywood don't understand how we do those things here.

I like being an actor now, but when I grow up I want to be a flying G-man. I think that would be the most thrilling job a person could have. I'm a pretty good shot with a gun. I have eighteen trophies at home now. (Editor's note: The trophies consist of plaster of Paris dolls Spanky has won at the amusement piers on the beaches)

I haven't been up in an airplane yet, but I sure want to. Mama and Daddy take my brother Tommy and me out to the airports real often to watch the planes. That's exciting. I've met lots of pilots, but none of them have ever been actors. They say that won't stand against me, though.

Mr. Roach, who owns the studio, told me I could have a real dressing room all for myself now that he had made me a star. But I said, nix we kids wanted a club house instead. And he's going to let us have it.

Well, Buckwheat, Porky, Baby Patsy, Darla and Alfalfa are waiting for me to go play with them, so I guess I'll close now.

Goodbye.

General Spanky

And here is Spanky in the schoolroom with Mrs. Carter, his teacher, and another *Our Gang*-ster

A PREY TO FEARS? When you're longing to join in the fun—does dread of possible embarrassment ever hold you back? It needn't! For Modess—a new kind of sanitary pad, made in a new and different way—puts an end to all those fears!

BE AS GAY AS THE REST! Depend upon it, there's no risk with Modess. It's Certain-Safe! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft! Just wear the *blue line* (on moisture-proof side) *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours!

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Genuine DIAMONDS
$1.00 DOWN
10 months to pay

America's "Largest Mail Order Credit Jewelers" offer these remarkable Christmas gift values.

10 Days Free Trial
10 Months to Pay

Send $1.00 deposit! State age, occupation, etc. (If possible give 1 or 2 business references.) Dealings strictly confidential. No C.O.D. to pay. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

ORDER NOW to avoid the big Xmas rush

Both for $29.75
Only $2.87 a mo.
4 Fiery Diamonds

LK-6 . . . Perfectly matched engagement and wedding ring ensemble of 14K Solid White or Yellow Gold. Engagement ring is set with a fiery, genuine blue-white diamond, and the wedding ring with 3 matched diamonds. Specify gold desired. Both for $2.87 a mo. May be purchased separately.

Only $27.50
LADIES' CLUSTER
7 Diamond Ring

LK-2 . . . Dazzling ladies' square prong cluster ring, expertly set with seven finely matched fiery, genuine diamonds. Gives the appearance of a $450.00 solitaire. 14K Solid Yellow Gold ring. Only $2.65 a month.

$2.87 a mo. $29.75
Latest 17 Jewel BULOVA

LK-3 . . . BULOVA'S "Goddess of Time"! Guaranteed 17 Jewel BULOVA movement. Tiny, square case in charm and color of natural gold. Silk cord bracelet. $2.87 a month.

$1.35 a mo. $14.50
A ROYAL SENSATION!

LK-4 . . . Ladies, baguette type wrist watch in streamlined permanent white case; fully guaranteed movement. Matched bracelet. Only $1.35 a mo.

17 Jewel Waltnam
Now only $24.75
Handsome genuine leather strap included free!

LK-8 . . . Guaranteed 17 Jewel WALTHAM "Diplomat" at a remarkably low price! Richly engraved white case, link bracelet to match and an extra, genuine leather strap. Usually $37.50 — now $24.75. $2.37 a month.

FREE!
New 1937 "Book of Gems"

32 pages of feature values in genuine blue-white diamonds, standard watches, exquisite jewelry, silverware, cameras, toilet sets, etc. Send for yours today!

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
Established 1895
Address: Dept. 39-P
170 BROADWAY N.Y.C.

The Man Shirley Temple Hated

[*Continued from page* 43]

believing I was either too young or too old for child parts. I was caught in a vicious web of circumstance, and couldn't get work on the screen.

"The casting director looked at me and said, 'We're making a series of pictures called *Frolics of Youth*, and we've got to have a kid that's mean.'

"I told him I could be mean. I told him I had reason to be mean. It would be second nature to strike out at anyone at that moment, I was so despondent. I just wanted a chance to show him how cussed mean I could be!"

Something about Kenneth's fanatical zeal and his rising voice that suggested temper, made the casting director stop telling the boy he wouldn't do for the villain part in *Frolics of Youth*.

"We've just hired a little girl who's to be featured in this series," he said. "Her name is . . . say," he called to an assistant, "what is the name of that kid we signed yesterday?"

"Temple," came back the answer after minutes of search through files, "Shirley Temple!"

"Yes, that's the one. Okay, Howell, you get the part. But remember, no contracts. It's straight week to week work. If you don't cut the buck—out you go. That goes for all the kids in our series."

HOWELL stopped speaking. He looked at his shoe. It wasn't much of a shoe because the scene he was to enact required him to wear a pair of brogans little better than a tramp's. "I was wearing a pair of shoes just like this that day," he said slowly.

"Did you eat that night?" we asked.

"No," said Kenneth. "I studied the script I was given by the casting director until I fell asleep. Even though I hadn't eaten in a day and a half, I wasn't hungry . . . too excited.

"I came to the studio ready for work at six in the morning. The call for me wasn't until nine o'clock, but I wasn't taking any chance of somebody getting there before me. At eight o'clock I was in the make-up department. At eight-thirty I was being fitted in wardrobe and at nine I was on the set.

"While I waited on the sound stage I noticed a little girl with long, blonde curls and a serious, thoughtful face, standing quietly with her mother at the sound stage door. There were a number of other children standing about, but this one seemed to attract my notice. I wondered who she could be. Probably some cute kid without ability. Hope I don't have to act opposite her, I thought!"

Howell laughed. "Know who that child was?

"Yes, you're right. She was Shirley Temple, and she was ready to make her screen début.

"Kleig lights burned brightly on the set. Prop men, grips, electricians, assistants of various sorts moved about in a constant whirl. Most of the children hired to take rôles in *Frolics of Youth* were nervous, and they showed it.

"When I looked for the little girl with the blonde curls and dimpled cheeks, I saw her standing quietly by her mother's side—composed, quiet, thoughtful.

"Director Charles La Mont began with a few words of advice. 'Be natural,' he told us, '*don't* try to act. Just be kids.'"

HOWELL'S "fears" were confirmed. Shirley was to play opposite him. She was to enact the part of the sweet sister of the fat boy hero, and Kenneth was the villain who was always getting into fights with the fat boy and consequently quarrelling with Shirley.

"Director La Mont spoke to Shirley—bruskly, quickly, as he would to a grown-up. She looked at him, all attention until he finished speaking. Then she skipped before the cameras, ready for action.

"The first scene was between Shirley and me. Shirley was to poke me with a fork after she had thrown black ink in my face.

"We were given our instructions and the scene began. Shirley took the fork in her hand, looked at me (still with that serious expression) and when La Mont said 'Go,' she started after me. I ran slowly, and finally Shirley got near enough to poke me with the fork. I was ready for any mistake the child might make.

Three clowns: Emmet Kelly, Bobby Breen and Otto Griebling. But Bobby is the little boy who made such a hit on Eddie Cantor's radio programs—and now he's filming *Rainbow On the River*

"Suddenly Shirley started to cry. La Mont asked her what the trouble was.

" 'He's too nice to stick with a fork,' she said between her tears. 'I can't do it.'

"La Mont explained to her that she really didn't have to hurt me. Then she did the scene with the eclat of a veteran. She didn't miss a cue, she never stumbled over a line of dialogue, and never backed away from the camera—which is a fault almost all new players make in an effort to keep their faces in the camera line.

"This was Shirley's first day on a movie set and her first day's work before a camera. I'm convinced that she was born with the histrionic talent that she possesses today to such a marked degree.

"She had too much polish, so to speak, for anybody to have inculcated that talent into her by means of study—it was just there and it came out when she stepped before the cameras, like a spring breaking through a rock.

WITH each passing day Shirley and Kenneth became firmer pals. "Mentally she was a girl of ten years," Kenneth continued. "Unlike the other children, you could talk to her and get sensible answers.

"I remember one day in particular when Shirley was to push me into a barrel of water. She came to me an hour before the scene was to be filmed and said:

" 'We'd better figure this thing out now. I wouldn't want you to go into that barrel head first; that's awful dangerous. But, if we're running and I push you, you've just got to go in head first.'

"So we sat down and figured the thing out, as a result I stood with my back to the barrel and let Shirley push me in.

"But all our well-laid plans didn't turn out so well, because when Shirley pushed me, she tried to hold me for a second to break the force of my fall. Before either of us knew what was happening, we *both* tumbled into the water!

"Shirley proved herself a trouper then and there. She came up, snorting and blowing, but without a trace of anger. It was all in a day's work. Director La Mont told us the scene was much better the way we had done it.

" 'Maybe we'd better not try to plan things in advance,' Shirley said to me that night as we were leaving the studio.

"Shirley Temple never forgets her lines. She has an uncanny sense of camera angles, never forcing a cameraman to shoot a poor sequence because she gets out of focus as do so many child actors."

It seems everybody knew how good little Miss Temple was but Educational Studios. They somehow forgot to have Shirley sign on the dotted line.

Shirley told Kenneth she was going to leave Educational and go to work for Fox Studios.

"The little girl sat perched on the edge of a chair, alternately looking at her hands and her toes. She told me she loved to act, and that she was determined to get what she wanted! Remember, Shirley was just four years old then—and she knew what she wanted."

"You're wanted on the set now, Mr. Howell," an assistant director said. Kenneth got to his feet and started to move toward little thirteen-year-old Jeanne Dante, another child star who is making her screen debut in Hollywood, just as Shirley did four years ago.

"I'm going to be in a picture with Shirley again, some day, because we both promised ourselves that the day we said 'goodby,'" Howell said as he walked before the Universal cameras.

GERDA EGLOFF, of Dallas, July winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent".

Each Month . . . .

the "Search for Talent" offers some girl a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash. At least one winner will be given a role in an important Walter Wanger Production at the United Artists Studios in Hollywood.

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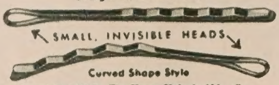

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What Movies Have Done to the Quints!

[*Continued from page* 31]

welfare for the Province of Ontario—the brilliant man who guides and guards the financial destinies of the Quints—presents yet another phase, another view-point of the Quints vs. the Movies.

"Aside from the money," I asked him, "are the movies helping the Quints?"

"Yes, definitely," he replied crisply, positively. "The making of motion pictures is probably the only career the Quints will have when they grow up. It is the logical career for them. There will be no need for them to face strange crowds in strange places to present their talents—to be active, to be creative. Here's a career ready for them. They can follow it in comparative privacy and yet with great satisfaction. It will be a source not only of interest, of stimulation, of challenge, but it will help to fill their lives—to give them a purpose in living.

"But more than that—their development as normal human beings demands a certain relationship with others, a certain adjustment to changing conditions and new faces. *The movies even now are helping on that score!"*

The adjustment of which Mr. Croll speaks goes on before my eyes!

The babies were shy, puzzled during the first days of production. They came hesitantly to Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson. Director Norman Taurog had to bring into play all his genius with children to win a smile, a friendly look.

But as the days went on they no longer ran to their nurses, to survey from the sanctuary of familiar arms the maneuvers of the motion picture company.

In twenty days of work the Quints have assumed almost new personalities. Their curiosity, their interest, their understanding and friendliness developed amazingly.

Picture-making became a new and delightful game—with friendly, charming strangers. The Quints scrambled around cameras, and lights; shook them, jabbered at each other incessantly—perhaps saying: "What is all this? Something new! We've never seen this sort of thing in our nursery or in our play-ground before. Let's find out the meaning of this!"

As I watch, Cecile notes the dog and bunny perched on Taurog's knees—and comes rushing over to inspect them. She cuddles close to him, climbs into his arms, and is content. A week ago, two weeks ago, she would have grabbed them and run away. Not afraid exactly—but certainly suspicious!

As we leave the hospital grounds, Yvonne stands at the window of the nursery—in her birthday clothes, by the way—and waves and throws kisses to crew and cast. In a few short hours she had learned to adjust herself to strangers—to new faces, and to new conditions.

PERHAPS nothing illustrates the change in these babies more aptly than the experience with the nursery sequence. In the picture you will see the children at bedtime, hiding from Hersholt, the screen Dr. Dafoe—teasing him, winking at him.

Director Taurog tried to get that scene when the company first arrived—but the babies were unresponsive, not quite at ease.

Toward the end of location time, the cameras moved into the nursery again. The Director sought to capture in celluloid an intimate, cunning, heart-warming scene between Hersholt and a Quint.

Perhaps Emilie sensed what was required of her; certain it is that when the cameras were aligned and the lights ready, she did an exquisite scene.

"Where's my nose, Emilie," Hersholt asked. She poked at his glasses.

"Oh, no, that's not my nose!" he chided gently. "This is my nose"—and he pointed—"and this is *your* nose!"

Emilie crowed her delight, put her fingers into his mouth for a kiss, threw her arms around his neck.

Not one of the babies at the beginning, living in her limited world, would have had the alertness to go through this bit of action.

Hollywood transplanted has been good for the Quints! For consolation or sympathy they come to the cameraman Dan Clark, or the scrip clerk, or Taurog, or Peterson or Hersholt as frequently as they do to their nurses.

WHEN Marie was naughty and snatched the tam Annette wore from her head and ran away, came to Taurog, looked at him quizzically, as if to ask—"What do you think of such behaviour?"

"Bring it back—give it back to Annette!" Nurse Noel directed. Marie's eyes travelled around the circle of faces surrounding her. Disapproving faces. Then she stuck out her lip walked slowly to Annette and jammed the tam down on her head.

"Babies, like grown people, learn what is right and what is wrong, from the behaviour of those about them," Taurog points out.

"The Quints are learning, quickly, amazingly, because suddenly there are new faces to watch—the approval of new people to be earned."

At long range, the movies are helping the Quints—not only financially, but to a life-long career!

But immediately, in the present, they are being helped, because the movies have introduced into their baby lives a new world—new things to poke and probe and discover!

Rochelle and Robert Kent spent their spare time fishing, while they were on location with the Dionne Quints

On Location With the Quints!

[*Continued from page* 30]

in which the babies were put has long ago been destroyed. So the fight might be much-to-do-about-nothing — since clothes-hampers are 79c in any good reliable store.

• •

Marie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette and Emilie are probably the only ladies of their weight and age, who have their own personal wardrobe designer. Jesse Herff, originator of the Quintuplet Fashions, arrives every three months to size up the babies and decide what their next season's wardrobe should be. Dr. Dafoe lends a hand in selecting fashions for them.

• •

Two white leghorns, who've been star-boarders at the Hospital since the Quints moved in there, almost disorganized the third day's shooting schedule when they invaded the set for a *good-morning* to the little girls. Yvonne went racing for one of them, caught it and hugged it tight. Both chicks were finally banished—much to the chagrin of chickens and children both.

• •

The cook and the kitchen maid on the staff of the Hospital donned Nurse's uniforms for picture-purposes. "Mr. Taurog," piped up the cook, early of an afternoon, "if you want to take a close-up of me, you'll have to hurry. I have to put the soup on for the babies' supper."

• •

Which brings up the matter of make-up. The three regular nurses, who appear in most of the shots with the Quints, suggested to Dr. Dafoe they would photograph better if they could have regular movie make-up applied. "You're not in the movies yet!" was the good Doctor's shattering reply.

• •

The Quints are proving a big help to Verne Simmins, of the crew. The little girls are at his heels quick as a flash whenever he starts to move light reflectors into position. They want to help too—and tug, and *tug*, and *tug!* Dr. Dafoe says it's good exercise for them!

• •

Robert Kent, who plays the young Doctor in *Reunion*, took a hand at hoeing potatoes in a big field near Callander. No serious casualties—but he's been moving around very cautiously.

• •

The keeper of the gate to the Hospital grounds has heard so many fantastic excuses for getting in to the spot where the Company is working with the Quints,

[*Continued on page* 66]

LOVELY

Miss Helen Bernard—New Permanent Wave by Walter & Sisters, fashionable New York Hairdresser.

"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS— *I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash,*" says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W.Va.

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On Location With the Quints!

[*Continued from page* 65]

that when Jean Hersholt identified himself for admission, the police-officer gave him a fishy stare—and the suggestion that he ought to think of a better one than that. "I've never seen you before. Now keep moving." Only when the crowds recognized the motion picture star and mobbed him for autographs, did the conscientious guardian check up on Jean's identity with those in authority. Then he sheepishly asked for an autograph too.

• •

Dr. Dafoe fills his arms with Quints when they're through with their picture stint. The rest tag along and pull at him to be carried too!

• •

With a million tourists to the Quints shrine so far recorded here this summer, it isn't at all unlikely that Doctor Dafoe is by now the most photographed man in the world—excluding important political figures. Cameras to the right of him, to the left, behind and before, the moment he is sighted. Whole battalions romp at his heels—and snap-snap go the camera shutters.

• •

The Quints are wild about nice, furry, woolly toys. So the enormous teddy-bear brought up here by the prop department quickly became a bone of contention. Marie would snatch it—then Yvonne—then Cecile—then they'd all scramble for it. Norman Taurog sent a quick wire to New York for four additional and identical teddy-bears. And now all is peace.

• •

Papa Dionne pulled a good one on Jean Hersholt. Last year when the screen Dr. Dafoe was here, the two were very friendly. But this year—what with big-business and all—Papa is somewhat independent. He spied Jean browsing in his refreshment stand, and thinking Jean came to call on him, sent out word by one of his assistants that he couldn't see him. As if anybody cared!

• •

The same prolific Papa was fit to be tied when the plump lady from Alabama informed him that the laborious inscription "To little Button-nose, with love Oliva Dionne" for which she had just paid the customary fee, was for her adored and only pooch. "And isn't he cute," she gurgled holding the Peke out for admiration. Papa didn't coo back!

• •

The Quints are held in high esteem in these parts, particularly by the business houses. Local records show that since the miracle birth, there isn't one family left on dole. Thanks to the Quints—and their far-reaching charm for tourists.

A toast to the Quints—to the weather! It's a small, semi-serious, semi-comic ritual each night as the thirty-one members of the *Reunion* company, gathered here to make the sequences in which the five little miracle girls figure, sit down to dinner. If the weather is good—the company works. And fortune smiling, the five will do their cute best.

• •

Only a skeleton crew works with the Quints—and the others watch from behind bushes and vantage points. Jack Mintz, the scenario writer, mystified the entire company with the small, green parcel he carried everywhere with him. The mystery was finally solved. The package contained a pair of powerful binoculars, so that even at a distance, not one move of the five would escape his watchful eye. It proved profitable in giving his ideas, which at night he transformed into whole sequences for the picture.

• •

Doris Drought, the script clerk, and Ollie Hughes, whose responsibility is the Quint's very impressive Hollywood wardrobe, have had a friendly feud on for days. Ollie's favorite is Marie, Doris' is Yvonne. They've argued the merits of their pets each evening. The nurses however, have been holding out on them. They've been mixing up the little sisters —so that confidentially, neither Doris nor Ollie, have been picking the right ones.

• •

Joe Behm, head of the property department, is a man the Quints go for. He's the guy who gives them nice, new toys out of his magic, and inexhaustible box each working day.

• •

"I can pick out Cecile every time," Don Flick, the sound man, rashly promised. Before he knew it Dan Clark, the cameraman, had made it a bet. They would both try to pick her out three times a day. Their percentage of error was about the same.

• •

The local prints made Frank Powolny the still cameraman with the company, a very popular social figure indeed. An item stated that he earned $250 a week—and was a bachelor. He hasn't had an idle moment since.

The Private Life of Henry Fonda—is something worth knowing about. Do you want to know, for one thing, about his society-girl marriage? Read the interesting story in January SCREEN BOOK.

Tarzan and His Mate!

[*Continued from page* 45]

his friends to try to get her there on time.

"We aren't going to keep on going like this, though," says Johnny. "This being at opposite ends of the earth most of the time is all right for now. But not for long. We are both working hard now, until we save enough. Then you watch us build our home together."

So while Lupe is hopping from South America to London, and back again, Tarzan is working harder at home than ever before. He likes being Tarzan, but also wants to do other characterizations. "Things like 'Hiawatha', and the type of picture Doug Fairbanks used to make. I don't want to be Tarzan forever," he declares.

When he has accomplished all he can on the screen, Tarzan and his mate will start traveling. They are planning with that end in view now. And from what one knows of this pair the future is rose-tinted, with the guarantee of never a dull moment.

Screen Book's own protegée and candidate for stardom, Marjorie Weaver, who certainly has been getting around. Her newest film is *The Tattler*

Myself—As I See Me!

[*Continued from page* 6]

playing one of my early plays, sent me a note . . . he said I was destined to go far in show business . . . nothing that has since happened surpasses the exaltation of receiving that message from the great showman . . .

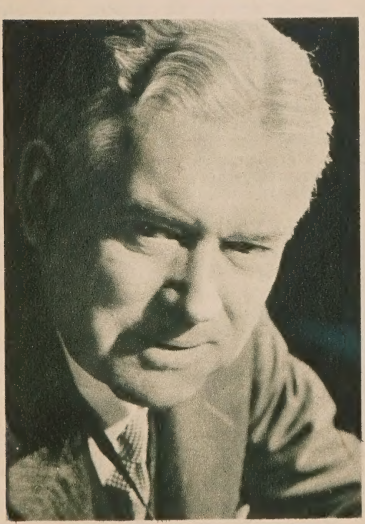
I like outdoor sports . . . swimming and tennis best . . . I enjoy bridge . . . and parlor games . . . one of my most exciting vacations was spent learning to ride the surfboard in Hawaii . . . there's a thrill about riding the waves at breakneck speed behind a boat that nothing else can quite equal . . .

Someday, I know it will be time for me to say goodbye to picture work . . . and when the time comes, I hope I can devote the rest of my life to the interests of young people . . .I find that old people who keep in touch with youth keep also their youthful viewpoints and enthusiasms . . .

A life that ripens into an old age that retains its zest for tomorrow, to me is a life well lived.

Did you like the Bob Taylor story on page 28? . . . and *I Kept This Under My Hat on page 32?*
They are frank stories never told before. That's what you'll always find in SCREEN BOOK.
There are some surprises for you in the January issue.
Ask for it at your newsstand

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



THE SELECTION of a laxative is no problem for your doctor. He has a definite set of standards to guide him in his choice. And he knows that a *good* laxative is one that measures up to *all* of these standards. Here they are:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax is a laxative that meets these various specifications . . . Ex-Lax checks on every point.

Be as wise as your doctor about the laxative you use. Don't punish your system with harsh cathartics. Give Ex-Lax a trial. Find out how mild, how effective, how comfortable Ex-Lax is. Discover for yourself the advantages that have made Ex-Lax the world's largest-selling laxative. Get the reasons *why* doctors use it themselves . . . *why* mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence for over 30 years.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's an ideal laxative for children as well as for adults. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F.G.126, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.
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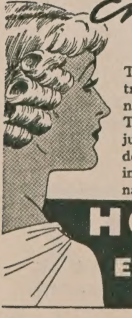

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HOPKINS
RAJAH BRAND
EGYPTIAN HENNA

Let's Go to the Movies

[*Continued from page 23*]

Willful daughter (Arline Judge) and her foster-mother (Gladys George) have a before-putting-out-lights chat

Valiant Is The Word For Carrie
★★½

THE book from which this picture is adapted is literally, without any attempt at dramatization, transposed to the screen . . . line for line, incident for incident. Gladys George, as the lady of easy morals and heart of gold, is turned from her life of shame by her love for two waifs, Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt and goes into the dry cleaning business in the city. She becomes wealthy, puts waif one (John Howard after he grows up) through college, guides waif two (Arline Judge) through a turbulent but apparently unrequited love for her adopted brother. John is accidentally instrumental in causing the death of a stranger in a subway crush . . . feels duty bound to dedicate his life to the dead man's unscrupulous sister (Isabel Jewell). His thoroughly idiotic-appearing conscience succeeds in plunging Arline into a loveless marriage with an animated vegetable (Grady Sutton) and his adopted mother, Miss George, into jail . . . because she, heroically, aids in a jailbreak intended to get Isabel Jewell's real lover out where he can marry her and so save John from her toils. Gladys George's performance is excellent and establishes her as a screen find. Grady Sutton, too, deserves a pat on the back for his cleverly played bit that brought down the house with laughter. Arline Judge and John Howard are adequate.—*Produced by Paramount.*

Jewel thief Cesar Romero falls into the clinches of Claire Trevor, who is out to stop jewel thefting. That's Lester Matthews on the right. They're all in *15 Maiden Lane*

Dimples
For Temple Fans
★★★

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S doing her stuff again, and doing it as catchily as ever. She plays a scene from *Little Eva* in this one, which is guaranteed to bring any house down. She taps, she sings, she wins her grandfather (Frank Morgan) from a life of crime, she captures the heart of a rich old lady (Helen Westley), she foils the villainess (Astrid Allwyn), she succeeds in reuniting the two lovers (Robert Kent and Delma Byron), and through it all she holds the audience engrossed by her baby charm which hasn't diminished an iota. Frank Morgan turns in a fine bit of characterization as the old gentleman who sometimes forgets the difference between his property and other people's. But, as usual, Shirley's millions of admirers will hand her the accolade for the finest performance. She deserves it.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Three comedians in *Polo Joe*: Skeets Gallagher, an obstreperous mule and Joe E. Brown

Thank You Jeeves
★★★

THIS is cockeyed comedy, in the best Wodehouse tradition. David Niven is cast as a romantic, but not too bright, English gentleman in search of the great love. Arthur Treacher is Jeeves, his butler-keeper. There is a beautiful woman with "papers" played by Virginia Field, who is apparently a fugitive from justice; and men on her trail, apparently detectives. When the supposed fugitive seeks refuge with the romance-hunting Englishman, she precipitates a series of events that include a dizzy chase in motor cars, and an exciting climax when it is discovered that the fugitive isn't a fugitive and the detectives aren't detectives and in fact, nothing is as it seems except Mr. Treacher's inimitable ability to provoke laughter, and the excellent support of the rest of the cast. And, as if all that weren't enough to roll 'em in the aisles, they had to go and add Stepin Fetchit. Not heavy filmfare, but funny in any man's language.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Ladies in Love
★★★

LADIES IN LOVE combines the talents of Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon in a meager story of continental flavor. The scene is Budapest, the characters three working girls whose love affairs are told in a series of thinly cemented episodes. Constance, the play-girl of the group, loses her heart to Paul Lukas, who in turn is lost to the blandishments of Simone Simon. Loretta Young, in love with a young count, Tyrone Power, Jr., also meets defeat in love at the hands of Countess Virginia Field. Janet Gaynor is the only one to get her man, Don Ameche, who plays admirably the rôle of an impoverished doctor. A recurrently amusing story is Janet's infatuation for Alan Mowbray, a pompously dramatic magician, for whom she acts as housekeeper. Mowbray's comedy performance highlights the picture. Divided to a nicety are the acting honors between Constance, Janet and Loretta. Each is given a chance to score in one scene, and each takes full advantage of the opportunity.—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

Polo Joe
★★

A NIFTY comedy which will make Joe E. Brown fans hysterical. Joe is a polo player who knows nothing about polo. He's a wealthy young man who sneezes at horses, but the lady of his heart (Carol Hughes) is mad about polo and madder about polo players. Can't you easily imagine un-horsey Joe bungling his way through the important game? Skeets Gallagher plays "straight man" as Joe's valet. Fay Holden, a new face to us, did an hysterically-giggling—in high C!—auntie rôle very effectively. It's the usual Joe E. Brown story, with our hero dishing up the laughs in his best manners.—*Produced by Warner Bros.*

15 Maiden Lane
★★

GET the rat poison! Such nasty people we never saw. Cesar Romero, wickeder-looking than ever is a jewel thief, aided and abetted by Douglas Fowley and Chick Chandler. These gentlemen have absolutely no regard for property rights, or for the rights of other people (jewel owners, particularly) to live. However, when Cesar, in order to escape arrest, slips a diamond into the bag of Claire Trevor in an elevator, he strikes a snag. How was he to know that she is the niece of Robert McWade, the insurance agency president who will have to make good the loss of that diamond if it is not recovered? Claire decides to play detective, and the picture takes off at a rapid pace to a thrilling climax. Mr. Romero, as usual, turns in a fine performance and succeeds in making the audience want to rend the villain!—*Produced by 20th Century-Fox.*

WANT A THRILL?

Read the complete fiction stories of coming films, before the movies are shown anywhere. Get ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, now on sale for only 10c. This magazine publishes the exclusive fiction stories of new films, each story illustrated with scenes from the production. Featured in the issue now on sale are: *Reunion*, the new picture starring the famous Dionne Quintuplets; *Portrait of a Rebel*, with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall; *Theodora Goes Wild*, starring Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas—and seven more stories starring Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and others.

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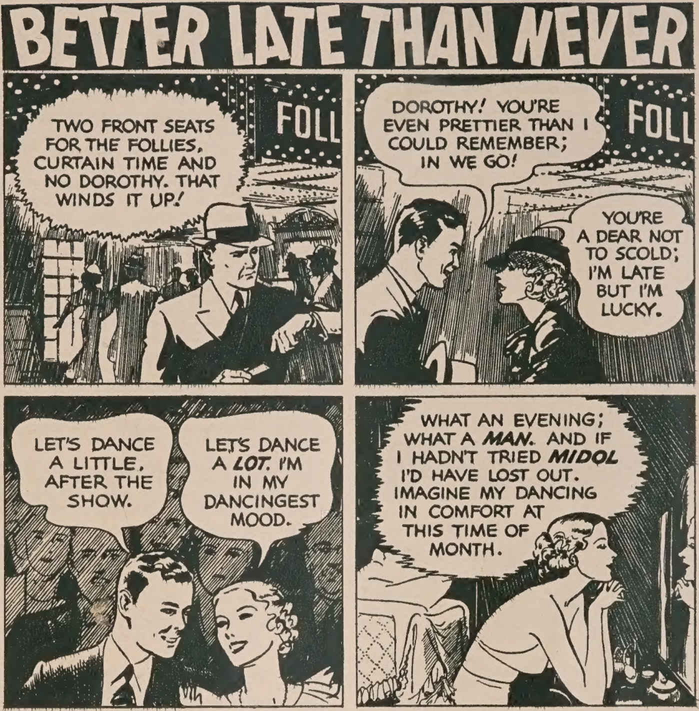
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER
TWO FRONT SEATS FOR THE FOLLIES, CURTAIN TIME AND NO DOROTHY. THAT WINDS IT UP!
FOLL
DOROTHY! YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN I COULD REMEMBER; IN WE GO!
YOU'RE A DEAR NOT TO SCOLD; I'M LATE BUT I'M LUCKY.
FOLL
LET'S DANCE A LITTLE, AFTER THE SHOW.
LET'S DANCE A *LOT.* I'M IN MY DANCINGEST MOOD.
WHAT AN EVENING; WHAT A *MAN.* AND IF I HADN'T TRIED *MIDOL* I'D HAVE LOST OUT. IMAGINE MY DANCING IN COMFORT AT THIS TIME OF MONTH.

THERE is no longer any excuse for giving-in to periodic pain! It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering. Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

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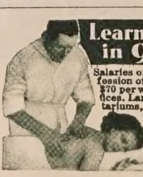

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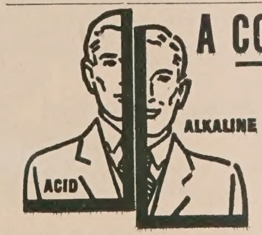

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TATTOO

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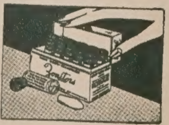

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New Films

★★★★

LIBELED LADY—Jean Harlow's rôle fits her like one of her dresses—and she almost steals this rich, rare and racy farce from Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy.—*M-G-M.*

★★★

WEDDING PRESENT—Goofy farce with delightfully lunatic cast. Joan Bennett and Cary Grant, newspaper reporters, spend their time concocting colossal practical jokes. Don't miss it!—*Paramount.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Just as funny as the rowdy hit stage play. Frank McHugh is the greeting-card poet who is lucky with horse race bets. Joan Blondell is the girl.—*Warner.*

THE LONGEST NIGHT—It's hilarious. It pokes fun at the whodunit theme. Robert Young, Florence Rice and Ted Healy head a swell cast.—*M-G-M.*

★★½

DANIEL BOONE—High-powered melodrama of frontier days. George O'Brien's an excellent Boone.—*Hirliman-Radio.*

GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE—Rollicking comedy. Eddie Lowe, newspaper editor, gives Gloria Stuart the "works" in tough assignments. She's the newspaper owner in disguise.—*Universal.*

★★

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Masculine comedy drama about rivalry between big-muscled steel workers: blustering, dim-witted Vic McLaglen and handsome William Hall. Binnie Barnes is la femme.—*Universal.*

THE BIG GAME—Same old football story but with exciting game scenes exploiting eight All-American football heroes, good comedians and pretty gals.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY—President Roosevelt himself suggested screening this unusual mystery story—or economic dissertation.—*Republic.*

ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN—Joel McCrea, cocky reporter of criminal cases, is framed by Jean Arthur—for a gag. Combination of whimsy and crime detection.—*Columbia.*

ALONG CAME LOVE—Amusing romance of struggling young baby specialist and salesgirl in department store basement: Charles Starrett, Irene Hervey. Irene Franklin as ex-burlesk mother steals acting honors.—*Paramount.*

★

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Another mystery solved—this time by Ricardo Cortez. Ho hum.—*Warner.*

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Sea Cap'n Guy Kibbee tells tall stories to baby Sybil Jason. When he stands trial for murder she repeats his tales, almost proves his undoing. Unreal.—*Warner.*

Previously Reviewed

★★★★

SWING TIME—You're crazy if you miss Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—and their ace comic aids, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—Rich in humanity and humor, loaded with appeal is this tender but two-fisted story of three boys: Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper. On your "must" list.—*M-G-M.*

ROMEO AND JULIET—Norma Shearer surpasses any performance given as Shakespeare's famous Juliet.—*M-G-M.*

★★★½

MY MAN GODFREY—The gayest, fluffiest film of the year. Bill Powell buttles for Park Avenue's maddest family of which Carole Lombard is the youngest and maddest, with Alice Brady, and Gail Patrick vieing for top honors.—*Universal.*

★★★

PICCADILLY JIM—Witty, fast-moving comedy starring irrepressible Bob Montgomery. Eric Blore and Frank Morgan, Billie Burke and Madge Evans add to the fun.—*M-G-M.*

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY—Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Lionel Barrymore in drama of President Jackson's times. Exquisite love scenes.—*M-G-M.*

OLD HUTCH—Wally Beery is the town lazy man who finally goes to work—much against his wishes! Cecelia Parker and Eric Linden provide youthful love.—*M-G-M.*

LADY BE CAREFUL—Screen version of bawdy stage play, *Sailor Beware*, has been scrubbed up plenty. Lew Ayres is "Stonewall" and Mary Carlisle his Nemesis. Good, clean comedy.—*Paramount.*

WALKING ON AIR—Gene Raymond needs a job. Ann Sothern hires him to wear a monocle and a French accent—and insult her father! Swell plot, sparkling dialogue. You'll howl with glee!—*RKO-Radio.*

STAR FOR A NIGHT—Chorus girl, chauffeur and clerk deceive blind mother into thinking they are successful and celebrated—because she is blind. Beautiful story with all ingredients of fine picture. Jane Darwell, Claire Trevor, Arline Judge.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LAST OF THE MOHICANS—Authentic adventure tale of Colonial American days, starring Randolph Scott.—*Reliance.*

GIRLS' DORMITORY—Beautifully told story of a young student, Simone Simon, and professor, Ruth Chatterton, who love Herbert Marshall—director of a Teutonic girl's school.—*20th Century-Fox.*

SING BABY SING—Stars Adolphe Menjou and Alice Faye, and has the best performances and snappiest music heard in a blue moon . . . and, what is rare in a musical, it has a *plot*—and what a plot!—*20th Century-Fox.*

GIVE ME YOUR HEART—Kay Francis and George Brent at their best in appealing drama based on a delicate, intimate theme.—*Warners.*

★★½

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—Vigorous and thoughtful drama about parole system. Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot lead.—*RKO-Radio.*

STAGE STRUCK—Joan Blondell larrups away with hilarious musicomedy. Dick Powell and Warren William larrup a bit, too.—*Warners.*

A SON COMES HOME—Mary Boland refuses to help her son escape punishment for crime. Excellent performances by Wally Ford, Julie Haydon and Donald Woods.—*Paramount.*

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Graceful and tuneful—it features Marion (Metropera) Talley and Michael Bartlett.—*Republic.*

YOURS FOR THE ASKING—Every character in this farce is a gambler or racketeer. George Raft is an honest crook. Honest!! Dolores Costello Barrymore furnishes the girl interest.—*Paramount.*

★★

THREE MARRIED MEN—Roscoe Karns and Mary Brian have romance difficulties—abetted by their in-laws. Frothy stuff.—*Paramount.*

(See page 22 for reviews of this month's best pictures)

HOLLYWOOD TIPS for HOME MAKERS

Earl Blackwell, popular young player shows a decided preference when it comes to polishing the shoes. It is an actor's stock in trade to keep in top shape as far as appearances go, and there's nothing like good old Shinola to keep the feet looking well. Note the high polish on Mr. Blackwell's shoes!

HERE are four valuable tips that come to us from Bigelow's Folio of Room Recipes: A wall to wall carpet makes your room seem larger. Wall to wall carpeting makes furniture arrangement much easier. Always select your colors in floor covering slightly more intense than you want them to be eventually, because daily exposure and soil will dull them. A well covered floor lessons the noise and confusion of heels clicking and of the moving of furniture.

•

Now that "flu" season is on, here is something you should know about keeping your rooms healthful . . . even temperature and humidity in your rooms are the best remedy for colds . . . Remember, if the air in your home is too dry, you have to burn more fuel to keep it warm. If it is too moist, you and your guests will suffer discomfort and are apt to catch cold as a result. For your protection, the Rochester Manufacturing Company have developed their Humiditherm that not only tells you the temperature and the humidity, but the little hand on the dial points to the most healthful room condition. Some company is always coming forth with new ideas to save the housewife trouble and expense . . . The latest developments along this line is the new electric iron made by the Proctor & Schwartz people. Imagine an iron with a cork handle; this means coolness as well as lightness. Then too, the handle is set at an angle that relieves wrist strain and arm fatigue. This is just one development to say nothing of their "dial of fabrics" heat control. The control will save many a scorch, because you may regulate the heat of the iron to the type of fabric you are ironing.

•

And now for something along the line of gifts. Did you ever see what the Kensington Company has to offer along the line of aluminum alloy table ware? Their new metal will not tarnish or finger print and at the same time, it is hard enough to stand normal wear and scuffing. . . You should really drop in at your local furnishings store and see what they have to offer in the line of coffee services, cigarette boxes, ash trays and a thousand and one other delightful pieces that make excellent gifts.

•

Adrienne Ames has a remarkable new roaster—one of the electric variety known as a Nesco Automatic Electric Roaster, "The Royal Line." Really, it is an electric oven, and in it you can cook whole dinners. Of heavy insulation, it confines heat to the food instead of allowing it to escape into the room. Of course, you can use one of these in any part of the house where there is an electric socket. Four sizes are available.

That problem of breaking ice up when someone in the crowd calls for a highball! Attractive Tala Birell has solved the problem with the lightning kitchen gadget. That pyrex ice bowl will fit nicely into the ice box and keep the chipped ice from melting!

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ideas using

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Savory Tuna Spread
1 tin BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA, shredded
¼ cup chopped pickled onions
1 tbsp French dressing 3 tbsp mayonnaise
Combine all ingredients and mix well Serve as an open faced sandwich spread

Ocean Wave Cocktail
1 tin BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA
1 tbsp lemon juice 3 tbsp chili sauce
1 tbsp onion juice
2 tbsp horseradish ½ tsp. salt
Make a sauce by combining liquids and salt Chill thoroughly Shred tuna, pile in chilled cocktail glasses, pour over sauce Serve very cold with cheese wafers.

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Storm Over Lee Tracy

[*Continued from page* 25]

slow recovery to keel. His sense were instantly alert.

"How's the weather?" he asked of Marsh Duffield who had just come down to be relieved.

"A good wind from the starboard quarter but we don't seem to be making much headway."

Lee heard the snap of sails and the protesting creaks and groans as the Adoree rolled heavily to port. He lurched from the cabin to wake the skipper.

"Do you feel it?" he asked hurriedly as the captain swung his legs to the floor. "What's the trouble?"

The skipper steadied himself as the Adoree heaved to starboard and stayed there. Then it rolled slowly back. "Must be a cross current from Molokai," the skipper pronounced with a puzzled expression. "These islands are full of funny currents."

Another figure swayed toward them down the companionway. Jeff Harris, an old friend of Lee's who had sailed his own yacht for years. "How long since you looked at the bilges, skipper?"

The captain stared at him, his leathery face suddenly pale. Then he spun around and ran for the galley, the other two after him. They tore up the hatch. There, before their astonished eyes, oily water lapped sluggishly just an inch below the flooring. The bilges were full.

"The pumps!" bellowed the skipper. "Man the pumps!"

AS LEE stumbled back along the companionway he realized that if the leak was big the pumps would be useless. He also realized, with sickening clarity, that it was impossible to send an S. O. S. The radio was dead, heaven bless it! They could flounder and nobody be the wiser. So his stumbling progress was made articulate with those choice expletives which woke the rest of the crew. Then all hands set frantically to work.

But here we are in the middle of the story. We must start at the beginning.

The race from the mainland to Honolulu is an annual event which has attracted the most zealous yachtsmen for the last thirty years. There is but one longer race—the one from New York to Norway. But that, for some reason, has never excited the interest of the Honolulu classic. Last July 4th, for example, more than thirty yachts were assembled in Santa Monica harbor to wait for the starter's gun. Lee Tracy and Buck Jones represented the movie colony. And it was Lee's Adorée which competitors regarded with alarm.

A sleek craft, the Adorée. Not one of those feminine racers—but a staunch sixty-five footer that would do well if the weather was rough. So all the way over Lee and his amateur sailors prayed for storms! But the capricious elements didn't show their teeth until the return voyage. Then, of course, it was useless but exciting. "It was the best part of the trip," as Lee expressed it. "You never knew which ear you'd land on next."

Now we come to the radio. The former owner of the Adorée was a San Francisco banker who was willing to close the deal with one exception—the radio. It was a special $2,000 job which he wanted to in-

Two young stars go to the movies to see themselves as others see them on the screen —in *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.* They are John Howard and Arline Judge

—Rhodes

No matter where you go these days—or nights—you see Bob Taylor with Barbara Stanwyck. And very often they're tagging along with Joan and Franchot Tone

stall in the larger yacht he was buying. Lee agreed. But when they tried to remove the radio they found it couldn't be done without taking the Adorée almost apart. So it was offered to Lee for $180. Lee grins at the recollection. "It was the most expensive bargain I ever made."

The darn thing got a fit of temperament a week before the race and even while a tug hauled the Adorée to the starting line two experts were working on it frantically—to no avail. The starter's gun boomed across the foggy water, and the experts leaped off as Lee and his crew hauled furiously on spinaker and mainsail. "I'm bettin' on Tracy to win," one of the radiomen remarked. "He swears like he knows his business."

The day was calm, the following days were calm. Some of the yachts tacked north to get a favorable wind, others tacked south. In a short while they were scattered all over the face of the ocean.

WHEN eight men are cooped up on a small boat for more than a month they get to know each other well. Only the skipper and cook were professional seamen, the others were Lee's friends who gladly went along for the ride. They were fourteen days to Honolulu, twenty-one days sailing back. And despite storms and canned chow nobody fed the fishes.

"I guess we were the only boat that made the trip," one member of the crew told me, "which didn't return with most of the fellas hating each other. We got along swell. Lee never gave up the feeling that it was his boat and I guess he pitched in more than anyone else. We were just a bunch of guys trying to win a race and have a good time."

That simple tribute is about the greatest a man could have.

The trip was uneventful until that night off Molokai. "There was always plenty to do. But we just seemed to eat and sleep and take our turn at watch. That's

[*Continued on page* 74]

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Storm Over Lee Tracy

[*Continued from page 73*]

what I liked, my watch at night. It gave me a chance to think. Sort of look at my life fore and aft."

At such a time a man can wax poetic, and then he discovers that it isn't poetry at all, but the way things are. Lee would sit at the wheel while the Adorée slept and listen to the whine of wind through the riggings, the murmur of canvas, and the ceaseless lapping of water against the hull. The billowing sails looked ghostly under a moonless sky, and all around him, as far as the eye could carry, was nothing but restless ocean and a starry sky. He was alone. He tried to think dispassionately of the mistakes he had made and to plan a more worthy future, but he couldn't for long. His troubles, his own importance seemed too insignificant. He was just a mite, one of two billion mites which fretted the earth. There were more stars in the heavens. And they were more grand.

At such a time a man doesn't make good resolutions; he absorbs them. So Lee, who entered the race for sport and health, found himself imbued with a priceless health of mind. It made small difference what you did or accomplished, it was only "how" that mattered.

BUT whatever his good resolutions were, they evidently didn't include profanity. That's a sailor's prerogative.

His friends, of course, wouldn't let him forget his white elephant. The usual meal would start like this: someone would wonder how they stood in the race. "But that's easy," another would pipe, glancing slyly at Lee, "just radio and find out." They kidded him unmercifully all the way over.

And then they crossed Lonely Nellie. Lonely Nellie is that line midway between Hawaii and the mainland which is the furthest from land it is possible to get on any ocean. The event, like crossing the equator, calls for a celebration. So they broke out extra bottles of Cocoa-cola and dashed each other with fresh water to wash off some of the brine that had caked their skin.

Here, it might be said, that there was no liquor aboard. Lee had sworn off a month before and to this day, despite the temptations of Honolulu, he hasn't smelled a cork. Lee swore off for five years. Just why five years is something he'll have to tell you.

Molokai was sighted on the thirteenth morning and they all turned in that night with the prayerful hope that they were first. But during the night, as already related, they were rudely awakened by ringing curses that shamed the sound of the elements. And for once, when the situation was made known, the radio wasn't considered a joke.

When Lee stumbled back to the pumps he realized that the leak, somehow, must be found and plugged. Grabbed a hurrican lantern, he yelled for someone to follow him and clambered up to deck. White caps were whipping up from the stern, and off to lee he could see the dim outline of Molokai. In that instant the wind shifted and the canvas complained with a fusilade of sound. Lee tied a rope around his waist and under his seat and, hurricane lantern in hand, had Harold Austin lower him over the side. Drenching wet, only to work when the Adorée rolled to the other side, Lee painfully made his way along the heaving hull. At last, he found the leak. The pipe from the galley, due to corrosion perhaps, has snapped where it emptied into the sea. Instead of a pipe leading upward, there was now a yawning hole through which the sea flooded at every dip. That hole was bigger than the one that emptied from the pumps. They had to work fast.

One man held a plank over the leak while others whittled furiously on a plug. At last they had one that would fit and the crew, gradually, flopped down for a little shut-eye while the pumps clanged a rhythmic song. Lee, in dry clothes now, settled down at the wheel to take his turn at watch.

THEY crossed the finish line off Diamond Head the next afternoon and as soon as they dropped anchor in Honolulu harbor they learned that they finished seventh. Disappointed? A little, of course. But the colorful throng that waved greetings from the dock dispeled their gloom, and they went ashore to receive a welcome that only Hawaii can give.

For weeks they lolled about Waikiki and dashed madly from one reception to the next. All that time, just to prove that everything wasn't huilali and okoulihow, Lee had friends of his in the navy working on the radio. And a private engineer labored at it continuously for the last thirty-six hours. But neither money nor the choicest language would elicit so much as a feeble dot or dash.

Leaving the plaintive notes of Aloha to die on the evening breeze, the Adorée sailed around Oahu and headed due north for eight hundred miles. They wanted to catch the trade wind that would bring them whistling down to the California coast. That, too, was the region of storms.

The Adorée was soon to learn what a capricious lover the winds can be. For three days she idly wallowed in a calm. And then, suddenly, the aspect changed.

"WE DIDN'T think anything of it at first," Lee explained. "You can always see a storm at sea. Sometimes you can see several of them in different parts of the ocean. We kept our course through the first and took it in stride. It was wonderful to see how the Adorée took it, and somehow it made us feel part of the boat, as if we were all one."

To understand the constant excitement of the next ten days it must be remembered that this was the region of swift, unreasonable squalls. Hoarse high seas tossed their combers over the decks. On many nights and days nobody slept at all.

There was one day when the barometer kept falling and during the night the wind rose. Lee was at the wheel. Turning, he saw a huge white bird soar across the glare of the stern light, pause for an instant in the trembling wedge reflecting rain, then veer off into the gale, screeching in the inpenetrable dark. All hands were working frantically to haul in sail, but the Lee crew parted in the blast, and the spinaker whipped down the wind like another white bird searching for its mate. While masts and yards strained and groaned, Lee kept the Adorée headed into the howling gale, sometimes looking at the black heavens as combers tossed the Adorée high, other times looking at the fearful cascade of water that broke on the forward deck.

They were happy next morning that canvas was down because, out of a sudden calm, a white squall struck. A white squall is one of those rare occurrences when the wind is so strong that it blows the ocean smooth. Not even a ripple can raise its head. But that ferocious blast of air whips water from the ocean so that up to a height of thirty feet the air is a hurtling mass of spindrift. Not even a necktie could live in such a blow.

They saw it coming. Lee and the skipper gripped the wheel and crouched below the stanchions as they headed the Adorée into that charging mass of water. The Adorée trembled like one in the paroxysm of death. Sea and sky were blotted out and the sound was like a train rushing through a tunnel. Then, in seconds that seemed like years, it was over.

WAS that their greatest thrill? Lee has to think for several minutes before he answers that one. "No," he finally grins, "I guess it was the time the radio worked."

Lee was having a cup of coffee with Shorty just before he took his morning watch. Shorty, their amateur operator, had been tinkering with the darn thing all the way over and back. As they sat there, trying to figure out how long it would take them to cover the seven hundred miles to Santa Monica, Lee told him to give the thing a whirl. They were close to shore now. Might be able to pick up some broadcast.

Shorty fooled with the dial. Then they heard a voice, faint at first but unmistakable: "Western Union calling Lee Tracy. Western Union calling Lee Tracy. Stand by."

In the silence that followed Lee and Shorty stared at each other like they'd heard the bugle of Gabriel.

Then the voice resumed a clear sharp speech. It was a message from his agents. RKO wanted him for the lead in *Criminal Lawyer*. Would he take it? The voice finished with those ominous words: "Please acknowledge."

When they recovered from the shock, Lee and Shorty manipulated feverishly to get a message back. Lee, to be honest, wanted work badly. He wanted them to know he'd be available. But as each frantic call failed to get an acknowledgement, Lee, liberally voicing those lusty expressions of which he was now master, kept raising his price. He was going to make up for the fortune he'd spent on the radio, or else. Finally, after hours of sweating, they got a message through. Sometime later, while the whole crew hovered anxiously about, they got another brief word from his agents: Price stiff but RKO finally agreed. Why didn't you answer before? Regards.

In the jubilation that followed they tried to send greetings to friends ashore. But the radio, its duty done, had lapsed into the profound silence. It never peeped again.

They made land three days later and eight grinning stalwarts came ashore excitedly discussing their next voyage to Tahiti. And now that they're back to the old groove it is said, on good authority, that Lee's speech is quite civilized. Perhaps that was one of his good resolutions after all.

And this is Joan Blondell and Dick Powell's wedding cake, which was cut on board their wedding boat, the S. S. Santa Paula. The skipper, Captain Nielsen, looks on approvingly. He did not perform the ceremony; that was done by Reverend Tweedle

WHO ELSE WANTS HUSKY NEW STRENGTH, CALM NERVES - RICH RED BLOOD AND THE EXTRA LBS. THAT MAKE YOU LOOK SO WELL!

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If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

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ALICE WHITE Film Star

A Fascinating New Contest!

[*Continued from page 8*]

brief as possible. And of course you need not send in a fancy or elaborately decorated entry. It's the idea that counts! Write your idea on anything that's handy.

Here are the rules:

1. Contest closes December 20th, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than midnight, December 20th, 1936.

2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or A Mervyn LeRoy Production.

3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark—you can outline your idea in words.

4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.

5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Publicity Director for Warner Bros.

6. Contest closes at midnight, December 20th, 1936.

7. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

8. Submit your entry (or entries) to Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Hollywood, Calif.

9. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same. No entries will be returned.

From now on it's all up to you. Here's hoping your entry wins a prize.

Now you're ready. So let's go! First of all, what sort of trademarks do other studios use? You'll want to steer clear of any so familiar as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lion, Old Leo, who roars at you from the screen at the start of everv Metro picture. That was Sam Goldwyn's idea (he now has his own studio, though) because the lion was the symbol of Columbia University, where he was a student.

You've often seen the cloud-hooded mountains used by Paramount Pictures. The man who conceived that was—you're right!—he was from the Rocky Mountain district.

The stuttering, sparking radio tower used by RKO-Radio Pictures is a striking and not-easily-forgotten trademark. Perfectly appropriate to the studio's name, too. This studio has another trademark—as you can see from the sketch under the title.

The emblem for 20th Century-Fox is as modern as the Twentieth Century—with skyscraper letters and up-pointed searchlights.

Columbia Studio uses the Statue of Liberty—which suggests the gem of the ocean.

Mervyn wants a trademark that is distinctive, indicates high quality—one that will be easily remembered and easily pictured. This is your chance! The prizes are worth working for.

You have until December 20 to get your entry in. Mail your ideas to Contest Editor, SCREEN BOOK, Hollywood, Calif.

Alice Brady feeds raisins to Charles Winninger, the erstwhile Cap'n Andy of *Showboat*. She says it'll give him an iron constitution. Binnie Barnes, Charlie and Alice are having a lot of fun out of their work in *Three Smart Girls*, out on the Universal lot

Letter Page

[*Continued from page* 10]

$5 Letter

John Bull's Strong Point

AMERICAN producers can and should take tips from the English producers when it comes to filming history. Despite the rich resources at command of our American producers they have yet to capture the authenticity, impressiveness and dramatic value for which English historical films are famous. What historical films have we to match those two superb portraits of royalty, *Henry VIII* and more recently *Nine Days A Queen*—both British made pictures.

Perhaps the fault lies in our own studios passing up American history for the history of other countries. Perhaps it is the tendency producers have of distorting, changing and even creating new episodes when filming history. In all other respects American producers are superior but when it comes to filming history they must take a back seat. May it not be for long.—*Floyd Miller, Box 367, Harmarville, Pa.*

$1 Letter

A Second Will Rogers

WHEN Will Rogers passed on we sighed, "There will never be a second Will Rogers" and we thought we spoke the truth, but the other night we saw *Stormy* featuring Noah Beery, Jr. We were struck by his likeness to and by his little mannerisms so like the immortal Will.

He has personality and naturalness, two qualities a successful actor should have. He is still very young but if that naturalness is not schooled out of him, I am sure the next generation will have the pleasure of seeing him portray many of the rôles that endeared Will to this generation.—*C. E. Merriam, 980 Gramercy Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.*

$1 Letter

The Fight Continues

DON'T let the producers pay any attention to the first prize letter in the October issue of SCREEN BOOK. We don't want realism! We see enough of the sordid, the ugly, the commonplace, in everyday life. Give us beauty and glamour and grace in the actors and actresses. Let them approach as nearly as possible to our ideals.

Nature herself is beautiful, and even she likes to fool herself. Have you ever seen a mirage on an arid, burning desert? The Divine principle that governs the universe always works toward perfection. Can we do less?

Did you ever see a pretty girl with glasses, without thinking "What a shame she has to wear them? Or a fat woman, that you didn't mentally exclaim, "Why doesn't she reduce?" Or a frumpy person, that you didn't cry aloud, "A beauty parlor in every block and she looks like that!"

So tell them to keep right on giving us glamour. When I see Garbo, or Dietrich, or Ginger Rogers floating in the perfect rhythm of her dance, I forget about my 160 pounds, my gray hair and my glasses. For a couple of hours, life is lovely and beautiful as it should be. More power to the beautiful ladies of the screen!—*Hazel Pickett, 226 Cheyenne Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.*

$1 Letter

Horses In Mid Stream

I AM a dyed-in-the-wool western picture fan. I never tire of the wide-open spaces, the gun fights, the thrilling hand-to-hand fist fight at the end of the picture between the hero and the villain.

But one thing puzzles me. Why does the hero change horses from one scene to another? I am very interested in horses, so I can't help noticing them in westerns. (To be truthful, that is the real reason I like westerns). In one scene there will be a gray horse, yet, in the next scene, the animal has miraculously turned a snowy white!

Ken Maynard's horse "Tarzan" is a palomino (a cream-colored horse with white mane and tail). In one scene in a western where this horse jumps a fence, he has changed into a white horse. How come? In a Tom Mix western I noticed that he changed horses often. In one scene he would use a young horse, in the next scene an older, more sedate, horse was used. Was this for the purpose of resting the horses? I wish some reader would enlighten me.—*Mary Goryup, 1737 So. First St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

$1 Letter

Conversation Piece

THE party is nothing if not dull. The guests are duller. Your host, you decide, has managed to gather together the most uncongenial and boring company on the face o' the wide, wide globe. Everyone talks shop or sulks, and no one cares in *the least* about anyone else's profession. Suddenly you can bear it no longer. You say abruptly to your neighbor: "Have you seen *Romeo and Juliet* (or *Swing Time* or *Suzy* as the case may be)?"

The atmosphere changes. Boredom and silence vanish. Gone are the sulks, gone are fret and pique, gone self-consciousness and the feeling of neglect! Electric quality fills the air. Tongues clack. Movies—that's the rub! That's what everyone knows about! There's where all opinions lie! For the rest of the evening one hears "Franchot this" and "Joan that" and "Bette who"—and great good humor envelopes all.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he hasn't a favorite whom he is willing to defend at sword's point? Of course not! That's what movies are—a common tie, a common bond of conversation, a lifesaver at the dullest gatherings. Hasn't this happened—time and again—to *you?*—*Timothy Tone, Care of Mrs. Holmes, Marshfield Hills, Mass.*

BLONDE DYNAMITE

Who is she? One of your favorite stars—and she's a terror, a spitfire. January *Screen Book* tells you about her amazing goings-on.

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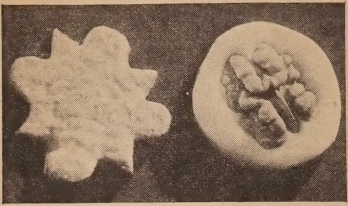

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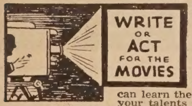

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I Kept This Under My Hat!

[*Continued from page* 33]

NORMAN FOSTER was an important leading man when he and Claudette Colbert were appearing together in *The Barker* and disappearing together after the show from the watchful and disapproving eye of Mama Chauchoin. It was first love with Claudette and even parental opposition to their romance did not dim her radiance.

One afternoon Claudette attended a charitable benefit held in a private dining room. She was stationed at the door, soliciting donations. Norman, the ever-faithful, sent her wistful glances from a far corner of the room. After a while of this, Claudette came to a decision. She reached into her purse, crammed a handful of paper money into the collection box and thrust it at me.

"Please take my place," she whispered furtively, and dashed off to the only arms that interested her. I remained to collect alms for the love of sweet charity.

Love happens to stars, just as it happens to stenographers. They suffer the same heartaches and thrill to the same words of endearment. I've given my handkerchief to dry the tears of many a famous name who had just quarreled publicly with her new romance. So used to parading emotions before an audience are they, that they show little reticence in discussing their personal problems.

GINGER ROGERS was never so concerned with a romance as she was with her career. She was making personal appearances a few years ago and had been run ragged all day being interviewed on the radio and meeting the many fans she corresponds with regularly. In the midst of her dinner one night she jumped up with a dismayed shriek.

"Renee, I'm late for my show! And the theatre is way out in Brooklyn and whatever will I do and you know what the traffic is . . ."

She stood there wringing her hands, while Carroll set to thinking. There would be too much delay arranging a motorcycle escort. Even if she were to tell a cab driver to disregard all traffic rules, she'd still be many precious minutes late.

I rushed to the telephone and ordered an ambulance. I told a nearby hospital that it was an emergency case and not a moment was to be lost. Ginger got the biggest kick out of the situation after that first amazed moment. She invited me to hop in with her but duty called and my job was checking hats.

A goodly crowd had collected by the time the ambulance had stopped in front of the restaurant. Waving cheerily, away Ginger went, a clamour of sirens clearing the traffic lanes. Ginger made the show, and I made myself a reputation for ingenuity.

I'VE had my moments that weren't quite so hilarious, though none-the-less full of excitement. Nancy Carroll checked a very beautiful mink wrap one evening. Nancy had been in quite often. We both had red hair and the same name. Maybe I became a little confused . . .

Anyway, I tried on the coat! I shouldn't have, of course. It's against all rules. But furs are my weakness, and there couldn't be any harm in admiring myself in the seclusion of the cloakroom while Nancy dined. You know how a girl can get to dreaming . . . when—whew!—a powerful scream petrified me.

Nancy was glaring with blazing eyes.

"Take off that coat! How dare you do such a thing! I'll have you fired for this!"

She snatched the coat from my back. I've never seen her to this day. Mr. Sardi looked at me in agony. The entire restaurant had taken in the scene. Surely everyone must think I had been caught rifling someone's pocket.

I wasn't fired, but my embarrassment was acute.

THE next afternoon Miriam Hopkins staggered in lugging a ten pound box of chocolates.

"I'm dieting, Renee," she said carelessly. "A boy friend sent this over. You take it."

It was Miriam's way of letting me know that we were still friends. She had been present the night before.

Miriam has a reputation for being "snippy." Of all the stars I have seen gain fame almost overnight, Miriam has changed the least. She has no diplomacy and a complete disregard for public opinion. So she doesn't bother to pretend to like you if she doesn't.

If you're the butcher, the baker, or the chambermaid, and she takes a fancy to you, you're her pal. She is without pose, and frequently makes a jest of her "funny face." I must candidly admit she isn't at all pretty. Yet men have always adored her.

Perhaps that's because she seems so indifferent to them when in their company! She is always more interested in the people around her, than her escort. A shiny nose or the wrong hat with her newest dress doesn't bother her in the least. And next to Dietrich, she is the most adoring mother to her adopted son.

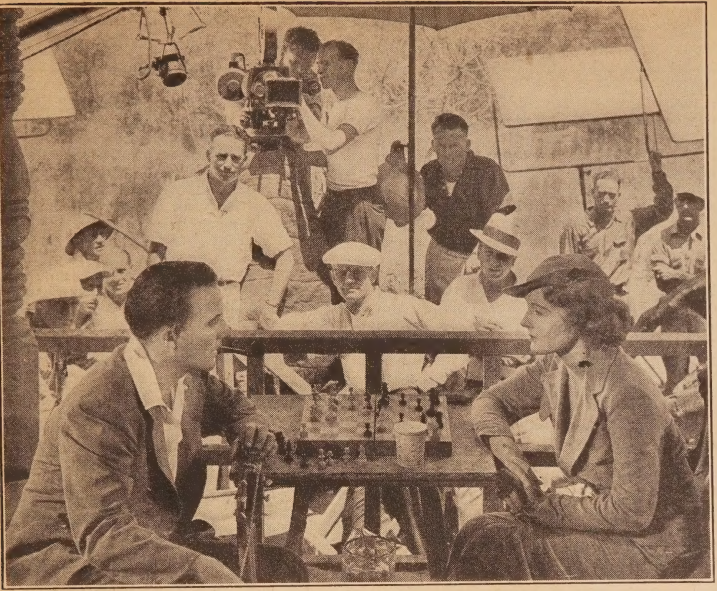
PAT O'BRIEN enjoys nothing so much as a few convivial souls about him while he relates an endless number of Pat and Mike stories in an inimitable brogue. It wasn't until Pat solemnly went "on the wagon," after a lengthy courtship, that Eloise Taylor became Mrs. O'Brien.

I lent him cab fare once when he lost track of the time while bending the elbow fraternally with a few cronies. He was late for an appointment with Eloise—and her apartment was in the vast regions of Brooklyn. I think *that* was the time he had to take the pledge or else. And I've never seen a happier couple since their marriage.

Mavourneen, Pat's little daughter, is his special pride. You'd never know from him that he is one of the highest salaried stars in pictures; that he has the most luxurious dressing-room on the Warner lot; and is the most popular star with studio employees.

CHESTER and Sue Morris are another couple who have changed little since they first started romancing over their favorite table. They still like to occupy the same booth and they're still romantically in love.

Chester likes to excuse himself from his sweet Sue, and phone her table from the telephone booth in the restaurant.



—Jones

What will appear on the screen as a quiet little duet of chess for Bing Crosby and Madge Evans is actually played in front of more than a score of cameramen, directors and technicians. The picture is *Pennies from Heaven*, the director is Norman McLeod

"It might interest you to know, Mrs. Morris," he'll inform her in a disguised voice, "that a certain unrecognized genius of the theatre world is madly in love with a certain beautiful blonde. Darling, I love you . . ."

Chester is full of such whimsy, and the most *married* man I know. No other woman exists for him.

NOT so long ago an interesting young man with thinning hair lunched daily with Judith Wood. The young man was an enthusiastic member of the newly organized Group Theatre. Judith was a struggling young actress. They never even looked up when a famous couple, just arrived from a European vacation, took the next table.

Young Doug Fairbanks and Joan Crawford had been absorbed in each other like the pair at the next table, only a few months before.

"Doug's too thin," she had confided then, asking for extra helpings of butter. Now they sat in polite silence. Joan looked anything but happy. She had enjoyed her first European trip, she replied to a query, but it was so nice to be back.

Doug was no longer too thin and his smile wasn't quite so boyish. On Joan's most recent visit in the East, which turned out to be a honeymoon, she lunched almost daily in Sardi's with her new husband. The interesting young man with the thinning hair.

FRANCHOT TONE asked for the same booth he had once shared with the blonde young actress and Joan never suspected that a few short years before, the young actor had been too absorbed in his companion to notice her glamourous presence.

There can be no doubt that Joan and Franchot are very happy. Joan has acquired a new dignity in keeping with her husband's innate reserve. There is no public hand holding, but when their eyes meet you sense that there is something real and lasting between them.

There are several stars I might name who are regular fussbudgets, and believe in a minimum tip at the same time. Joan is genuinely embarrassed if she notices that the waiters or the cooks are going to any particular trouble for her.

She'll thank me extravagantly for some trivial service. I've made it a rule never to accept tips from a woman. I removed a cinder from Jeanette MacDonald's eye one windy day and she tried so hard to press a tip on me. With the men . . . well . . . yoo-hoo, Bob, I'm still on the cuff. . . .

I CHECKED the same hat for Lee Tracy after a five year absence in Hollywood, during which he bought a yacht, a car, and a home. But no new chapeau. It was as familiar to me as Maurice Chevalier's straw hat. I've listened to Lionel Stander orate on politics, playwrights and producers, with brilliance, and then listened to him wonder where he could borrow carfare. He hasn't changed at all.

They tell me they don't wear hats in Hollywood. Maybe that's why some of the stars permit their heads to swell and have to get a new size hat band when they return to Sardi's. But when I give one of them a check to identify his hat, he catches on. I've never given a check to a familiar face and I've never made a mistake.

When I "check-up" on them, they know they've been chastened for going Hollywood.

If you like this story—just remember it's the kind of frank, behind-the-scenes tale you always find in SCREEN BOOK.

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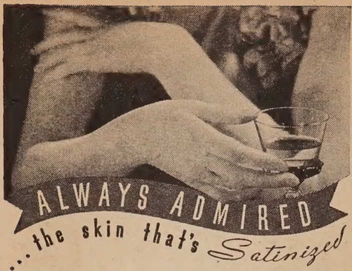

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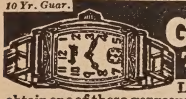

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Hollywood's Greatest Romance!

[*Continued from page 29*]

a nasty crack about that wedding—and believe me, in Hollywood, *that's* extraordinary. Why, even Sam Briskin, business-headed boss at RKO, to whom romance is usually a thing to sell in celluloid and not a thing to interfere with production schedules, simply turned those very schedules inside-out at his lot, just to give Ann Sothern a month's vacation for her honeymoon . . . ! !

They're off on that honeymoon, now, back east. I saw them soar into the skies on the beginning of it—by airplane from Hollywood. Let me tell you, those kids were so gloriously happy and so far away in their dreams that they didn't know whether they were in an airplane or a submarine—and didn't care, either.

AND now let me tell you the story of their romance, from its beginning. I'll probably surprise you, right at the beginning, by telling you they've been head-over-heels in love for *four years*! Even in Hollywood, where everybody knows everything about everybody else, a lot of people thought Ann and Roger were just another of those passing twosomes—dinner at the Brown Derby, a dance at the Troc and poof, who's next?

They didn't know that four years ago, in Chicago, Li'l Danny Cupid sat on the sidelines at an after-the-theater-party, and sent one of his notoriously effective arrows zipping through a couple of hearts at once, which is the neat trick he has.

It seems that in Chicago two shows were running, among others—*Of Thee I Sing*, and *There's Always Juliet*. Heart-faced, lush-lipped Ann Sothern was the lead in the former; tall, good-looking Roger Pryor was knocking the matinee gals dead in the other.

Now, this was a Saturday night. There'd been two shows that day—and Ann and Roger were both tired, and a bit grouchy that night. They went to the party out of deference to their host, but neither of them felt like it. They met there. Roger, to whom gals were something that clustered around for autographs and smiles, lifted an eyebrow when he saw Ann. She seemed different.

Ann, who'd been in love before and learned about men from them, thought Roger was nice-looking, but "kind of grouchy." Anyway, that's what she told a girl-friend that very night, after she'd met him. She didn't realize that he was just tired. However, "grouchy" as he may have seemed, she did fall for him enough to say yes when he asked if he couldn't drive around to her hotel next afternoon and take her for a Sunday ride and dinner.

Well, after the party, Ann went to her hotel, dead-exhausted. She left word at the desk that no matter who called, she didn't want to be disturbed until she rang the next day. She went to sleep—and slept so long that when Roger Pryor appeared to keep his Sunday date, she hadn't called the desk yet.

"Sorry, sir," was all he got out of the clerks, "but she left word that she couldn't be disturbed—under *any* circumstances."

Nine men out of ten would have said a short word or two, and stepped out of the picture. Roger was the tenth man. He planted himself in the lobby to wait her out. At long last, Ann awoke, refreshed. Finally when he could get through to her—by now it was late afternoon—Roger reminded her of their date.

Ann flushed to the roots of her hair. Tired she was, but never rude. This time, she'd been rude. That it happened unintentionally didn't matter. Ann was chagrined. Roger knew it. And he was a man of the world enough to know that when a man is in that spot with a gal, he has an advantage—if he knows how to play it.

Roger knew how. He didn't bawl Ann out. He didn't chide her. He smoothed over the embarrassment of her *faux pas* without even leaving her conscious that she had had to apologize. That makes women mad, usually—to apologize.

And so, Roger got what he wanted—a date with Ann. That led to many dates. They discovered that they shared between them one great love—music. Of course, lots of people love music, but for some reason or other, they don't talk much about it. It's considered sissy for a man to rave about music, too often; and gals feel, on the other hand, they have to talk man's talk to interest men.

Neither Ann nor Roger suffered from these ideas. Ann's mother is Annette Yde Lake, noted concert singer. Roger's dad is Arthur Pryor, one of America's greatest bandmasters. They'd both lived music all their lives—and when they discovered it, they talked and lived music together, through the hours of their dates.

And before either of them ever even thought about it, they were in love.

To many couples, that would have been entry into heaven. To Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, it seemed akin to tragedy. They'd been living a beautiful friendship, unobstacled. Love was different. For, automatically, it raised a barrier which was not there for friendship. You see, Roger Pryor was a married man.

True, he and his wife were separated—had been separated for some time. But there'd been no divorce. Ann, who'd been in love before, but never seriously, suddenly found herself in that horrid position—her first deep, real love was with a married man. I needn't dwell on the heart-aches that brought; many of you who read this may have had a similar experience; certainly all of you have had close contact with one.

ANN and Roger, being pretty darned swell, decent people, tried to fight. But when you start fighting that little hellster called Cupid, you're licked at the start. They knew that technically they had no right to be in love; they knew actually that they couldn't help it. Roger's wife was disinclined toward divorce. It looked gloomy for Ann.

So, when a Hollywood contract gleamed before her, and she went west, it was with a heavy heart that she bade Pryor good-bye. She thought maybe she'd never see him again—and maybe she'd get over it. She cried all the way out to the Coast.

And when she got there, she picked up a film news sheet and read that Roger Pryor had been signed by Universal, and was coming to the Coast at once! Li'l Danny Cupid was doing his stuff, despite the most conscientiously-laid plans and hopes of two youngsters named Ann and Roger. . . .

Naturally, on the Coast, Ann and Roger saw a great deal of each other.

But Ann, fighting, went out with other boys, too. There was Norman Krasna, the office boy who turned playwright; Cesar Romero, suave and grand fun—and enough to turn many a girl's head; an executive or two with perhaps not so much charm but certainly plenty of money. Roger, too, went out with other girls. But all this was just so much nonsense—they couldn't get away from the fact that they wanted to fulfill that destiny in the way lovers must—marriage. And yet, there was apparently little hope for that.

And then, suddenly, came the unlooked-for break. Suddenly, Mrs. Roger Pryor was in Reno, and on file in the Reno courts was her action for divorce. Nobody knows exactly why the step was taken after those long months, years. But if you want a certain guess, I'll tell you about Lillian, who's Ann's personal maid.

Lillian is a movie-fan. She's head-over-heels cuh-razy about her mistress. She's heartily in favor of Roger Pryor, too. Lillian went several times to see Columbia's recent film, *The Girl Friend*—which co-starred Ann and Roger. That picture was released not long before Mrs. Pryor began her divorce move. And here's Lillian's diagnosis—and you simply can't change her mind:

"It 'pears to me," says Lillian, "dat maybe Mistuh Pryor's wife done went an' see dat moom pitcha. An' if'n she did, an' if'n she seen in Mistuh Pryor's eyes an' Miss Sothern's eyes what dat film showed, why, it seems to me she jus' couldn't do nothin' else *but* go to Reno, if'n she was any kind of person a-tall!"

BE THAT as it may, there was the early summer day when one of Nevada's divorce-mill judges scrawled his signature across a decree—and Roger Pryor was a free man.

It was only hours between that and the moment he stepped off a United Airliner at Hollywood. He'd been back east, during those weeks. But at the notice of the divorce, he flew to the Coast to pop the question. He did it with a characteristic 1936 gesture—he stepped blithely off the plane and smack up against a welcome kiss from Ann, and then he said:

"Now, sweetheart—when are you gonna marry me?"

Ann's answer knocked the wind out of him.

"Not," she said, "for a long time, yet . . .!!!"

"Mrs. Pryor," he pointed out, "married that army captain two days after she divorced me."

"I know," said Ann, "but we're not playing that way. I know I love you; I know you love me. But Roger—you've been tied in marriage for so long, now, that I want you to be free for many months, to be able to make up your mind rationally, calmly, away from the sudden feeling of release that's on you now. I don't want you 'on the rebound;' I want you to know, for sure, that you want me."

It took bravery on Ann's part. She hungered beyond words for her man. She knew that he was attractive to women; that they besieged him. She knew that they would be apart for months, now—for she was on contract in Hollywood, while he was on an eastern tour with his orchestra. She faced all that, and she made him face it, despite his unrelenting arguments. She faced, too, the inevitable criticisms and gossip in Hollywood over the Pryor divorce; she had the strength to face it because she knew she and Roger had played fair, and that no one could say otherwise.

"Thank God," Roger has since said to friends, "that the former Mrs. Pryor and I were separated before this came. Never can they say: 'Look what Hollywood did to another perfect marriage.'"

Li'l Dan Cupid must have gotten impatient at Ann's conscience, or caution, or whatever it was. He went to work. He pulled some strings—and suddenly, Ann and Roger found that they were both signed up to do a broadcast from Hollywood on the same night over a national hook-up. And they were to play the lover rôles in *There's Always Juliet*.

Roger had to fly from Denver to make the Hollywood radio studio appearance. He arrived in time to have dinner with Ann—the plane landed at 4:30 and off they went.

That dinner—well, I'll bet that neither Ann nor Roger can tell you what they ate. But they'll never forget the dinner! Paradox?—not exactly, for you see, it was right at the beginning of it that Ann broke down at last, as Roger's million-and-one-th asking of "When'll you marry me, darling?"

"Right away," she said.

They went through their broadcast that night. Maybe you heard it! Maybe you commented that Ann and Roger were putting a grand lot of conviction and force and just plain "oomph" into their love-scene. They sure were; they *meant* it.

The next day, they got their marriage license. Ann was so excited that she forgot where her father was born. Incidentally, Ann is twenty-seven, Roger is thirty-three.

They chafed at California's three-day marriage law—three days must elapse between filing notice of intention to wed, and the ceremony. They got their license on a Wednesday. That meant that Thursday, Friday and Saturday would have to pass. Sunday was a holiday, and they'd have to wait until Monday to get their license. By that time, to fill engagements, Roger had to be in the air, headed back east. What to do?

Officials are sometimes kind. In the marriage license bureau, they have to be both kind and wise. So they fixed it like this: They gave Ann and Roger a license to marry—but only in exchange for their affidavit that they would not use it until Sunday. That way, the lovers saved a day.

They found Hollywood's Reverend Dr. Lash anxious to help. He told them that of course, he'd be waiting for them at the altar of his church, at one minute past twelve, Sunday morning. That's what they did. And the next day, they climbed into a plane and flew off to Chicago, on their honeymoon.

Ann's boy friends were at the wedding—the boys she'd been going out with in Hollywood. Roger insisted they be invited. Ann carried a bouquet, too. Roger kidded her about it at first. "But it's the first time I've ever been married," she nearly wept, "and I want a church wedding and a bouquet!"

Joan Bennett, Ann's closest friend, jumped all over Roger. "Let her have her bouquet, you big bully," she stormed, in mock rage; "you'd better make this wedding as lovely as you can—because it's going to be the last one in both of your lives!"

So Ann had her bouquet, and her veil, and it was a church wedding. And now she's the happiest Mrs. in the world. She ought to be. Four years of that sort of waiting is worth its reward in happiness.

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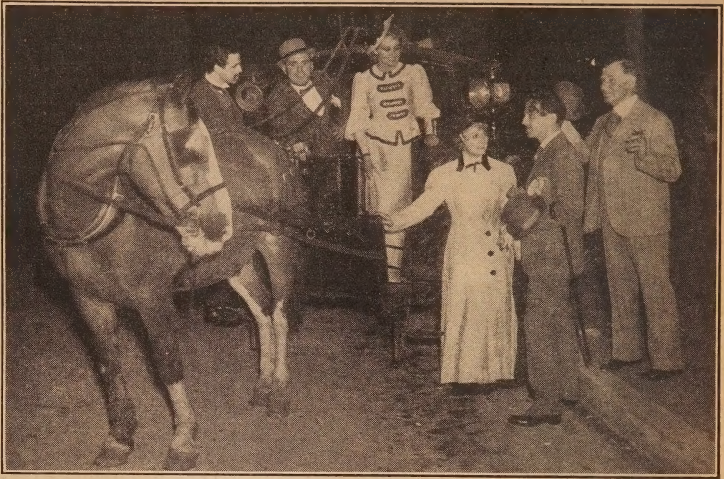
Our Hollywood Frivolities

[*Continued from page* 21]



—*Charles Rhodes*

The horse took one look—and laughed a loud horse laugh!—at John Bryan, Pat O'Brien, Paula Stone, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Dennis Moore and Fred Stone in their new party clothes

"Special Bus"—but the rider hadn't seen the sign on the front. Frantically, the b.p. tapped on the door, looked anxiously at his watch, and waved his arms in the general direction of downtown Los Angeles.

Pinky's birthday party went into a huddle. "Let him in!" they chorused. The door slid open and their unexpected guest clambered aboard. Reaching into his pocket, he produced a dime. "Free ride," came the cry of thirty voices.

"Free . . . er . . . *huh??* the man backed up and sat down, a dazed expression on his face. And the fun began. Wandering off the beaten path, the bus turned down all the side streets. The occupants passed candy and Coca-Cola to the more bewildered passenger. He grinned a silly grin—sort of as if to say, "Oh, yes—this IS fun . . ." but he still didn't know what went on. To top it, the gang invited him to join the party at the theatre. Gus accepted! "Gus on a bus." Some fun!

●

INNOCENT bystanders were looking around for a Mandrake, the Magician, on the *Winterset* stage at RKO the other day.

After going through their scene in a synthetic downpour, Margo and Burgess Meredith, drenched to the skin, dashed to their respective dressing rooms and, in less than five minutes, returned to the set, bone dry and wearing the identical clothes that had been soaked through a moment before!

They repeated the stunt half a dozen times and then Meredith explained to the pop-eyed press that the secret was three duplicating sets of costume and two industrious wardrobe ladies who dried and pressed the wet garments as fast as they were discarded.

ON THE same set, an extra girl standing on the sidelines, turned to the girl who stood next to her and, indicating Meredith, sighed: "Gee, he's swell! I could care for that guy!"

The other girl smiled and nodded. And, when lunch was called, she walked off the set on the arm of Mr. Meredith!

Back on the set again, the first extra took her aside and said: "Look . . . this

"Burgess Meredith and Margo must be quick-change artists and wardrobe magicians," thought those who watched them make in-the-rain scenes

is Hollywood and all that, but you gotta be careful about fooling around with married men. His wife could shoot you and get away with it in this country."

"She could," the other agreed, "but it would be suicide. You see, I'm his wife."

And she wasn't fooling, either. Because Meredith's most active superstition is that his wife must appear, at least once, in any of his productions, either stage or screen, to insure the success of his performance.

●

AND, before we get off *Winterset*, we think you ought to know that Margo is the recipient of a barrage of bouquets from Francis Lederer, who seems to have changed his mind again. In fact, Francis' floral offerings are a daily event and, to date, he hasn't missed a day in three weeks. Which makes it practically permanent. As Hollywood goes, at least.

●

ON LOCATION with the *God's Country and the Woman* company, Beverly Roberts adopted a faun that had been coaxed out of the tall timber by her leading man, George Brent. By the time the company was ready to leave for home, "Fannie" (short for "faunie") had become so affectionately docile that Beverly couldn't bear to leave it behind, and bundled the gangly animal into her car with the idea of taking it along as sort of a house pet.

But the Game Warden, who hadn't missed a trick since the company pulled into his private Elysia, had other plans for the beastie.

"No, *ma'am!*" he said firmly. "That there animal is state property an' she stays right here!"

"But," Beverly pouted prettily, "couldn't I adopt it? I'd give it a nice home and good food. . . ."

"Look, ma'am," the fellow said, "I was put here to see that you movie folks didn't get away with any fish outa the lake. Fish, now, is pretty small stuff. An' where'd I be if I let you walk off with a 200-pound animal? No, MA'AM!"

And, as far as we know, "Fannie" is still tearing through the underbrush, nibbling at the shrubbery and remembering the time she almost got adopted.

●

IT IS no fable that the picture industry is really in earnest about promoting new talent for the screen.

Republic Studios, the most up-and-coming independent enterprise in the business, has developed a search-for-talent department, devoted to the discovery and development of youthful ability that has until now, been wasted on the desert air (?)

Ned Dodson, Republic's talent scout, has organized a drama school on the lot in which any youngster displaying a certain amount of talent is given the benefit of studying under some of the biggest directors in the industry.

Incidentally, out of the first class, Grace Durkin was given a nice contract with Republic.

LEE DIXON, whose hot hoofing with Rudy Vallée's orchestra led to a break in pictures has been trying futilely to meet June Travis ever since he landed in town. It's one of those "the-first-time-I-looked-at-you-one-two-three-kick!" things, with poor Lee wandering around hopefully searching for a mutual friend who'll be big enough to introduce them.

After a bit of plain and fancy sleuthing, young Dixon did discover the apartment house where June lives, moved into it, bag and baggage, and now walks down three flights of stairs to take the elevator on June's floor in the hope of running into her, accidental like, one of these lucky days!

It's too bad for Lee, however, because, at the moment, Craig Reynolds has the inside track in the current race for the Travis Affections. When the Warners' younger crowd, who have organized a riding club, go for their regular Friday night canter, Craig's horse just naturally hooves alongside June's mount, without even being told. Just a creature of habit.

This Friday night "horsing around" is quite the thing, at the moment. It started out in a small way, with only half a dozen of the Warner folks—June Travis, Ann Sheridan, Louise Stanley, Craig Reynolds, Wayne Morris and Russ Saunders, in attendance. But now, the group has attained such proportions that Vic MacLaglen's Light Horse Troop is beginning to look silly.

After a brisk trot along the bridle path, the kids wind up at somebody's house for eats, with the new recruits standing up to it! And, so far, they declare it beats dancing, roller skating or the fights all hollow.

●

WAYNE MORRIS, a new comer recruited from the Pasadena Community Playhouse, has been thoroughly initiated by the younger crowd and survived the ordeal beautifully.

For a gag, Ross Alexander brought his colored helps' two pickaninnies on the set where Wayne was giving his all before the cameras. After the shot was finished, the two cute youngsters went up to Wayne, hand in hand, and piped: "Hello, papa!" But Wayne was equal to the situation. Pointing to Anne Nagel, Alexander's bride of a few weeks, who was in on the joke, he said: "Run along and tell mama I'll be late for dinner tonight!"

●

JACK DUNN, the young, handsome and internationally known ice-skater, who rates a top spot in Universal's big production *Hippodrome*, has a snow white, super-charged Auburn that is about as inconspicuous as Hitler at a kosher picnic.

For a while, Ketti Gallian shared the front seat with him. Then, Jean Rogers, Janice Jarrett and, finally, Mary Alice Rice, who, to date, has held it down longer than any of them.

Of course, it's problematical, but we've figured that a blonde sets off a white Auburn more effectively than a brunette. And it might have occurred to Jack that it's cheaper to change girls than invest in a new paint job?

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Bob Taylor's Battle for Self-Respect!

[*Continued from page* 28]

second prize, on his arm, to present her to Bob. The introduction was made, Bob reached out to shake her hand. The girl fainted. He grabbed her to keep her from falling. The rangers were quickly suspicious. "Here, we'll take care of her. She's only trying to attract attention." But Bob knew differently. "Wait a minute, she's really ill. Get back, everybody. Give her air." With the rangers making way for him, Bob carried her to a bench, set her down gently, shook her, patted her wrists, tried to revive circulation. At the same time out of the corner of his eye he could see the photographers closing in. In a flash he could see the headlines, the newsreels, "GIRL MEETS BOB TAYLOR, FAINTS!" The whole thing ridiculous, sob-sister stuff, smacking of ballyhoo.

"You keep the cameras off, I'll take care of the girl," Bob begged the rangers. But behind the appeal there was also the undeniable earnestness which also made it a demand. At that instant the girl came to, took another look at Bob, fainted again. The heat, the excitement, the fact that she had come so close to winning the crown, and losing . . . and Bob Taylor: the total was too much. Whereupon Bob saw that she really needed a doctor, allowed the rangers to take her away, and he faced the photographers. Several shot the scoop picture. It was to them that he turned his attention. What he said was brief but definite. The plates were destroyed.

IT WAS the next day that the second thing happened. It was raining. Bob was scheduled to make another appearance, but because of the rain it was called off. Centennial officials were anxious to plan something else for him instead, to fill in the time until the evening appearance, but "Thank you, gentlemen, but I've already planned my day. I have something I've wanted to do for a long time. A little sight-seeing on my own . . ." he added in answer to their puzzled stares.

For a half hour the photographers stood ready and waiting at the entrance to the hotel. Where Bob would go, so would they go too, to do honor to their fair city. "BOB TAYLOR SEES DALLAS" . . . it would make a nice full-page layout of pictures.

Inside Bob waited too. He had no intention of being escorted by cameras on this particular trip. This was a little mission of his own. A visit he had long looked forward to—a visit to the children's ward at the Orthopedic Hospital. And there was to be no publicity about it whatsoever. Sure, it would be a nice tie-up with all his doctor rôles and all that—as one of the Metro publicity men who was there with Bob pointed out. No publicity, or he wouldn't go. He had made all the arrangements that were necessary. He had called the head nurse. She would arrange for him to go through.

It made publicity tongues water, but in the end Bob had his way. They slipped him out the back way, stopped at a wholesale confectioners to pick up two hundred boxes of candy, and Bob made his visit to the children's ward. His father had been a doctor. Bob had wanted to be one. He wanted the smell of a hospital again. He wanted to say hello to those kids.

A whole ward of them, strung up on wires. Grinning, twisted, tortured faces. Bob smiled at every one. Shook the hands of those who could shake hands. Presented each box of candy personally. Gave autographs. To him it was the most important thing about that whole triumphant Dallas trip. Thirty-six thousand people gave him applause; he gave candy and a brief moment of joy to two hundred kids. And, at the time, not a word of it reached the world.

"Getting fussy about publicity," say some of the scribes. But "getting fussy about remaining a real person" say those who know.

RECENTLY again, Bob put his foot down when it came to "talking about Garbo." Since interviews with Garbo can't be obtained, it has been the custom during recent Garbo pictures for her leading men to tell what *they* observed about Garbo. When this proposition was put up to Bob, a few days after the picture had gone into production, he kindly declined the honor.

"How can I say anything about her? I don't really know her. So far we've had a few scenes together, yes, but wouldn't it sound silly for me to pretend I know her . . . that we're bosom friends? She doesn't reveal herself to me any more than she does to anyone else on the set. It's all very business like. I doubt if I know her very well even by the time the picture is finished." That from Bob Taylor when most any other actor in the world would jump at the chance of hitching his publicity wagon to the Swedish star.

All this warring for individuality—this fighting off the Hollywood mould—naturally has its dangers. There is, as a prime example, the risk he runs of starting that old time-worn Hollywood rumor, "Fame has turned his head . . . he's going high-hat . . . getting uppish in the world."

As a matter of fact there are those who already say that Bob has begun to put on the airs . . . that he no longer mingles with the masses. You used to see him around at the night clubs. In restaurants, theatres. Where is he now? Hiding out. Not deigning to be seen by the crowds. Refusing invitations to appear at benefits. Seeking seclusion, like Garbo.

True, Bob does not frequent the Hollywood spots as much as he used to. But what the accusers don't realize is that neither, in the past did he make pictures like he does now. Just look at his schedule for the past few months: *Small Town Girl, Private Number, The Gorgeous Hussy, His Brother's Wife,* and *Camille*—with never more than a few days in between, and those days spent in testing and costume fitting. Even the week he spent in New York last spring was more play than work, what with interviews, personal appearances, and autograph signing. For almost two years, not one little vacation.

Then, in addition to the terrific claim that the work itself makes on him, there are the thousand and one other little things that scream at him for attention. An average of fifty writers a week beg for interviews. Nor are they satisfied with a few brief words. Recently a New York newspaper sent a man specially to Hollywood to get Bob's life story for a

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall attend the tennis matches together. With them in their box are Elizabeth Allan and Brian Aherne. Herb rides an electrical horse for exercise. It recently went berserk and broke a lot of expensive china. It's the same piece of machinery that got out of control and threw Herb on his head once before

serial, in thirty installments. Then there are the photographers who want him to pose, the artists who want to paint him, the advertisers who want to get his testimonials. To say nothing of the important visitors who want to meet him, and who must be met, to keep diplomatic peace in the movie world. Naturally Bob can't fill all these requests, but he does force himself to find time for most of them.

QUITE apart from all this Bob can't get around as he did once for still another reason; the actual threat that getting out in the world is to his physical being. Bob used to haunt the shooting galleries at the Venice Amusement Park. The fans love that. That was democratic, foolish, gay. But Bob doesn't go there anymore. It is not, as you expect, that Bob's taste has outgrown such simple pleasures. It is, rather, that his fame has grown too much for him to handle.

Not so many months ago when he and Barbara Stanwyck stepped up at a Venice shooting concession to take a few shots at a couple of cardboard rabbits, they were recognized, mobbed, and pushed into a corner and held there for two hours till four policemen could rescue them. Such frenzy is hard to imagine unless you have been in one of those mobs yourself. It all starts jovially. Excitedly, a few fans gather around for autographs. Then more come running, pushing, struggling to get to the fore. The stars keep backing away, trying to get out gracefully, smiling, begging "another time, another time!" Those close to them are willing to take their autographs and "git" but already they, too, are hemmed in. The air grows close, no longer can arms move freely. They are held powerless in one spot, tied by a human rope. On that particular occasion Bob had to yell to the concessioner to get someone, to send for someone to help them out. It took four policemen.

The amazing thing is that Bob goes through it all smiling. Studio officials who have been with him on such occasions, have marveled at his ability to handle himself in a crowd. His nerves never snap, he never grows panicky or angry. And it is also this calmness and affability which keeps the crowd from turning angry and sullen, as crowds have been known to turn, even on their favorites, when those favorites beg leave not to sign autographs or shake hands or give souvenirs. Studio officials marvel because this poise is something that is seldom found in even seasoned troopers, and because Bob is so new to the madness.

This poise is something which Bob has forced himself to develop. He admits that as a college boy he had none of it—that even such a mild thing as a sorority dance filled him with foreboding. But when he had the good sense to see the landslide of his fame, this was one of the things he developed so that he himself might not be caught in it. His intelligence has stood him in good stead here. For a long time Bob refused to believe what critics printed about him: "The most promising actor on the screen, destined to be the most popular male of 1936." He refused to believe it because it all seemed too good to be true, and because his natural modesty forbade him to anticipate it. Then, suddenly, it was there all around him, and he had to face it. And facing it did not mean giving in to it. Fame will never make a celluloid monkey out of him.

AGAIN, Bob realizes that anyone sitting on a movie skyrocket as he is must not only develop poise, but a story sense too, as far as his work is concerned. And lately he has begun to think that maybe he has been having too many of those dressed-up, playboy rôles.

He isn't a dandy, and the thing that he is looking forward to most these days is an opportunity to do a western type rôle.

Bob's an expert horseman and at present he's also taking lessons in trick riding, just in case. He also knows that Metro owns the right to *The Girl of the Golden West*. So, put one and one together, and you can see where this might lead to.

No star has ever had a more level head about his stardom. No star has ever clutched the rudder of his own boat more firmly. No star has ever fought more admirably for self-respect. It's not egotism, not temperament, not even false modesty. It's that innate ability to face success successfully.

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The Men in Kay Francis' Life

[*Continued from page* 34]

unknown. She doesn't indulge much in self-revelations, especially those of her childhood. The story came out only because it was a case in point—and because she wanted to pay tribute to this man she knew as "Peter."

Kay was about twelve at the time. He was a neighbor. One of those old-young people of indefinite age. He was clipping a hedge when she saw him first. She was such a grave little thing, with widely serious gray eyes watching him intently.

"Good morning," he said. "And who might you be?"

"Katherine Gibbs. Who are you?"

"Peter," he answered quietly. And "Peter" he remained. They had long talks, those two. They used to call them "hedge talks" because they usually met by the neat row of boxberry between the two houses. The child listened to him eagerly, to his tales of travel and his straight-from-the-shoulder philosophy that he might have given a boy. "Play square, Kay. *Always,*" he told her once, his eyes remembering something she couldn't fathom. "Then you'll have no regrets. You know how glad you were that you told the grocer about those two extra apples he put in the bag accidentally—because then he gave you *three* for being honest. Life's pretty much like that. In the end it gives you something extra for being honest. For playing the game fairly . . ."

Unconsciously, it was from Peter that Kay learned *how* to speak a man's language and to think with a man's directness, cutting through all the little feminine tricks and foibles.

She has never used tears to gain a point; she has never led any man on merely for a whim. Such things do not exist in Kay's strict little code. The code that Peter so ably helped to formulate . . .

She adored him. But soon it was time for her to go off to Miss Fuller's school in Ossining, New York, and her actress mother, Katherine Clinton moved to another city. Years slipped by swiftly. Kay went to the Cathedral School in Garden City to graduate. From there she took a six months' course in a business college—and a three months' vacation in Europe.

It was by no means a "de luxe" tour. But Kay had the time of her life—and on the boat coming back she fell in love. He was almost as young and as much of a romanticist as she was. This J. Dwight Francis. He had innate charm, innate feeling for things. For example—instead of buying her the usual kind of engagement ring, he gave her a ring that had been in his family for generations. An exquisitely cut diamond flanked by two sapphires, in an old-gold setting.

TWO weeks after they met they were married. At St. Thomas' church in New York with eighty friends present and Kay coming down the aisle in luscious gray satin and their families fuming. They were too young! Such a hasty youthful marriage would never work out!

It didn't. But it gave Kay something infinitely precious to remember. For today she says a shade wistfully, "It's a rather wonderful thing to be married very young and know that ecstatic happiness that belongs to the 'teens. I suppose I'd do it all over again."

She and Dwight, who was in the woollen business, went to Pittsfield, Mass., to live. In a six-room house. He followed tradition by carrying her over the threshold. Each month on the date of their wedding he sent her a magnificent white gardenia. That sweet young sentiment of early marriage did something to Kay. It changed her from a gawky, long-legged schoolgirl into a poised young woman. Love can do amazing things.

It made her cook, for instance. She had to learn how. She learned to keep house and try to find joy in being a seventeen-year-old matron in a small town. Her wings folded before they'd been tried.

At that it might have worked out if they hadn't fought as fervently as they loved! During one of their quarrels Kay walked out. She never went back. Instead, she went to New York and got herself a secretarial job.

But Dwight Francis gave her far more than the name she has made so famous. *He taught Kay to think of someone else besides herself.* Seventeen can have the egotism of a rajah, but not when it's trying to make someone else happy. He taught her to adjust herself to life. Dwight was definitely the second great influence in her life.

THE third came unexpectedly.

She walked onto a barren, cold stage and there he was, trying out talent. After a while he said, "Miss Francis, supposing *you* read this part." Kay shivered. Then she glanced at John Meehan and suddenly she forgot to be frightened. "Now," he said when she had finished, "read it over *like this.*" She did. And he gave her the part. Meehan was the first person to give her a real chance in the theater. He worked long hours with her. He was the man who made Kay Francis an actress. But he was never her husband as some of the columnists have inferred. There was no romance. Only a deep, still-lasting bond of friendship.

Kay had been so desperately in need of assistance when she met him. She had just returned from a quiet Paris divorce and she had no mad urge to go back to the typewriter. Did she have enough ability to follow in her mother's footsteps on the stage? It was Meehan who gave her the assurance. Meehan who started her on her career.

She had become a "name" on Broadway by the time she met William Gaston.

A Harvard half-back whose father had been the late governor of Massachusetts, who was himself getting up in the world of politics—starting as Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County. That was Gaston. He had been introduced to Kay at a fashionable penthouse party. And five minutes after the introduction she was saying to an intimate friend, *"There's a man I would like to Marry!"* That statement surprised Kay far more than it did the friend. She doesn't say such things lightly. She didn't want to fall in love at that time. But a couple of months later on a blustery winter morning she found herself standing in front of a minister with William Gaston in her own apartment with his colored chauffeur and a maid as witnesses.

To understand this so-called "mystery" marriage of Kay's, put yourself in her place. You're twenty. An impulsive romanticist for all your poised appearance. You've worked hard to get a foothold in your career and fifty people (including his campaign manager) are telling the man you're madly in love with that it will ruin him politically to marry an actress, a divorcée. You've tried to explain to him. He doesn't care about anything but *you*. He arrived one morning at your place with a license and a minister. In an ecstatic mad moment you become his wife. *A secret marriage.* And immediately after the ceremony he has to leave on an important business trip and you spend the four days of your honeymoon alone!

It was to be like that all through the eighteen months of their marriage—which only five people knew about. Their hours together were stolen. Once while she was travelling with a stock company he flew to join her. Ten minutes after his arrival she was due to give a performance. He had to leave at six in the morning. They had five hours together.

IT WAS a broken and bewildered Kay who sailed for Paris a second time for a divorce. Why had love failed her so completely?

But it hadn't quite—

Not long after she had become Mrs. Gaston a New York critic wrote, "There is a new assurance in Kay Francis' acting these days and a rich quality that augers well for her future. She has a fresh poise, a depth of feeling that is surprising in so young a woman. What has been happening to this girl?"

Happening? She had fallen in love with a polished sophisticate who, even in their brief moments with each other, had helped her more to develop mentally and emotionally than a younger, less sophisticated man could have in years.

"Health, work and love are the three most important things in life," she said to me once. And during the next seven years of her life, work came first. When she attended the first rehearsal of *Elmer the Great* (the play that brought her the greatest success) she saw a tall, gaunt man pacing up and down. "Excellent!" he said, observing her. "If you act as well as you look, the rôle is yours!" That was her introduction to the most wonderful man friend she was ever to know. Walter Huston.

"He has helped hundreds of people and I'm happy to say I was one of them," she said. "Frankly, I owe my entire career in pictures to Walter. I didn't want to sign with any studio. I was, believe it or not, afraid of the movies and of Hollywood! But after we finished the run of *Elmer the Great*. Walter went to Paramount's Long Island studio to make *Gentlemen of the Press*. He persuaded them to give me a part, then talked me into playing it!

"I had $1.75 in the bank and $1.50 in my purse when I received my first movie contract. But broke as I almost was, I would not have signed it if Walter hadn't advised me to. He has been the most remarkable and kindest friend a person could have."

It was after she had come to Hollywood that she made a second picture with Huston. *The Virtuous Sin*. And the young leading man cast opposite Kay was Kenneth MacKenna. She had known him casually in the east. Now began one of those swift, tumultuous romances that ended with MacKenna practically kidnaping her! On her way home in an ambulance from the hospital after a minor operation she stopped with him at the courthouse long enough to apply for a marriage license! And over at Catalina Island a few days later he swept her into matrimony—with a cook from the hotel as witness.

That was in 1931. Kay's star began to rise as his began to sink. She had been featured player at the time of her marriage. Less than a year afterwards she became one of the biggest celebrities in Hollywood. Undoubtedly MacKenna assisted her. He'd had much more experience in the theater than Kay, knew much more of screen technique. But finally the very work he'd done turned Frankenstein against their happiness. One-sided success can be knife-sharp in pricking romance. MacKenna left for New York. Kay made two futile trips there in an attempt to save the marriage. She did the bravest thing a woman can do. *She offered to give up the career that meant so much to her. MacKenna wouldn't permit it.* And in the end a Los Angeles court severed their ties.

"*WHY can't Kay Francis stay married?" people ask.*

She faced handicaps no woman would be obliged to face in ordinary circumstances. She has known heartbreak few women experience. It's in her eyes if you care to see it. But she can say steadily, fervently, *"I have been most fortunate in the men I have known."*

Today the most important man in her life is Delmar Daves. He is the one who persuaded her to do *White Angel*. A writer of unusual ability.

There isn't a man she knows who wouldn't fight at the drop of a hat for her. And occasionally she fights for them. Such as the other day when she stormed into the "front office" of the studio and demanded that a certain electrician be put back on her new picture, *Another Dawn*. He had a family to support. And Kay was adamant.

She's a gallant person, this Francis. If she owes much to the men in her life, they owe her something. For she has the sort of courageous spirit that inspires a man, a spirit that he can't forget.

You'll never guess what celebrity this white-coated gentleman is. It's Charles Correll, Andy of *Amos 'n' Andy*, with his wife. They're going to see *Swing Time*

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He's Not a Villain at Home!

[*Continued from page 50*]

fect evening is a quiet dinner at home, some music, and then a romp with the dogs. Part of the ritual is to assemble all five of them in our room, comb them, brush them, and put them through their tricks.

His love of children is just as great as his love for dogs. Not having been blessed with any of our own, we are planning to adopt two—a boy and a girl. We have had our application in for several months.

It's a custom of his to stop and chat on the street with a child. They seldom, if ever, recognize him out of character, a fact which delights him. He queries them on every conceivable subject. About their pets, dogs especially, their vacation plans and the current sports. He can tell you correctly about the marble season, the opening of the top-spinning and kite days and all the rest. He will listen eagerly to their discourses and join their enthusiasms with his own.

It was this insight and interest in boy-lore which resulted in his close friendship with little David Bartholomew. Their acting association in *David Copperfield* was so brutally unpleasant that he did everything he could possibly think of to make up for it between scenes. He wanted so much to have little David like him. They were together every possible moment between scenes, Basil doing tricks for him, surprising him with a toy or mechanical something he would buy for him, entertaining him, laughing—getting away as far as possible from the horror of the next scene.

I am not exaggerating when I say that Basil would have promptly adopted him had such a thing been possible. They are close friends. He often comes to dinner at our home and he and Basil spend hours in the den discussing books and pictures, designing miniature airplanes and boats.

TO ME, Basil's most outstanding characteristics are his enthusiasm, his idealism and his ambition. He can become enthusiastic about practically anything—a new sport, a new book, a new car, a radio, a new rôle, his own picture and anyone else's. It is stimulating not only in his work but in our marriage, because it is not a selfish enthusiasm. It embraces everything he knows I like.

He knows how conscientious I am about parties. We do not entertain often, but when we do, we aim for the perfect party. He planned with me for weeks for our Christmas party last year. He applauded my ideas for everything from decorations to hors d'oeuvres. The night of the party he didn't even wait for the door-bell to ring. He stood outside and greeted his guests at the gate! Never in the ten years of our marriage has he appeared disinterested in any of the things I like. I should believe that the honeymoon was over if I ever discover him less than enthusiastic about any of my varied interests.

He is a devotee of all kinds of sports. But when he participates it is never with the idea of relaxing or just having fun. It is always with grim determination to become as nearly expert as possible. He has a fencing lesson every morning of his life, not so much from the pleasure he derives from the sport but because he hopes one day to win a championship. It is the same with golf. And with swimming. He will spend hours doing a certain dive over and over again until he is confident that he can do it perfectly.

HIS idealism embraces many things—his work, his friends, business associates, women . . . The ideals he held for the stage he has brought to pictures. "If a part is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," is his creed. He never plays a part just as a part—something to be dispelled from his mind as soon as possible. He lives and breathes his every character. A well known director who has watched his work gave him a great compliment. "Basil Rathbone has given much more to his parts than his parts have given him." That is true. Most of his rôles have not been important to begin with. But he has made them so with hard work, sincerity and ability. Only when the picture is finished does it leave his consciousness—and even then, if its been a noble character he thinks and speaks of it long afterwards as a person, someone whom he knew and liked.

Sophisticated as he is—or perhaps because he is so sophisticated—he dares to admit that he is an idealist where women are concerned. He admires, with a heartfelt appreciation, a lady.

While his ambition does not ride him to desperate precipices, it never sleeps. He has tempered his determination of purpose with an appreciation of patience. His is a tireless enthusiasm which stimulates rather than fatigues him because he directs it in so many different and interesting channels.

His ability to concentrate never ceases to amaze me. He can sit in a room with dogs barking, a radio going, a maid running a vacuum cleaner and work on a play or a poem, utterly unaware of anything that is going on about him. All of which may be well and good unless I have a plaint to speak, and then I fear his powers of concentration slightly overwhelm me!

He is the neatest, most orderly person I have ever known. Though he has a valet to look after him, he insists upon doing everything himself. His suits must be hung in the closet just so; and his shirts, socks, collars and ties each have a place and they are always in that place. He could go into a closet in the dark and immediately put his hand on any article he happened to want.

ON THE stage he has a reputation for being a particularly well dressed man and he spends considerable time and thought selecting his professional wardrobe. But he takes no interest whatever in his private wardrobe. If I don't watch him he is just as likely as not to go out wearing a green suit and a pink tie! For golf he wears a most disreputable looking sweater that is out at the elbows, and sags fore and aft. When I try to persuade him to wear something a bit more respectable he always insists that any other sweater would put him off his game.

He refuses to wear a hat and more than once he has embarrassed me by going to a theater or to the opera in stormy zero weather, wearing white tie and tails—and no hat!

For years I have tried to get him to carry a cigarette case. His excuse is that they are too thick or too thin or too large. I have bought him dozens of cigarette cases of all shapes and sizes but they are all neatly put away in a drawer and he still carries his cigarettes in the package in which they come. He has the generous habit of leaving them all "along the line." He can start out from home at any hour of the day, his pockets well supplied with cigarettes, but let him make more than three stops and he's all "out." He has the cordiality of proffering a smoke and then asking the party to "keep the pack."

He never carries a watch but he is always on time. When he goes to the theater or to a concert he likes to arrive early so that he can get comfortably settled in his seat and digest his program before the curtain goes up. I happen to be one of those persons who likes to arrive just at the curtain, so we compromise by going in separate cars and joining each other at the theater.

We do the same thing on motor trips. I like to drive fast and he prefers a more conservative speed. So we each drive our own car and arrange to meet at specified places.

HIS greatest passion is music. He doesn't care for modern music. But he will sit by the victrola for hours, listening to Wagner and Bach. His best friend is Fritz Kreisler who insists that even though he doesn't play, Basil has the soul of a true musician.

He loathes parties and really suffers when he has to attend them. It isn't that he dislikes people. But he loves to know them well. He adores conversation. If he meets people who interest him, he likes to talk to them at length, compare their viewpoints about innumerable subjects with him . . . a pleasure denied him at large parties. He hates evening clothes and thinks they are instruments of torture. With a little encouragement I think he would probably start a movement to persuade men to defy tradition and wear clothes of a more comfortable design.

His personality is a complete contradiction to his wants. Though he is the friendliest person I have ever known, he doesn't make friends easily. That is because he refuses to take friendship lightly; to him, it is a deep and serious thing which must stand the test of years before it can be said to be truly friendship.

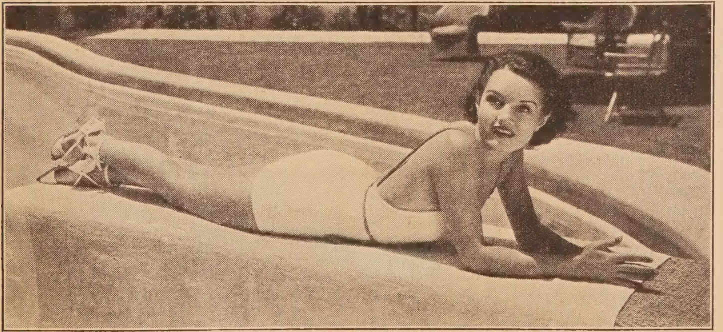
THOUGH we have been married ten years, he still remembers to do all the tender, thoughtful, charming things which every woman adores. Never a day passes that he doesn't ring me up several times—just to tell me what he's doing and when he will be home. He is always bringing me "surprise" gifts. Sometimes it is simply a little bunch of wildflowers that he has picked while walking in the hills near our home; sometimes it is a book which he has heard me say I wanted to read; but always it is something.

He is never critical, though I must confess that I often do things which might irritate the average man. For example: I happen to be a night owl and I love to read in bed till all hours. Since we are old-fashioned enough to occupy the same room this means that the light shines in his face when he's trying to sleep. If I say "Wouldn't you like me to turn out the light?" his reply invariably is: "No, you go ahead and read as long as you want to. The light doesn't bother me."

If I hear strange sounds in the middle of the night and wake him up to tell him that I think there are prowlers in the garden he never says: "Oh, forget it and go to sleep" as many men would do. Instead he hops right out of bed and goes out to investigate the noises. While many married couples speak of being friends, we really and sincerely are just that. One of the nicest compliments he has ever paid me was when I chanced to overhear him say of me, "she is my dearest friend."

He is and probably always will be a romanticist. For instance, he still has flowers that he gathered during his walks around Stratford-on-Avon, pressed between the leaves of a favorite book. One of his most prized possessions is a little silken bag made from his mother's wedding gown in which he keeps the packet of letters which she wrote him when he was a boy at school. And he has the same fitted case which I gave him the first year we were married. It is scuffed and worn but faithfully he carries it on every trip or location.

And there you have a picture of the Basil Rathbone I know. Do you wonder that I say he is as unlike the man who played Murdstone as Bluebeard was unlike *Little Lord Fauntleroy?*



The girl on the cover, Rochelle Hudson, is in her early twenties, an only child, and has a subdued manner. Not long ago she vacationed in Honolulu, and rumors came to Hollywood that she and a young Lieutenant McCauley were romancing. A month or so after she returned to the Film City, he came to call on her, and they seemed to be having a lot of fun together. Right now, the ocean is again between them

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[*Continued from page* 19]

tually, the parts I wanted and success.

A few days before I had accepted a small rôle in a picture being made out on Long Island. But that hunch was so strong I promptly resigned from this assignment so I would be free to leave for Hollywood on a moment's notice. All this before *Two Seconds* had even opened. Crazy? Sure! But the day after *Two Seconds* did open, three film companies asked me to make tests and come to Hollywood. I accepted the best offer and I've been here ever since.

"TWO weeks ago I followed another hunch," he went on. "I went out on the boat (his 58-foot power cruiser, ZOA III, apple of his eye and darling of his heart). We were out of the harbor in open sea. Suddenly I knew I should turn back. The sea was rough and getting rougher, but I'd weathered many worse storms in my day. For quite a while I argued with that hunch—I really wanted to go sailing—but the hunch won. I turned back. Just as we left the rough waters and entered the harbor the steering cable broke, fouled and shorted some of the wiring and fire broke out. That would have meant real fun and games in the open sea in that storm. As it was I manned the fire gun, the boatman straightened the cable and we steered in by the motors right side up with care."

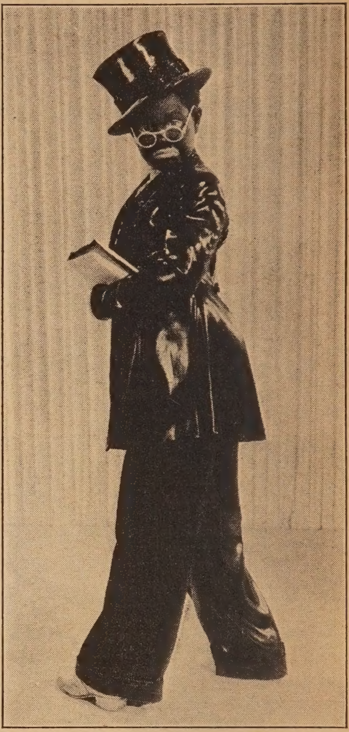
Foster also admits to hunches about the parts he plays. Let him read the script of a picture slated for him and he has an uncanny ability to foretell its fate at the box office. An outstanding example of this occurred about a year ago. He had just accepted a contract with RKO Radio—on a hunch—and happened to read the script of that studio's problem child, an unpretentious little story entitled, *The Informer.* Many people had turned thumbs down on the yarn but a half dozen pioneers—notably Producer Cliff Reid and Director John Ford—were pretty enthusiastic about it. Preston promptly joined their ranks.

Though he was important enough, as Hollywood rates its stars, to play leads—was even then slated for the top spot in the studio's super-special, *The Last Days of Pompeii*—he went to the powers-that-be and begged them for a part in *The Informer.* He said he'd accept any rôle no matter how small, even a bit. He got a part and took third billing.

"GREAT thing, hunches," Foster added solemnly. "Back in my stage days, when I was just another kid hoping for a job, I could always tell when I was going to get the part I was fighting for. Right palm would itch," he explained, dead pan.

"The whole game is luck—just getting the breaks. You hang on, and eventually your luck changes. Over and over I've failed to get parts and been terribly disappointed. But many times these plays would flop and in the meantime I'd have landed a job in a hit. Sure I've been lucky."

Well, maybe. What Mr. Foster—being a modest man—seems to forget is that little phrase, "You hang on." Hanging on isn't luck. Hanging on takes intestinal fortitude. Foster also seems to forget that managers aren't in the business for fun. Luck may, on occasion, have landed him jobs. But you can bet that luck didn't keep him in 'em!



It's Jane Withers, made up for *Can This Be Dixie?* One day on the set she was describing her new home to some chocolate cherubs. All of them were impressed except one little fellow, who eyed her hands, which had not been blacked up because she wears gloves a la Jolson. He sniffed with scorn. "Huh, yuh di'n' get yoah han's polished, did yuh?"

"Piffle," said he in embarrassment when this was called to his attention. Then he saw a way out. "It's because I was born on Friday and there are 13 letters in my name," he announced in the tone of one who explains all.

To his relief—he wriggles like a school boy when you pay him a compliment—he saw an assistant director headed his way to call him back to the set.

"Here come the British," he said with a grin. "But I'm getting used to it. As an Irish rebel leader in this new picture, *The Plough and the Stars,* I've been chased by Tommies for weeks. They're shooting at me this afternoon over on Stage 10," he explained casually. "With machine guns," he added.

"Do they hit you?" inquired an interested bystander breathlessly.

"Not intentionally," he grinned and went out to face the guns.

But as he went an observer noticed that *all* of his fingers were crossed.

Three Wise Men of the West!

[*Continued from page* 53]

decision. He wanted to see everything! Manicure kits, atomizers, powder jars, make-up boxes. But I was confident his final choice would please a certain lucky girl. No one can go wrong in selecting beauty aids of high quality for Christmas gifts.

Never have the shops offered a greater variety of enticingly packaged cosmetics than this season. Best of all, the price range is so great that one can find anything from "just a little remembrance" to a truly magnificent gift.

For the girl who is motion picture conscious (and find me one who isn't!) Max Factor has created a Christmas ensemble bearing the provocative inscription "A Gift from Hollywood." The smart box with red and gold decor contains a complete set of the Max Factor cosmetics used by many famous stars—face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil and mascara. The price is $4.50 and the ensemble can be had in scientifically harmonized colors for brunettes, brownettes, redheads and blondes. Delightfully "gifty," too, is the Factor box set of powder, rouge and lipstick, priced at $2.50. This smaller box is labelled "My Make-up Secret" and is autographed by a star of the color type you select.

In a stunning pink and ivory box Colonial Dames have assembled a special holiday offering of their All-Purpose Cream, Beautifier and Face Powder. The All-Purpose Cream is an excellent cleanser and emollient; the Beautifier is a powder foundation which gives the skin a velvety no-shine finish. Colonial Dames face powder can be had in seven shades ranging from Flesh to Ochre. The set complete is $3—a grand gift to give or to receive!

Leone Sousa has been called "most perfect" by such artists as Flagg and Christy. They saw her when she was in the Follies. She has just completed a rôle in *Everyman*, staged as a local outdoor spectacle in Hollywood

The new Glazo "Bandbox Kit" was designed with magical insight into the demand for a gift that is enduring as well as alluring. It is completely equipped with every manicure essential, even to two shades of polish, and the smart luggage lines of the little case make it an attractive piece of travelling equipment as well as a gem of convenience for home use. The "Bandbox Kit" may be had in blue, brown or black simulated leather and the price is $2.

The Cashmere Bouquet gift box carries in the cover its own greeting of Merry Christmas. Housed in this attractive holiday package are three popular items—a bottle of lotion, a box of face powder, and a bar of the fragrant toilet soap. The fresh floral scent of Cashmere Bouquet is a perennial favorite and will be a happy choice if you are in any doubt about the fragrance preferred by the recipient of your gift. The box assortment sells for $1.

Christmas stocking note! I have never yet heard a girl say she had too many compacts — or, for that matter, even enough. A compact is always a surefire gift success and can be counted on to bring forth exclamations of delight. A find among compacts is the "Little Miracle" which contains Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Refill in either Natural or Theatrical (a vivid shade for evening wear). The "Little Miracle" with its chromium case is both neat and petite—just the thing to fit into the toe of a Christmas stocking. The price is $1.50.

Don't think you must stick to special packages in selecting your Christmas gifts. An individual jar of cream or box of powder will make an infallible gift choice. Lady Esther fans, for instance, will be delighted with a box of the face powder in its gayly polka-dotted dress. The Lady Esther Face Cream makes an ideal companion gift, or will be welcomed alone. Large size box of powder is $1.10 and the cream is $1.38.

For the "something different" gift to fit a limited budget, Campana's Dreskin in the new deluxe bottle will win you smiles of appreciation. Dreskin is a crystal-clear cleanser with tonic qualities, both refreshing and efficient for use at any moment of the day to prepare the skin for fresh make-up. The charming faceted bottle makes a dainty addition to a girl's dressing table and will supply facial pickups for many weeks.

Chamberlain's Lotion is another inexpensive gift that will be appreciated and used to the last drop in the bottle. It makes an ideal family present for mother, dad, sister or brother. They'll probably *all* use it no matter which one receives it because dad will find it a soothing after-shaving lotion, mother will discover that it restores loveliness to chapped hands, and sister will praise it as a powder base. Chamberlain's Lotion is fifty cents for a generous bottle.

If you would like more details on the gifts described above or if you want information on additional gift sets, please feel free to write me. Address Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

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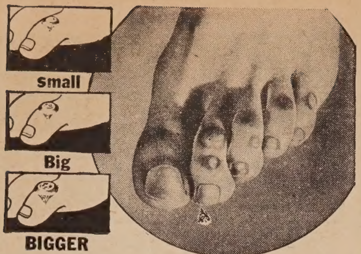

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unless removed Root*and All

● Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that ends a corn forever. Blue-Jay, the tiny medicated plaster, stops the pain instantly —then in 3 short days the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Blue-Jay is easy to use. Held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. 25¢ for a package of 6. Get Blue-Jay today.

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Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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SEND ONLY $1.00

TINYTONE RADIO CO., F-12, Kearney, Nebr.

A Jolly Good Fellows!

[*Continued from page* 13]

my very best performance because Mr. Crosby has put some of his own money in the picture. It simply must be grand! I wish, though, I weren't so worried about things."

That so talented a child should be embroiled in so sordid a legal brawl is indeed a tragedy. She is too young, perhaps, to view it with the disapproval of a mature world, but she is old enough to resent having her private affairs—the maelstrom of warring affections—revealed for others to frown upon.

She is young enough, we hope, to forget quickly. The unspoken, understanding sympathy of the grown-ups with whom she spends her days should help to erase the event from her impressionable mind. New parts, new pictures, new acclaim—all this will help.

WHICH brings forth the question of what the enterprising Miss Fellows intends to do with her future.

"I'd like to continue being a screen actress," she says seriously. "It would be fun to work straight through until I'm grown up. But if I can't, I'm going to try to become an opera singer—like Grace Moore."

Edith studies voice constantly. Hers is a cultivated soprano, rich and carefully trained. Already she can sing in Italian, French and Spanish. She plays the piano and the ukelele and hopes soon to learn to play the harp.

Dancing is another of Edith's interests. Even as a baby, her "Nana" told us, Edith improvised little routines of her own. She liked to pretend that she was a butterfly flitting about a garden, while imaginative melodies supplied her with rhythmic inspiration.

It amuses the effervescent Edith to talk of the "good old days" of picture-making. She actually remembers back a full decade. At thirteen, she is the veteran of more than one hundred pictures, even though you may remember her in less than a dozen.

"I was only an extra in the others," she explains. "The only important parts I played as a child were in comedy shorts."

Edith came to Hollywood in 1929. Before that—"I sang over the radio and danced and did imitations at society benefits. It was because everyone clapped when I stood up to entertain"—we both chuckled at the apt phrase—"that Nana brought me to Hollywood.

"Not that anyone in Hollywood seemed to care about our being here. It was months before I had a chance to do anything—and it might have been longer if I hadn't been able to hiccup. Yes, hiccup! Silly, isn't it, but that's the way things are in Hollywood." The shrug of her shoulders would have done credit to a much older actress.

Accompanied by her grandmother, Edith had gone to a casting office. A neighbor woman and her son who occasionally played in pictures were with them. The boy couldn't hiccup, Edith could—and thus began her career.

A good many years elapsed between hiccups and stardom. Years of privation, years of struggle, years of disappointment and disaster.

Yet they remained in Hollywood, waiting—as thousands of others have done

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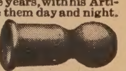

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See Page 10

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Remove Superfluous Hair Forever

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Can't Dance? She'll Teach You!

ELEANOR POWELL, the dancing darling, in *Born to Dance*, takes time out from her picture work to give girls the low-down on what it takes to become a dancing star. Her story appears in the December number of

Movie Classic

Also in this number—"What Two Stars Owe the Quints"—"White Hopes of 1937"—"Is Hollywood Safe for Girls"—"Three O'Briens Face the World" and a score of other interesting features not found in any other movie magazine.

NOW ON SALE

AT ALL NEWS-STANDS

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Movie Classic

and are doing—for the break which may or may not come. To them it did.

It was Richard Dix who turned the tide for them. He selected Edith to play his daughter in *His Greatest Gamble*. During the weeks of production, Dix learned of his screen daughter's bitter struggles. He arranged for her to have an agent, someone who would fight for parts for her, someone better equipped to make Hollywood sit up and take notice. He made "Nana" promise to come to him if ever an emergency arose. Never again would Edith go to bed without her supper because the cupboard was bare.

Other important pictures followed. Critics and fans became aware of the talented youngster. Most of the time she played sympathetic parts, dainty little damsels whom audiences wanted to cuddle and caress.

She Married Her Boss changed all that. And Edith secured the rôle of Claudette Colbert's obstreperous stepdaughter entirely by her own efforts. Director Gregory La Cava hadn't even given her a thought, for he wanted the world's nastiest brat and Edith wasn't the type!

Edith marched into his office on her way home from school one afternoon. Her dainty little dress, her long brown curls, her perky hair-ribbon all made her look demure and delectable.

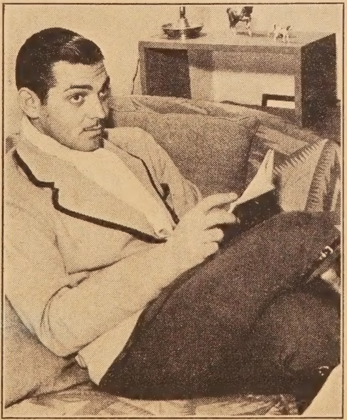
"I may look sweet," she scowled, "but I'm a good enough actress to be horribly nasty. It's all the fault of these curls anyway. I'll cut them off!"

The part was hers.

OUR favorite story about the youngster, oft told but worth repeating, springs from a critic's comment on her work in *She Married Her Boss*. Edith Fellows isn't a pretty child," wrote the reviewer, "but she's as smart an actress as the screen has been privileged to present."

And Edith, reading the review, looked up at her "Nana." "He says I'm not pretty," she remarked. "I guess he's right, but it's more important to be smart, isn't it?"

Yes, Edith, it is. In the battle of Wit vs. It, Wit has always won. Yet Edith has more than either prettiness or smartness.



Clark Gable, in his dressing room, looks as if he had just heard a "Knock, knock!" He and Joan Crawford are now busy filming *Parnell*

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"I LOST 55 lbs. of FAT"

writes Michigan Lady

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Your money returned in full if results are not just what you want! Sold by druggists everywhere—or if your dealer is out, send $2 for 1 package or $5 for 3 packages, direct to us. Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (Enclose 10c fee if ordering C.O.D.). **Plain wrapper.**

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Brown Haired Girls!

Get Back The Lovely Golden Lightness of Childhood

Makes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter in 1 Shampoo

Try this fascinating new Swedish Shampoo-Rinse which, in a few minutes and at the cost of but a few cents, washes your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. Safely, too. You will be delighted with the new shimmering highlights and lustre of your hair, the glorious, natural golden radiance that usually comes only in childhood. This amazing Shampoo—called the New Blondex—hitherto used only for blondes—followed with the New Blondex Special Rinse (supplied free along with Blondex Shampoo), is now just as effective with browns, chestnuts and "near blondes," whose hair has grown darkened and dull. Start the New Blondex today. Contains no bleach or dye. The new 2 in 1 combination package now also in 10c size.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 48-K, New York

Wolf, Wolf

[*Continued from page 46*]

some stills of you playing golf, riding, swimming and at tennis. Ok?"

"I'm afraid not," I told him, "for I don't play polo, golf or tennis. And neither do I ride or swim!"

"WHAT?" He was astounded, and looked at me as if to say that I must be a little daft. Then he smiled again and took another drink. "Ah ha, I have it! We will take some stills of you digging in your garden! That's it, in your garden. A son of the soil and all that sort of thing and then . . ."

"But I don't dig and I have no garden!" I told him. He shook his head sadly! He bit his finger nails and asked,

"Then what do you do, to while away your time?"

"What time?" I asked him, for I now have five pictures scheduled ahead, "and must I do something with my time?"

"Well, you like music, of course? All the stars do. Don't you play the violin, the piano or something? What is your favorite opera and what do you eat, caviar, terrapin, pheasant and snipe, as you did in *Diamond Jim?*"

When I told him that my favorite composer was Wagner, because his music was loud and I could tell what it was all about—and that I only played the jews-harp and ate none of the things he had mentioned, he gave a deep sigh, drank the rest of the Scotch and went back to the office and wrote a piece about me spending my spare time working on a device for third dimensional photography, in the work shop in my basement. All of which was very nice, only I do not know anything about the third dimension and *have no basement!*

FOUR years ago, my income tax was but $21.00 and this year it will reach $6,000. I was, four years ago, on the outside of the studios, looking in and planning what I'd do if the break ever came. Today I'm on the inside, looking out. And I *know* what I am doing with my money. I'm putting it in the bank! When the first big check came, I saw those lean years marching past me like starved men in a bread line. I looked again at the figures on the check and handed it to Mamma Arnold.

"Go put it in the bank," I told her, "and then come back and pinch me to see if I'm dreaming!"

Today, my only pastimes are a game of what I call *poor man's poker* one night a week with old friends, a picture show another night. The other nights I stay at home and listen to my wife sing, or I read. You see, the only games I know how to play are those of my childhood. One was called *Fogel Shiessen* and then we went on picnics and had egg rolling contests and played baseball. That and pinochle I learned by watching my father, my Uncle Hilmer and Otto Schwenk play in Joe Opp's saloon on the Bowery, when I was about seven, are all the games I know how to play. And just try to get someone in Hollywood to play them! Merle Oberon, maybe or Samuel Goldwyn or Clark Gable!

IT HAS taken me more than thirty years to get from the dismal tenement on Houston Street, to the house I now live in. I could have let life lick me, like it

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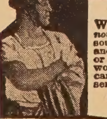

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did most of the tenement kids I was raised with. There are reasons why I did not. My mother was an invalid and there were six of us kids. My father was a furrier and I had to leave school after the sixth grade. At ten, I was soldering gimcrack jewelry in a basement, for $3.00 a week. Next I was a bell-hop at a German club, running so many errands that the bones of my feet gave way and I had to spend six months in casts! I sold papers and delivered meat, after my paper route was covered. I think the theatre was always in my blood for I used to save my pennies to go to the *Star Theatre,* at 107th Street and Lexington, and loved to listen to my Uncle Hilmer play the bull fiddle at Tony Pastor's place.

My mother died and my father's health failed. He had to go to a home for incurables. My Uncle Emil took me in and I tried a job in a lawyer's office, tried to learn the upholstering trade and then got a place at Columbia University, as an oiler in the engine room—which is as close as I ever came to college. I decided to become an engineer, but when I spent six months trying to figure out how many times a clock would tick in a week, if it ticked once every second, the teacher told me I had better try something else.

In the meanwhile, I had joined the amateur theatrical group in a settlement house at 76th and East River and studied my parts while tending the engines at night. Once when learning the lines of *Pygmalion and Galetea,* I let an engine run hot. And that was that!

A critic, John D. Barry, got me a place with the *Ben Greet Players* and I lasted until one night when Greet and I were doing a scene from *Romeo and Juliet.* He never learned his lines, but kept a bit of my paper under his long cape, to remind him of his cues. He did not like my deadpan method of delivering my lines and whispering aside to me, to get some action into them. I swung the curtain pole which served as my staff and it hit him under the chin. He went out like a light—and I left the *Greet Players!*

At the age of sixteen, I weighed 170 pounds and could play a man's rôles. I went with Maxine Elliott for a season and a half at $50.00 a week and was in the *dough!* I next played with Ethel Barrymore at the *Empire* in *Midchannel* and spoke two lines, "Brandy or kummel?" I used to flick the ash from my cigar and say, condescendingly, ". . . with Ethel Barrymore, you know, at the *Empire!*"

IT WOULD take a volume to relate all my experiences so I'll skip through the high spots briefly. Ten very lean years in stock followed. In St. Paul, in 1912, I had to jump a hotel bill. Seven years later, I returned to that city as a guest star at the same theatre. I was invited to the governor's mansion for tea, and you can imagine my embarrassment when his aide-de-camp proved to be the hotel manager I had beat out of a bill!

I had done some movie work at the old Essanay studios in Chicago, during those seven lean years, and pictures were beckoning to me. I succeeded Francis X. Bushman, at the fabulous salary of $125 a week at the Essanay. My fellow players were Henry B. Walthall, Bryant Washburn, Marguerite Clayton and others. After leaving films, I once spent nine months in New York, playing only two weeks.

I had married and my son and daughter came. I knew I would never get anywhere in New York, so I took the

[*Continued on page* 96]

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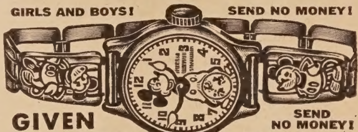

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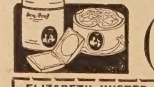

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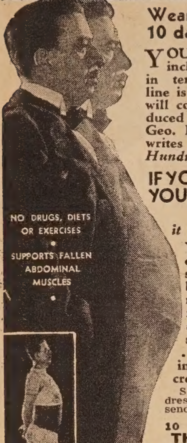
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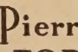

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Wolf, Wolf

[*Continued from page* 95]

hard way to success. I went on a long tour in stock and did not see my wife and babies for five years! Something of my terrible loneliness for them must have gone into my acting. When at last I managed to get home and see my two children, it broke my heart because *they did not even recognize me!* I heaped their arms with toys and bought them all the ice cream they could eat, but *I was still a stranger to them!*

Later, I divorced my first wife and obtained the custody of my children. I made up my mind to get some place in the world, so they would enjoy a better childhood than I had. I knew that the movies held promise by them and in 1928 I went on a tour with Viola Dana, hoping to crash the studio gates. The only thing I got from it was a pass to visit the studios.

My first break came when I appeared in Los Angeles, in *Whistling In the Dark*. I was playing the rôle of a semi-cultured gangster and met Producer Felix Young and Director Tay Garnet at a party given by Lucille Gleason. I was engaged by Mr. Garnett to do a part in a picture called, *Okay America*.

I tried to land the rôle of the doctor in *Rasputin* but the studio turned me down because I was *typed* as a gangster. It was only when they went through the Casting Directory and saw my picture in the rôle of the Reich Chancellor in *The Miracle of Verdun*, wearing a spade beard and morning clothes, that they called me for the part. That was in June, 1932 and since that time I have played in thirty pictures and starred in *Diamond Jim*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Sutter's Gold* and *Meet Nero Wolf*. My present picture is *Come and Get It*, Edna Ferber's story of the lumber barons.

After that I am to do a series of biographical rôles in which I will impersonate such famous characters as Jim Fiske, Allan Pinkerton, Alexander Dumas and Canfield, the great gambler, on the screen. I now have enough assignment to keep me busy for more than a year, working every day! The lean years are past, at last!

I have learned to be more or less of a fatalist. I do not believe that hard work, honesty and having a definite goal in mind will get you to the top. It is all in the *breaks* you get. Suppose my picture had not been in the casting directory? *I would still be, perhaps, outside the studios, looking in and not inside, looking out!*

YES. At last the lean years are past, never to return, I hope! *My Five Year Plan* of saving my money, investing it safely and refusing to play the Hollywood game, will one day let me sit back and thumb my nose at those hungry years. I never want to be forced to bury my pride and haunt the studios, in search of bits, once my days of stardom are gone! I do not want young upstarts looking at me, pitiful, old and washed-up as a star, dependent for a living upon the favors of those who *knew me when*.

When I was young, passably handsome and had the slender figure of youth, the best I could do was $250 a week, on the stage. Now that my waistline has grown to Zeppelin proportions and my hair is no longer thick and glossy, the movies are trying to make a millionaire out of me. I shall not stand in their way!

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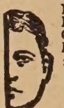

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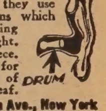

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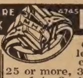

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, published monthly at Louisville, Ky., for October 1, 1936.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SCREEN BOOK Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Editor, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Managing Editor, H. H. Beall, Hollywood, Calif.; Business Manager, W. M. Cotton, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. M. COTTON,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1936.

[SEAL] HELEN M. LANO.
(My commission expires February 1, 1941.)

I am content and I love my work! I do not long for such things as tiled swimming pools, a string of expensive polo horses, a membership in an expensive golf club or invitations to the great homes of the rich. I suppose my Teutonic blood makes me feel that a comfortable home, a loving wife and three children whom I am no longer a stranger to, is enough for any man to ask of life! I do want to play, to see that my children have every advantage that money can give them. I do not want them to wake up at night, as I have, with the fetid smells of the New York East Side in their nostrils, or the screams of women, being beaten by cursing, drunken husbands, ringing in their ears!

I am sincerely grateful for all that Hollywood has done for me and mine. I have no illusions of greatness or grandeur, and I only hope that the good God will be kind enough to let me live until I can visit the places in the world which I have only read about, do the things I want to do and die, at last, knowing that I have contributed something to the art of the motion picture. My work in coming biographical films will give me an opportunity to put some of the great and colorful characters of American history on the screen. I am, at least, thankful for that!

I ONLY worry about one part of my work as a star in pictures and that is the boys in the publicity department. I am hopeless as what they call *copy*. All I can do is to buy them bottles of Scotch and let them stimulate their imaginations into making me a great and important man, which I am far from being.

Perhaps I will be far from your ideal of a movie star, one of the gods on Hollywood's glittering Olympus, after you have read this? It is merely the story of a boy, born in poverty, trying to play square with man and God, who at last got the breaks and appreciates the fact that *Destiny, Fate, Providence* or whatever you wish to call it, is more responsible for my success than any ability of mine.

You may feel that I should live up to tradition and play the Hollywood game but perhaps you have never lain awake all night, with the ghosts of the lean and hungry years leering at you from the shadows and giving you the cue, like a stage prompter whispering your lines, not to let the chance pass you by, to put away something for a rainy day when you are no longer a star of the screen.

But just between you and me, wouldn't I be a sucker to rent a Bel-Air mansion, with a swimming pool, buy imported cars and spend it all on tinsel, glitter and show? I'm still just Guenther Schneider, the boy from New York's East Side, who happened to get the breaks!

Don't read this if you're not interested in making yourself lovelier and more charming. Joan Crawford insists that *Beauty is not important* to any girl. You can put your more beautiful sisters in the shade, she says. Read her inspiring advice in January SCREEN BOOK.

Through three generations distinguished visitors to Philadelphia have preferred the comforts of this hotel, its noted cuisine, and the spirit of its service.

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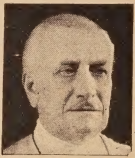

Yes—when you need a laxative DO AS DOCTORS DO. Dr. V. N. of Michigan states: "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years." Dr. H. A. O. of Wisconsin writes: "I not only prescribe Pluto Water almost daily—but use it personally."

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PUBLISHER'S OWN PAGE

Personally written by W. H. FAWCETT,
Pres. Fawcett Publications, Inc.

A Preview of the Wealth of Adventure That Hollywood Readers May Expect
as Predicted by
HARRY HAMMOND BEALL
Managing Editor

W. H. Fawcett

THE executive editor of SCREEN BOOK proudly joins with me in announcing that we have prevailed on Wilford Hamilton Fawcett, our president and publisher, who usually confines his literary genius to mastadonic memorandums under the initials WHF, to write with his own picturesque pen each month the final page of SCREEN BOOK.

This feature will start with the January, 1937, issue.

From his treasure house of memory builded through a life rich in exploits and adventure, he will extract rare jewels of exceptional reader thrills, relating experiences with the great and near great, from the movie mansions of Minneapolis to the oases of the Orient.

Our publisher knew the great "Roxy" when that showman was running an ancient theater in Minneapolis, and Jake Wilk, Warner Brothers story head, when the latter was press agent for the old Martin Beck Orpheum in the Minnesota metropolis. You shall read of those "I knew him when" days, redolent with homespun anecdotes.

In fanciful vein he will tell of his first visit to a picture studio to meet D. W. Griffith, just after David Wark had won world acclaim with his "Birth of a Nation."

Happy hours spent one winter in Havana listening to Nicky Arnstein recount experiences with Fannie Brice will be related.

How Jimmie Gleason and the publisher fought the Spanish-American war in the Philippines, one in cavalry, the other in infantry, will bring out previously unpublished incidents of the insular insurrection, fighting the mad Moros in the mountains of Mindanao; and on the island of Jolo where the Sultan of Sulu, often glorified in musical comedy, was personal representative for Mohammed, bearded prophet, who was the inspiring prototype of Trade and Mark Smith, and the House of David boys.

Speeding through space in racing cars driven by America's famed war ace, Eddie Rickenbacker, will have interest all its own to motor and aviation enthusiasts.

Fisticuff fans and hundreds of thousands of admirers of William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey will enjoy perusing the close-up which Publisher Fawcett will give of tours with Dempsey in his last public appearances in the ring.

Big game hunting in British Columbia, Africa and Alaska should intrigue those thrill lovers who sit in their easy chairs and dream of hand-to-hand tussles with Kodiak bears, Nubian lions, and man-eating monsters of forest and desert.

Deep sea fishing in New Zealand with Zane Grey should allure the Izaak Waltons, neophytes and post graduates of reel and rod.

Piscatorial hegiras in northern Minnesota when WHF rowed the boat while Bill Koenig, now general manager at Universal, snagged an eighteen pound northern pike should also furnish fancy fodder for fishing fans.

Entertaining with anecdotes of barracks and bivouacs 700 inmates at Alcatraz, present palatial abode of Al Capone, with troubles as a fight promoter in Minneapolis and St. Paul with Gene Tunney, Bartley Madden, "Tiger" Flowers, Jock Malone and knights of the squared circle; the work, worry and fun of managing the American Olympic trap shooting team that won the British Championship at London, and the world's championship at the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924; all will be related in whimsical Fawcett vein.

Personal contacts with such authors as Sinclair Lewis, Jim Tully, Floyd Gibbons, Arthur Guy Empey and other noted scribes will be packed with interest for avid readers of those writers.

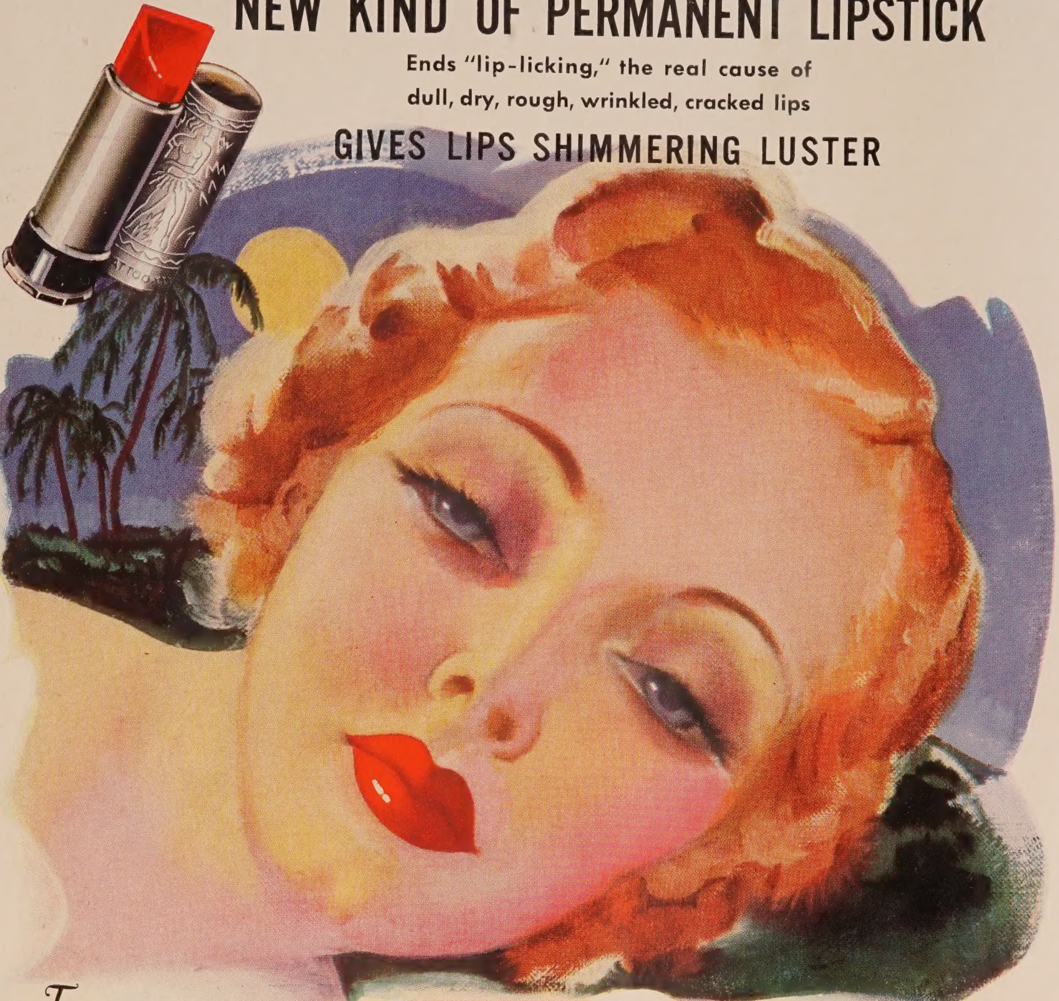
Being defeated by Clark Gable at skeet shooting in a special tournament at Santa Monica staged by Fred Stone shows what a square shooter Clark is, and the publisher will tell about that, too, in plain, unvarnished details.

These are just a few of the treats you may expect when the publisher takes over this page, so next month, be ready folks to give him a great big hand, as those night club masters of ceremonies are always ejaculating.

NEW KIND OF PERMANENT LIPSTICK

Ends "lip-licking," the real cause of dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, cracked lips

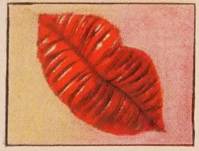
GIVES LIPS SHIMMERING LUSTER



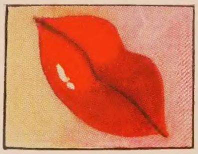
Too dry, too indelible lipstick causes many a lovely lady to unconsciously lick her lips . . . thus removing the natural oils from the skin as well as the protective oils from the lipstick. Dull, dry, rough, old-looking lips result.

The *New* TATTOO is a permanent lipstick . . . its transparent South Sea color stays on longer than necessary . . . but, the *New* TATTOO contains magical moistening and softening agents that instantly end all desire to lick the lips!

Consequently dryness, roughness and wrinkles quickly disappear, the lips become thrillingly soft and luscious. And instead of having the usual dry, dull, uninteresting look, lips appear temptingly moist, with shimmering luster that's exciting... *irresistible!*



Too dry, too indelible lipstick does this to lips.



The *New* TATTOO restores lips to this.

Send Coupon For Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the *New* TATTOO in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting South Sea shades of the *New* TATTOO . . . the most glamorous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one . . . for different moods and costumes. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you tattoo your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO!

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☐ Natural (Blood Color)
☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

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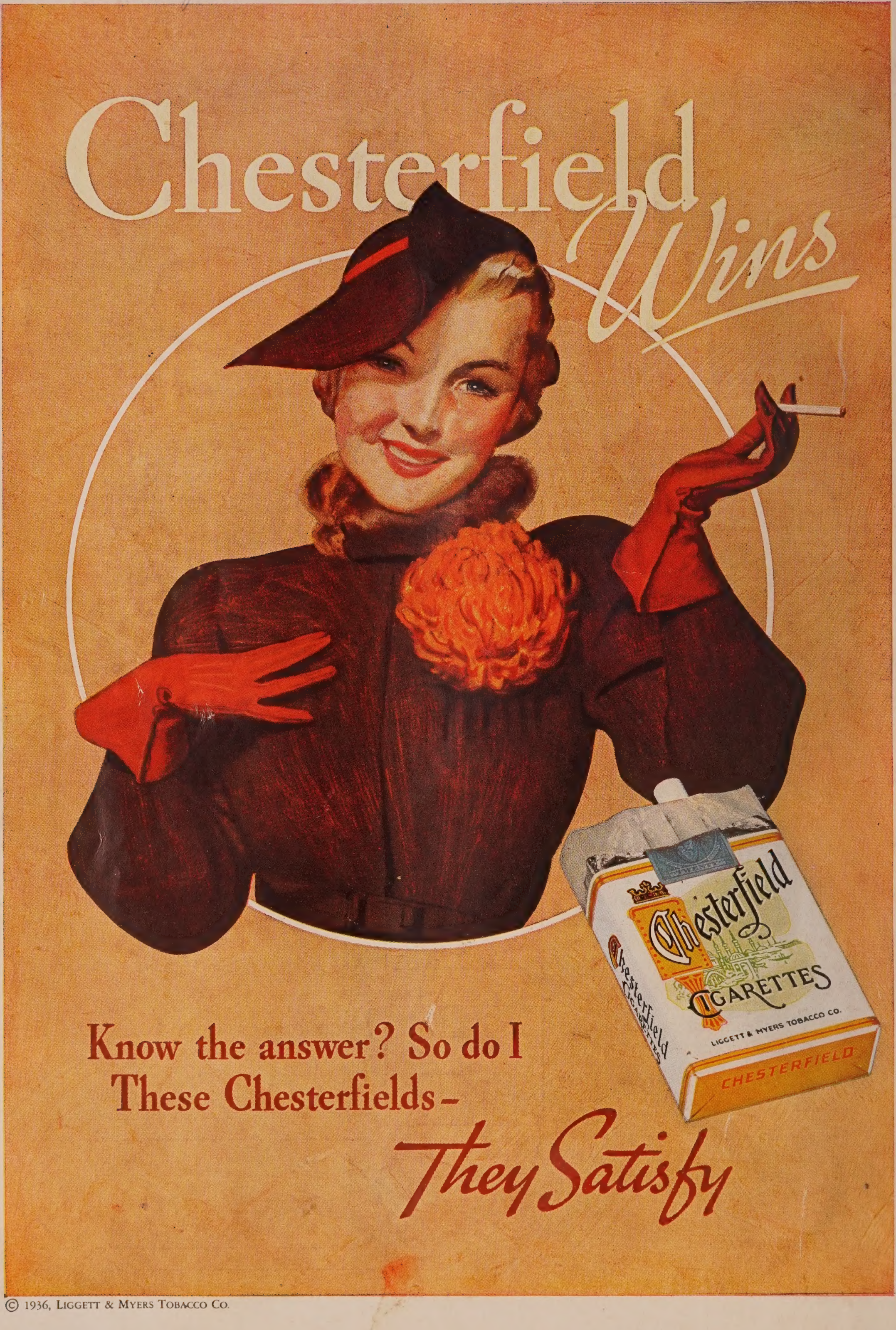
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